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THE
FORTNIGHTLY
REVIEW.

EDITED BY
JOHN MORLEY.

VOL. V. NEW SERIES.
JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 1, 1869.
(VOL. XI. OLD SERIES.)

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1869.

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LONDON
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO.,
CITY ROAD.

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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXV. NEW SERIES.—JANUARY 1, 1869.

LAMENNAIS.

I.

AMONGST the leaders of the Catholic reaction of the present century, Lamennais stands in an exceptional position, as one who possessed sympathies too wide for his cause, and by them was carried into opposition to his party, his dearest friends, and his former self. It is peculiarly difficult to do justice to such an intellectual life as his in a short sketch like the following, since there is not one system of thought to be dealt with, but there are several systems, each distinct from the other, elaborate, and fully conceived. A skilful hand might, no doubt, manipulate these so as to construct a kind of unity out of the ultimate principles of all; but in reality, while Lamennais's changes of opinion are easy to account for, and by an observer of clear insight might even, in great degree, have been predicted, a genuine unity is to be sought for rather in the moral character of the man than in any of his intellectual beliefs. There it is that we discover the actual centre of all he thought and felt and did.

Much that is true may be conveyed by saying that Lamennais possessed, in a high degree, the *prophetic* character. What was the Hebrew prophet as we find him represented to us in the books of the Kings and Chronicles, and self-revealed in the writings of the prophets themselves? Primarily, a "man of God"—a man elevated by his mass of character and fervour of moral feelings above the common level of the race. Yet at the same time, in the deepest sense, a social man—not social, indeed, in the vulgar meaning of the word—no lover of salutations in the street or greetings in the market-place—but in all his solitudes, upon the mountain and in the desert, and in kings' palaces and in the solitudes of thought or of vision, impassioned by the highest interests of society. A man of the people, therefore, as well as a man of God. Eagerly watching the movements of society, with small critical discernment and little play of

intelligence, but with much fierce insight; crying aloud against its sins, and crying aloud against the sins of its oppressors and blind guides; indignant, disdainful, pitiful, exultant, forlorn for its sake; haughty and humble because alone with God; hating nothing so much as moderation and worldly compromises; with his mouth full of blessing and of curses, the same spring sending forth sweet water and bitter; and with his soul ever possessed by a vision of a shining future to be realised through unknown instruments, but, as a sure moral instinct testified, not without confusion and garments rolled in blood. Such a prophet was Lamennais.

But, if a prophet, he was yet a prophet in our logical western world, and Bacon and Descartes had lived before him. Paris, with its scientific methods and practised intellects, differed a good deal from Jerusalem, and a simple "Thus saith the Lord" would have been received with a peculiar expression of the lips and eyes by the children of Voltaire not to be found upon the faces of the children of Abraham. Notwithstanding this, a "Thus saith the Lord" is often on the lips of Lamennais. He however attempts, again and again, to give his perceptions of truth a logical basis. For the last twenty years of his life he paid homage always more and more to the scientific movement. But the system of Lamennais, as developed in his "*Esquisse d'une Philosophie*," is less a philosophy than a vast philosophical epopee, such as we might imagine to have been chanted ages ago in some Indian grove; and, while doing homage to the scientific movement, Lamennais certainly possessed little of the scientific intellect. "Un esprit si absolu," M. Renan well says, "ne pouvait être curieux."

There is another side of the character of Lamennais very different from that which has been brought under notice, but not inconsistent with it. In the austere solitudes of mountains, and in rocky angles drenched by the spray of water-falls, we are surprised by beautiful and tender flowers. But the surprise in such cases is without just cause. An atmosphere of purity is favourable to all delicate growths. It is not hard to picture to one's self that wild, Bedouin-like Elijah repeating rhymes to a child of Jezebel upon his knee. Certainly Lamennais (who had something of Elijah in him) possessed a nature the boldness and elevation of which were not unfavourable to gentleness and tender feeling. He was, in a remarkable degree, sensitive to the beauty of the external world, and of art. His immense need of repose—such a need as is proper to great natures—sought satisfaction in the Breton woods for days and weeks, and in the society of persons whose simplicity of character invincibly attracted him. His conversation was often full of play, and so are many of his letters, though it must be acknowledged the play sometimes becomes laborious. His poetical writings (if we may so style such compo-

sitions as "Les Paroles d'un Croyant" and "Une Voix de Prison") pass in swift transitions from scenes of horror, conclaves of deceitful and tyrannical kings, tortures, and gloom, and blood, martyrdoms and terrible victories, denunciations and prophetic wrath, to gracious presences of childhood and womanhood, interiors of cottage life, whispers as of quiet seas, radiance as of summer dawns, and comfortable words of hope and love.

II.

Félicité Robert de la Mennais, the fourth of six children, was born at Saint Malo, in Brittany, on the 19th of June, 1782. M. Pierre-Louis Robert, his father, a merchant and shipowner of Saint Malo, for important services rendered to the Government, and for acts of munificence to the poor in times of scarcity, was ennobled by Louis XVI. a few years after the birth of Félicité, and took his title from a small estate called La Mennais. The Robert family was characteristically Breton, determined, energetic, attached to the past, apt to extreme views and feelings. Through his mother's family, some Irish blood entered into Féli's veins. Of his childhood we are told little, but enough to make us understand that much physical delicacy, and an excitable nervous temperament, made it irritable, capricious, and rebellious against restraint. We read of his being tied to the school-bench to be kept quiet, and he used himself to tell how one day, in a boat secretly seized, he pushed off from shore, and with what feelings he gave defiance to the sea. Nor was it only the spell of animal gladness which nature laid upon the child. At eight years old, gazing upon a stormy waste of waters, he thought "he beheld the infinite and felt God," and said to himself of those beside him, with a sense of pride which afterwards shocked him in one so young, "They are *looking* at what I am looking, but they do not *see* what I see." There is much of the future man in these anecdotes, and when we add the picture of the boy lace-making in an upper room at home, or tending lovingly his flowers, we have already his life in miniature.

While Lamennais was still a child, the thunder-clouds of the Revolution burst. A pious Breton family, clinging to an ancient cause with the provincial tenacity, and attached to the Crown by recent favours, could not but be deeply sensible of the changed circumstances. Lamennais would often, in after years, tell with undiminished emotion how at times a proscribed priest stole, disguised and under cover of darkness, to his father's house; how in a garret, with two candles flaring upon a table which served as altar, the family would assemble, while a servant kept watch without; how mass would be said, little Jean de la Mennais, the elder brother, assisting, and the blessing be given to the old people and the chil-

dren ; and how the priest would depart before the dawn. In 1796, in the time of the Directory Government, a visit was paid to Paris, and the young royalist, with the pride of authorship at fourteen years of age, saw articles of his own appear in some obscure and forgotten journal. It is evident from this that he had not spent all his time in giving trouble to his schoolmasters. Early, indeed, his energy had turned itself upon books, and, when left in the solitude of La Chênaie, the charm of which was so often to subdue the discords of his life, to the somewhat lax guidance of his uncle, he devoured, and, what is more, digested into piles of manuscript, a large library, and before long was familiar with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, English, German, Italian, and Spanish. This uncle, familiarly known as Tonton, was an eclectic in literature, and with equal pleasure could attire in French garb the Book of Job and the Odes of Horace ; and if he was no friend of the eighteenth-century philosophers, he yet did not lock them up from his pupil ; so that with ecclesiastical historians, Church fathers, and orthodox divines, Félicité made the acquaintance of the fathers of the Revolution and the divines of the synagogue of Satan. One day the shadow of scepticism passed across his mind, and seemed to pass idly, like the ineffectual shadow of a cloud. His was a soul which in childhood, if not carried away by violent influences in a contrary direction, could not but be devout, and we read of his making pilgrimages to the neighbouring chapels to worship in secret the Holy Sacrament. But at a later period the doubts returned, and he fell into a way of worldly indifference for the affairs of religion, so that his first communion was long delayed. In these days he gave himself up with characteristic ardour to bodily exercises not of the religious kind, becoming a hard rider, fencing for whole days, and swimming till utterly exhausted. We can believe that his will may have rejoiced in proving its mastery over the frail and sensitive body in which it was lodged. But the religious spirit, if it slept lightly for a while, before long awoke to vigorous life. In 1807 appeared a translation by Lamennais of the little ascetic treatise of Louis de Blois, "*Speculum Monachorum*" ("*Guide Spirituel*" the translator named it), with a preface breathing a spirit of the tenderest piety, and in the following year his first original production, "*Réflexions sur l'État de l'Eglise.*"

Already the conflicts of his life had begun. Notwithstanding some eulogistic phrases applied to the Emperor, the "*Réflexions*" was seized by the police, the relations of Napoleon with the Church at that period being delicate and sensitive to criticism. The Restoration came, and Lamennais, free to publish his animadversions, did not let slip the opportunity. Already we perceive the passionate limitation of view, and the absoluteness of expression which characterise the author of the "*Essai sur l'Indifférence*" and "*Le Livre du Peuple*;" nor

these alone, but also the facility with which he could reverse past judgments, and escape with a high disregard of external consistency from the control of a former self. In 1808 Napoleon was "l'homme de génie qui a refondé en France la monarchie et la religion." In 1814 (the Imperial University had especially excited the anger of Lamennais), "To study the genius of Bonaparte in the institutions which he formed, is to sound the black depths of crime, and to seek for the measure of human perversity." One and the same system of eloquent hatred applied to objects the most diverse—such was Lamennais, says M. Renan. There is as much truth in this as will float an epigram, that is, a good piece of a truth. In such an opulence of passion Lamennais had no need to hoard his wrath, and at no time did objects fail him on which to wreak his indignation. At this period, Napoleon, because he was essentially a modern man, divided the anathemas with the reformers of the sixteenth and the philosophers of the eighteenth centuries. But Napoleon had still a hundred days to reign. Before many of them passed away, the prophet had fled to the wilderness, or unfiguratively, Lamennais, under the name of Patrick Robertson (son of "Robert"), had withdrawn for safety to Guernsey, and proceeded thence to England.

Protestantism was always from first to last repulsive to Lamennais. The doctrine seemed to him an attempted *via media* between Catholicism and Deism, untenable by a logical mind, and its spirit of individualism in both intellect and feeling shocked him beyond measure; and not unnaturally, since his most ardent desire was for a true *society*, an organisation of beliefs, emotions, and activities, upon the basis of our common humanity. A thinker relying on his private judgment, or a sinner devoted to saving his particular soul, seemed to Lamennais no better than an intellectual or religious troglodyte.

In England, accordingly, the Catholicism of Lamennais took yet a deeper tone. He was, moreover, brought into relation with a person who obtained singular influence over his mind, apparently by the mere virtue which went out of him as a very pious and a very happy man. This was the Abbé Carron, dispenser to the exiled in England of the charity of the Bourbon princes. Lamennais was poor, feeble in health, and burdened with the melancholy of one whose eye is fixed on great ideals. The Abbé assisted him to procure employment as a teacher, sustained him with kindly sympathy, and tried to smile him into a cheerful Christian spirit. It was through his advice that Félicité decided to give himself to the Church. With reluctant movements of mind, oppressed by sadness, but yielding to a solemn and insuperable duty, he was made a priest.

This visit to England was the occasion of a curious episode in the life of Lamennais, to which he seems to have avoided reference in after years. At Kensington he made the acquaintance of a young

Englishman, Henry Moorman, and the acquaintance soon ripened on Lamennais's side into an almost idolatrous friendship. Henry Moorman, we can perceive, was of a gentle, timid, appreciative, but not creative nature. His deficiency of self-dependence may have bound Lamennais to him, as some masculine spirits love to bestow themselves and their strength upon those of another sex who are weakest, because on them they can bestow so much. Besides which, the ardent and energetic nature, conscious of its own crudeness and disorder, is apt to imagine a perfection and integrity in feebler characters which they by no means actually possess. Moorman's mother and stepfather were opposed to an intimacy which might endanger the Protestant faith of their son, and when Lamennais, on his return to France, despatched letter after letter to his friend, they were intercepted. The correspondence was thenceforth carried on in secret, and Henry Moorman, now won over to Catholicism, after much hesitation and asking of advice, decided to escape from his home to France. The escape was effected. Much was expected from him by his French friends; "the sweet, the interesting Henry" was on his return to be an apostle and martyr at the least; but his relations found means to persuade him to different views of his vocation, and the prospective apostle subsided—so coldly ironical is fate—into a steady chemist's apprentice. Still letters continued to be written, although Moorman failed to obtain Lamennais's consent to a prettily-devised *ruse de guerre*, according to which a venerable debauchee of the "Anti-Gallican" Coffee-house, who would take a disinterested pleasure in assisting any one to a breach of the seventh commandment, was to receive the letters from France, and transmit them to the young chemist, on the understanding that they came from some girl whom Moorman might be supposed to have met in Paris. Lamennais, we conjecture, wrote indignantly, for his friend in reply becomes abjectly apologetic. This friendship, in which Lamennais gave everything, and got nothing, was terminated by the death of his young convert in the year 1818. The grief of the survivor was deep and lasting.

III.

In April, 1817, in a letter to his brother-in-law, Lamennais mentions "a work on which I have been engaged during the last twelve months." This work soon after appeared in public; it was the first volume of the "*Essai sur l'Indifférence*." The enthusiasm which it excited is something rare in the annals of theological literature; a great author had arisen in France, a "modern Bossuet," a leader of Catholic thought, one who, if any single man could do so, would turn back the tide of liberalism and secularism. This first was followed in two years by a second volume, and in 1822-23

appeared a third and fourth. Lamennais at this period was the man of highest mark in the ranks of the French priesthood.

What is this famous "*Essai sur l'Indifférence en matière de Religion*," and how does it present itself to us now when nearly half a century has elapsed from the date of its first appearance? The name of the book implies the motive from which it proceeded. Looking out on the world with prophet-like eyes, Lamennais saw, or thought he saw, a society dying morally, growing every day more insensible to pleasure and pain in right and wrongdoing, every day more apathetic to truth or falsehood of any kind which lies out of the cognizance of the senses, voluptuously self-indulgent, and becoming cruel after its voluptuousness, with a cruelty like that of Rome under the Emperors. That this society should be restored to health, activity, and joy was Lamennais's most deep desire. The disease was a moral and spiritual atrophy; remedy there could be none except religion. The disease was one which affected the whole constitution of society; it was right, therefore, that religion should be presented less as that by which the individual might save his own wretched soul, than as that by which the dying soul of society was to be saved. But how was it possible to make an impression on the dull mass of worldliness, the gross *φρόνημα σαρκὸς* of society? It would have been hardly possible had not the prevailing indifference to religion erected itself into a doctrine, different portions of which were delivered with precision and emphasis by several schools of modern thought. There was the atheistical school, which treated religion as a mere matter of political convenience; there was the school of deists, including the greatest names of the eighteenth century, which held as doubtful the truth of all positive religions, believed that each man should follow that in which he was born, and recognised only natural religion as incontestably true; and there was the school of heretics, which admitted a revealed religion, but maintained that the truths it taught might be rejected with the exception of some arbitrarily-selected doctrines styled fundamental. The first denied God, the second denied Christ, the third denied the Holy Ghost speaking through the Church. The first volume of the *Essay* is an apology for religion considered chiefly as the basis of society, against these three forms of systematised indifference, although indeed apology is hardly the right word, for Lamennais was a combatant who preferred attack to defence, and here he tries to force the lines of the enemy rather than to maintain his own.

But how was religion to be incarnated in the world, so that the desired reorganisation of society might be brought about? The answer of Lamennais was the same as that of De Maistre, De Bonald, and the other leaders of the Catholic reaction: "By the obedience of

the world to the Church. The Pope is the keystone of society ; without the Pope, no Church ; without the Church, no Christianity ; without Christianity, no religion ; without religion, no society." Ultramontanism in its strictest form was the creed of Lamennais. If there were voices (besides those of the liberals, whom it was not meant to please) that did not join in the chorus of lauds which greeted this first volume of the "Essai," the reason for their silence lay here. In his earliest work, that of 1808, Lamennais had adopted a Warburtonian theory of Church and State, regarding the spiritual and temporal as independent powers, allied upon certain terms advantageous to both. But such a theory had nothing to oppose to the logic of a growing Catholic spirit, or to the logic of events under the Governments of Napoleon and the Restoration. In such alliances the children of this world had driven hard bargains in recent times with the children of light. The superb self-assertion of the children of light reacted against the pretensions of the secular powers. If there is to be an *imperium in imperio*, it must not be the State, said they, which shall include the Church. Lamennais had only found the true doctrine of Rome, though it may have been a few centuries out of date, when he declared in favour of the universal sovereignty of the successor of Peter, and represented the authority of kings established by divine right as but "the secular arm," subject by right no less divine to the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome. He found the French Church hampered upon right and left by its connection with the State, and enfeebled by the servile doctrine of Gallicanism, pleasant to the pride of the episcopacy, but almost making a schismatic national Church of that which should be a willing member of the one body of which Christ is the head. "Let us sever the bonds which bind the Church to the State," he cried ; "let it become once more a vigorous organisation, subject to a single will directed by God, and the Church will rise up strong enough to renew the face of society, to breathe life into the cold corpse of the world."

Were the Lamennais of 1817 now alive he would smile at the triumph of his own ideas. Ultramontanism, with its irresistible logic, has carried all before it ; Gallicanism, whatever M. Baroche may find it convenient to say, is virtually extinct. The Bishops of France are but the prefects of Rome ; the national Churches of Europe are lost in Catholicity ; the separation of Church and State has begun to take place, and if the intelligent prevision of M. Ollivier be not deceived, the future will see the disappearance of the French budget of Public Worship, with the spontaneous and free consent of the clergy. The world is spinning so fast that east and west and other points of the compass have fallen together ; the Liberals in France will do the work of the Ultramontanes, as in England the Conservatives have been doing the work of the Liberals.

The first volume of the "Essai," which was received, if we disregard the silence of the Liberals and a section of the clergy, with unqualified applause, is in reality the least important portion of the work. Its style is characteristically that of its author, but as far as its contents go, they might belong for the most part to another man. The fundamental and peculiar principle of Lamennais's philosophy finds its development and application in the subsequent volumes. Indifference to the doctrines of religion would indeed be reasonable could it be proved that religious truth lay without the province of human knowledge. The apologist of theology proceeds to show that such truth is ascertainable, and can be tested by an infallible criterion. Lamennais, though by the perverseness of criticism he has been called a solitary and a misanthrope, breathed, as has been already seen, in every breath the life of his fellow-men. Every nerve of his body was a conductor of the electrical force of his own heart and brain outwards, and inwards of the currents of the earth. The insulation of a human being from his fellows was in his eyes in the truest sense death, and is complete in the coffin. Our physical nature owes its existence and preservation to society; neither physical life nor the propagation of life is possible for the solitary individual. Our emotional nature lives by love and self-surrender: if these die, it is dead. What of our intellectual nature—shall it alone live and flourish apart from society, in solitary observation, self-consciousness, and reasoning? All that could make itself audible in Lamennais rose and answered, "No." Philosophy, under the guidance of Descartes, had for some centuries been leading men in the ways of death. The bitter root of all modern atheism and heresy lay in that innocent-looking *Cogito, ergo sum*. It was the doctrine of individualism, of belief in one's self, of error, pride, misery. Lamennais undertakes to prove that man, as an individual, can know, that is, can be certain of nothing, and that the senses, inward consciousness, and reasoning are alike unable to furnish him with a criterion of truth.

Now all philosophy, all thought must start from something indemonstrable. Some primary, inexplicable fact must be the ultimate basis of all reasoning. We cannot by an infinite regress discover demonstrations of demonstrations. The *Cogito, ergo sum* of Descartes assumed as an indemonstrable fact the veracity of his own faculties. Such an assumption he was not warranted to make; the faculties of the individual are not necessarily veracious, much less infallible. A Bedlam king is no less assured of his regality than the King of France; it is the common testimony of those around us which alone can prove to any one of us that he is not insane. Descartes then did not perceive the actual first fact of the human mind, and yet it is most obvious. Not "I believe in myself," but "I believe in

the human race"—submission to authority the infallibility of which is admitted without proofs—that is the fact which is indeed primary, and from which all else proceeds. Do you ask, What guarantee, what proof have I of the infallibility of the race? I reply, The infallibility cannot in the nature of things be guaranteed or proved, but as a fact it is admitted without proof. Were I to attempt to prove it, I should fall into the absurdity of reaccepting my individual reason as the starting-point of philosophy after I have already rejected it. But if the objector adds, "*I have not this assurance of the infallibility of the common reason of the race.*" Lamennais is compelled to answer, "Then you are a knave or a fool."

This common reason of the race is resorted to by Lamennais "not merely as a Catholic criterion, or a source of elementary truths, but as a magazine of ready-fabricated dogmas."¹ All the articles of the Christian creed are borne witness to, and have been, more or less obscurely, since the beginning of the world, by this common reason. There is but one true religion, that which has existed from the days of Adam to our own; through Moses and in Jesus Christ no new religion was revealed, but the old was preserved, hedged in, explained, developed. All so-called false religions are corruptions of the true, which have fallen out of the line of development. But how do we distinguish the true and pure religion from its corrupt forms? Not by comparing creed with creed; there is no need of that; we have but to observe the testimony of mankind, the witness of the common reason. The true religion is that which rests upon the greatest visible authority. This note of the true religion is possessed by Christianity, while of the several societies of Christians none can for a moment exhibit a consensus of authority comparable with that of the Catholic Church. The voice of the Catholic Church therefore is the voice of humanity, and all its utterances as such are infallibly true.

IV.

This was just such a book as would try the spirits of men, and create divisions of parties, clear-cut, and insuperable. There was much in it to attract the younger and bolder part of the clergy, secretly prepared by the working of the new Catholic tendency to break with Gallican traditions. There was much also to make the nervous ears of orthodoxy prick up. An attack upon the time-honoured philosophy of Descartes, taught in all the schools, was hardly less than heresy. The theory of a common reason and its infallibility was believed to be (as Lacordaire afterwards, when he

(1) Sir W. Hamilton (Reid's Works, ed. Ham. p. 771). Hamilton identifies the doctrine of Lamennais with that of Heraclitus, but erroneously I believe. "The Common" of Heraclitus was derived through the senses. See Lewes's Hist. of "Philosophy."

had withdrawn from his great master, endeavoured to show) essentially anti-supernatural, appearing as it did to contain an implicit denial of the necessity of revelation. And at the same time the idea of the development of religion—religion itself being but the highest reason of the race—brought with it a question, which an atmosphere impregnated by modern thought was likely soon to ripen into a hope, and an assurance. Has this development reached its term? Is the reason of the race exhausted? Shall all that is obscure in theology never be illuminated, all that is undeveloped in Christian ethics never be made complete? There *were* men who looked for a fresh development of human reason, men on whose lips was the new word “progress,” to whom industry seemed pregnant with a new morality, and science with an unborn faith. But these were the liberal philosophers.

On the publication of the second volume of the “*Essai*” Lamennais became a suspected man. A tempest was gathering against him, and ere long it burst. Even the excellent Abbé Carron was alarmed for his son, and addressed to him a letter filled with kind warning and advice, to which Lamennais replied with unaffected thanks and love. “My principles,” he says, “are but the development of the great Catholic maxim, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*.” To strengthen his position by a fresh discussion of the disputed points, and to appeal to Rome, such were the two modes of defence open to Lamennais, and he adopted both. A favourable response was received from Rome, yet one hardly decisive enough to satisfy the absolute spirit it was intended to soothe, and Lamennais, after some delay, determined to present himself personally before the Holy Father, to testify his submission, and procure, if possible, an open acknowledgment of his orthodoxy.

In the spring of the year 1824 Lamennais set out for Rome. He delayed some time at Geneva, where the weather was bad, and the odour of Protestantism highly offensive. “I should a hundred times rather live among Turks than in the midst of this abominable population. The rest of Switzerland is hardly better, and I doubt whether there is anywhere in the world a more tiresome country. As to natural curiosities, mountains, valleys, lakes, streams, water-falls, these are soon seen.” Thus, with characteristic capacity for injustice, could Lamennais relieve his feelings against the Protestant mountains and lakes; at another time he viewed them with different eyes. The Countess de Maistre received the traveller at Turin. At Rome a triumph awaited him. A new Pope—Leo XII.—had just been elected, and notwithstanding extreme feebleness of health, he exerted himself to welcome with distinguished honour the French champion of the Papacy. He was pressed to occupy an apartment in the Vatican; a cardinal’s hat, it was said, was offered to him; but

Lamennais accepted no favour except a dispensation, which relieved him from the recital of the daily breviary, "convinced, doubtless," says a biographer, "that for him action was more virtuous than meditation or prayer." The Holy Father would gladly have retained him at Rome, but Lamennais felt that his work lay before him in his native country, and as farewell was said, the Pope encouraged him to carry on the warfare he had begun. Lamennais was gone, but a portrait of him long hung upon the wall of Leo's private sitting-room, its only ornament beside a picture of the Virgin.¹

After the imperial city like a superb mistress had tempted the soul of Lamennais, his cherishing Breton woods reclaimed him as their own. It seemed inevitable to him that he should be great and conspicuous; his heart longed for peace, repose, and obscurity, the sweet activity and sweet patience of nature. The house of La Chênaie stands in the midst of woods, upon the border of the forest of Coetquen. Waste lands, where at that time grew only furze and heather, fields half cultivated, a pond shut in by rocks, and the deep waters of which reflected trailing branches of ivy and the foliage of immemorial oaks, gave to the place "a calm and somewhat sad appearance." Here passed away many weeks and months of the life of Lamennais. Not in self-contemplation, or solitary thought, or Wordsworthian communion with the "wisdom and spirit of the universe." External nature to Lamennais was a mother, not a bride, and he gave her his weakness, not his strength; the true bride of his soul was humanity. A flood of light has been poured upon the history of his mind by the publication of his letters, and in them we perceive with how intense a gaze he watched from his solitude every movement of society and of the political world. The prophet was in the wilderness, but he bore in his heart the cause of his people, its sorrows and its wrongs. He was sensitive to the changes in the political atmosphere; he noted each fact of importance. With the prophetic instinct he pierced through the accidental surrounding of events to their moral import, brooded upon that, and created a vision of the future out of its undeveloped causes. Evil and good were everywhere at strife before him; he clung to the good, whatever name it bore, had faith in its ultimate victory, and knew that the victory could not be without blood. By no violent convulsions of soul, but simply by passionate inspection of the course of things, and by observing the sides upon which the powers of the earth ranged themselves, the thinker of 1820, intolerant, monarchical,

(1) A letter has been published which professes to be written by Cardinal Bernetti, and which, if authentic, would convict the Pope of hypocrisy in all these marks of favour. "From the time we received and conversed with him," Leo is represented as saying, "we have been struck with terror. From that day we have had incessantly before our eyes his face as of one damned (*sa face de damné*). . . . Yes, this priest has the face of one damned. There is *heresiarch* upon his forehead."

hostile to liberal politics, devoid of sympathy with the scientific movement, was transformed into the thinker of 1830, still indeed intolerant, but as for the rest, the reverse of his former self. So far we find no inconsistency in the man, though his judgment of parties may change. Is it inconsistent to lose faith in a friend when he has for the twentieth time proved himself other than he professed to be? Is it inconsistent to receive as an ally one who with a different banner is fighting for the same cause as yourself? The cause for which Lamennais fought was never the monarchy, it was never even the Papacy for its own sake. It was the regeneration and reorganisation of society. It was not an idea, it was something to be done; and if kings and governments, and the Pope as a temporal sovereign, were false to their trust, why let them go; perhaps the *people* would be true to theirs.

Such is the account which his correspondence enables us to give of Lamennais's conversion to the democratic cause. At no time was he greatly attached to the Restoration dynasty. The royal Government in secular matters was blind, impotent, and despotic. The Church remained in the legalised servitude to which Napoleon had reduced it. The bishops acquiesced with unabashed servility, and the clergy appearing as the allies of despotism, all who cared for freedom were becoming estranged from the Church and from religion. There was on the one side a throne supported by bayonets, a force merely material, guided by a policy of interests, devoid of thought and faith; it had even forgotten that bayonets are wielded by human hands. On the other side was a growing spirit of anarchy, an ill-suppressed mass of violence and hatred. The Royalists were worldlings, the Radicals were atheists; the problem which both were trying to solve was "How to constitute a society without God." At the same time God seemed to have withdrawn himself from the essential point of contact through which he animated the world; the light which ought to guide men was darkness, the hand which ought to save was too cowardly or too weak to stir. Rome, which ought to have been a rallying word, was a word which Lamennais was ashamed to utter. Rome was prudent, and had a profound respect for bayonets, whether French, Austrian, Russian, or British. Freedom and religion, the cause of humanity, were being done to death, and Peter warmed himself, and said, "I know not the man."

Yet Christ had said, "Upon this rock I will build my Church," and if the Church, then necessarily the world also. The Church was the one thing which seemed still worth fighting for; the Church, if it were but true to itself, could still save society, and after the overthrow of the existing state of things, which now might be clearly foreseen, the Church perfectly free, and taking the lead in thought, might recreate the world. Was it possible that religion was about

to receive a new *development*, the most important since the days of Christ? Many things seemed to favour such a conjecture. The greater the need of a putting forth of divine power, the greater would be the manifestation of God. "What thou doest, do quickly," Lamennais muttered to the kings and cabinets of Europe. The Ordinances of June, 1828, seemed to fill up the measure of their iniquity. At that time Lamennais gave the Government of France two years to live, and we know whether or not his prophecy was fulfilled. After the coming storm, was it possible that men might see a new heaven and a new earth?

Gradually, too, as Lamennais kept gazing at the movements of society, he thought he discerned a party which was influenced by something higher than material interests, which had some sense of the sacredness of political action. It was the party of "honest Liberals." These were not mere phantasmal statesmen having no existence in the world of reality, they possessed some spiritual significance. The Revolution, therefore, because it had some spiritual force, would conquer the Governments of Europe, but religion, with its indestructible beliefs, would conquer the Revolution. That this conquest should be effected, however, the Church must be prepared to break with the Governments and recognise the cause of the peoples as her own. To liberalise the Church, to catholicise Liberalism, such were now the ends for which Lamennais drew every breath—ends which were themselves but means to the one great object of his life, the reorganisation of society.

These years between Lamennais's first journey to Rome and the Revolution of 1830 were not passed altogether at La Chênaie. In the spring of 1826 he is in Paris, accepting the consequences of a publication entitled "*De la Religion considérée dans ses rapports avec l'ordre politique et civil.*" Judicial proceedings were taken against him; he was accused of "effacing the limits of the temporal and spiritual powers, and of recognising in the Sovereign Pontiff the right of deposing kings and of releasing subjects from their oath of fidelity." Lamennais was defended by his friend Berryer, and at the close of his advocate's address the accused rose and uttered himself a few words expressing his devotion to the head of the Church:—"His faith is my faith, his doctrine is my doctrine, and to my latest breath I will continue to profess and to defend it." Judgment was given against Lamennais, but in the most lenient terms, and a nominal fine was imposed. That summer his feeble health entirely gave way. Greatly exhausted, and subject to spasms and frequent fainting-fits, he was ordered by his physicians to the baths of Saint Sauveur in the Pyrenees. One friend, the Abbé de Salinis, accompanied him. The journey he describes as a kind of constant agony: at some leagues past Montauban they were obliged to lift him from the carriage, and

lay him on a bed in a farmhouse. The Church seemed about to lose her champion. But at Saint Sauveur his health in some degree returned. Here it was that he was first seen by a little sick boy for whom Lamennais's regard afterwards ripened into a friendship terminated only by death. The boy was Emile Forgues, to whom, nearly thirty years after, Lamennais intrusted the publication of his letters and posthumous works. He had heard the name of the great priest, and imagined him like one of the majestic saints of a cathedral window, with the keys, the book, or the symbolic sword, in gorgeous drapery, with flowing beard and gesture of inspiration. He found in a little dimly-lighted room a small, lean, sorry-looking man, seated in a great straw arm-chair, his head sunk upon his chest. Thus the acquaintance began. The two abbés made the child a companion in their walks, which were never very long. Sometimes the Abbé de Salinis would leave them, and then, seated on the grass, Lamennais would draw from his pocket his Latin "Imitation," and make the boy translate, interrupting him with commentaries perhaps not quite within his comprehension. Or the friend would return, and all three would descend slowly to the banks of the Gave to compete in stone-throwing, for success in which Lamennais would prove a marked incapacity.¹ The visit to Saint Sauveur was of brief duration. Again in the same year, in December, we find Lamennais in Paris; and learn that he was concerned in that ill-advised proceeding of which M. Littré has given us the details—the religious ceremony of marriage into which Comte, then in a state of mental alienation, was indecently hurried. Next year there is a gap in the correspondence; Lamennais is face to face with death, and calm and happy. But death which hovered near so often was not yet to touch him, and he came back to the warfare of his life sadly and resolutely. "Dieu l'a fait soldat," said his brother Jean, and the hardest battles were yet to fight. Meanwhile, struggling against feeble health, and against poverty at times so absolute that he was unable to keep a servant, he laboured unceasingly for Catholicism and liberty. He wrote much; disciples gathered round him; in the *Mémorial Catholique* his party found a literary organ; he inspired from a distance the "Association for the Defence of the Catholic Religion," which was virtually a club

(1) The following from Georges Sand will serve to make the bodily presence of Lamennais more visible. "His [Everard's] head, at once that of a hero and a saint, appears to me in my dreams by the side of the austere and terrible face of the great La Mennais. In the last the brow is an unbroken wall, a brass tablet,—the seal of indomitable vigour, and furrowed like Everard's between the eyebrows with those perpendicular wrinkles which belong exclusively, says Lavater, to those of high capacity who think justly and nobly. The stiff and rigid inclination of the profile, the angular narrowness of the visage, doubtless agree with the inflexible probity, the hermit-like austerity, and the incessant toil of thoughts ardent and vast as heaven. But the smile which comes suddenly to humanise this countenance changes my terror into confidence, my respect into adoration."—("Letters of a Traveller." Letter vii. To Franz Liszt.)

prepared to start forward and take the initiative in politics when the days of organisation had come; and at La Chênaie and in its neighbourhood Lamennais and his brother prepared a small contingent of young men for the Catholic cause, *élite* volunteers, who would lead in the campaigns of the future.

v.

The events of July, 1830, which had been long looked forward to by Lamennais, seemed to clear the way for a forward movement of his party. Only half of what society needed was accomplished by the Revolution; its character was negative; it secured freedom, but introduced no principle of order. The true principle of order lay essentially in religion; religion and the Revolution, order and freedom, a catholicised liberalism—such were the watchwords of the party which found its centre in the person of Lamennais. Not many weeks after the days of July the *Avenir* newspaper was started, under the conduct of Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, and two or three other distinguished neo-Catholic leaders. Its motto—the words “God and Liberty”—indicates the point of view from which it regarded the questions of the day. The principles advocated were the rendering into politics of its spirit of Catholic Liberalism:—absolute submission to the Holy Father in things spiritual, the complete separation of Church and State, together with the renunciation by the clergy of the budget of worship, liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, freedom in education, the right of association, the right of popular election. It was not long until the editors discovered that the Government of Louis Philippe inherited the traditions of the Government of Charles X., especially in matters relating to Church and State, and that a change of masters was not necessarily a change of minds. The bishops presented to the Holy See were the creatures of the Government; the University was allowed, in direct opposition to the new Charter, to retain a monopoly of education, in order that the clergy might possess as little direct influence as possible over the youth of the country; secular instruction free of expense was given to the poor, in order that superstition—that is, the Catholic religion—might be destroyed; the ceremony of public worship was interfered with by legislative enactments. The *Avenir* struggled against overwhelming odds; the Government, the Gallican clergy, the Bourbons were united against it; yet its influence was considerable, especially amongst the younger members of the priesthood. A compact party with definiteness of position, the audacity of enthusiasm, and high intellectual prowess, may be a formidable power in times of general indecision, faithlessness, and want of heart. Together with the journal was established the “*Agence générale pour la défense de la liberté religieuse*,” a council of nine, Lamennais

being president, with associated annual subscribers. The *Avenir* spoke; the "Agence" acted. It presented petitions to the Chamber of Deputies; it resisted infringements of the rights of the clergy by legal proceedings carried, when necessary, into the highest courts; it supported schools against the oppression of the Government officials; it made experiments to determine the boundaries of the law; it served as a bond between local associations intended to advance the cause of religious freedom in France.

Notwithstanding the zeal of the *Avenir* and the "Agence" for the Catholic religion, their enemies succeeded in bringing into suspicion the orthodoxy of Lamennais and his friends. Rumours that their principles were disapproved at Rome, first sullen and inarticulate, became by degrees loud and clear. There could be no doubt that the spirit of the *Avenir* in political matters was very far removed from that which presided over the councils of the Sovereign Pontiff. But Lamennais had long since been forced by the logic of events to distinguish between the temporal sovereign at Rome and the spiritual head of the Church. If the Pope encouraged heretical Russia to stifle in blood the aspirations of Catholic Poland, it was the temporal sovereign who did this, not the infallible priest: Lamennais could still raise his voice for freedom and Poland. And with a *naïve* faith, which would be incredible in a less simple and absolute character, he believed that at Rome they would distinguish between the opponent of the sovereign and of the priest; that they would be just to the most obedient son of the Church, if they were not even grateful to her most devoted champion. Leo XII. was now dead. Gregory XVI. reigned in his place. Thirteen months after its foundation the editors resolved to suspend the publication of the *Avenir*, and Lamennais announced the fact in the number of November 15, 1831. "If we retire for a moment, it is not through weariness, still less through failing of heart; it is to go, as formerly did the soldiers of Israel, *to consult the Lord in Shiloh*. Doubts have been thrown upon our faith, and even our intentions, for in these times what is not attacked? We leave for a moment the battle-field, to fulfil another duty equally urgent. The traveller's staff in our hand, we take our way towards the Eternal City, and there, prostrated at the feet of the Pontiff whom Jesus Christ has appointed to his disciples as a master and a guide, we shall say, 'O father, deign to cast down your eyes upon some of the humblest of your children, accused of being rebels against your infallible and sweet authority; behold they are before you; read what is in their souls; nothing which they would conceal is there; if one thought of theirs, but one, is other than yours, they disavow, they abjure it; you are the rule of their doctrines; never, never have they known another. O father, pronounce over them the word which gives life because it gives light, and let your hand be stretched forth to bless their obe-

dience and their love.' ” Some days after this announcement “three obscure Christians”—Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert (then a youth of twenty-one years)—set their faces towards the capital of the Christian world.

Lamennais has related the incidents of this pilgrimage to Rome in a book which, in some respects, must stand apart from his other writings. When he spoke on behalf of a struggling cause or an oppressed nation, the thoughts were extreme and passionate, visions of horror and of shame rose before the imagination, the language was abrupt, and heaved like the breast of one over-excited, labouring in vain to give relief to the violence of emotion. But in the “*Affaires de Rome*” it is chiefly with himself and his own wrongs that he is concerned, and therefore the tone is moderate, the feeling healthful and changeful, the style full of natural grace, picturesque, tender, ironical, playful, grave by turns. The travellers left Paris towards the close of the year 1831. At Lyons they found the city in the hands of the insurrectionary workmen, and Lamennais could not fail to be impressed deeply by the order and gravity and noble respect for justice that governed a populace which, from desperation, had suddenly risen to absolute power. “Thanks be given to Providence,” he wrote elsewhere, “which allowed us to witness this illustrious justification of the true people, so suspected, so calumniated. Never did a spectacle so great and touching meet our eyes as that which this immense city presented, fallen, after an heroic struggle, into the hands of the mere workmen. As soon as they were in possession, the most perfect order, the most complete security reigned, together with the entirest freedom. . . . Not a disorder, not a single offence against property or person. . . . One might see these men of toil, their poor workshop blouses on, with faces hollow and worn, but calm, here musket on shoulder preserving the public safety, there prostrated on the pavement of a solitary church praying with confidence to Him who suffered like them and for them.” Such a sight as this is, if men would but consult the facts of recent revolutionary movements, would not be found unusual. With a heart overflowing with love for the poor, despised, and suffering, sensible above all else to the sublime in character, and himself wounded and saddened, how could Lamennais feel other than consecrated, by his presence at such a moment as this, to the cause of the people?

In feeble health, Lamennais, with his two companions, proceeded on his journey. Italy, with its blue breadths of sea, and various shore, and wealth of fertile valley, and rich ravine, was too facile and fair a land to possess itself of his love: he thought with regret of his native Armorica, “its tempests, and granite rocks beaten by the grass-green waves; its reefs white with foam, its long, deserted strands, where no sound meets the ear but the dull roar of the wave, the shrill cry of the wheeling gull, and the voice of the sea-lark sad

and sweet." At Rome a very different reception awaited him from that which he had been honoured with eight years before. A small number of distinguished ecclesiastics did not fear to take the pilgrims by the hand and welcome them. But for the rest, their isolation was complete. Diplomatic notes from Austria, Prussia, and Russia had preceded them, in which the Pope was urged to pronounce against the pernicious publicists who, in the name of religion, had excited the peoples to revolt. With difficulty they procured an audience with the Holy Father, and that only on condition that no allusion should be made to the business which brought them to Rome. Cardinal de Rohan, their opponent, the *bambino* cardinal whom Lamennais has sketched with so mischievous and sprightly a pencil, was present as witness of their silence. Week after week passed, and the ardent, uncompromising, and fearless nature of Lamennais was first surprised, then pained, and at last violently repelled by the circuitous policy, the back-stair approaches, the worldliness, chicanery, and dastardly spirit of the Roman court. The old man who governed Christendom, ignorant alike of the condition of the Church and of the world, was surrounded by a body-guard of blind, imbecile, and greedy eunuchs. Weary of Rome, yet still not hopeless of obtaining a decision, Lamennais sought for repose and restoration of heart amongst the small religious houses in the country. We ourselves feel a relief and lightening of spirits when we escape from the pages of his book which disclose the corrupt life that crawled and crept in Rome, to those which mirror the peaceful and world-forgetting days of the convent. Let one picture be looked at out of several. "The Camaldolese occupy each a small separate house, which contains several rooms. We reached their dwelling-place towards evening, at the hour of common prayer; they seemed all of advanced age, and of more than middle stature. Ranged on the two sides of the nave, they remained, after the service was ended, on their knees, motionless in profound meditation. One might have said that already they had ceased to belong to earth. Their bald heads drooped under other thoughts and other cares; not a movement, not an outward sign of life; enveloped in their long white cloaks, they looked like those statues which pray upon old tombs." At length, when there seemed no likelihood of judgment, favourable or the reverse, being pronounced, Lamennais, with the advice of his Roman friends, decided to accept the Pope's silence as equivalent to a declaration that his opinions were not disapproved, to leave Italy, and resume his suspended labours. On a breathless and heavy evening in the month of July, his carriage crept along the heights above the Tiber, and while the fires of the setting sun shone upon the dome of St. Peter, the last of Rome was seen. Montalembert accompanied his friend, and Florence, Venice, and the Tyrol were visited. At Munich they found Lacordaire; and the most

distinguished writers and artists of the city received, at a public dinner, the three editors of the *Avenir*. "Towards the end of the repast," as Lacordaire has told, "some one came to M. de La Mennais and begged him to come out for a moment, and an envoy of the Apostolic Nuncio presented to him a folded paper, sealed with the Nuncio's seal. He opened it, and saw that it contained an Encyclical Letter from Pope Gregory XVI., dated August 15, 1832. A rapid glance at its contents soon told him that it was on the subject of the doctrines of the *Avenir*, and that it was unfavourable to them. His decision was taken at once; and without examining the precise import of the Pontifical Brief, he said to us in a low voice, as he left the room, 'I have just received an Encyclical of the Pope against us; we must not hesitate to submit.' Then returning home, he at once drew up, in a few short but precise lines, an act of submission, with which the Pope was satisfied."

On their return to France, the editors announced that their journal would appear no more, and that the "Agence" was dissolved. It was in many respects a happy day for Lamennais when he could return with free conscience to a less troubled life. He had recently lost all that he possessed through an unfortunate connection with a Paris bookseller. Reduced to absolute poverty, but easier in mind than he had been for many a day, Lamennais withdrew to the privacy of La Chênaie, where a few young and ingenuous scholars surrounded him. One of these scholars has recently risen upon us like a lucid and pale star, which exercises no sway over the lives of men, but attracts the love of some—Maurice de Guérin. Both in his diary and letters some interesting records may be found of the life in "the little paradise of La Chênaie," and of the relations which existed between the master and his disciples.¹ These were of the most tender and the most respectful kind. It has been remarked with what unrestrained affection the young members of the *Avenir* staff wrote to their chief. The letters begin with the formula *Mon père, mon père bien aimé*, and end with *Votre tendre fils, votre enfant*; and the contents of the letters show that these were not empty words, that the confidence of these friends was absolute, their attachment almost boundless. So was it also at La Chênaie. "I felt at first," says Maurice de Guérin, "in accosting M. Féli (so we call him familiarly), that mysterious shiver which always runs through one on the approach of divine things or great men; but soon this trembling changed into *abandon* and confidence. . . . M. Féli has, so to say, compelled me to forget his renown by his fatherly gentleness, and the tender familiarity of his intercourse. Here I am in his hands, body and soul, hoping that this great artist may educe the statue from the formless block." And elsewhere: "Commonly enough M. Féli is believed to

(1) See *Journal, Lettres, &c.*, pp. 19, 38, 39, 170—172, 175, 176, 179, 193—195 (Quatrième édition).

be a proud man, and passionately proud. This opinion, which has turned away from him many Catholics, is incredibly false. No one in the world is more lost in humility and self-renunciation." And once more: "In the evening, after supper, we go into the drawing-room. He throws himself into a huge sofa, an old piece of furniture in threadbare crimson velvet. . . . It is the hour for conversation. Then, if you were to enter the room, you would see low in a corner a little head, nothing but the head, the rest of the body being absorbed by the sofa, with eyes gleaming like carbuncles, and pivoting incessantly on his neck; you would hear a voice now grave, now full of mockery, and sometimes long peals of shrill laughter—*c'est notre homme.*"

At this time Lamennais was occupied with the conception and elaboration of a philosophy which would resume all his views upon nature, man, and society, and found them upon an idea of God. But in his life peace was never to be of long duration. In May, 1833, appeared a Brief of the Pope, in which Lamennais was spoken of as having failed to give the unequivocal pledges of his submission which had been expected. The demands now made upon him were an unqualified adherence to the Encyclical, which had condemned political freedom in some of its most essential forms, and the promise of absolute obedience to Rome in temporal affairs, as well as spiritual. It was at last clear to him that he had mistaken the principles of Catholicism, that no substantial union could be effected between the Papacy and Liberalism, and that a choice must be made between the cause of Rome and that of humanity. His past faith, the foundations of which had been gradually and inevitably weakened by the observation of the real world, and the reaction of the natural human heart, now at last sank under external pressure. As for his past life, so far as it was bound up with Rome, he cared only to leave it entirely behind him. A new life devoted to the same object—the renewal of society—and employing as its means a larger and nobler conception of Christianity, was now to begin. For peace' sake he signed the declaration demanded by the Pope—a declaration which for Lamennais meant nothing, because he signed it with the reserve of his duties to his country and humanity, which meant all. That such was the sense in which he understood this act soon became apparent. The letters written from La Chênaie towards the close of the year 1832, and in the early part of 1833, are remarkable for their imaginative fervour, and that intellectual grasp and decisiveness which passion gives. This was the time when Russia and Austria, with the approbation of the Pope, were joyfully hastening the death-agony of Polish nationality, and when the French Government was entering upon a period of violent reaction against the principles of July. The Church and the kings seemed leagued against Christ and the peoples. The heart of the prophet of La Chênaie was stirred

within him; wrath, indignation, hatred, contempt, love, grief, and pity, and above all hope, growing brighter as the darkness grew deeper, made him their own, and a series of visions passed before him. These were written down in words resembling those of the Hebrew prophets, at first to be read only by a few, as they were not intended for publication.¹ But now, increasing national calamities, and the necessity of some act on his part which would clearly define his position in the eyes of all, and interpret rightly his submission to the Papal demands, left Lamennais no choice but to declare openly his political creed, "to cry aloud and spare not." An immense welcome greeted the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*." It was translated into English, German, Polish, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Italian, and other languages. A hundred thousand copies were almost immediately sold. A lucky phrase of M. de Vitrolles defines accurately the "*Paroles*:"—"C'est un bonnet rouge planté sur une croix." But the cross was not one which could be acknowledged as such in the councils of the Vatican. A new Encyclical appeared, dated July, 1834, which is refreshing to read for the vivacity of its language. There is now no apathy or languor at Rome. The Holy Father is seized with horror at this breach of faith, this prodigy of calumny, at the blindness of the author, at the transports of his fury, at his pernicious designs, at the fatal frenzy of his imagination, at his impious abuse of God's Word, at the propositions of the book, "*Falsas, calumniosas, temerarias, . . . impias, scandalosas, erroneas*." What vivacity of expression! *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ!*

If anything was needed to complete the liberation of Lamennais from the Church of Rome, this Encyclical supplied it. Perhaps one thing *was* needed—a logical means of escape from his own arguments of past times. Heretofore his severance from Catholicism had been effected by a scrutiny of the facts of the political world, and the simple action of the moral sense. To destroy on the earth the reign of force, and to substitute that of justice and charity—in other words, to spiritualise material power—such seemed to him the one thing needed by society, and such also seemed the tendency of Christianity. But Rome had deliberately taken the side of force against justice and charity. So much he had seen. Still there were the old arguments of the "*Essai*"—what of these? At this moment appeared the Encyclical, and fortunately it did not confine itself to denouncing and reprobating the opinions of the "*Paroles*," but went on to condemn in strong terms the philosophy of the Common Reason, which a few years before had been the most orthodox of beliefs. Thus the Church destroyed the philosophical basis upon which, as conceived by Lamennais, it rested. And now appeared, what surely ought to have been discovered before, that if the Common Reason

(1) Mickiewicz's "*Book of the Polish People*," which was translated into French by M. de Montalembert, suggested the style which Lamennais adopted in the "*Paroles*."

is the basis of the Church, its authority is antecedent and superior to the authority of the Church, and the Church has a judge on earth outside itself. Here, too, the doctrine of the development of religion came in powerfully to aid the liberation of Lamennais. As at present conceived and organised, religion had ceased to influence the world for good—it had rather set itself against all that was most admirable in the individual and in society. Had not the time come for the appearance and reign of a new conception of religion?

VI.

It is the singular fate of Lamennais that in almost all which has been written upon his life and works, much attention is paid to that portion of them which he himself rejected and left behind; little is said of the action and thought upon which in his maturest years he would have laid his chief claim to remembrance among men. The present article is no exception to this rule. Having brought thus far our account of the history of Lamennais's mind, we can only indicate briefly the direction in which he subsequently moved, and say that "much, very much, remains necessarily untold." On political questions he steadily adhered to the principles of democracy.¹ In April, 1835, he was invited by the members of the committee for the defence of the accused who took part in the abortive revolutionary movements at Paris and Lyon, to co-operate with them, and he joyfully consented. Five years later he was himself a prisoner in Sainte Pélagie, and there passed twelve months at the age of sixty-one, condemned for the publication of a pamphlet entitled "*Le Pays et le Gouvernement*," in which he had violently inveighed against the pacific policy of Louis Philippe, the fortifying of Paris, the system of preventive arrests, and measures against the workmen which seemed to him oppressive. In 1848 he appeared as a representative in the Constituent Assembly, and was a member of the *Comité de Constitution*, where he presented his colleagues with a schème of social and political organisation (*Projet de Constitution*), to which he attached great importance, but which found little favour with others. With the Constituent Assembly his political career ends. Lamennais, it has been said, lost the originality of his part amongst political actors when he renounced the leadership of the party of Liberal Catholics. The truth of this remark may well be questioned. What was most peculiar and essential in his political creed remained the same through every change—the opinion that all real society, all society which contains a principle of stability, must be founded upon a religious faith. To spiritualise the democracy was to the last the object of his most earnest endeavours, and "a

(1) It may here be noted that from the year 1834 he usually wrote his name F. Lamennais, instead of the aristocratic *de La Mennais*.

spiritualised democracy" is not so remote a translation of the old watchword, "a Catholicised Liberalism."

During these years the religious opinions of Lamennais underwent important changes. At first, after his departure from the Catholic Church, he looked forward, as we have seen, to a new development of religion, but such a development as would leave untouched the supernatural facts of Christianity, or would at most render it possible to conceive them in a nobler way. Looking, however, into Christianity, and looking at the same time upon the face of the world, and considering how far Christianity contained elements which might effect the regeneration of society, he found things beginning to take a new appearance. Christianity, with the best intentions, seemed powerless, and its voice was like the remote and ineffectual voice of a shade. A spiritual society stood over against a natural society, but the spiritual refused to penetrate the natural, the Church remained separate from the world. On searching deeper, the cause of this became apparent. Emerging from Judaism, which had made God everything, and made man and nature nothing, or but the small dust of the balance, and reacting against the dominant sensuality of the time, Christianity had thrown itself into an excessive spiritualism, out of nature and (under the influence of the idea of the "Fall") even opposed to nature. Hence a false conception of God, which put a gulf between the Creator and the creation, and represented the former as something other than infinite being; hence a false conception of religion as belonging to a supernatural order of facts, a fruitless attempt to establish man in a supernatural condition, a condition out of nature, and even opposed to it; and hence also, as has been observed, a mistaken theory of society. His own theory in its latest form is given in the remarkable preface to his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy;"¹ the reader will perceive how far it is removed from that of Catholicism:—

"The spiritual power, although connected with the temporal, which it ought to direct, does not from its very nature admit of any organisation analogous to that the action of which is resumed by the temporal power; just as the mind, though connected with the body, cannot be conceived under a mode of bodily organisation. What it is in man it is likewise in society—something above the senses—thought, reason finite and progressive, subject to error, but always penetrating farther into the truth. In society, then, the spiritual power, foreign to the organisation of the social body, or of the State, apart from it, superior to it, is but intelligence, reason free from every bond; whence, by the unrestrained communication of thoughts which modify one another, arises a common thought, a common will,

(1) A translation of a great portion of this preface appeared as an article in the *Westminster Review*, Oct., 1866, but this passage—the most remarkable in the work—was omitted.

governing, when once formed, all private thoughts and volitions; so that with no means of constraint, no political or civil jurisdiction, the free, impersonal, incorporeal reason constitutes the spiritual power in which resides the supreme power of government."

While such thoughts as these were possessing themselves of the mind of Lamennais, the significance of the scientific movement had been growing greater and greater in his eyes; but he believed that the tree of science had its roots in the idea of God, that atheistic science was doomed to perpetual sterility. Finite Being is but infinite Being in a mode of limitation; its laws, therefore, can be no other than the laws of infinite Being, modified in each creature according to the mode of limitation which determines its intrinsic nature. Thus, by a process of *levelling-up*, Lamennais made the supernatural, in the ordinary sense of the word, disappear. Miracles became incredible, and, indeed, impossible to conceive. "A new synthesis," wrote Lamennais in his book on the "Past and Future of the People," "is in process of formation which, uniting Christian spiritualism and scientific naturalism, the Creator and the creation, and the laws of both, will complete the ancient dogma, and will constitute in this sense a new dogma, the character of which will be the negation of a supernatural order of things, of an order intermediate between God and his work, and the determination of the properties of absolute Being, without which the persons [of the Trinity], as determined by Christianity, are but logical abstractions deprived of true reality."

All that Lamennais meant by these last words will be understood only by one who is acquainted with the chief literary performance of the second half of his life, the "*Esquisse d'une Philosophie*." Of this remarkable piece of transcendental science no account can here be given, but attention may be directed to the chapters upon art (which have been republished in a separate volume under the title "*De l'Art et du Beau*"), as containing brilliant surveys of historical periods and national characteristics of art.

We hasten to the end. In January, 1854, while engaged upon his introduction to Dante, pleurisy seized him, and on the 16th of the month he was obliged to take to his bed. The illness at first made rapid progress. It was rumoured in Paris that Lamennais was dying. A few dear friends of the Liberal party were with him, and while the sick man lingered in life week after week, by them his house was defended from the attempts to force an entrance made by those who longed for the triumph of a death-bed recantation and submission at the last moment to the Catholic Church. Strict orders were given by Lamennais to admit no priest, whoever he might be. During his illness his thoughts were concentrated, absorbed in the one thought of God, and, thanks to those who rigorously fulfilled a duty which exposed them to much invidious criticism, his dying hours were untroubled by controversial brawls. While the pale winter

sun was rising through the vapour of a February morning, the 27th of the month, the great life ceased. To some of those who stood by now for the first time the majesty of Lamennais's face was fully visible, as the head, usually drooped forward upon his chest, lay back upon the pillow. "Never," says M. Forgues, "did contour and lineaments so energetically translate before my eyes an abstract idea—that of victorious will."

Lamennais had wished that his body might lie in the peaceful solitude of La Chênaie, but he determined, some weeks before his death (perhaps much earlier), that a solemn confession of his faith should be made at the last. Instructions were left that he should be buried in the midst of the poor at Père La Chaise, and as the poor are buried, that his body should not be presented at any church, and that his death should be announced only to his niece, and to MM. Béranger, De Vitrolles, Forgues, and two other friends. "On February 29th an immense gathering of people was in motion from the Rue du Grand Chantier to the cemetery of the East. The silent crowd uncovered respectfully before the coffin placed in the hearse of the poor. The police had made a great demonstration of strength. Only eight of us entered the graveyard, the others were dispersed. M. Béranger joined us there; he walked with difficulty, leaning on the arm of M. Jean Reynaud. He had been recognised and saluted with warm greetings. The coffin was lowered into one of those long and hideous trenches in which they bury the people. When the earth was filled in the grave-digger asked, 'Is a cross to be put up?' M. Barbet answered, 'No.' M. de Lamennais had said, 'Put nothing over my grave.' Not a word was pronounced at the tomb."¹

The imperial police dispersing the people, and the coffin of Lamennais disappearing underground—this is a melodramatic tableau on which the curtain drops. The piece, however, was not a melodrama, but a tragedy; or rather, no play of any kind, but a severe reality which may serve better than a tragedy to purify the soul by terror and pity.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

(1) "Essai Biographique sur M. F. de La Mennais," par A. Blaize, p. 180. I may refer the reader who is interested in Lamennais especially to the correspondence edited by M. Forgues; "Œuvres Inédites" (chiefly letters), publiées par A. Blaize; "Affaires de Rome;" "Discussions critiques," &c., in the "Œuvres posthumes," edited by M. Forgues; the articles in M. Ste.-Beuve's "Portraits contemporains;" M. Renan's article in "Essais de Morale et de Critique;" and the long article signed E. R——n (E. Renan F), in the "Biographie Universelle" (Michaud); M. Jules Simon's review of the "Esquisse," in *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1841; and M. Louis Binaud's articles on De Maistre and Lamennais in the same review, Aug. 15, 1860, and Feb. 1, 1861.

Since this article was written, I have ascertained from an unpublished letter of Lamennais that his Irish ancestor was named Rosee, and that he settled at Saint Malo in the time of James II.

THE SAGA

OF

GUNNLAUG THE WORM-TONGUE AND RAFN THE SKALD,

AS THE PRIEST ARI THORGILSON THE LEARNED HAS TOLD IT, WHO OF ALL MEN IN ICELAND HAS BEEN THE DEEPEST IN KNOWLEDGE OF TALES OF LAND-SETTLING AND OLDEN LORE.

CHAPTER I.

OF THORSTEIN EGILSON AND HIS KIN.

THERE was a man called Thorstein, the son of Egil, the son of Skallagrim, the son of Kveldulf, a hersir from Norway. Asgerd was the mother of Thorstein; she was the daughter of Biorn Hold. Thorstein kept house at Burg in Burg-firth; he was rich in fee, and a great chief and wise man, meek and temperate in all ways. He was nowise of such wondrous growth and strength as his father Egil had been; still he was a right mighty man, and much beloved of all folk. Thorstein was goodly to look on, and the best-eyed of men; and so say men of lore that many of the kin of the Marsh-men who are come of Egil have been the goodliest folk; yet, for all that, this kindred have differed much herein, for it is said that some of them have been the ugliest of men to behold: but in that kin have been also many men of great prowess in many wise, such as Kiartan, the son of Olaf Peacock, and Slaying-Bardi, and Skuli, the son of Thorstein. Some have been great bards, too, as Biorn, the champion of Hit-dale, priest Einar Skulison, Snorri Sturluson, and many others. Now, Thorstein had to wife Jofrid, the daughter of Gunnar, the son of Hlifar. This Gunnar was the best skilled in weapons, and the lithest of limb of all bonders who have been in Iceland; next, indeed, to Gunnar of Lithend; but Steinthor of Ere is reckoned the third. Jofrid was eighteen winters old when Thorstein wedded her; she was a widow, and Thorodd, son of Odd of Tongue, had had her to wife. Their daughter was Hungerd, who was brought up at Thorstein's at Burg. Jofrid was a very stirring woman; she and Thorstein had many children betwixt them, few of whom, however, come into this tale. Skuli was the eldest of their sons, Kollsvein the second, Egil the third.

CHAPTER II.

OF THORSTEIN'S DREAM.

ONE summer, it is said, a ship came from over the main into Gufaros. Bergfinn was the master thereof, a Norwegian of kin, rich in goods,

and somewhat on in years, and a wise man he was withal. Now, Goodman Thorstein rode to the ship, as it was his wont mostly to rule the market, and this he did now. The Eastmen¹ got housed, but Thorstein took the master to himself, for thither he prayed to go. Bergfinn was chary of talk throughout the winter, but Thorstein treated him well. Now, the Eastman used to take pleasure in talk about dreams; and one day in spring-tide Thorstein asked Bergfinn if he would ride with him up to Hawkfell, where at that time was the Thing-*stead* of the Burg-firthers; for Thorstein had been told that the walls of his booth had fallen in. The Eastman said he had goodwill to go, so that day they rode, some three together, from home, and the house-carles of Thorstein withal, till they came up under Hawkfell to a farmstead called Gren. There farmed a man of small wealth called Atli, who was Thorstein's tenant. Now, Thorstein bade him come and work with them, and bring with him spade and shovel. This he did, and when they came to the toft of the booth,² they set to work all of them, and straightened the walls. The weather was sunny that day, and Thorstein and the Eastman grew heavy; and when they had moved out the walls, those two sat down within the tofts, and Thorstein slept, and fared very ill in his sleep. The Eastman sat beside him, and let him have his dream fully out, and when he awoke he was much wearied. Then the Eastman asked him what he had dreamt, as he had had such a hard time of it in his sleep. Thorstein said, "Nay, dreams betoken nought." But as they rode homeward in the evening, the Eastman asked him again what he had dreamt.

Thorstein said, "If I tell it thee, wilt thou unriddle it to me, even as it is in sooth?" The Eastman said he would try it.

Then Thorstein said: "This was my dream; for methought I was at home at Burg, standing outside the man's-door,³ and I looked up at the house-roof, and on the ridge I saw a swan, goodly and fair, and I thought it was mine own, and deemed that good beyond all things. Then I saw a great eagle sweep down from the mountains, and fly thitherward and alight beside the swan, and cry out at her lovingly; and methought the swan seemed well content thereat; but I noted that the eagle was black-eyed, and that on him were iron claws, and he seemed to me a stout and dauntless bird. After this I thought I saw another bird come flying from the south, and he, too, came hither to Burg, and sat down on the house beside the swan, and would fain woo her. This also seemed a mighty eagle.

(1) Eastmen, *i.e.* Norwegians.

(2) The booths where the men lived, while the Thing was going on, had walls of turf without roofs, and tilts were rigged on these at the time of the Thing.

(3) The Icelandic hall had two doors at its two ends, one for ingress and egress of men, and one for women.

But soon I thought that the eagle that had first come thither ruffled up at the coming of the other. Then they fought fiercely and long, and I saw that both bled, and that such was the end of their play, that each tumbled either way down from the house-roof, and there they lay both dead. But the swan sat left alone drooping much, and sad of semblance. Then I saw a bird fly from the west; that was a falcon, and he sat beside the swan and made fondly towards her, and they flew away both together into one and the same quarter, and therewith I awoke. But a profitless dream this is," he says, "and will in all likelihood betoken gales meeting in the air from those quarters whence I deemed the fowl flew."

The Eastman said, "Such I deem nowise the meaning of the dream."

Thorstein said, "Make of the dream, then, what seemeth likeliest to thee, and let me hear."

Then said the Eastman: "These birds are likely to be fetches of men: but thy wife sickens now, and she will give birth to a woman-child fair and lovesome; and dearly thou wilt love her; but high-born men will woo thy daughter, coming from such quarters as the eagles seemed to fly from, and will lay their love to her overmuch, and will fight about her, and will both lose their lives thereby. And thereafter a third man, from the quarter whence came the falcon, will woo her, and to that man shall she be married. Now, I have unravelled thy dream, and I think things will befall as I have said."

Thorstein answered: "In evil and unfriendly-wise is the dream interpreted, nor do I deem thee fit for the work of unriddling dreams."

The Eastman said, "Thou wilt learn how my words come true." But Thorstein hung back from the Eastman thereafter, and he left that summer, and now he is out of the tale.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE BIRTH AND FOSTERING OF HELGA THE FAIR.

THIS summer Thorstein got ready to ride to the Thing, and spake to Jofrid his wife before he went from home. "Now, it so happens," he says, "that thou art with child, but thy child shall be cast forth if thou bear a woman; but nourished if it be a man."

Now, at this time when all the land was heathen, it was somewhat the wont of such men as had the outlook of little wealth and many children, to have them cast forth, but an evil deed it was always deemed to be. And now, when Thorstein had said this, Jofrid

answers, "This is a fearful word of thine for such a man as thou art, and surely to a wealthy man like thee it will not seem good that this should be done."

Thorstein answered, "Well thou knowest my mind, and that no good will hap of my will being thwarted."

So he rode to the Thing; but while he was gone Jofrid gave birth to a woman-child most fair to look on. The women would fain show her to the mother; she said there was little need thereof, but had her shepherd Thorvard called to her, and spake to him:—

"Thou shalt take my horse and saddle it, and bring this child west, to Herd-holt, to Thorgerd, Egil's daughter, and pray her to nourish it secretly, so that Thorstein may not know thereof. For with such looks of love do I behold this child that surely I cannot bear to have it cast forth. Here are three marks of silver, have them in reward of thy work; but west there Thorgerd will get thee fare and food over the sea."

Then Thorvard did her bidding; he rode with the child to Herd-holt, and gave it into Thorgerd's hands, and she had it nourished at a tenant's of hers who farmed at Freedmans-stead in Hvamfirth; but she got fare for Thorvard north in Steingrims-firth, in Shell-creek, and gave him meet outfit for his sea-faring; he went thence abroad, and is now out of the story.

Now when Thorstein came home from the Thing, Jofrid told him that the child had been cast forth according to his word, but that the herdsman had fled and stolen her horse. Thorstein said she had done well, and got himself another herdsman. So six winters passed, and this matter was nowise wotted of.

Now in those days Thorstein rode to Herd-holt, being bidden there as guest of his brother-in-law, Olaf Peacock, the son of Hoskuld, who was then deemed to be a chief of the highest worth among all men west there. Thorstein was well greeted, as was likely; and one day at the feast it is said that Thorgerd sat talking with her brother, Thorstein, while Olaf was talking to other men; but on the bench right over against them sat three little maidens. Then said Thorgerd—

"How dost thou, brother, like the look of these three little maidens sitting straight before us?"

"Right well," he answers, "but one is by far the fairest; she has all the goodliness of Olaf, but the fairness and the look in the face of us, the Mere-men."

Thorgerd answered, "Surely this is true, brother, wherein thou sayest that she has the fairness and look of us Mere-folk, but the goodliness of Olaf Peacock she has not got, for she is not his daughter."

"How can that be," says Thorstein, "being thy daughter none the less?"

She answered: "To say sooth, kinsman," quoth she, "this fair maiden is not my daughter, but thine." And therewith she told him all as it had befallen, and prayed him to forgive her and his own wife that trespass.

Thorstein said: "I cannot blame you two for having done this; and most things will fall as they are fated, and well have ye covered over my folly; for from the look of this maiden I deem it great good luck to have so fair a child; but now, what is her name?"

"Helga she is called," says Thorgerd.

"Helga the Fair," says Thorstein; "but now shalt thou make her ready to come home with me."

She did so, and Thorstein was led out with good gifts, and Helga rode with him to his home, and was brought up there with much honour and great love from father and mother and all her kin.

CHAPTER IV.

OF GUNNLAUG WORM-TONGUE AND HIS KIN.

Now at this time there kept house at Gilsbank, up in White-riverside, Illugi the Black, son of Hallkel, the son of Hrosskel. The mother of Illugi was Thurid Dandle, daughter of Gunnlaug Worm-tongue.

Illugi was the next greatest chief in Burg-firth after Thorstein Egilson. He was a man of broad lands and hardy of mood, and wont to do well to his friends; he had to wife Ingibjorg, the daughter of Asbjorn Hordson, from Ornsfaldale; the mother of Ingibjorg was Thorgerd, the daughter of Midfirth Skeggi. The children of Illugi and Ingibjorg were many, but few of them have to do with this saga; Hermund was one of their sons, and Gunnlaug another; both were hopeful men, and at this time of ripe growth. It is said of Gunnlaug that he was quick of growth in his youth, big, and strong; his hair was light red, and very goodly of fashion; he was dark-eyed, but had a somewhat ugly nose; yet was he of lovesome make withal; thin of flank he was, and broad of shoulder, and the stateliest of men; most warlike of mien, frank and fearless of speech, and very early eager, and pushing, and in all things unsparing and hardy; he was a great skald, but somewhat bitter in his rhyming, and therefore was he called Gunnlaug Worm-tongue. Hermund was the best beloved of the two brothers, and had the look of a great man.

CHAPTER V.

HOW GUNNLAUG FIRST KNEW HELGA THE FAIR.

WHEN Gunnlaug was fifteen winters old he prayed his father for goods to fare abroad withal, and said he had will to travel and see the manners of other folk. Goodman Illugi took the matter up sluggishly, and said he was unlikely to be deemed good in strange lands "when I can scarcely shape thee to my own liking at home."

But one morning a little afterwards it happened that Illugi came out early, and saw that his out-stores were opened, and that some sacks of wares, seven of them, had been brought out into the road, and therewithal too some pack-gear. Now, as he wondered at this, there came up a man leading four horses, and who should it be but his son Gunnlaug. Then said he:—

"I it was who brought out the sacks."

Illugi asked him why he had done so. He said that they should make his faring goods.

Illugi said: "In nowise shalt thou thwart my will, nor fare anywhere sooner than I like!" and in again he swung the ware-sacks therewith.

Then Gunnlaug rode thence and came in the evening down to Burg, and goodman Thorstein asked him to bide there, and Gunnlaug was fain of that proffer. He told Thorstein how things had gone betwixt him and his father, and Thorstein offered to let him bide there as long as he liked, and for some seasons Gunnlaug abode there, and learned law-craft of Thorstein, and all men liked him well.

Now Gunnlaug and Helga would be always at the chess-playing together, and very soon each was well loved of the other, as came to be proven well enough afterwards; they were very nigh of an age.

Helga was so fair that men of lore say that she was the fairest woman of Iceland, then or since; her hair was so plenteous and long that it could cover her all over, and it was as fair as a band of gold; nor was there any so good to choose as Helga the Fair in all Burg-firth, and far and wide elsewhere.

Now one day, as men sat in the hall at Burg, Gunnlaug spake to Thorstein: "One thing in law there is which thou hast not taught me, and that is how to woo me a wife."

Thorstein said, "That is but a small matter," and therewith taught him how to go about it.

Then said Gunnlaug, "Now shalt thou try if I have understood all: I shall take thee by the hand and make as if I were wooing thy daughter Helga."

"I see no need of that," says Thorstein. Gunnlaug, however,

groped then and there after his hand, and seizing it, said, "Nay, grant me this."

"Do as thou wilt, then," said Thorstein; "but be it known to all who are hereby that this shall be as if it had been unspoken, nor shall any guile follow herein."

Then Gunnlaug named for himself witnesses, and wooed Helga, and asked thereafter if it would stand good thus. Thorstein said that it was well; and those who were present were mightily pleased at all this.

CHAPTER VI.

OF RAFN AND HIS KIN.

THERE was a man called Onund, who farmed south at Mossfell: he was the wealthiest of men, and had the rule of a "godi" south there about the nesses. He was married, and his wife was called Geirny. She was the daughter of Gnup, son of Molda-Gnup, who settled south in Grinda-wick. Their sons were Rafn and Thorarin, and Eindridi; they were all hopeful men, but Rafn was in all wise the first of them. He was a big man and a strong, the showiest of men and a good skald; and when he was fully grown, he fared between sundry lands, and was well accounted of wherever he came.

Thorod the Sage, the son of Eyvind, then farmed at Hjalli south, in Olves, with Skapti his son, who was then the spokesman-at-law in Iceland. The mother of Skapti was Ranveig, daughter of Gnup, the son of Molda-Gnup; and Skapti and the sons of Onund were sisters' sons. Between these kinsmen was much friendship as well as kinship.

At this time Thorfin, the son of Selthorir, kept house at Red-Meal, and had seven sons, who were all the hopefullest of men; and of them were these—Thorgils, Eyolf, and Thorir; and they were all the greatest men out there.

But these men who have now been named lived all at one and the same time.

Next to this befell those tidings that are the best that ever have befallen here in Iceland, that the whole land became Christian, and that all folk cast off the old faith.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW HELGA WAS VOWED TO GUNNLAUG, AND OF GUNNLAUG'S FARING ABROAD.

GUNNLAUG WORM-TONGUE was, as is afore said, now at Burg with Thorstein, now with his father Illugi at Gilsbank, three winters

together, and at this time he was eighteen winters old; and father and son were now much more of a mind.

There was a man called Thorkel the Black; he was a house-carle of Illugi, and near akin to him, and had been brought up in his house. To him fell an heritage north at As, in Water-dale, and he prayed Gunnlaug to go with him thither. This he did, and now they rode, the two together, to As. There they got the fee; it was given up to them by those who had the keeping of it, mostly for Gunnlaug's urging and threats. But as they rode from the north, they put up at Grimstongue, at a rich farmer's who dwelt there; but in the morning a herdsman took Gunnlaug's horse, and it had sweated much by then he got it back. Then Gunnlaug struck the herdsman, and stunned him; but the farmer would in nowise bear this, and claimed boot therefor. Gunnlaug offered to pay him one mark, but this the farmer thought too little. Then Gunnlaug sang,—

“To this close-fist the right I gave
A new mark, grey of face, to have;
O slow thy gold from thee to spit,
I bid thee long to look at it!
For thou shalt think it no good thing
If thou must tighten thy purse-string,
Missing so much of deep-sea's sheen
As on this day thine eyes have seen.”

Then they agreed to what Gunnlaug offered, and after these deeds the two rode south.

Now, a short while afterwards, Gunnlaug asked his father a second time for goods for going abroad.

Illugi says, “Now shalt thou have thy will, for thou hast wrought thyself into something better than thou wert.” So Illugi rode hastily from home, and bought for Gunnlaug half a ship which lay in Gufaros, from Audun Festargram—he who would not give fare abroad to the sons of Osvif the Sage, after the slaying of Kiartan Olafson, as is told in the saga of the Laxdale-men. Still that betid later than this.—And when Illugi came home, Gunnlaug thanked him well.

Thorkel the Black betook himself to seafaring with Gunnlaug, and their wares were brought to the ship; but Gunnlaug was at Burg while they made her ready, and found more cheer in talk with Helga than in toiling with chapmen.

Now one day Thorstein asked Gunnlaug if he would ride to his horses with him up to Long-water dale. Gunnlaug said he would. So they ride both together till they come to the mountain-dairies of Thorstein, called Thorgils-stead. There were stud-horses of Thorstein, four of them together, all chestnuts. There was one horse very goodly, but little tried: this horse Thorstein offered to give to Gunnlaug.

He said he was in no need of horses, as he was going away from the country; and, withal, they rode to other stud-horses. There was a grey horse with four mares, and he was the best of horses in Burg-firth. This one, too, Thorstein offered to give Gunnlaug, but he said, "I desire these in no wise more than the others; but why dost thou not give me what I will take?"

"What is that?" said Thorstein.

"Helga the Fair, thy daughter," says Gunnlaug.

"That rede is not to be settled so hastily," said Thorstein; and, withal, got on other talk. And now they ride homewards down along Long-river.

Then said Gunnlaug, "I must needs know what thou wilt answer me about the wooing."

Thorstein says, "I heed not thy vain talk."

Gunnlaug says, "This is my whole mind, and no vain words."

Thorstein says, "Thou shouldst first know thine own will. Art thou not bound to fare abroad? and yet thou makest as if thou wouldst go marry. Neither art thou an even match for Helga while thou art so unsettled, and therefore this cannot even be looked at."

Gunnlaug says, "Where lookest thou for a match for thy daughter, if thou wilt not give her to the son of Illugi the Black, or who are they throughout Burg-firth who are of more note than he?"

Thorstein answered, "I do not liken men together; but if thou wert such a man as he is, thou wouldst not be turned away."

Gunnlaug said, "To whom wilt thou give thy daughter rather than to me?"

Said Thorstein, "Hereabout are many good men to choose from. Thorfin of Red-Meal hath seven sons, and all of them men of good manners."

Gunnlaug answers, "Neither Onund nor Thorfin are men as good as my father. Nay, thou thyself clearly fallest short of him—or what hast thou to set against his strife with Thorgrim the Godi, the son of Kiallak, and his sons, at Thornes Thing, where he alone had all the gain to himself?"

Thorstein answers, "I drave away Steinar, the son of Onund Sjoni, which was deemed somewhat of a deed."

Gunnlaug says, "Therein thou wast holpen by thy father Egil; and, to end all, it is for few bonders to cast away my alliance."

Said Thorstein, "Carry thy cowing away to the fellows up yonder at the mountains; for down here, on the marshes, it shall avail thee nought."

Now in the evening they come home; but next morning Gunnlaug rode up to Gilsbank, and prayed his father to ride with him out to Burg to woo Helga.

Illugi answered: "Thou art an unsettled man, being bound for

faring abroad, but makest now as if thou wouldst busy thyself with wife-wooing; and so much do I know, that this is not to Thorstein's mind."

Gunnlaug answers: "I shall go abroad all the same, nor shall I be well pleased unless thou yield me aid herein."

So after this Illugi rode with eleven men from home down to Burg, and Thorstein greeted him well. Early in the morning Illugi said to Thorstein, "I would speak to thee."

"Let us go, then, to the top of the Burg, and talk together there," says Thorstein; and so they did, and Gunnlaug went with them.

Then said Illugi: "My kinsman Gunnlaug tells me that he has begun a talk with thee on his own behalf, praying that he might woo thy daughter Helga; but now I would fain know what is like to come of this matter. His kin is known to thee well enough, and what we have in fee too; from my hand shall be spared neither land nor rule over men, if such things might perchance further matters."

Thorstein said: "Herein alone Gunnlaug pleases me not, that I find him an unsettled man; but if he were of a mind like thine, little would I hang back."

Illugi said: "It will cut our friendship across if thou deemest me and my son unequal to thee."

"For thy words and our friendship, then, Helga shall be vowed, but not betrothed, to Gunnlaug, and shall bide for him three winters; but Gunnlaug shall go abroad and shape himself to the ways of good men; but I shall be free from all these matters if he does not then come back, or his ways are not to my liking."

Thereat they parted; Illugi rode home, but Gunnlaug rode to his ship. But when they had wind at will they sailed for the main, and made the northern part of Norway, and sailed landward along Drontheim to Nidaros; there they rode in the harbour, and unshipped their goods.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF GUNNLAUG IN THE EAST AND THE WEST.

IN those days Earl Eric, the son of Hakon, and his brother Svein, ruled in Norway. He now had his abode at Hladir, which was left to him by his father, and a mighty lord he was. Skuli, the son of Thorstein, was then with the earl, and was one of his court, and was well esteemed.

Now they say that Gunnlaug and Audun Festargram, and seven of them together, went up to Hladir to the earl. Gunnlaug was so clad that he had on a grey tunic and white leggings; he had a boil on his instep, and from this came blood and matter as he strode on.

In this plight he went before the earl with Audun and the rest of them, and greeted him well. The earl knew Audun, and asked him for tidings from Iceland. Audun told him what news there was. Then the earl asked Gunnlaug who he was, and Gunnlaug told him his name and kin. Then the earl said : "Skuli, Thorstein's son, of what kin is this man in Iceland?"

"Lord," says he, "give him good welcome, for he is the son of the best man in Iceland—Illugi the Black of Gilsbank, and my foster-brother withal."

The earl asked : "What ails thy foot, Iclander?"

"A boil, lord," said he.

"And yet thou didst not walk lame."

Gunnlaug answers : "None may walk lame while both legs are long alike."

Then said one of the earl's men, called Thorir : "A braggart of an Iclander! It would not be amiss to try him a little."

Gunnlaug looked at him and sang :—

"O earl, in thy court
Is an ill man and swart,
Evil mind doth he bear,
Of his counsels beware."

Then Thorir went about to seize an axe. The earl said : "Let it be; to such things men should pay no heed. But now, Iclander, how old a man art thou?"

Gunnlaug answers : "I am eighteen winters old."

Then says Earl Eric : "My spell is that thou shalt not live eighteen winters more."

Gunnlaug said, muttering somewhat : "Pray not for me, but for thyself rather."

The earl asked thereat : "What didst thou say, Iclander?"

Gunnlaug answers : "What I thought well befitting, that thou shouldst bid no prayers for me, but pray well for thyself rather."

"What prayers, then?" says the earl.

"That thou mightest not meet thy death after the manner of Earl Hakon, thy father."¹

The earl turned red as blood, and bade them seize the fool in haste; but Skuli stepped up to the earl, and said : "Do this for my words, lord, and give this man respite, so that he depart forthwith."

The earl answered : "Let him be off in haste, if he would keep his life, and never let him come again within my realm."

Then Skuli went out with Gunnlaug down to the bridges, where there was an England-bound ship ready for sea; here Skuli got for Gunnlaug a berth, as well as for Thorkel, his kinsman; but Gunnlaug

(1) Earl Hakon, the father of Eric, was slain by Kark the thrall, while he was hiding from the victorious Olaf Tryggveson, as is told in the *Heimskringla*.—(See Laing's *Translation*, vol. i. p. 423.)

gave his ship into Audun's ward, and so much of his goods as he did not take with him.

Now Gunnlaug sailed into the English main, and came at autumn-tide up to London Bridge, where they hauled ashore their ship.

Now at that time King Etheldred, the son of Edgar, ruled over England, and was a good lord; this winter he sat in London. But in those days there was the same tongue in England as in Norway and Denmark; but the tongues changed when William the Bastard won England, for after that men spake French there, for he was of French kin.

Gunnlaug went presently to the king, and stepped up to him, and greeted him well and worthily. The king asked him from what land he came, and Gunnlaug told him all as it was. "But," said he, "I have come to meet thee, lord, for that I have made a song¹ on thee, and I would that it might please thee to hearken to that song." The king said it should be so, and Gunnlaug gave forth the song well and worthily; and this is the burden thereof:—

"See now all this huge array
'Neath the King of England's sway;
What great man through all the land
But must bow before his hand?"

The king thanked him for the song, and gave him as song-reward a scarlet cloak lined with the costliest of furs, and golden-broidered down to the hem, and made him his man; and Gunnlaug was with him all the winter, and was well liked.

One day, in the morning early, Gunnlaug met three men in a street, and Thororm was the name of their leader; he was big and strong, and mightily evil of semblance. He said: "Northman, lend me some money."

Gunnlaug answered: "Barely wise is it to lend one's money to unknown men."

He said: "I will pay it thee back on a named day."

"Then shall it be risked," says Gunnlaug; and he lent him the fee withal.

But some time afterwards Gunnlaug met the king, and told him of the money-lending. The king answered: "Now hast thou done withal unwisely, for this fellow is the greatest robber and viking; deal with him in no wise, but I will give thee money as much as thine was."

Gunnlaug said: "Then do we, your men, do after a sorry sort, if, treading sackless folk under foot, we let such fellows as this deal us out our lot. Nay, that shall never be."

Soon after he met Thororm and claimed the fee. He said he was not going to pay it. Then sang Gunnlaug:—

(1) "Song," in orig. "drápa."—(See *infra*, note on "flokkr," p. 43.)

“As a fool thou dost herein,
 Raiser of the steely din,
 In thy pouch to keep the fee
 That thou gatt'st with guile from me.
 Worm-tongue am I called at home.
 Know'st thou how such name did come
 Unto me, who am but young?
 Come, then, thou shalt feel Worm-tongue!”

“Now I will make an offer good in law,” says Gunnlaug; “that thou either payest me my money, or else that thou goest on holm¹ with me after three nights have passed.”

Then laughed the viking, and said, “Before thee none have come to that, to call me on holm, as bare a lot as many a man has had to take at my hands; well, I am ready to go.” Thereon they parted for that time.

Gunnlaug told the king what had befallen; he said, “Now, indeed, have things taken a right hopeless turn; for this man's eyes can dull any weapon.² But thou shalt follow my rede; here is a sword I will give thee—with that thou shalt fight, but before the battle show him another.” Gunnlaug thanked the king well therefor.

Now when they were ready for the holm, Thororm asked what sort of a sword it was that he had; Gunnlaug unsheathed it and showed it him, but had a loop round the handle of the king's sword, and slipped it over his hand; the bareserk said, “Surely I fear not that sword.” But now he dealt a blow on Gunnlaug with his sword, and cut off from him nearly all his shield; Gunnlaug answered with a blow of the king's gift; the bareserk stood shieldless before him, thinking he had the same weapon he had shown him, but Gunnlaug hewed him down then and there with his death-blow.

The king thanked him for this work, and he got much fame therefor both in England and elsewhere, far and wide.

In the spring, when ships sailed from land to land, Gunnlaug prayed the king for leave to sail somewhither; the king asks what he was about then. Gunnlaug said, “I would fulfil what I have given my word to do,” and sang this stave withal:—

“Unto three kings' homes I go,
 Unto two great earls, for so
 Stands my word to lords of fleets;
 But my heart the battle meets
 For no other thing than this,
 My remembered maiden's kiss.
 For the great gold-scatterers now
 Ruddy dragon's-bed³ bestow.”

(1) “To go on holm,” to fight on the island, to fight a judicial combat.

(2) Bareserks were often supposed to have a magic influence of this sort.

(3) “Dragon's-bed,” periphrasis for gold.

"So be it, then, skald," said the king, and withal he gave him a ring that weighed six ounces; "but," said he, "thou shalt give me thy word to come back next autumn, for I will not let thee go altogether because of thy great prowess."

Now after this Gunnlaug sailed from England with chapmen north to Dublin. In those days ruled in Ireland King Sigtrygg Silky-beard, son of King Olaf Kvaran and Queen Kormlada; and he had then borne sway but a little while. Gunnlaug went before the king, and greeted him well and worthily. The king received him as was meet. Then Gunnlaug said, "I have made a song on thee, and I would fain have silence therefor."

The king answered, "No men have before now come forward with songs for me, and surely will I hearken to thine." Then Gunnlaug brought the song whereof this is the burden,—

"Ogress's horse is fed
By Sigtrygg on men dead."

And this is therein also:—

"Surely can I praise,
With no borel lays,
The great king-born one,
Mighty Kvaran's son.
Sure am I, therefore,
From the kingly store,
Of a red-gold ring;
Well I know the king.
Thou hast heard me now,
So, O king! say thou,
Better hast thou heard
Than this measured word?"

The king thanked him for the song, and called his treasurer to him, and said, "How shall the song be rewarded?"

"How much hast thou will to give, lord?" says he.

"How will it be rewarded if I give him two ships for it?" said the king.

Then said the treasurer, "This is too much, lord; other kings give in reward of songs, good keepsakes, fair swords, or golden rings."

So the king gave him raiment of new scarlet, a gold-embroidered tunic, and a cloak lined with choice furs, and a gold ring which weighed a mark. Gunnlaug thanked him well. He dwelt a short time here, and then went thence to the Orkneys.

Then was lord in Orkney, Earl Sigurd, the son of Hlodver; he was friendly to Icelanders. Now Gunnlaug greeted the earl well, and said he had a song to bring him. The earl said he would listen thereto, since he was of such great kin in Iceland.

Then Gunnlaug brought the song; it was a shorter lay, and well done. The earl gave him in reward therefor a broad axe, all inlaid with silver, and gave him the choice of being with him.

Gunnlaug thanked him both for his gift and his offer, but said he was bound for Sweden; and thereafter he went on board ship with chapmen who sailed to Norway. In the autumn they came east to King's Rock, Thorkel, his kinsman, being with him all the time. From King's Rock they got a guide up to West Gothland, and came upon a cheaping-stead, called Skarir: there ruled an earl called Sigurd, well on in years. Gunnlaug went before him, and told him he had a song on him; the earl gave a willing ear hereto, and Gunnlaug brought the song, which was a shorter lay. The earl thanked him, and rewarded the song well, and bade him abide there that winter. But on Yule-eve there came the men sent from Earl Eric of Norway, twelve of them together, and brought gifts to Earl Sigurd. The earl made them good cheer, and bade them sit by Gunnlaug through the Yule-tide; there was great mirth at drinks. Now the Gothlanders said that no earl was greater or of more fame than Earl Sigurd; but the Norwegians thought that Earl Eric was by far the foremost of the two. Hereon would they bandy words till they both took Gunnlaug to be umpire in the matter. Then he sang this stave:—

“O ye bearers of the spear,
Surely of this earl I hear,
That he, now old, has seen of yore
Great waves break on many a shore;
But Eric, lord of victory,
All about the Eastern Sea,
Over the wide flood and green
More of clashing hills has seen.”

Both sides abode by his finding, but the Norwegians liked it the best. But after Yule-tide those messengers left with gifts of goodly things, which Earl Sigurd sent to Earl Eric. Now they told Earl Eric of Gunnlaug's finding: the earl thought that he had shown upright dealing and friendship to him herein, and let out some words, saying that Gunnlaug should have good peace throughout his land. What the earl had said came thereafter to the ears of Gunnlaug.

But now Earl Sigurd gave Gunnlaug a guide east to Tenthland, in Sweden, as he had asked.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN GUNNLAUG AND RAFN BEFORE THE
SWEDISH KING.

IN those days King Olaf the Swede, son of King Eric the Victorious, and Sigrid the High-counselled, daughter of Skoglar Tosti, ruled over Sweden. He was the mightiest and the most renowned of kings, and withal most fain of fame.

Gunnlaug came to Upsala towards the time of the Thing of the Swedes in spring-tide; and when he got to the king he greeted him. The king took his greeting well, and asked who he was. He said he was an Iceland-man.

Then the king called out: "Rafn, what man is he in Iceland?"

Then one stood up from the lower bench, a big man and a stalwart, and stepped up before the king, and said, "Lord, he is of good kin, and himself the most stalwart of men."

"Let him go, then, and sit beside thee," said the king.

Then Gunnlaug said: "I have a song to bring thee, king, and I would fain have peace while thou hearkenest thereto."

"Go first, and sit thee down," says the king, "for I have no leisure now to sit listening to songs."

So they did as he bade them. Now Gunnlaug and Rafn had a talk together, and each told each of his travels. Rafn said that he had gone the summer before from Iceland to Norway, and in the beginning of the winter had come to Sweden. Now they soon got friendly together.

But one day, when the Thing was over, they were both before the king, Gunnlaug and Rafn.

Then spake Gunnlaug, "Now, lord, I would that thou shouldst hear the song."

"That I may do now," said the king.

"My song, too, will I bring," says Rafn.

"Thou mayst do so," said the king.

Then Gunnlaug said: "I will bring mine first if thou wilt have it so, king."

"Nay," Rafn said, "it is meet that I should bring mine first, for I myself first came to thee."

"Whereto came our fathers forth, so that my father was the little boat towed behind? Whereto, but nowhere?" says Gunnlaug. "And in like wise shall it be with us."

Rafn answered, "Let us be courteous enough not to make this a matter of bandying of words. Let the king rule here."

The king said: "Let Gunnlaug bring his song first, for he will not hold his peace till he has his will."

Then Gunnlaug brought the song which he had made to King Olaf, and when it was at an end, the king spake. "Rafn," says he, "how is the song done?"

"Right well," he answered; "it is a song full of big words and little beauty; a rugged song, as is Gunnlaug's own mood."

"Well, Rafn, thy song," said the king.

Rafn gave it forth, and when it was done, the king said, "How is this song made, Gunnlaug?"

"Well it is, lord," he said; "this is a pretty song, as is Rafn

himself to behold, and little of face withal; but why didst thou make a short song on the king, Rafn? Didst thou perchance deem him unworthy of a long one?"¹

Rafn answered, "Let us not talk longer on this; matters will be taken up again, though it be later."

And thereat they parted.

Soon after Rafn became a man of King Olaf's, and asked him leave to go away. This the king granted him. And when Rafn was ready to go, he spake to Gunnlaug, and said, "Now shall our friendship be ended, for that thou must needs shame me here before chiefs and great men; but in time to come I shall cast on thee no less shame than thou hadst will to cast on me here."

Gunnlaug answers: "Thy threats grieve me nought. Nowhere are we likely to come where I shall be thought less worthy than thou."

Now King Olaf gave to Rafn good gifts at parting, and thereafter he went away.

CHAPTER X.

HOW RAFN CAME HOME TO ICELAND, AND ASKED FOR HELGA TO WIFE.

Now this spring Rafn came from the east to Drontheim, and fitted out his ship, and sailed in the summer to Iceland. He came in his keel to Leiruvag, and his friends and kinsmen were right fain of him. This winter he was at home with his father, but the summer following he met at the Althing his kinsman, Skapti the lawman.

Then said Rafn to him, "Thine aid would I have to woo me to wife Helga, the daughter of Thorstein Egilson."

Skapti answered, "But is she not already vowed to Gunnlaug Worm-tongue?"

Said Rafn: "Is not the time of waiting between them passed by? And far too wanton is he withal, that he should keep his troth herein, or heed it aught."

"Let us then do as thou wouldest," said Skapti.

Thereafter they went with many men to the booth of Thorstein Egilson, and he greeted them well.

Then Skapti spoke: "Rafn, my kinsman, is minded to woo thy daughter Helga. Thou knowest well his blood, his wealth, and his good manners, his many mighty kinsmen and friends."

Thorstein said, "She is already the vowed maiden of Gunnlaug, and with him shall I keep all troth of words given to him."

(1) "Short song"—orig. "*flokkr*," a short song without a burden, not thought long enough to be offered to a *king*, to whom a "*drápa*," a longer song with a burden, was due.

Skapti said, "Are not the three winters that were named between you gone by now?"

"Yes," said Thorstein, "but the summer is not yet gone by, and he may still come out this summer."

Then Skapti said, "But if he does not come this summer, what hope may we have of the matter then?"

Thorstein answered, "We are like to come here next summer, and then may we see what may wisely be done, but it will not do to speak hereof longer as at this time."

Thereon they parted. And men rode home from the Althing. But this talk of Rafn's wooing Helga was no matter of secrecy.

Gunnlaug came not out this summer. And the next summer, at the Althing, Skapti and his folk tried very hard to have the wooing settled, and said that Thorstein was free as to all matters with Gunnlaug.

Thorstein answered, "I have few daughters to see to, and fain am I that they should not be the cause of strife to any man. Now I will first see Illugi the Black." And so he did. And when they met, he said to Illugi, "Dost thou not think that I am free from all troth with thy son Gunnlaug?"

"Surely, if thou wilt it. Little can I say herein, as I do not know clearly what Gunnlaug is about."

Then Thorstein went to Skapti, and a bargain was struck that the wedding should be at Burg, about winter-nights,¹ if Gunnlaug did not come out that summer; but that Thorstein should be free from all troth with Rafn if Gunnlaug should come and fetch his bride.

Now after this men ride home from the Thing, and Gunnlaug's coming was long drawn out. But Helga thought evilly of all these redes.

CHAPTER XI.

OF HOW GUNNLAUG MUST NEEDS ABIDE AWAY FROM ICELAND.

Now it is said of Gunnlaug that he went from Sweden the same summer that Rafn went to Iceland, and good gifts he had from King Olaf at parting.

King Etheldred welcomed Gunnlaug worthily, and that winter he was with the king, and was held in great honour.

In those days Knut the Great, son of Svein, ruled Denmark, and had just taken his father's heritage, and he vowed ever to wage war on England, for that his father had won a great realm there before he died west in that same land. And at that time there was a great army of Danish men west there, whose chief was Heming, the son

(1) "Winter-nights," the two nights preceding the first winter day, Oct. 14th.

of Earl Strut Harald, and brother to Earl Sigvaldi, and he held for King Knut that land that Svein had won.

Now in the spring Gunnlaug asked the king for leave to go away, but he said, "It ill beseems that thou, my man, shouldst go away now, when all bodes such mighty war in the land."

Gunnlaug said, "Thou shalt rule, lord; but give me leave next year to depart, if the Danes come not."

The king answered, "Then we shall see."

Now this summer went by, and the next winter, but no Danes came; and after midsummer Gunnlaug got his leave to depart from the king, and went thence east to Norway, and found Earl Eric in Drontheim, at Hladir, and the earl greeted him well, and bade him abide with him. Gunnlaug thanked him therefor, but said he would first go out to Iceland, to look to his promised maiden.

The earl said, "Now all ships bound for Iceland have sailed."

Then said one of the court, "Here lay, yesterday, Hallfred Vandræda-Skald, out by Agdaness."

The earl answered, "That may well be; he sailed hence five nights ago."

Then Earl Eric had Gunnlaug rowed out to Hallfred, who greeted him with joy; and forthwith a fair wind bore them from land, and they were right merry.

This was late in the summer: but now Hallfred said to Gunnlaug, "Hast thou heard of how Rafn, the son of Onund, is wooing Helga the Fair?"

Gunnlaug said he had heard thereof, but dimly. Hallfred tells him all he knew of it, and therewith too that it was the talk of many men that Rafn was in nowise less brave a man than Gunnlaug.

Then Gunnlaug sang this stave:—

"Sure too softly blows the wind—
Meeter were it to my mind
If an east wind few would bless
Drive our keel past ness and ness;
For this thing I reckon more
Than gain of quiet eld and hoar:
This, that still I be not thought
Rafn's like where deeds are wrought."

Then Hallfred said, "Well, fellow, thou must needs fare better in thy strife with Rafn than I did in mine. I brought my ship some few winters ago into Leiruvag, and had to pay a half-mark in silver to a house-carle of Rafn's, but I held it back from him. So Rafn rode at us with sixty men, and cut the moorings of the ship, and she was driven up on to the shallows, and we were bound for a wreck. Then I had to leave it to Rafn to settle the matter himself; and a whole mark I had to pay, and that is the tale of my dealings with him."

Now they had lone talks of Helga the Fair, whom Hallfred praised much for her goodliness ; but Gunnlaug sang :—

“ He who wields the War-God’s flame,
Steering fine through mocks and shame,
Certainly in vain shall pray
For my linen-hidden may ;
Since, in days past, wont were we
In sweet-changing play to be ;
Many wise did I enfold
The nesses of that land of gold.”

“ Well sung ! ” said Hallfred.

CHAPTER XII.

OF GUNNLAUG’S LANDING, AND HOW HE FOUND HELGA WEDDED TO
RAFN.

Now they made land north by Fox Plain, in Hraunhaven, half a month before winter, and there unshipped their goods. Now there was a man called Thord, a farmer’s son, there on the plain. He fell to wrestling with the chapmen, and they mostly got worsted at his hands. Then a wrestling was settled between him and Gunnlaug. The night before, Thord made vows to Thor for the victory ; but the next day, when they met, they fell to wrestling. Then Gunnlaug kicked both feet from under Thord, and gave him a great fall ; but the foot that Gunnlaug stood on was put out of joint, and Gunnlaug fell together with Thord.

Then said Thord, “ Maybe that other things go no better for thee.”

“ What then ? ” says Gunnlaug.

“ Thy dealings with Rafn, if he weds Helga the Fair at winter-nights. I was anigh at the Thing when that was settled last summer.”

Gunnlaug answered nought thereto.

Now the foot was swathed, and put into joint again, and it swelled mightily ; but he and Hallfred and they, twelve of them together, rode till they came to Gilsbank, in Burg-firth, the very Saturday night when folk sat at the wedding at Burg. Illugi was fain of his son Gunnlaug and his fellows ; but Gunnlaug said he would ride then and there down to Burg. Illugi said it was not wise so to do, and to all but Gunnlaug that seemed good. But Gunnlaug was then unfit to walk, because of his foot, though he would not let that be seen. Therefore the ride to Burg did not happen.

Next morning Hallfred rode to Hreda-water, in North-river dale, where Galti, his brother and a brisk man, managed their matters.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE WINTER-WEDDING AT SKANEY, AND HOW GUNNLAUG GAVE
THE KING'S CLOAK TO HELGA.

Now it is said of Rafn that he sat at his own wedding-feast at Burg, and it was the talk of most men that the bride was but drooping, and that showed how true the saw is, "Long are the gettings of youth remembered," and even so it was with her now.

But this new thing befell at the feast, that Hungerd, the daughter of Thorod and Jofrid, was wooed by a man named Sverting, the son of Biorn, the son of Molda-Gnup, and the wedding was to come off that winter, after Yule, at Skaney; for there dwelt Thorkel, a kinsman of Hungerd, and son of Torfi Valbrandsson.

Now Rafn went home to Mossfell with Helga his wife. When they had been there a little while, one morning early, before they rose, Helga was awake, but Rafn slept, and fared ill in his sleep. And when he woke Helga asked him what he had dreamt. Then Rafn sang:—

"Isle of gold! I dreamed that I
In thine arms most piteously
Was cut and hacked; that thy fair bed
With my red blood was made red;
Nor could she who bears the cup
Bind the gushing wide wounds up.
This betokens, certainly,
Bane of Rafn nigh to be."

Helga spake: "Never shall I weep therefor," quoth she; "ye have evilly beguiled me, and Gunnlaug has surely come out." And therewith she wept much.

But, a little after, Gunnlaug's coming was bruited about, and Helga became so hard with Rafn, that he could not keep her at home at Mossfell, so that back they had to go to Burg, and Rafn got small share of her company.

Now men get ready for the winter-wedding. Thorkell, of Skaney, bade Illugi the Black and his sons. But when Illugi got ready, Gunnlaug sat in the hall, and stirred not to go. Illugi went up to him and said, "Why dost thou not get ready, kinsman?"

Gunnlaug answered, "I am not going."

Says Illugi, "Nay, but certes thou shalt go, kinsman," says he; "and cast thou not grief over thee by yearning for a woman. Make as if thou knewest nought of it, for women thou wilt never lack."

Now Gunnlaug did as his father bade him; so they came to the wedding, and Illugi and his sons were set down in the high seat; but Thorstein Egilson, and Rafn his son-in-law, and the bridegroom's following, were set in the other high seat, over against

Illugi. The women sat on the dais, and Helga the Fair sat next to the bride. She stole many a glance at Gunnlaug, thereby proving the saw, "Eyes will bewray if woman loves man." Gunnlaug was fairly clad, and had on him that rich attire that King Sigtrygg had given him; and now he was thought far above all other men, because of many things, both strength, and goodliness, and growth.

Now there was little mirth among folk at this wedding; but on the day when all men were making ready to go away the women stood up and got ready to go home. Then went Gunnlaug to talk to Helga, and long they talked together, but Gunnlaug sang:—

"Unto Worm-tongue came no day,
Lighting mountain-hall with ray,
Light to bear, since thou didst bear
Name of Rafn's wife to wear;
He whose spear red frost doth thaw,
Thy sire, O damsel, little saw
What deeds in my vows might be,
So to gold he wedded thee."

And again he sang:—

"Sure to those thou camest of
Little do I owe of love,
That they joined in bed that bare
Thy sweet, baneful, body fair;
When, of man's and woman's mirth,
Helga sprang, the fairest birth.
Take fair fields for golden bands,
Joy from lips, and gifts from hands."

Then Gunnlaug gave Helga the cloak, Etheldred's gift, which was the fairest of things, and she thanked him well for the gift. Then Gunnlaug went out, and by that time riding-horses had been brought home and saddled, and among them were many very good ones; and they were all tied up in the road. Gunnlaug leaps on to a horse, and rides a hand-gallop along the homefield on to a place where Rafn happened to stand just before him; and Rafn had to draw out of his way. Then Gunnlaug said,—

"No need to slink aback, Rafn, for I threaten thee nought as at this time; but thou knowest what thou hast earned."

Rafn answered and sang—

"Servant of flame-guarding Queen,
Lord of deep-sea's ruddy shoen,
Must we, ever and a day,
Strive for that one well-clad may?
Sure in south-lands, over sea,
Many such-like maids there be!
Grove of spears, get swift away,
Mount thy surf-steed, prove my lay."

"Maybe there are many such, but they do not seem so to me," said Gunnlaug.

Withal Illugi and Thorstein ran up to them, and would not have them fight.

Then Gunnlaug sang—

“Unto Rafn’s ruddy gold
Was the ruddy maiden sold;
Ever folk would say that he
Equal was in all to me,
While, across the English main,
Mighty Etheldred was fain
Still to keep me for the war,
Therefore hushed my vain words are.”

After this both rode home, and all was quiet and tidingless that winter through; but Rafn had nought of Helga’s fellowship after her meeting with Gunnlaug.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE HOLMGANG AT THE ALTHING.

Now this summer men rode with great followings to the Althing: Illugi the Black, and his sons with him, Gunnlaug and Hermund; Thorstein Egilson and Kolsvein his son; Onund, from Mossfell, and his sons all, and Sverting, Hafr-Biorn’s son.

Now Skapti yet held the spokesmanship at law, and one day as men went thronging to the Hill of Laws, and when the giving forth of the law had been ended, then Gunnlaug asked for silence, and said:—

“Is Rafn, the son of Onund, here?” He said he was. Then spake Gunnlaug, “Thou well knowest that thou hast got to wife my vowed bride, and thus hast thou made thyself my foe. Now for this I call thee to go to the holm here at the Thing, in the holm of the Axe-river, when three nights are gone by.”

Rafn answers, “This is well offered, as was to be looked for of thee, and for this I am ready, whenever thou wilt it.”

Now the kin of each deemed this a very ill thing. Still, at that time it was lawful for him who thought himself wronged by another to call him to fight on the holm. So when three nights had gone by they got ready for the holmgang, and Illugi the Black followed his son thither with a great following. But Skapti, the lawman, followed Rafn, as did his father and other kinsmen.

Now before Gunnlaug stepped upon the holm he sang:—

“Bound am I the sword to wield
On the holm of the All-men’s field;
Grant thy skald, O God and Lord,
Good gain of the grinded sword.
Now the hoarder of my sweet
I with flashing sword shall meet,
Cleave in twain his greedy head—
Hew it from his body dead.”

Then Rafn answered and sang :—

“Thou, O skald, canst nowise know
 Who with gain henceforth shall go;
 In this field wound-scythes are bright
 For the legs of men well-dight;
 But, if on the holm I lie,
 Yet shall Helga certainly
 Fail not, at the Thing, to hear
 Of a stout heart free from fear.”

Hermund held shield for his brother, Gunnlaug; but Sverting, Hafr-Biorn's son, was Rafn's shield-bearer. Whoso should be wounded was to buy himself from the holm with three marks of silver.

Now, Rafn's part it was to deal the first blow, as he was the challenged man. He hewed at the upper part of Gunnlaug's shield, and the sword brake asunder just beneath the hilt, so great was the force of that stroke; but the point of the sword sprang back from the shield and struck Gunnlaug's cheek, whereby he got somewhat wounded; with that their fathers ran in between them, and many other men.

“Now,” said Gunnlaug, “I call Rafn overcome, as he is weaponless.”

“But I say that thou art vanquished, since thou art wounded,” said Rafn.

Now, Gunnlaug was nigh mad, and very wrathful, and said they had not had a fair trial yet. Illugi, his father, said they should try no more for that time. Gunnlaug said, “Beyond all things I desire that so I might meet Rafn the next time that thou wert not near, father, to part us.”

And thereat they parted for that time, and all men went back to their booths.

But on the second day after this it was made law in the law-court that, henceforth, all holmgangs should be forbidden; and this was done by the counsel of all the wisest men that were at the Thing; and there, indeed, were all the men of most counsel in all the land. And this was the last holmgang that has been fought in Iceland, this, wherein Gunnlaug and Rafn fought.

But this Thing was the third most numerous Thing that has been held in Iceland; the second after Njal's burning, the third after the Heath-slaughters.¹

Now, one morning as the brothers Hermund and Gunnlaug went to Axe-river to wash, on the other side went many women towards the river, and in that company was Helga the Fair. Then said Hermund—

(1) *i.e.* the most numerous Thing was that held after Njal's burning, 1006; the second, that after the Heath-slayings, 1015; and this the third, 1012. We have faithfully rendered the ambiguity of the text;

"Dost thou see thy friend, Helga, there on the other side of the river?"

"Surely, I see her," says Gunnlaug, and withal he sang:—

"For what end but end of mirth
Did this damsel come on earth?
I, the grove of fight, so wrought
That to mad love I was brought;
Henceforth can it profit me
Those dark eyes with eyes to see,
Or the swan-like to behold
Closing round her arms the gold?"

Therewith they crossed the river, and Helga and Gunnlaug spake awhile together, and as the brothers crossed the river eastward back again, Helga stood and gazed long after Gunnlaug. Then Gunnlaug looked back and sang:—

"How the lash-girt moon and bright
Of the linen-hid delight
From the calm heaven shone on me
Eager bright as hawk's-eyn be!
Ah, that that lash-tempered ray
Of the golden-gleaming may,
Still such evil hap should move
Both for me and for my love!"

CHAPTER XV.

HOW GUNNLAUG AND RAFN AGREED TO GO EAST TO NORWAY, TO
TRY THE MATTER AGAIN.

Now after these things were gone by men rode home from the Thing, and Gunnlaug dwelt at home at Gilsbank. One morning when he awoke all men had risen, but he alone still lay abed; he lay in a shut-bed behind the seats. Now into the hall came twelve men, all full armed, and who should be there but Rafn, Onund's son; Gunnlaug sprang up forthwith, and had just time to get hold of his weapons. But Rafn spake, "Thou art in risk of no hurt this time," quoth he, "but my errand hither is what thou shalt now hear: Thou didst call me to a holmgang last summer at the Althing, and thou didst not deem matters to be fairly tried therein; now I will offer thee this, that we both leave Iceland, and go abroad next summer, and go on holm in Norway, for there our kinsmen are not likely to stand in our way."

Gunnlaug answered, "Hail to thy words, stoutest of men, this thine offer I take gladly; and here, Rafn, mayest thou have welcome as good as thou mayest desire."

"It is well offered," said Rafn, "but this time we shall first have to ride away." Thereon they parted.

Now the kinsmen of both sore misliked them of this, but could in

no wise undo it, because of the wrath of Gunnlaug and Rafn ; and, after all, a fated thing had to come to pass.

Now it is to be said of Rafn that he fitted out his ship in Leiruvag ; two men are named that went with him, sisters' sons of his father Onund,—one, hight Grim, the other Olaf, both big men. All the kinsmen of Rafn thought it great scathe when he went off, but he said he had challenged Gunnlaug to the holmgang because he could have no joy soever of Helga ; and said, withal, that one must fall before the other. After this Rafn put to sea, when he had wind at will, and came in his ship to Drontheim, and was there that winter without having news of Gunnlaug ; he waited for him the summer following, and still another winter was he in the Drontheim, at a place called Lifang.

Gunnlaug Worm-tongue took ship in a keel of Hallfred Vandræda-Skald's, in the north at The Plain ; they were ready for sea very late in the year. Now they sailed into the main when they had a fair wind, and made Orkney a little before the winter ; and in the spring the earl would go on warfare, and Gunnlaug made ready to go with him ; and in the summer they harried wide about in the Hebrides, and the firths of Scotland, and had many fights, and Gunnlaug always showed himself the bravest and most stalwart of men wherever they came. Earl Sigurd went back home early in the summer, but Gunnlaug took ship with chapmen, who sailed for Norway, and he and Earl Sigurd parted in great friendship.

Gunnlaug fared north to Drontheim, to Iladir, to see Earl Eric, and dwelt there through the early part of the winter ; the earl welcomed him gladly, and made offer to Gunnlaug to stay with him, and Gunnlaug agreed thereto. Before this time the earl had heard how all had befallen between Gunnlaug and Rafn, and he told Gunnlaug that he laid ban on their fighting within his realm ; Gunnlaug said the earl should be free to have his will herein. So he abode there the winter through, but was ever wont to be silent and downcast.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW THE TWO FOES MET AND FOUGHT AT DINGNESS.

Now one day in spring Gunnlaug was walking abroad, and his kinsman, Thorkel, with him ; they walked away from the town, till on a piece of open land before them they saw a ring of men, and in that ring were two men with weapons fencing ; but one was called by Rafn's name, the other by Gunnlaug's, while those who stood by said that Icelanders dealt light blows, and were slow to remember their words.

Gunnlaug heard great jeering herewith, and much mocking was brought into the play; and withal he went away silent. But a little while after he said to the earl that he had no mind to bear any longer the jeers and mocks of his courtiers about his dealings with Rafn, and therewith he prayed the earl to give him a guide to Lifang: now before this the earl had been told that Rafn had left Lifang and gone east to Sweden; therefore, he granted Gunnlaug leave to go, and gave him two guides for the journey.

Now Gunnlaug went from Hladir with six men to Lifang; and, on the morning of the very day whereas Gunnlaug came in in the evening, Rafn had left Lifang with four men. Thence Gunnlaug went to Vera-dale, and came always in the evening to where Rafn had been the night before.

So Gunnlaug went on till he came to the uppermost farm in the valley called Sula, wherefrom Rafn had come in the morning; there he made no stay as he went, but kept on his way through the night.

Then in the morning at sun-rise they saw one another. Rafn had got to a place where were two inland waters, and between them flat lands, and they are called Gleipni's lands, but into the water stretched a little ness called Dingness. Here Rafn and his fellows, five together, took their stand. With Rafn were his kinsmen, Grim and Olaf.

Now when they met Gunnlaug said, "It is well that we have found one another."

Rafn said that he had nought to quarrel with therein; "but now," says he, "thou mayest choose as thou wilt—either that we fight alone together, or that we fight all of us man to man."

Gunnlaug said that either way seemed good to him.

Then spake Rafn's kinsmen, Grim and Olaf, and said that they would little like to stand by and look on the fight, and in like way spoke Thorkel the Black, the kinsman of Gunnlaug.

Then said Gunnlaug to the earl's guides, "Ye shall sit by and aid neither side, and be here to tell of our meeting," and so they did.

So they set on, and fought dauntlessly, all of them. Grim and Olaf went both against Gunnlaug alone, and so closed their dealings with him that Gunnlaug slew them both and got no wound. This proves Thord Kolbeinsson in a song that he made on Gunnlaug the Worm-tongue:—

"Gunnlaug, 'midst the Gondul's thaw,¹
Ere great Rafn's blade he saw,
Cast to earth the dauntless two—
Grim and Olaf there he slew—
And besprinkled with their blood,
Brave of heart, unhurt he stood;
He, who bore not blade in vain,
Of three warriors was the bane."

(1) "Gondul's thaw"—blood.

Meanwhile Rafn and Thorkel the Black, Gunnlaug's kinsman, fought until Thorkel fell before Rafn and lost his life; and so at last all their fellowship fell, and then they two alone fought together with fierce onsets and mighty blows, which they dealt each other, as they rushed each at each in furious, heedless ire. Gunnlaug had the sword Etheldred's-gift, and that was the best of weapons; now at last Gunnlaug dealt a mighty blow at Rafn, and cut his leg from under him; but for all that Rafn did not fall, but swung round up to a tree-stem, whereat he steadied the stump.

Then said Gunnlaug, "Now thou art no more meet for battle, nor will I fight with thee any longer thus maimed."

Rafn thus answered, "So it is that my lot is now the worsen lot, but I were well yet had I somewhat to drink."

Gunnlaug said, "Bewray me not if I bring thee water in my helmet."

"I will not bewray thee," said Rafn.

Then went Gunnlaug to a well and fetched water in his helmet, and brought it to Rafn; but Rafn stretched forth his left hand to take it, but with his right hand drove his sword into Gunnlaug's head, and that was a great and mighty wound.

Then Gunnlaug said, "Evilly hast thou beguiled me, and done traitorously wherein I trusted thee."

Rafn answers, "Thou sayest sooth, but this I must needs do, for that I could not bear to leave thee to the arms of Helga the Fair."

Thereat they fought on, recking of nought; but the end of it was that Gunnlaug slew Rafn; and in this wise Rafn lost his life.

Then the earl's guides came forward and dressed the wound on Gunnlaug's head, and in meanwhile he sat and sang:—

"Rafn met me in the din
Of hard-griding spears, wherein
A fierce fray he wrought for me,
Playing there unflinchingly.
O ring-bearer, on this morn,
Round Gunnlaug there has been borne
Of great spears a fearful flight.
Dingness knows a hard-fought fight!"

After that they buried the dead, and got Gunnlaug on to his horse, and brought him down as far as Lifang, and he lay there three nights, and got his rights of a priest, and died thereafter, and was buried at a church there.

All men thought they had a great loss in both of these men, Gunnlaug and Rafn, since amid such deeds they died.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEWS OF THE FIGHT BROUGHT TO ICELAND.

Now this summer, before these tidings were brought out to Iceland, Illugi the Black, being at home at Gilsbank, dreamed a dream: he thought that Gunnlaug came to him in his sleep, and there was much blood upon him, and he sang in the dream this stave before him; and Illugi remembered the song when he woke, and sang it before others:—

“ Rafn’s keen edge I well could feel,
As the hilt-finned fish of steel
’Gainst the close-locked mail-rings drave.
Then no mail his legs could save
From mine edge; and yet, withal,
On my head his blade did fall.
The grey eagles work their will
On that which erst my veins did fill.”

The same night it happed south at Mossfell that Onund dreamed that Rafn came to him, covered all over with blood, and sang:—

“ Swords flashed out and red swords grew,
Round the swords great dread there flew;
O’er the green sea’s dreary wash
Shield-worms against shields did clash;
There the blood-fowl, stained blood-red,
Stood in blood round dying head—
Greedy of wounds, the vulture grey,
O’er great wounds must make his way.”

Now the second summer after this, Illugi the Black spoke at the Althing from the Hill of Laws, and said:—

“ Wherewith wilt thou make atonement to me for my son, whom Rafn, thy son, beguiled in his troth?”

Onund answers, “ Far from right I deem it to atone for him, sorely as their meeting has wounded me. Yet will I not ask atonement of thee for my son.”

“ Then shall my wrath come home to some of thy kin,” says Illugi. And withal after the Thing was Illugi at most times very sad.

It is said that some time this autumn Illugi rode from Gilsbank with thirty men, and came to Mossfell early in the morning. Then Onund got into the church with his sons, and took sanctuary; but Illugi caught two of his kin, one called Biorn and the other Thorgrim, and had Biorn slain, but Thorgrim’s legs cut off. And thereafter Illugi rode home, and Onund got no righting of the matter at all.

Hermund, Illugi’s son, had little joy after the death of Gunnlaug, and deemed he was not yet avenged even though so much had been wrought.

Now there was a man called Rafn, brother’s son to Onund of

Mossfell ; he was a great sailor, and had a ship that lay up in Ramfirth : and in the spring Hermund Illugison rode from home alone north over Holt-beacon Heath, even to Ramfirth, and out as far as Board-ere to the ship of the chapmen. The chapmen were then nearly ready for sea ; the master of the ship, Rafn, was on shore, and many men with him ; Hermund rode up to him, and thrust him through with his spear, and rode away forthwith : but all Rafn's men were bewildered at seeing Hermund.

No atonement came for this slaying, and therewith ended the dealings of Illugi the Black, and Onund of Mossfell.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEATH OF HELGA THE FAIR.

As time went on, Thorstein Egilson married his daughter Helga to a man called Thorkel, son of Halkel, who lived west in Lavadale. Helga went to his house with him, but loved him little, for she cannot cease to think of Gunnlaug, though he is dead. Still Thorkel was a brisk man, and wealthy of goods, and a good skald.

They had between them many children, one of them was called Thorarin, another Thorstein, and yet more they had.

But Helga's chief joy was to pull at the threads of that cloak, Gunnlaug's gift, and she would be ever gazing at it.

But on a time there came great sickness to the house of Thorkel and Helga, and many were bed-ridden for a long time. Helga also fell sick, and yet she could not keep abed.

So one Saturday evening Helga sat in the fire-hall, and leaned her head upon her husband's knees, and had the cloak "Gunnlaug's-gift" sent for ; and when the cloak was brought to her she sat up and plucked at it, and gazed thereon awhile, and then sank back upon her husband's bosom and was dead. Then Thorkel sang this :—

"My linen-hidden lovely one,
Whose white arms 'twixt the twisted gold
With praising lips did men behold,
Lies heavy here, and lacketh breath,
For God bade change her life to death ;
But unto me, so left alone,
A heavy burden life is grown."

Helga was buried in the church there, but Thorkel farmed on afterwards in Lavadale : but all thought the death of Helga as great a one as might hap.

AND HERE ENDS THE SAGA.

EIRÍKR MAGNÚSSON.
WILLIAM MORRIS.

ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THINKING.

MAN as a being who reasons, is dependent upon that form of Language which he employs, to an extent which can scarcely be over-estimated. It is by virtue of this, in great part, that he attains to such skill and excellence in the carrying on of complex mental processes. And if, in attempting to bridge in the faintest way the great intellectual and moral gap which sunders man from the highest of the inferior animals, we say that he alone is possessed of the power of Speaking and of using Articulate Language, we probably fix upon that power which, infinitely above all others, has had to do with the gradual progress that seems to have taken place during the lapse of ages—a progress which has enabled particular races of man to advance through the multitudinous grades of civilisation intervening between those who lived in the condition of savages and those who now constitute the flower of European civilisation. If then the possession of a power of Articulate Speech, with the superadded accomplishments, growing out of this, of transmitting thought by means of written and printed symbols, have had such an overwhelming influence in aiding certain races to elevate themselves out of a condition of the rudest barbarism, it seems even more certain still that Thought in all its higher modes could not be carried on at all without the aid of Language of some kind. In fact, we may almost say that in this respect Thought and Language are inseparable—and on this subject, at least, philosophical writers display the greatest unanimity of opinion. Only it must be clearly borne in mind that in making this statement we employ the word Language in its broadest meaning, for as Thomson says, in his “Laws of Thought:”—“Language in its most general acceptation might be described as a mode of expressing our thoughts by means of motions of the organs of the body; it would thus include spoken words, cries, involuntary gestures that indicate the feelings, even painting and sculpture, together with those contrivances which replace speech in situations where it cannot be employed—the telegraph, the trumpet-call, the emblem, the hieroglyphic. For the present, however, we may limit it to its most obvious signification; it is a system of articulate words adopted by convention to represent outwardly the internal process of thinking.” Whilst, therefore, admitting on the one hand Thought to be so intimately dependent upon Language that most thinkers agree with Max Müller¹ in his opinion “that thought in one sense of the word—i.e. in the sense of reasoning—is impossible

(1) Lectures on the Science of Language. Second series, p. 62.

without language," still it must also be clearly understood that the particular form of language adopted need not necessarily be that of articulate speech: the deaf-and-dumb, for instance, and the deaf-and-blind, though equally deprived of the power of exercising articulate speech, do nevertheless think by means of other symbols—the former by remembered visual combinations of finger speech, and the latter by remembered associations of touch derived from the raised letters with which they have been taught to read.¹ Whilst, therefore, thinking may proceed quite well in such individuals not possessing the power of articulate speech, when they have been taught to employ other forms of language, thought only of the crudest and most simple description can take place, if persons are prevented by disease or mal-development from acquiring a power of speaking, and at the same time have not been taught to make use of other symbols. These individuals are reduced, in this way, to a mental condition perhaps not so very far removed from that of the most intelligent of the lower animals—they have gradually to interpret the meanings of things as they best can, and carry on their feeble attempts at thinking, the one without the aid of present or remembered auditory impressions, and the other without actual or remembered impressions of sight or hearing; whilst the animal, with all its senses perfect, has both remembered sights and sounds, as well as other present and revivable sense perceptions, by means of which to carry on its simple trains of thought.

Language, therefore, being admitted to be of such vital importance in the carrying on of thought, we leave to philologists the discussion of the question as to *how* articulate language has had its origin, since this does not concern our present inquiry. We take man at a stage in his history when most elaborate languages have already been acquired by different sections of the human race, and are about to pursue the inquiry as to how particular individuals learn to understand a language; how afterwards they learn to speak, to read, and to write; and to what extent the symbols involved in these various processes recur to the mind as the framework of language employed in thought. Our subject is, therefore, not so much the Physiology of Thinking in its broadest sense, which would include a consideration of the question as to how far Sense perceptions, not clothed in language, mingle themselves with our ordinary trains of thought, but rather the Physiology of Thinking in its special dependence upon Language.

The young infant first begins to distinguish natural objects from

(1) It was in this way, principally, that the celebrated blind mute, Laura Bridgeman, was taught, and probably the movements of fingers observed in her case whilst dreaming, should only be considered comparable with the occasional mutterings of ordinary individuals while dreaming.

one another by differences in shape, colour, touch, odour, &c., which these may present to its different senses; it is then taught (slowly and with difficulty) to associate one object possessing certain combined attributes by which it is remembered, with a certain articulate *sound* which has been often repeated whilst the object is pointed at, till by dint of continual repetition this sound (or Word) becomes so identified with the various attributes of the object that, when heard, it invariably recalls to memory the object of which it may now be said to form a kind of additional attribute, just as the sight or touch of the object will in turn call up the memory of the *sound* which has been employed as its designation. At first these articulate sounds (or spoken words) are only connected with external objects, though soon certain adjectives, signifying approval or disapproval, are added as qualifying sounds. By degrees the number of nouns and of adjectives in use increases, and also other parts of speech are added. There is a very wide difference, however, between the number of words made use of by a child and by an educated man, as there is also a wide difference between the number of words employed by the people of a savage tribe and those of a highly civilised nation. But the process of *learning* is the same in all cases, whether the spoken sound is to be associated with an external object, with an emotional condition, or with a conception of the mind: first it is necessary that we should be able to recollect and identify, when again presented to consciousness, either the set of attributes belonging to the object, the peculiarities of the emotional state, or of the intellectual conception; and secondly that we should be able to recollect the particular articulate sounds which have been associated with these several modifications of consciousness when previously existing. As before stated, with the young infant the process of Naming that is carried on is of the simplest kind—it learns to associate the objects around it with the memory of certain articulate sounds, and it may further be accustomed to hear in conjunction with certain of these sounds some other sound of a qualifying kind, by which it is taught to understand that particular objects are good or bad, to be sought after or to be avoided. This is the first stage passed through in the acquirement of a language—it is the mere learning to associate particular *sounds* with particular mental impressions, which association at last becomes so strong as to be almost inseparable, the thing unfailingly recalling to memory the sound, and the articulate sound as surely conjuring up a more or less vivid *idea* of the thing. In the process of Naming, therefore, there is involved not only a simple act of memory, but also, as Herbert Spencer¹ has pointed out, the germ of a reasoning process in the form of a simple act of inference. He says:—"If we regard the name of a thing as a kind of conventional

(1) *Principles of Psychology*, p. 177.

attribute, it will be manifest that on the presentation of the thing to the mind, this conventional attribute becomes known, as any unseen real attribute becomes known, by an act of inference. The immediately-perceived properties are thought of as standing towards various unperceived properties in relations like those previously experienced; and amongst these unperceived properties is that of calling forth from human beings a certain articulate sound—the name.”

During this, the first stage in the acquirement of language, which lasts certainly for several months, it would seem pretty obvious that so far as the infant thinks by means of language, it does so by means of the *remembered sounds* of words—these are its linguistic symbols of thought, which must, however, be mixed up inextricably in its mind with other sense-impressions, and more especially with those of sight. For it may fairly be said that the great majority of children can remember the names given to many external objects when they are four or five months old; their memory in this respect continually increasing through succeeding months, even whilst they still make no very distinct efforts at articulating words for themselves. Children rarely come to do this till they have attained the age of twelve months, often not for three or four months later, and when they do commence the acquisition proceeds very slowly. It is only accomplished after prolonged tentative efforts by the child in uttering sounds of all kinds; and this occurs only at a certain stage, perhaps because the parts of the nervous system on which this power depends undergo the necessary minute structural developments at a later period than do the portions of the nervous system on which the carrying on of the previously mentioned intellectual operations depends. A certain order of development is always observed in the various parts of the human body, and this holds good also with regard to the several parts of the nervous system, which undergo their structural evolution in a certain definite order—and slowly, too, as we may presume from the fact that man is so late in attaining to the full perfection of his mental powers, and of his capabilities of performing combined muscular movements. Even though the child acquires the power of uttering articulate sounds slowly, still when we think of the delicacy of the muscular combinations necessary, and of the almost instinctive way in which they are brought about, we shall rather be impressed with the fact that this probably could not be accomplished at all had not the infant been born with a nervous system tending to develop itself in certain special directions, so as to make the performance of the highly complex muscular acts necessary for articulate speech a possibility. Slowly elaborated developments of the parts of the medulla and of the brain concerned in the acts of speech we may presume had taken place in

remote individuals of the parent race, as they acquired additional powers in this respect ; and the power of developing similar structural connections between nerve-cells and nerve fibres, thus established, having been handed down and gradually rendered more perfect by hereditary transmission through countless succeeding generations, the infant of to-day is born, perchance, with the potentiality of developing a nervous system as complex and as perfect in this respect as any which may have preceded it in its own ancestral line. Inheriting, therefore, this developmental tendency, when the parts actually begin to shape themselves so as to bring about the necessary nerve and nervo-muscular connections, then there is only required the proper stimulus to give the function an impetus, and gradually to develop it in all its perfection. This impetus, we may presume, is given by the passage of nerve-currents downwards from those superficial portions of the cerebral hemispheres concerned in the acts of intellectual Perception and of Memory, to those other parts which are the motor centres concerned in the acts of articulate speech. Professor Bain well observes :¹—"Intense feelings affect the whole of the moving organs, but all organs are not equally moved. The parts first acted on by any feeling are the features and the respiratory and vocal organs, which are therefore by pre-eminence the organs of expression, some of them indeed serving hardly any other purpose." The effect of these downward impulses is that the child gives utterance to cries and sounds of all kinds, more or less articulate ; and in these crude attempts it may after a time, partly by accident and partly by virtue of its own feeble imitative efforts, contrive to produce sounds that have previously been uttered in its hearing. If it succeeds it receives praise, which induces it again to attempt the reproduction of the same sound. And after every successful production of the sound its subsequent reproduction becomes easier and easier, just as we see with all operations conducted through the intervention of the nervous system,—a fact which we may explain physiologically by the supposition that definite nerve connections or channels of communication have gradually been formed suitable for the ready performance of the act in question. This capability of uttering articulate sounds once commenced, the acquisition of new powers in this direction gradually increases. At first the child's articulatory capacity is confined to mimicking—that is to say, it repeats such words only as have just been spoken to it ; but after a time, when the act of emitting this sound has become perfectly easy by constant repetition, the child gives utterance to it of its own accord, on the mere sight of the object with which the sound was originally associated in its mind. This, then, is the second stage in the acquirement of language ; and the child only slowly attains to a more perfect performance of the mental

(1) Senses and Intellect. First Edition, p. 311.

and motor processes involved. The accomplishments of reading and writing are quite distinct, and may not be mastered till a much later period of the child's life.

At first, then, we find the mere association of a particular sound with a particular set of attributes belonging to some external object, and this association becoming one of considerable constancy, so that the Name invariably recalls to the child's mind the idea of the object, and the presentation of the object as promptly calls up the memory of the sound with which it has become mentally associated. Here, therefore, a *remembered sound* or a perceptive impression revived in those portions of the cerebral hemispheres which are in remote connection with the ganglionic centres of the auditory nerve, must have been the symbol of thought made use of by the child if language of any kind entered into its thinking processes.¹ But afterwards, as we have seen, when the child begins to make articulatory efforts, a secondary association is gradually established, viz., one between the remembered sound of the object and the articulatory effort which the child makes in order to utter this sound for itself. Let it be granted that after a time this secondary association becomes as perfect and recurs as easily as the remembered sound, which at first was the only linguistic symbol; then the question arises, do we when we are, as it is termed, thinking to ourselves, still make use of the old and original remembered sounds of words as the vehicle for our thoughts—our mental symbols, or do we cast these aside, get at primarily, and make use of as our vehicle, the remembered Acts of Articulation necessary for the pronunciation of the said sounds—that is to say, do words recur to the mind engaged in silent thought in their passive or in their active form, as remembered impressions derived through the auditory ganglia, or as remembered combinations of muscular movement? This certainly is a question of much interest. To me it seems evident that a little careful introspection will make it possible to most thoughtful inquirers that when they use language as a vehicle and means of quiet thinking, the separate words of the language so employed are at the time half realised in their consciousness, not as motor processes connected with the acts of articulation, but rather as revived memories of the sounds of words.² The association of the remembered sound with certain motor processes necessary for its articulation, is not only an

(1) I have stated some of my views as to the kind of localisation of function which I think is possible in the cerebral hemispheres, in a short paper in the current number of the *Journal of Mental Science*, a perusal of which would, I think, facilitate the comprehension of this paper by many persons.

(2) I say "*half realised*" in consciousness—though even this may be too strong an expression—because there can be little doubt that when thinking much of the process is carried on automatically, and our consciousness is engaged but to the smallest possible extent with the mere vehicle for our thoughts, whatever be its nature; we are intent only upon the ideas for which the symbols are used, and not upon the symbols themselves.

after-growth, but is connected with it in an altogether automatic and incomprehensible manner—oftentimes not even an act of volition intervening between the two. It is true that in the process of quiet thinking there may be sometimes the evidence of abortive articulatory movements accompanying the process of thought; but is this to be wondered at when we see the extremely close relationship, and tendency to recur together, that does exist between remembered sounds and the process of articulating them, and at the same time consider that the individual's Attention, or controlling power, is otherwise engaged?

The question, too, has not only its bearings upon the interpretation of the phenomena of silent thinking, but also in explanation of the process of thinking aloud, or speaking. I am disposed to maintain that in speaking we exercise a power of voluntary recall¹ over the words we wish to employ, evolving them out of the parts of the cerebral hemispheres which have acted as "Perceptive centres" for auditory impressions. Then, this Volition still continuing, its energy may be transmuted into a stimulus capable of bringing about an almost automatic act of a complicated nature—namely, one calling into play that delicate combination of the many muscles of the larynx, tongue, palate, and lips which is required for the Articulation of the word thought of—the power of effecting such combinations having been originally slowly acquired by the child, and then organized, as it were, so that subsequently they follow one another with all the ease, and all the absence of consciousness as to the mechanism by which they have been brought about, which usually characterise automatic acts of all kinds. Whereas, if the remembered sound were not the first step, and if when we thought aloud (or talked) these volitional acts exciting the muscular combinations recurred to the mind, and if we thought with words as motor processes, then, as it seems to me, we should be capable of realising these symbols of our thoughts individually and fully in consciousness when we tried,—that is to say, we should be as capable of recollecting the volitional impulses necessary for an articulation of the word "father," and of distinguishing them from those necessary for the production of the word "government," as we are capable of realising mentally the full difference between the sounds of these words. How far this is from being the case anyone may easily ascertain for himself. I have just said we should be capable of recollecting the volitional impulses necessary for the production of the combined muscular movements required in the enunciation of the word "father," since this kind of memory must evidently be the one in question, and should not be

(1) Partly this voluntary recall, or Recollection of words (one of the most mysterious and inscrutable of mental operations), and partly doubtless by mere automatic suggestion—one word reviving the memory of another with which it has been frequently associated.

confounded with the mere sensations produced by the movement of the several parts concerned *during* the very act of articulation itself. It is obvious that something prior to these "Feelings of Muscular Movement" must be required, since we are inquiring as to the mode of evolution of these movements themselves, and cannot accept as causative of them sensations or feelings which they alone call into being. And yet so far is it from being the case that we have this memory of the volitional impulses necessary for the secondary automatic processes of articulation, that I am disposed rather to say, we scarcely possess this memory in connection with any motor acts—it is not the kind of thing that reveals itself to consciousness. In performing a muscular movement, we are conscious first of all of an Effort directed towards its accomplishment but conscious of this even only in the most general way possible—we have not the least power of identifying at the time, much less of recollecting subsequently, as to the precise amount of energy which was sent into each muscle in order to bring about a movement in which many are employed—we know not in fact what muscles are called into play, unless we are learned in anatomy, and we are conscious only vaguely of a kind of purposive effort. Afterwards when by dint of constant repetition we have become skilled in any particular movement (whether of organs of speech, or of other parts) such movement often takes place quite unconsciously—it becomes purely automatic—and our attention is never in the least aroused. And yet in almost all respects I find that these views are in direct opposition to those which have been expressed by Professor Bain. He does believe, it seems, that we have the most definite knowledge concerning the action of our muscles, and that this knowledge has an intellectual persistence of such a kind that it can be easily revived in memory. And as one of the consequences of this belief, he says:—"When we recall the impression of a word or a sentence, if we do not speak it out, we feel the twitter of the organs just about to come to that point. The articulatory parts—the larynx, the tongue, the lips—are all sensibly excited; a *suppressed articulation* is, in fact the material of our recollection, the intellectual manifestation, the *idea* of speech. Some persons of weak or incontinent nerves can hardly think without muttering—they talk to themselves. The excitement of the parts may be very slight, it may not go the length of affecting the muscles, but in the brain and communicating nerves it still passes the same rounds, however enfeebled in degree. . . . The tendency of the idea of an action to produce the fact, shows that the idea is already a fact in a weaker form. Thinking is restrained Speaking or acting."¹

A similar view has been adopted by many physicians of late years:

(1) *Senses and Intellect*, p. 336 (Third Edition). The italics are Professor Bain's.

who have written upon a certain form of loss of speech in cerebral disease, known as "Aphasia"—some of these, apparently, having merely taken for granted the truth of Professor Bain's statement, without thinking that another explanation was possible, and one, moreover, which if adopted would assist much more in the elucidation of all the phenomena of Aphasia than the one above mentioned does. It was in this way that my attention was attracted to the subject; and considering its importance, we will now examine Professor Bain's views a little more in detail.

Speaking of the *Mental Phenomena of Voice* (p. 316), he says:—"Besides the feelings of pleasure or of pain diffused from the vocal apparatus, there is, as in all the other muscles, a distinctive sense of the degree of tension of each separate muscle, such as to indicate the varying positions of the tube and the vocal cords. We have one feeling for the absence of tension, another for a low degree, a third for a higher degree, and so on. The sound produced by each of those stages comes to be associated with the corresponding muscular condition of the organ, and hence we get the power of imitating sounds, or of producing them at pleasure. The association between the sound in the ear, and the vocal position and movement producing it, enables the one to recall or reinstate the other."

Now it seems to me that in many respects this passage is open to most obvious criticism. We may ask, in the first place, whether, if it be true that we have this "distinctive sense of the degree of tension of each separate muscle," it would not follow that any person with a little care, and without any previous knowledge of the anatomy of the larynx, could tell us the number of distinct muscles situated in this organ, and also give some idea as to their relative situations? But, I may ask, is there a man or woman in existence who could do this? Certainly, judging from the most careful introspection of my own consciousness, it would seem that I possessed no definite knowledge whatever concerning the state of the individual muscles of my larynx, and that I received from it only sensations of the vaguest kind in respect of the different conditions of the organ as a whole, during acts of articulation of a varying nature.

We do not, I believe, acquire the power of building up the associations between the sounds of words and the articulatory acts necessary for their expression, by voluntary efforts, of all the details of which we are conscious. We are conscious only of vague efforts, and whatever perfection we do ultimately attain in the way of vocal or articulate utterance is due, probably, in the greatest extent to the degree of excellence of our central nervous organs presiding over these functions, and to the degree in which they are capable of developing, so as to give rise to the most intricate system of nerve-connections, under the stimulus of motor impulses, of all the details

of which we are completely unconscious. So that, if we may believe that development of structure and of function has gone on thus automatically, for the most part, Professor Bain's conclusion by no means follows of necessity, that because we do possess this power of associating certain sounds with certain positions and movements of muscles such as will enable us to give utterance to them, that therefore this adaptation implies a consciousness of all the details of the movements of the laryngeal muscles. It seems to me that we neither have this consciousness, nor is it necessary that we should have it, in order to account for the fact that most persons have the power of performing articulatory or vocal acts so as to imitate given sounds,—all this facility, I maintain, has been gradually insured by a process of unconscious, rather than of conscious, association. And the same remarks are applicable, though perhaps with somewhat less force, to the other muscles of the body, and to the powers and movements to which we attain by means of them—the muscles of the limbs, for instance. I would say, then, that as soon as a motor process has been often enough repeated to make it easy of execution, then it may become a veritably automatic process, and that even when consciousness is directed to this process, all that is revealed is—first, the wish or will to bring about the movement, giving rise to a sense of Effort, which is almost immediately followed by, secondly, the Feelings occasioned by the execution of the movement—consciousness of all intervening processes being entirely blotted out, even if this ever had any definite existence. Much of this is exactly in accordance with the observations of many physiologists; and it has been most strongly insisted upon by Herbert Spencer, that the functions of conscious memory end where an automatic sequence begins. But it seems almost certain that when Professor Bain speaks of a “*suppressed articulation*” as being “the material of our recollection, the intellectual manifestation, the *idea* of speech,” he refers entirely to the recollection of the “Feelings of Muscular Movement” which have been experienced in connection with the action of the vocal organs. He says:—“The sense of expended energy I take to be the great characteristic of the muscular consciousness, distinguishing it from every mode of passive sensation. By the discriminative feeling that we possess of the degree and continuance of this energy, we recognise the difference between a greater and a less stretch of muscular tension, and this appears to be the *primary* sensibility operating in the case” (p. 99). But I would submit that this “discriminative feeling” (so far as it is revealed in consciousness) is, in the majority of cases, ill defined and vague, and that *ideas* of the feelings accompanying muscular movements are not only revived in consciousness much more indistinctly than are the memories pertaining to the higher or passive senses, but that

such feelings have the smallest possible amount of adhesiveness of this kind. Who can recall in idea the feelings of muscular movement which would be experienced in writing the word "London;" and are, in fact, the feelings involved in the articulation of the same word, capable of being realised one jot the more in consciousness? We can conjure up in idea the sight of the pen making the marks on a surface, but this alone calls up no ideal feelings of muscular movement, though when we perform the actual movements themselves with our eyes closed, we have an obvious consciousness of the nature of these movements. It seems to me, also, that Professor Bain has himself shown why we might expect that this would be the case. The "Feelings of Muscular Movement" seem to belong to quite a different category from the passive sensations. In the latter the impressions exciting them are conveyed to the nerve-centres from various parts of the periphery of the body by different nerve-fibres; whilst in the former, as Professor Bain says, "Our safest assumption is that the sensibility accompanying muscular movement coincides with the *outgoing* stream of nervous energy," or is a "concomitant of the outgoing current by which the muscles are stimulated to act." If this be the case, I think we are entitled to ask whether these feelings are really revivable in idea, and whether they can be conjured up at all alone, and without their usual concomitants? ¹

But how different is it with the impressions derived through the sense of sight, or the sense of hearing! These, when revived automatically, or by a voluntary effort (and either operation is generally brought about with the greatest readiness), present themselves to consciousness with the utmost distinctness, and it may be that the revived idea appears with almost all the vividness of the original impression.

Now, if, as I suppose, impressions derived originally through the auditory centres are those which become nascent² as the symbols of thought in a process of quiet thinking, then what is necessary for the perfection of this process is, that there should be no injury in the several parts, or break in the nerve-connections between the auditory centre in the medulla, from which acoustic stimuli are transmitted (more or less directly), and the cerebral hemispheres above, where they receive elaboration and registration as auditory

(1) The power we can acquire of estimating weights seems to be about the best instance where the discriminative feeling associated with the movement or tension of muscles comes into play; but here this sensation is a compound one, partly made up of tactile feelings of pressure, &c.; and how are we to know, when once this notion of a standard weight has been acquired, that the idea may not be recoverable in great part, because "we can remark that the degrees of resistance coincide with degrees of the tactile sensibility to pressure; and hence the passive feeling can suggest the active, and become a criterion of its amount."

(2) See note 2, p. 62.

Perceptions. A given sound of a word which we learned to identify in infancy, and to associate (if the name be that of an external object) with a definite set of visual, tactile, and other attributes, must come to be associated with the action of a certain physiological unit of the cerebral hemispheres. And just as this particular object is observed under different circumstances, and with various surroundings at different times, so the original nerve-cell with which is associated the impression produced by the sound of the name of the original object comes to be the centre of a host of nerve-connections, serving to establish communications between it and the organic seats of the other cerebral impressions, which have become associated with the sounds of words suitable for expressing the various modes of existence of the original object, or of the various other objects with which it is usually in relation. Some such organic arrangement as this we must imagine to exist, if the processes of thought are carried on by means of an objective instrument.

These stored-up auditory impressions are capable of being revived automatically by a process of association—that is, by such a process of reflex action as occurs in the cerebral hemispheres—and no distinct rousing of consciousness need be involved in this act of organic or unconscious memory; but, on the other hand, impressions of sound, such as Names, when once they have made their mark in the cerebral hemispheres, should be capable of recall at any time by a process of “Recollection,” involving a voluntary mental effort, and other hidden processes of which we know nothing.

If such be the nature of the phenomena occurring in a process of silent thought, we shall have little difficulty now in comprehending the process of thinking aloud, as in Speaking. Here the process is the same to a certain extent, only there are certain superadded phenomena—the thought still takes place as before, but as the sounds of the words become nascent in consciousness, these translate themselves at once (independently of consciousness, and by an automatic process) into the articulatory acts with which they have been so long associated. Now, two other views have been adopted concerning this additional process.

As we have before seen, Professor Bain says that the articulatory act is a much more primary process, and one which is also much more dependent upon volition and consciousness than I have deemed it to be. On the other hand, Luys,¹ whilst recognising fully that the motor processes of articulation are automatic and secondary to the impression produced upon the auditory centres, falls into what I conceive to be the grave error of supposing that the transference takes place directly in the medulla oblongata. He says: “*Nous envisagerons tout d’abord cette série d’impressions centripètes qui, n’étant pas destinées à remonter vers les régions*

(1) *Recherches sur le Système Nerveux.* Paris, 1865. Pp. 265, 291.

encéphaliques, restent cantonnées dans la sphère de l'activité automatique, et deviennent ainsi les agents provocateurs des phénomènes excito-moteurs (*impressions inconscientes*).” And a little further on he adds: “Les impressions excito-motrices acoustiques sont encore les agents exclusifs, par l'intermédiaire des hypoglosses et des nerfs laryngiens, de cette série de manifestations motrices, si rapides dans leur succession, et si variées dans leur effets, qui contribuent aux fonctions de la phonation et de l'articulation des sons. . . . Ces mouvements rythmés et successifs sont réglés par l'influence excito-motrice dont les noyaux de substance gélatineuse acoustique sont les foyers de dissémination. Il en résulte, que ce sont eux qui provoquent l'activité de ces muscles, qui les suscitent isolément, ou les associent dans une action synergique, et qui répartissent dans de justes proportions le degré de tension des cordes vocales, et finalement tel ou tel son. . . . Ce sont là des actes musculaires successifs, complètement soustraits *dans leur détails* à l'action de la volonté, et dont les réactions sont provoquées uniquement par cette série d'impressions sensorielles inconscientes qui jouent un si grand rôle dans la série des mouvements automatiques.” But it cannot be doubted, I think, after what has been already said, that though the motor processes of speech do follow automatically the impressions excited in the auditory centres, still that the transference takes place in the higher perceptive centres, and that the cerebral hemispheres are immediately concerned in the process, although it is one which takes place without arousing our consciousness.

It seems to me that the truth of the views I have been advocating as to the physiology of spoken thought, will be capable of receiving further confirmation, and even elucidation, by a consideration of what takes place when a person plays extemporaneously on a musical instrument—say on a piano. Of course such a process as this requires skill and mental powers of a special kind, such as only comparatively few people possess. For its accomplishment there must exist, as one essential requisite, what is called a “good ear for music;” this including not only a perfect state of the more external organs of hearing, but also highly-organised and highly-trained perceptive centres for auditory impressions, located (in a more or less diffused condition) in the two cerebral hemispheres. The individual, also, must have a perfect power of recalling to mind past sounds, and a power of imagining ideal combinations of these. Then by dint of long practice and habit there must have grown up in the person that sort of knowledge, which now seems intuitive, as to how, when, and in what manner to touch the various notes so as to make the instrument produce the desired sounds. These muscular movements follow as rapidly, and with as much precision and delicate coadjustment, as do the muscular movements of the larynx, lips, and tongue in the acts of articulate speech. Both alike follow automatically, and both sets of

muscular movements, as it seems to me, are set agoing by the agency of revived impressions in the perceptive centres pertaining to the sense of hearing. So that as quickly as the person improvising music conjures up in imagination the idea of the several parts composing the piece, this translates itself into the suitable muscular movements necessary for educing the sounds—the different steps of the process following so rapidly upon one another that the performer himself is perhaps conscious of giving no separate attention to the ideas of the individual sounds as they become nascent, and which are so immediately translated into muscular movements of the greatest precision. Still it would seem that such a succession as this must occur; that the cerebral hemispheres must be necessary for such a process; and yet here, too, there is involved a reflex action precisely analogous to that occurring in the process of speaking. If it can occur in the one case, therefore, it can occur in the other. Here, however, the ideal *sound-combination* is, so to speak, the subject of thought itself, and therefore should arouse consciousness more as its successive parts become nascent and act as stimuli, inciting to the rapid and precise secondarily automatic movements performed by the hands and fingers. If, however, in these cases the several parts of the ideal sound-combination do cause such a slight and transient mental impression as to be almost unnoticed as distinct phases of consciousness, can it be wondered at that in the process of speech there should be so little evidence of the consciousness of words becoming nascent as remembered sounds? For as I have just stated in the act of improvising a musical composition, the several parts of the ideal sound-combination are not only the vehicle of the thoughts from moment to moment, but are also the very subject of the thought itself; in the act of thinking aloud, however, or of articulate speech, the words which, as I hold, are revived for use in the form of nascent sound-perceptions, are the *vehicles* only for certain *thoughts*, which as they arise constitute our then states of consciousness. Such considerations as this are, I hope, adequate answers to objections which may be raised against the view I have been endeavouring to establish. In whatever way words become nascent in the process of thought, is it to be wondered at that we are so unconscious of their particular mode of revival? I think not, if what I have said concerning the process of improvising a musical composition be a correct appreciation of the facts. And if the analysis of our consciousness as to the connection existing between thought and language is a matter of such intrinsic difficulty as to yield directly contradictory results in different cases, then we are compelled to resort to some such line of inquiry as I have imperfectly endeavoured to indicate, if we are to hope for the settlement of so complicated a question.

After what I have already said, it will be only necessary for me briefly to hint at the physiology of the processes of Reading and of

Writing. Both these processes are superadded accomplishments. The individual has already learned to associate certain objects or certain states of consciousness with certain sounds or names; he has further gained the power of articulating these names for himself; and when he begins to learn to read, he gradually builds up a still further association between the state of consciousness which he recognises and names, and certain hieroglyphics such as the printed and written forms of letters are. To the original combination, therefore, there is now added a perception derived through the sense of sight; and as perceptions of this kind have what Professor Bain terms a high degree of mental adhesiveness, so as to be easily capable of revival in consciousness, it seems most probable that when we read the words are revived in consciousness as visual perceptions, and partly also as remembered auditory impressions which have been called up automatically by the mere sight of the words; and it seems probable that from the organic seats of these last the stimulus would still issue which is to excite the combined movements of the larynx, lips, and tongue, if the individual wills to read aloud. With reference to the process of Writing, on the other hand, it almost invariably occurs that this accomplishment is acquired after the individual has been taught to speak and to read more or less perfectly. During this course of instruction the person is taught to associate the visual perceptions of the separate letters of words with certain muscular movements of the hands and fingers necessary to enable him to produce the written letters for himself, and afterwards to join them together so as to represent words. This involves a long and tedious process of education, and the muscular movements which are ultimately learned are in all probability more intimately associated with sight-perceptions than with sound-perceptions; though of course the word, as a revived sound-perception, may be said to exist also during the act of writing. The muscles of the upper extremity being also to the fullest extent voluntary muscles, and therefore very different from those concerned in the acts of speech, the whole process of learning to write is one which comes much more within the ken of our consciousness than does the otherwise parallel process of learning to articulate words. Here, then, we should have much more of that power of recalling to memory the idea of the volitional efforts necessary to enable us to write words, and of that distinct consciousness as to the particular states of tension of the individual muscles employed, than we could expect to have of the efforts and of the states of tension of individual muscles of the larynx in the acts of speech. But even in this case—which should afford the most favourable opportunity possible for the realisation of such knowledge concerning motor acts, if distinct realisation were possible—is not our consciousness rather of the vaguest and most indefinite description?

H. CHARLTON BASTIAN.

THE LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS AND THE GERMAN REFORMATION STRUGGLE.

ACCORDING to the statement of an English journal, the unveiling of the monument to Luther in the city of Worms, in the presence of the King of Prussia and other German sovereigns, was an event of which most people of this country heard for the first time in connection with the telegram from Queen Victoria. The royal message is well known:—"Pray express to the Committee for the erection of the Luther Memorial my most hearty congratulations upon the successful completion of their task! Protestant England cordially sympathises with an occasion which unites the Protestant princes and peoples of Germany."

The great work of art itself—which was planned by Rietschel, the masterly delineator of Goethe and Schiller, and completed, after his death, by some of his pupils—is thus described:—"In size and rich variety of design the monument has no equal. It is not a statue, but a combination of eleven statues, grouped around, and surmounted by, the gigantic likeness of the Thuringian miner's son. Ascending a few steps, you tread on a granite base, forty feet square, inclosed on the three other sides by a battlemented balustrade. In its centre, Luther stands pre-eminent. Seated on the four pillars projecting from Luther's pedestal, you see, clustering about the master mind his four precursors, who attempted what he accomplished. To this noble array the English, French, Italian, and Slave nations have each furnished a member—John Wycliffe, Peter Waldo, Jerome Savonarola, and John Huss. Then, turning to the circumference, you notice seven more statues distributed around. Occupying the four corners of the balustrade, and separated from the centre groups by the inner space, are the figures of two royal and two clerical allies of the Reformation hero. Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, and Philip the Generous, Landgrave of Hesse, impersonating power and prudence, watch the front; Philip Melancthon and John Reuchlin, with their solid erudition, are at their rear. To these four, or, adding those in the centre group, nine celebrated men, are united the symbolical statues of three cities famous in the history of the time. Augsburg, Magdeburg, and Spire, three majestic women, take up the centre of each side of the balustrade. Seated, and looking up to Luther, they relieve the four corner statues, which are standing, and have their faces turned in the same direction as the central figure. To do justice to the many places which have likewise deserved well of the cause of religious liberty, the battlements

of the inclosure are on the inner side decorated with the escutcheons of twenty-four other German cities. Inscribed on the front of the pedestal of the colossal statue of Luther appear the celebrated words of his speech in the Diet at Worms: "Here I stand. I cannot act otherwise. So help me God! Amen." On the back of the bronze pedestal there is another saying of the fiery opponent of Popedom inscribed, namely:—"The Gospel which the Lord has placed in the mouth of the Apostles is his sword; therewith he beats the world as with lightning and thunder."

The monument is a grand one; yet it has met with strong criticism from the point of view of strict historical truthfulness. The Reformation, of which the miner's son formed the central figure, was in its origin, and during a considerable part of its struggle, at once a religious, political, and social one—the two latter elements predominating even at one time under cover of the former. In fact, the political and social Reformation, which was contemporary with, and at first largely involved in, the movement of religious emancipation, miscarried; and the Church Reformation alone triumphed. It is nevertheless true that the two, or three, movements, as will presently be shown, cannot be separated from each other with any show of justice; hence the monument at Worms gives, as it were, but a one-sided view of the history of that troublous, but hopeful period of the German nation. By placing the medallions of Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen on the upper bronze cube of the monument, the political aspect of the Reformation has, no doubt, been indicated in a slight degree. But it is urged that they would have deserved far more than the princes of Saxony and Hesse to be placed in the foreground. The question is also raised why the great humanists of that time, Celtes, Eoban Hesse, Bebel, Pirkheimer, and even Erasmus, are altogether wanting in the group—not to speak of some of the prominent leaders on the popular side, who sturdily did battle, though with ill success, for the combined principles of a religious, political, and social Reformation?

It cannot be said that their misfortune shuts them out from commemoration. Or else neither Hutten nor Sickingen ought to have been indicated; nor could a place be found for the "sorrowing Magdeburg,"—the melancholy symbol of an heroic but defeated town. Nor can it be said that Luther had never anything to do with the popular movement at large; for in its beginning he readily recognised the justice of some of its demands; and though afterwards he turned to the other side, he scarcely ever ceased to denounce what, in his blunt language, he openly called the "mad tyranny" of princes and their aristocratic associates.

In order fully to comprehend the position in which Luther was placed, it ought to be remembered that Germany passed, in the fourteenth

and sixteenth centuries, through two great revolutionary struggles, which were the forerunners of those of England, the United States, and France. I allude to the *Eidgenossen* rising, and to what is, rather by a misnomer, called the *Bauern-Krieg*, or "War of the Peasants." When, towards the beginning of the fourteenth century, the Imperial power had well-nigh fallen into decay, the question as to who should succeed to it lay between the free cities that aimed at a democratic transformation of Germany, and the ducal families that strove to annihilate the power of the Kaiser and civic liberty as well. The dukes and princes of the Empire had originally been mere governors of provinces, simple officials, deposable in case of misdemeanour. The Empire itself was by no means founded on the hereditary dynastic principle. It was rather—if I may make a comparison which, like all comparisons, limps a little—a commonwealth, with a rudimentary substratum of republican liberties, with aristocratic powers superposed, and with a crowned President at the top—the latter returned for life, but responsible to such an extent that he could be put on his trial and ejected from office. It was a somewhat unphilosophical constitution. In a clumsy way, that arrangement still bore the mark of the ancient love of the Germans for self-government.

Now, by a gradual usurpation of power, chiefly by deeds of treachery in the hour of common danger, the provincial governors gradually got the upper hand of the central authority, and at last set up particular dynasties. "Under these circumstances"—to quote the words of the historian Wirth—"the towns instinctively felt that civic freedom was in imminent danger, and they had resort therefore to the only means of salvation left to them—a general League of Cities." The towns first allied in this way were Mayence, Worms, Spire, and Frankfort. Soon the league spread to Cologne and Aachen, in the north; to Colmar, Basle, and Zurich, in the south. Basle and Zurich, as well as the other territory now called Switzerland, were then still part of the German kingdom. The league assumed the name of *Eidgenossen*—that is, "men banded together by an oath" for the overthrow of despotism. They kept a good civic establishment of foot-warriors, horse, and a pretty array of war-vessels on the Rhine and the Moselle. In those days the sturdy burghers were trained to the use of arms; their guilds were arranged on a plan of military defence; their towns were built with a strategic design. Trade interests were, no doubt, a great point with them; but they also aimed at the enfranchisement of the peasantry from aristocratic thralldom, as well as at religious toleration—at least, in many notable cases; and they seemed destined to save national union on the basis of freedom. Soon the moment drew near for a great struggle of the united *Eidgenossen*, now in-

cluding another league of cities which had grown up on the republican principle, viz., the *Hansa*, which extended along the shores of the German Ocean and the Baltic.

Unfortunately, whilst the *Eidgenossen* of Upper Alemannia were triumphant in the battles of Morgarten, Sempach, and Näfels, the fortune of war decided against the other members of that league. It was a nobleman, acting as a traitor for a bribe of 1,000 florins, who brought about the loss of the decisive battle of Döffingen.¹ "Had the citizens," says Wirth, "obtained the victory also there, the Swiss constitution of to-day would have been spread over all Southern Germany, and, later, it would equally have been extended over all our lower countries through the action of the *Hansa*. As it was, civic liberty was destroyed, the last obstacle to unlimited princely sovereignty removed, and, together with freedom, union vanished. . . . Germany now entered upon the road of becoming a medley of monarchies claiming separate existence. . . . The genius of the Fatherland covered its face in sorrow when the corpse of Konrad Besserer (the heroic burgomaster of Ulm) was enshrouded in the banner of freedom."

So this republican movement succeeded only in what now is Switzerland. Separation from Germany the Swiss did at first not intend; they remained true to the national bond as long as possible. Their final withdrawal was only settled in 1648, after Germany had been deeply rent by the Thirty Years' War. Among them only, the *Eidgenossen* name was preserved; to this day, the Helvetic Republic calls itself the *Schweizerische Eidgenossenschaft*.

It is necessary to remember this early democratic revolution, in order to understand the elements that subsequently worked in the second great revolutionary epoch of Germany, which is known as the time of the Reformation and the War of the Peasants. A great many learned men, vast numbers of the middle class, the mass of the peasantry, many priests, and even the better section of the aristocracy were in this latter movement. There was to be, as the expression went, a "Reformation in the head and the limbs" of the Empire—religious and political. A national Church was to be established. Landed property, held in mortmain to an incredible extent by the Catholic priesthood, was to be reconverted into freehold. The fetters were to be struck from an enslaved agricultural class. The representation of the people was to be made a truth.

Hutten, the mail-clad man of letters, was, among the upper classes, the type of a combined reformer of Church and State. His friend Sickingen had the stuff in him for a Lord Protector of Germany. Some of the leaders of the peasantry, who had formerly occupied higher stations in life—such as Hipler and Florian Geyer—were democratic statesmen of considerable ability. The central

(1) I may call it the "Battle of Hastings" of mediæval German Democracy.

figure was Martin Luther, the ex-monk, he who had made the first powerful assault against the edifice of Papal infallibility. Now, personally, with all his stormy energy, and with all the prejudices that clove to him from his monkish education, Luther was of a kindly disposition; well-meaning for the people's welfare; no flatterer of princes; honest and outspoken; of a genial, open-hearted temper. He clearly saw and denounced the oppression with which the nation was weighed down. Many will, perhaps, be shocked to learn that Luther said "princes had mostly been the greatest block-heads and the wickedest rascals." He called them "God's gaolers and hangmen." He said they have "hearts of stone and heads of brass;" and he advised them to "go to ——" the place which usually remains unnamed. As regards Germany in particular, he had a clear political perception in this sense that, so early as 1522, he predicted "a great revolt in German lands"—*eine grosse Empörung in deutschen Landen*. He said the people were taking the Gospel in a carnal way; hence the uprising would follow.

Luther, joined to the political reformers, would have given a grand impress to our national history. His power of speech, which wells up from his lightest talk, such as it has been preserved in the *Tischreden*; his combative energy; and his force of persuasion, were extraordinary. His strength would have kicked the beam had he placed it in the people's scale. But when the contest, at once political, social, and religious, grew hottest, he went over to the side of the governing classes; that is to say, he became the adversary of the two first-mentioned parts of the Reformation programme. He stood aghast at the loudness and many-tongued confusion of the popular claims. He had the Church cause before all in view, and he began to put his hope in some prince who would carry it through. All other improvements he wished to be set aside. His mind became darkened with a strange melancholy, in which we scarcely recognise any longer him who said:—

"Wer nicht liebt Weib, Wein und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang."

He now wrote:—"Christians must be tortured! . . . They must suffer wrong; suffer, suffer! They must bear the cross, the cross! That is a Christian's right; he has no other!" He even declared himself in favour of the continuance of serfdom. He said there must be serfs because Abraham had had serfs! Such doctrines jarred on the people's ear; and the great champion of the Reformation was sometimes called a "lacquey of monarchs"—wrongly so, for of the lacquey's spirit there was nothing in that unbending man.

The political and social insurrection, the coming of which Luther had predicted, was not, as the word *Bauernkrieg* seems to indicate, a mere servile revolt, but an attempt at radically changing the German constitution. In it we discern the echo of the previous

Eidgenossen struggles. The first demands of the peasants were very moderate, as their "Twelve Articles" show. Luther himself partly recognised this in an elaborate opinion we have from his pen. The peasants asked for a Reformation of the Church, a diminution in the amount of the tithes, the abolition of serfdom, of the oppressive game-laws, and so forth. But soon they aimed higher. In some of the secret associations, the *Bundschuh* and the *Arme Konrad*, that preceded the rising, the parole by which the members knew each other had been this. One asked—"What d'ye think i'the main?" The other had to answer—"Priests, nobles, and princes are the people's bane!" Two great currents may be distinguished in this remarkable insurrection—one mainly directed towards the suppression of intolerable feudal customs; the other towards the foundation of a democratic commonwealth. The proof of this we have in the papers of the "Committee for the Elaboration of a Constitution," which the insurgents had established at Heilbronn. When a popular movement is vanquished, a heap of calumny is often the only monument which the victors roll over the grave of the defeated. It is the merit of the historian Zimmermann to have first, from the original documents, retraced the true character of that rising.

As the peasantry rose, they were joined by a number of towns, of noblemen, even by several princes, who either willingly entered the league, or were forced into it. The main fault of the movement was its want of a central direction. The absence of good military leaders made itself also felt. Götz von Berlichingen, the Suabian knight, whom the insurgents pressed into their service, had not his heart in the affair, and played them false. The aid which the peasantry received from the town side was generally neutralised through the firm hold which the high patrician families had re-acquired within city walls. Yet more than a thousand feudal "robbers' nests"—for such they actually were, according to contemporary testimony—were destroyed during that vast popular upheaving; many of them were never rebuilt. Still, after many sanguinary contests, the Peasant Revolution fell as, a century before, the Republican rising of the towns had been overthrown. Reactionary orgies marked the downfall of the popular cause. Germany was covered with scaffolds and gibbets. Freedom, murdered, wafted its dying notes over the land, calling for vengeance with a ghastly moan.

All this political and social turmoil happened in Luther's time, in the very midst of the religious Reformation movement; and the leaders who headed the masses had mostly taken their cue from what they called the proper reading of the Gospel. It was a vision of Puritan and Independent sentiment which fired them to political deeds. Luther at first carried on his great agitation, as it were, in

lines running close up to the political movement ; but when a certain point was reached, a divergence occurred. After the overthrow of the rising of 1529, the Reformation became exclusively a clerical one. It was political only in this sense, that the various princes who went over to it endeavoured, under the cloak of religion, to found their separate sovereignties. Instead of acknowledging the Pope or the Kaiser as the head source of power, they gladly accepted Luther's doctrine, that all government was by right divine ; it meant for them that they were not responsible to anybody. This was a doctrine which, in the peculiar position of Germany, became destructive of national cohesion. Yet the majority of the nation, filled with deep hatred of priestly corruption, remained faithful to the Reformation even in this restricted form, though it now carried with it the seeds of political dissolution.

In such an age, the Imperial interest, if properly managed, had a great chance. Charles V. might have done as Henry VIII. of England did. He might thereby have stopped the process of national disintegration. But that brooding monarch, of only half-German descent, who could not even properly converse in our language, and whose mind was cast in the narrow mould of bigotry, missed one of the greatest historical opportunities. When he first saw Luther's burly figure, and heard his more powerful than soft accents, he exclaimed—"That man won't convert *me* !" That was wittily meant ; foolishly said and done. It entailed upon Germany a struggle which lasted—not, as is often stated, a generation—but fully a century ; for that which is called the Thirty Years' War was only the acme of Germany's martyrdom.

When that cruel war was over, all golden dreams of a freer future had vanished. A dark chasm had opened ; a sudden break had occurred in our history. The very character of our people seemed to be changed. It was once so stalwart, and yet so merry ; so full of deep thought, and yet so lissom ; so firm, and yet so warm-hearted. Witness our old songs, in which manliness and tender feeling are charmingly blended. Now it was all different. A brutal lansquenet spirit had taken hold of one class. Others went down on their knees, despairing of this vale of sorrow, and casting away every thought of a nation's right, of human welfare and freedom. Others rushed into servitude with a courtier-like agility which they had learnt from subtle southern diplomatists. Even our language, with its combined strength and aptitude for musical development, had to give way, in literature, before Latin and French. It sank down for a time to the level of a rude brogue. Piteous were the wails of the few patriotic voices that made themselves heard after this terrible convulsion had shaken Germany to her centre.

In this fashion we achieved the Reformation. In her unspeakable misery only one consolation was left to Germany. She had opened

her veins to quench the thirst of Europe for intellectual freedom : she was the Martyr of Free Thought. Her crown of thorns thus blossomed into a crown of glory. The time has come for the nation publicly to honour the memory of those who have striven to free it from its shackles. Thus Luther is remembered, and with him other bold champions of the Reformation cause. But in doing so, the true historical character of that movement ought to be steadily kept in view, lest that which turned out, so far, a successful part, might be mistaken for the vaster goal at which the nation then aimed, when trying to recast its whole constitution—religious, political, and social.

KARL BLIND.

HENDECASYLLABLES FROM CATULLUS.

I.

Who shall take thee, the new, the dainty volume,
Cleaned so glossily, fresh with ashy pumice?

You, Cornelius: you alone did hold them
Something worthy, my petty witty nothings,

Whilst you venture, alone of all Italians,
Time's vast chronicle in three books to circle,
Jove! how arduous, how divinely learned!

Therefore welcome it, yours the little outcast,
This slight volume. O yet, supreme awarder,
Virgin, save it in ages on for ever.

IX.

Dear Veranius, you of all my comrades
Worth alone to me many goodly thousands,
Speak they truly that you your hearth revisit,
Brothers duteous, homely mother aged?

Yes, believe them. O happy news, Catullus!

I shall see him again alive, shall hear him
Tribes Iberian, uses, haunts rehearsing,
As his wont is; on him my neck reclining
Kiss his holiday face, his eyes delightful.

Now, all men that have any mirth about ye,
Know ye merrier any, any blither?

ROBINSON ELLIS.

SUEZ CANAL.

“ Si c'est impossible cela se fera ;
Si ce n'est que difficile c'est déjà fait.”

UNTIL within the last two years the maritime canal which is in the course of construction across the Isthmus of Suez has failed to attract much attention in England. Indeed, it may be said that, up to the present time, it has scarcely secured for itself the interest which we, as a commercial nation peculiarly concerned in anything calculated to facilitate our communication with the East, ought to take in this scheme.

Of late, however, owing to some interesting Reports made by men of science, who have either been deputed by several Governments to examine the canal works, or who have of their own accord visited Egypt, in order to satisfy themselves as to what was really being done, much light has been thrown on the subject, and much scepticism removed. Travellers also, passing through Egypt, have found their interest awakened by what they heard on all sides of the great work there in progress, and many of these have been induced to devote some time and attention to visiting the canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

If we cast our eyes over a map of Africa, we cannot fail to be struck with the peculiar form which it presents. The narrow strip of land connecting the north-east corner of this vast continent with Arabia, and thus with Palestine and Europe, is scarcely apparent, and we can almost fancy we see a large island separated from the rest of the globe. Nevertheless, a narrow, low-lying, swampy, and, in some parts, sandy tongue of land is there, which, as an isthmus, has up to the present time formed a serious obstacle to navigable communication between Europe and the East. There can be little doubt that, at some remote age, the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Sea met where this isthmus now exists. The configuration of the surrounding country, and other clearly-defined indications, have placed this almost beyond doubt. There seems only one circumstance which prevents this from being positively asserted. It is that the marine fauna of the two seas, found a considerable distance inland on the isthmus, do neither resemble each other, nor have they as yet been found together. But this is not a convincing proof, because, from the configuration of that part of the isthmus, it appears probable that there was a time when one of the main branches of the Nile

swept over the depression which is now called *El Ouady* (the valley), and thence passing into Lake Timsah,¹ divided its volume of waters into two branches—the one taking a northerly direction to the Mediterranean, the other finding its way through the Bitter Lakes into the Red Sea near Suez. This fresh water, so distributed, would have formed a sufficient barrier to maintain a distinct line of separation between the fauna of the two seas. Amongst many others who have given their attention to the investigation of this interesting subject, M. Le Père, when making his survey for a line of canal, by order of General Bonaparte, gave, as one reason why he was led to the conclusion that in former times the two seas were united, that none of the ancient monuments of the Thebaid furnish any indication of the existence of the camel in that country, while so many animals, of less importance for domestic purposes, are found depicted in all the hieroglyphics. From this fact he came to the conclusion that the first introduction of the camel from Asia took place after the formation of an isthmus, which, according to tradition, would have been prior to the nineteenth century before the Christian era—a date even more remote than that of the immigration of the Jews into Egypt, that is, about 1785 B.C.

Although, in past times, the waters of these two seas doubtless mingled, it can hardly, during historic times, have been by means of more than a series of salt-water lagoons. These, with their shallow waters and surrounding marshes, may have presented grave obstacles to navigation. Otherwise, the enterprising Egyptians of those days would not have had recourse to establishing navigable communication in another direction between these two seas.

During the dynasty of the Pharaohs,² and probably even anterior to that date, when navigation was confined to relatively narrow limits, and the different quarters of the globe were little known, the enlightened rulers of Egypt seem to have recognised the importance of opening up a navigable highway between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The original line had in view as its primary, if not sole object, to open an easy communication between Egypt and Arabia. But now the pressing and universal want is to overcome the barrier between Europe and Eastern nations. The idea at that remote period was not to undertake the herculean task of excavating a canal directly from sea to sea, but to take advantage of the Nile as far as its course favoured the *trajet* across the Isthmus of Suez; and from the point

(1) Called Timsah, *crocodile*, from the numbers that in ancient times tenanted the lake.

(2) From the descendants of Amasis and Sesostris sprang the race of the Pharaohs, who ruled over Egypt for twelve centuries, until Cambyzes, King of Persia, conquered the country in 525 B.C. It was during this prolonged rule of so many centuries that most of the gigantic works which now excite our wonder were constructed, such as the pyramids, the immense grottoes in the Thebaid, the temples, the lake Moëris, and the vast canals which served for internal trade and for irrigation.

where this river became no longer available, to establish a channel supplied with water from the river, and leading directly to the Red Sea, into which it was intended that it should debouch near the present site of Suez. When subsequently this canal was completed, it opened a communication with the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, the waters of which flowed towards Lake Timsah, which they sometimes reached. It was made in four sections: the first, of $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles, from Suez to the Bitter Lakes; second, 27 miles, through these lakes; third, 40 miles, from the Bitter Lakes to El Ouady (of Tomat); fourth, 12 miles, from El Ouady to Bubastis, then one of the main branches of the Nile; giving a total length of $92\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

There would seem to be many doubts as to who commenced this work. The researches of Champollion ascribe the formation of the first canal, from the Nile to the Red Sea, to Rameses II., or to Sesostris, about 1300 B.C. To the latter Egypt is doubtless indebted for most of the large irrigational canals, which he employed his prisoners of war in constructing. Subsequent historical records agree, however, in stating that Necho, son of Psammetichus, whom he succeeded on the throne of Egypt 617 B.C., resolved to undertake the formation of a canal which was destined to connect the Nile with the Red Sea. According to Herodotus, he desisted, on being warned by an oracle that he was constructing it only for the use of barbarian invaders; but this was not till after 120,000 Egyptians had perished at the work. Thus, it would seem, that this early undertaking met with as much opposition in those days as in our time has befallen the scheme originated by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. The oracles of that period predicted inundations, famine, and disaster. Notwithstanding all these sinister forebodings, the canal was carried out in a subsequent reign, and was much frequented by trading craft. Under the Ptolemies this channel was improved and maintained, and subsequently the Romans also were at great pains to keep it in good order. Herodotus says that it was a channel of communication much in use when he was in Egypt. This must have been about 450 B.C. According to this historian, the canal was of sufficient width to admit of two triremes abreast, and the navigation from sea to sea occupied about four days. Pliny calculated the width to be about one hundred feet, and Strabo estimated it at one hundred cubits, or one hundred and fifty feet. Nor does it follow that either were incorrect, because the breadth may have varied with the nature of the ground through which the channel passed; and, in fact, the present vestiges of this ancient canal show that it did vary from one hundred to two hundred feet. After her defeat at Actium, Cleopatra endeavoured to save the remnant of her fleet by passing it through this canal into the Red Sea; she failed, however, in accomplishing this, owing to the waters of the Nile being so low at that season. The Persians, the Greeks,

and the Romans, all gave their attention to this subject. But at the time of the Arab invasion, A.D. 639, it can no longer have existed; because Amroo, the lieutenant of Omar, proposed to make a canal leading direct from Suez to the Gulf of Pelusium. He intended to supply this channel with water by restoring the canal of the Pharaohs. Omar, however, dreading that it might open up a path to Arabia for the vessels of Christians, opposed the project. The fanaticism of the Caliphs had then closed Egypt to European trade. Consequently, this communication had at that period no other object than the commerce between Egypt and Arabia, and it was rendered subordinate to the state of political feeling between those two countries. Subsequently, however, in A.D. 649, Omar was induced to allow the canal of the Pharaohs to be restored, in order to supply Arabia with provisions; and it remained in a navigable condition till 767, when it was filled up by the Caliph El Mussour Aboul Khadur, for the purpose of starving the population of Mecca and Medina.

Since those times, many men of genius and comprehensive views have directed their attention to this subject, which year by year becomes of greater importance in proportion to the extension of European commerce in the Eastern seas. When, in 1798, the Directory sent General Bonaparte to Egypt,¹ his practical mind and far-seeing genius were not long before they convinced him of the vast importance of a perfect system of water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. He had himself been the first to discover, near Suez, the traces of the ancient canal of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies.² Upon this, he at once appointed a Commission to inquire into the subject of excavating a canal across the isthmus. M. Le Père was one of the members of this Commission. He

(1) Napoleon Bonaparte always seems to have recognised the East as a great field for his ambition, and this must have been in his mind when he said, "*Les grands noms ne se font qu'en l'Orient.*" He was peculiarly alive to the strategical advantages of the position of Egypt, and longed to possess himself of that country. His stay there was short, but the "Sultan Kebir" (the Great Sultan) will long be remembered in the traditions of the land. Clot Bey, in his work on Egypt, gives the following anecdote relating to the "Great Sultan." "When in Suez, in 1834, I found myself in the house in which Napoleon had passed a night. Nothing was changed, not even the couch on which he had rested. My host was the same who had received and welcomed Napoleon. This venerable man seemed to grow young again when relating what he had seen and what he had learnt of the French Sultan. 'A Bonaparte,' said he, 'was no enemy to the Mussulman, for had it been so, he might, with the point of his lance, have overthrown all our mosques. He did not do it. May his name ever be great amongst men!' He concluded by saying, 'They tell us that at the moment when his spirit left him, on a lone rock in the midst of the ocean, where twelve Christian kings had succeeded, after giving him a narcotic potion, in imprisoning him, the warriors who surrounded his death-bed saw his soul hovering on the point of his lance. May he rest in peace!'"

(2) In places, the remains of the embankment of this canal are from 12 to 20 feet in height, and this circumstance proves, perhaps more conclusively than any other argument, that the drifting sands of the desert are not so destructive and overwhelming as has been supposed.

was directed to give his attention to a line of canal, involving the restoration of the ancient channel that formerly entered the Red Sea near Suez. Such was the disturbed condition of the country at the time, that his survey was made under the greatest disadvantages, and at long intervals. The party of engineers under M. le Père had to be provided with an escort, which was frequently withdrawn for the more pressing requirements of military service; and thus his operations were constantly interrupted, by himself and his companions in the survey having, for their own safety, to return with the escort. It can easily be conceived that, under such circumstances, the result arrived at was erroneous. He stated the level of the Red Sea to be more than 30 feet higher than that of the Mediterranean. His proposal, therefore, was that this difficulty as to levels should be overcome by a canal with a series of locks; and so convinced was he that his supposition as to the higher level of the Red Sea was correct, that he thus wrote:—"It is, therefore, certain, after a careful study of the surveys we have made, that the Delta is liable to be inundated by the waters of the Red Sea, and that the fears entertained by the ancient Egyptians of submersion in case a canal were made, were well founded, in past times, when the Delta, and the bed of the Nile itself, were undoubtedly at a lower elevation." The difficulties that would be entailed in forming a canal, by this supposed difference in the level of the two seas, did not, however, cause General Bonaparte to abandon the idea of carrying out the scheme. But, before the Commission had time to submit their Report as to the manner in which they considered the canal could be made, the French General was called away to fill the highest position in France; and while thus absorbed in ruling his subjects, and commanding his armies, his attention would seem to have been diverted from this project. Previous to his departure from Egypt, his last words to Monsieur Le Père were,—"*Eh bien, la chose est grande! publiez un mémoire, et forcez le Gouvernement Turque à trouver, dans l'exécution de ce projet, et son intérêt, et sa gloire.*"

For many years subsequent, although the subject was never altogether laid aside, the enterprise essential to carrying out so vast a scheme was not forthcoming. Several projects, emanating for the most part from French engineers, were brought forward and discussed, but were allowed to rest without any practical result. One scheme suggested by M. Talbot was, that a large navigable canal should be made between Suez and Cairo; that at Cairo the Nile should be crossed by an aqueduct, and thence continued on to the Mediterranean at Alexandria.

It was not until 1846, after a double survey had been taken by the eminent French engineer, M. Bourdaloue, from Suez to Tineh, and from Tineh to Suez, that the difference of the level of the

two seas was finally ascertained to be so insignificant that it became evident that the current in any canal which might be formed to join them would be so slight as to render unnecessary the facing of the embankments, except in certain portions near the Red Sea embouchure.

Several years prior to this accurate survey, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who would seem to have had his attention first drawn to this subject by reading Monsieur le Père's Report, began to devote his energies to the organisation of a scheme for the purpose of forming a canal leading directly from the Mediterranean into the Red Sea. In addition to his possessing great talent and perseverance of no ordinary character, he brought to bear another most useful element, which is best defined in his own words, "*J'ai pour principe de commencer par avoir de la confiance.*" In fact, he had from the first a settled conviction of the practicability of the undertaking. This feeling, with which he inspired the minds of all those who have so ably seconded him in his task,—and it has been an exceptionally arduous one,—has materially tended to the results that have already been attained towards the early completion of this enterprise. Then, again, his friendly connection with the viceregal family gave him peculiar advantages of access to the Government, such indeed as perhaps, at that time, no other foreigner possessed. His father was attached to the consulate of France in Egypt at the time when this selection, or, to speak more correctly, when the recognition by the Porte of Mahamed-Ali as Pacha—a position which he had arrived at by his own talents, aided by the influence of the Albanian Sheiks—remained unsettled. It was said that the father of M. de Lesseps was consulted on the occasion, and that in confirming Mahamed-Ali in the viceroyalty, the Porte was, in a measure, guided by his counsel. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the closest relations of friendship then sprang up, and were subsequently maintained, on the part of Mahamed-Ali and his successors with that family,—M. Ferdinand de Lesseps having been Saïd Pacha's most intimate friend before his succession to the viceroyalty. This friendship he retained till the death of Saïd Pacha, in 1863. It was in 1854 that M. de Lesseps first suggested to the pacha the execution of his scheme, and having ascertained that he was certain of finding in his highness a staunch supporter, he obtained a preliminary concession, authorising him to form a Company for the purpose of excavating a canal between the two seas. Accordingly, he resolved at once to organise his Company and commence operations. He visited England with this view, and found many capitalists and leading men in the commercial world willing enough to countenance his project. But, on the other hand, the British Government, under Lord Palmerston, considered that there were political grounds

for thwarting the enterprise. Moreover, strange as it may seem to us at the present time, the Company formed by M. de Lesseps was, during some years, far from receiving cordial encouragement at the hands even of the French Government. It may have been that the Emperor was unwilling to give his support to a scheme, the political bearings of which might prove to be complicated, and to which the English Government, with which he was averse at that time to have any misunderstanding, had shown itself so decidedly opposed. The reasons why the British Government was hostile to the scheme may be easily understood. The existence of French influence in a country in which we are peculiarly interested, owing to its position as regards our readiest line of communication with our Indian empire; the embarrassing fact that our precarious tenure of that line through foreign territory becomes enhanced by every extension of that influence; and the advantage that the commercial ports of France, especially those on the Mediterranean, would gain over those of England by having a direct route opened up to them,—were circumstances calculated to alarm a British statesman. These reasons, without mentioning others, would sufficiently account for Lord Palmerston, always peculiarly tenacious of the interests of his country, having endeavoured to delay, if not entirely defeat, this undertaking. Despite of all opposition, M. de Lesseps persevered with a determination nothing could overcome. It is well known that, in a certain measure, the Viceroy of Egypt acknowledges the suzerainty of the Porte; consequently, the sanction of the latter is necessary before any treaty, concession, or any other important act can be looked upon as finally ratified by the Viceroy. As soon as our Government saw that the opposition with which they had met the project of M. de Lesseps at its outset had not resulted, as had been hoped, in smothering the unwelcome child in its cradle, all its influence was brought to bear on the Porte, through the British Minister at Constantinople. It will be seen hereafter how serious a matter this opposition became.

M. de Lesseps having carefully studied his project, and finding, after a most accurate survey, and after soundings taken in both seas, and testing the currents, levels, and making borings along the intended line of canal, that no insurmountable obstacles were presented by nature, he projected his Company in the year 1854. An entirely new survey by the Viceroy's engineers, Linant-Bey and Mogul-Bey, was made and completed in the autumn of 1855. This survey was submitted to an International Commission, nominated by the leading powers of Europe. It first met in Paris, where it was decided that five of the members should visit Egypt, and there examine the whole question in detail. The Report, in

which they confirmed the feasibility of the undertaking, was drawn up and completed towards the end of the year. In this year, also, M. de Lesseps obtained a second concession, notwithstanding that the Sultan had declined to confirm the previous one which had been submitted to him by the Viceroy; and the Company was finally organized nearly on the same basis on which it at present stands.

Mutual agreements were entered into, and concessions were obtained by the Company, from the Egyptian Government, pending sanction by the Porte. Without going into the various concessions and agreements subsequently made, it will be as well in this place to briefly note the principal stipulations then agreed upon by the Egyptian Government on the one side, and M. de Lesseps, on the part of the Company, on the other. The following were the most important clauses:—

“**Clause I.** M. F. de Lesseps to form a Company called ‘*La Compagnie Universelle du Canal de Suez*,’ and of which he is to be appointed the Director, for the purpose of making a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, and the formation of a port at each end of the said canal.

“**II.** The Managing Director always to be appointed by the Egyptian Government, and chosen, if possible, from amongst the largest shareholders.

“**III.** The concession to last ninety-nine years from the opening of the canal to navigation.

“**IV.** The works to be all at the Company’s expense, and to whom all requisite lands for construction and maintenance, not belonging to private individuals, shall be conceded. If the Egyptian Government deem it advisable to erect fortifications, the Company shall not be liable for the expense of construction.

“**V.** The Government shall receive 15 per cent. annually of the earnings of the Company, and this without reference to interest or dividend derived from any shares they may hold, or hereafter take, in the Company. The remainder of the net profits to be thus divided—75 per cent. for the general shareholders, and 10 per cent. for the original founders of the Company.

“**VI.** The tariff for ships passing through the canal (and agreed on mutually by the Egyptian Government and the Company) to be always the same for ships of all nations.

“**VII.** Should the Company deem it advisable to join the Nile and the maritime canal by a navigable channel, the land now uncultivated may be irrigated and cultivated at their expense and charge. The Company to have these lands free of any charge for ten years, dating from the opening of the maritime canal. During the remaining eighty-nine years they will pay one-tenth of the usual land tax; after which, the whole of the usual tax on irrigated lands in Egypt.

“**VIII.** A plan to be made of all lands ceded to the Company.

“**IX.** The Company to be allowed to quarry stone on Government lands free of charge. Also to be permitted to import any matériel, machinery, and supplies for the workmen free of custom-duty.

“**X.** At the expiry of the concession the Egyptian Government will be substituted in lieu of the Company, and will enter into full possession of all the property and rights appertaining to the canal between the two seas. A due valuation to be made for matériel, &c., &c.”

These are the principal clauses of this first *concession*, and they

formed the basis of nearly all subsequent important arrangements, excepting a clause regarding the employment of the Egyptian *fellahs* (agricultural labourers) on the canal works. This concession bears the later date of January, 1856, and provides that "in all cases four-fifths at least of the workmen shall be Egyptians." This implied that the Egyptian Government was bound to find this proportion of labourers, amounting, at that time, to 20,000 *fellahs*. The agreement as to their hire was that the average rate should be two-thirds less than that given for work of a similar nature in Europe, whilst this rate of payment to the *fellahs* would exceed, by more than one-third, the average price they had hitherto received for labour in their own country. They were also to be provided with healthy habitations, with food, and with medical assistance. Whilst in hospital, they were to receive a daily allowance equal to half their pay when at work. This clause, which was of vast importance, with a view to economy in carrying on the works of the Company, was objected to by the Porte. As had been anticipated by those who opposed the project, everything was brought to a standstill. It was only after the loss of much time and money that the managers of the Company succeeded in attracting from France, Italy, Greece, Wallachia, and Egypt itself, a sufficiency of labour to replace that which had been so unexpectedly withdrawn.

The Sultan also refused to sanction another clause which related to lands granted on lease, or otherwise, to foreigners in Egypt, and which, in this case, had reference to the powers of the Company to sell or let, on favourable terms, any portion of their property. These two points, and several others, regarding which no definite settlement could then be arrived at, resulted in an almost total cessation of the canal works for a period of two years. Finally, the whole subject was submitted by the Viceroy to the arbitration of the Emperor Napoleon, who, in July, 1864, decided as follows:—First. That the concessions of November, 1854, and January, 1856, had the form of a contract, and were binding on both parties. Secondly. That, as by the withdrawal of *fellah* labour the cost of the works would be increased, the Viceroy should pay an indemnity of £1,520,000 on that account. Thirdly. That the Company should cede to the Viceroy all their fresh-water canals, reserving only the right of passage through them; that the Viceroy should pay £400,000 representing the cost of the construction of the canals, and £240,000 as compensation for the tolls which the Company thereby relinquished. Fourthly. That the Company should retain only such lands along the line of the maritime canal as might be necessary for the care and maintenance of the said canal. Fifthly. That the Company should cede to the Viceroy their title to all lands capable of cultivation by means of irrigation from the fresh-water canals, and for which the

Viceroy should pay £1,200,000.¹ Thus, the total sum awarded by the Emperor as indemnity to the Company amounted to £3,360,000.

The compensation allowed for the withdrawal of the *fellah*-labour clause would at first appear sufficient to save the Company from loss in the substitution of more expensive labour than that on which they had been led to rely when the original estimates were made; but, in point of fact, it has not served to compensate them for the difference in the price of labour. This will be better understood when we consider that, in excavating one cubic yard, the cost by *fellah* labour was about tenpence, while now the cost is more than three times that sum. It is also probable that, when the *fellah* agreement was in operation, the Viceroy found that it interfered somewhat seriously with those farming operations from which he derives a large revenue. This clause withdrew, for the short time it remained in force, some 40,000 labourers; for, although only one-half of that number were employed on the works, there were always 20,000 on their way to and from their homes.

In Egypt all lands belonging to the Viceroy are farmed on this forced labour system, or *corvée*, as the French call it. Some 100,000 *fellahs* are drafted monthly from their villages for this, and for any other service on which the Viceroy may think proper to employ them. The police in the districts make levies in all the villages. The strong and robust peasants are taken. There remain only the old and feeble to attend, not only to their own crops, but also to those of the absent villagers. Men and cattle are marched off to work during one whole moon, either on the viceregal lands or on any other description of work. They may be seen of an evening anxiously watching the moon: it is their calendar. By her course these villagers know when they may again hope to see their deserted homes and their ill-tended crops. It is surprising to observe how industriously these men toil, notwithstanding the disadvantages of their position, and the little superintendence they require. From the remotest ages the agricultural classes have been thus employed in Egypt; and when we see before us this prodigious application of manual labour, we no longer experience much difficulty in comprehending the means which enabled the rulers of that period to undertake the execution of those stupendous works, which, in the vastness of their construction, and the durability of their form during thousands of years, still excite the wonder of the archæologist and the traveller.

The question regarding the powers of the Company to sell lands, or to be allowed to let them on favourable terms at either of the three ports, or in their vicinity, is one that vitally affects their

(1) The area of this ceded land was about 150,000 acres, the indemnity thus giving a value of £8 an acre.

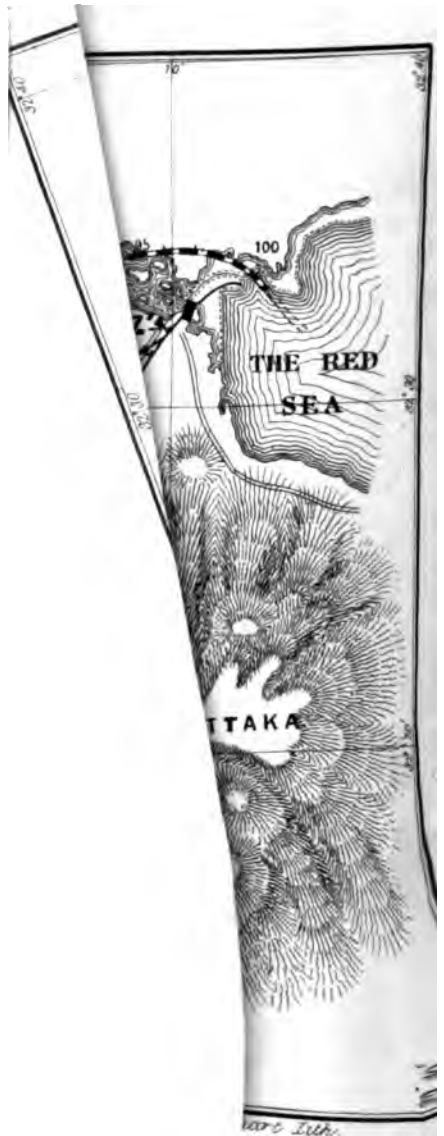
pecuniary interests. The lands originally granted have been, as we have seen, greatly reduced in extent, but the Company still retain 25,000 acres, and although they have not yet been permitted to alienate any of this property, they are allowed to let such portions as may be applied for by steam navigation or trading companies, or by private individuals for commercial purposes; but only as a temporary measure, pending the settlement of the question. The following are the terms:—"The lessee is entitled to hold such land as he may obtain from the Company for ten years, paying at the rate of three francs per mètre." At the expiration of this term, the lands, and any buildings thereon, revert to the Company. By this means the Company anticipate that they will recover the capital and interest expended on all lands reclaimed or improved by them. They also own properties at Damietta, at Cairo, and in Paris: all these properties are now worth much more than they originally cost.

There can be no question as to the prospective value of the lands belonging to the Company. In all countries, even in Egypt itself, it is seen how the advent of commercial life and activity enhances the value of land; but, fettered as the Company now is with the inability to sell any portions of such property advantageously, they are debarred from benefiting from this source as they had anticipated. This does not apply to the properties at Damietta and Cairo, as these were purchased, and not ceded. Much correspondence has passed between the Company and the Egyptian Government on this subject, and there is now a fair probability of a satisfactory settlement of the question. The difficulty is the status of foreigners settled, or desiring to settle, in Egypt. By the treaty stipulations existing between Turkey and foreign powers, the subjects of the latter enjoy certain privileges with regard to taxes and consular jurisdiction. The French consulate has the sole jurisdiction in cases where Frenchmen alone are concerned, also in cases arising between Frenchmen and other foreigners, where the latter are the plaintiffs. The same course is followed by the consuls of other nations in Egypt. But in cases arising between Egyptians and foreigners there exists at present no recognised jurisdiction from which they can feel certain of obtaining redress. Naturally, while such is the case, the Viceroy can hardly be expected, in the interests of his subjects, to encourage the settlement of foreigners in his country. It would not seem difficult, however, for such nations as are directly concerned to agree to some form of special tribunal, to deal with all questions arising between Egyptians and their subjects. The Viceroy is now negotiating to have the conditions relating to foreigners definitely arranged.

We have alluded to some of the obstacles that had to be overcome in the early days of the enterprise. But M. de Lesseps and his faithful band of engineers continued resolutely at their posts. At one

Scrapium cutting, reduced width	6	
Entrance to Bitter Lakes, full width	2	
Bitter Lakes, undetermined width	25	
Chalouf cutting, reduced width	3	
Plain of Suez, full width	12	
Full width	82	Total . . 100
Reduced width	18	

(1) These dimensions, representing as they do only those of the canal itself, convey but little idea of the amount of excavation that had to be carried out in many places where the channel traverses elevated plateaux, which entailed cuttings of great depths before the water-level was attained. This will be seen by reference to the transverse section at the forty-fifth mile.



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time they were ordered to leave the country, through pressure which had been brought to bear by the Porte on the Viceroy. At another time they found themselves deserted by their panic-stricken workmen, amongst whom cholera was raging. In the midst of all this opposition and difficulty they fought on manfully, with a determination worthy of the great work they had undertaken, and which, hereafter, will render their names famous in the records of engineering enterprise.

Let us now consider a few of the leading features of this undertaking. The direct line from Tineh, the ancient Pelusium (in $31^{\circ} 3' 37''$), to Suez (in $29^{\circ} 58' 37''$) is only seventy miles, but the actual distance which the canal traverses from Port Said to where it finally debouches into the Red Sea, a little to the south-east of Suez, is one hundred miles. This additional length is amply compensated by the natural advantages gained in the adoption of the present line. To M. Lavallay is said to be due the merit of having suggested this particular route, in which the assistance afforded by the beds of lakes Menzaleh, Ballah, Timsah, and the Bitter Lakes, forms an important feature, both in facilitating the work and economising the means of the Company. About sixty miles of the canal's course lies through these lakes. In those of Menzaleh and Ballah it has been deemed necessary to form embankments on each side of the channel, but in the other lakes this precaution is not needed.

The width of the maritime canal has been fixed at 328 feet in such portions where the adjacent land-level is low, and for the present it has been worked out to a narrower width where the channel traverses certain elevations. The width at the base is 246 feet, and the depth of water will be 26 feet.¹

The following gives the dimensions of the canal throughout its course. Moreover, at certain intervals in the narrower portions, the Company have decided on enlarging the dimensions, to facilitate the passage of vessels :—

	MILES.
Lakes Menzaleh and Ballah, full width	38
El Guisair cutting, reduced width of 190 feet	9
Lake Timsah, full width	5
Serapium cutting, reduced width	6
Entrance to Bitter Lakes, full width	2
Bitter Lakes, undetermined width	25
Chalouf cutting, reduced width	3
Plain of Suez, full width	12
Full width 82	Total . . 100
Reduced width 18	

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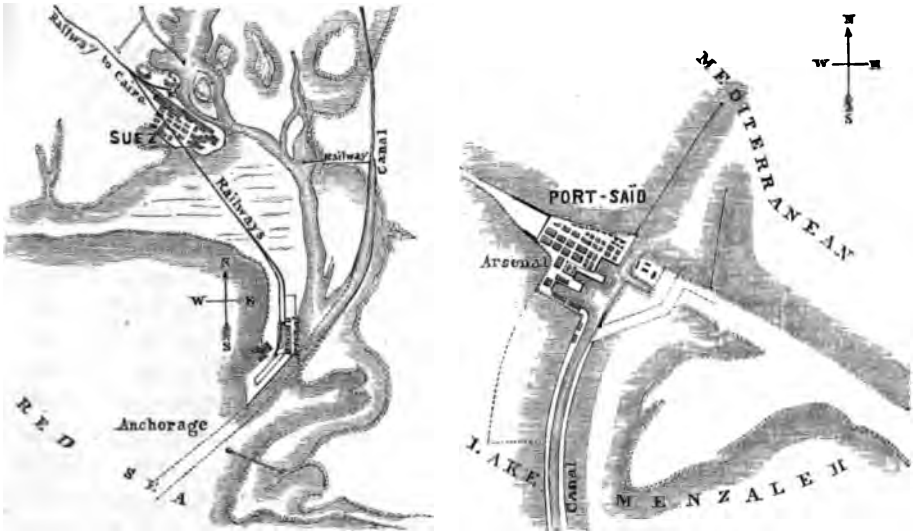
As the work has progressed, the experience gained by the engineers in observing the effects of the wash on the banks of the canal has resulted in considerable modification as to the slopes that were laid down in the original drawings. It has been ascertained that this wash is to be most guarded against at the water-line, and immediately below and above it, and that at a depth of about 12 feet the displacement of water causes but little wear to the banks;¹ consequently, near the water-line the general slope has been made about 1 in 5, diminishing as it descends to 1 in 2. Again, in some portions, berms, or steps, have been retained, as shown in the transverse sections at the ninth and forty-fifth mile. These steps are eventually to be dredged, should it be found that they interfere with passing traffic. The level of the two seas being so slightly different, there will be no lock or impediment of any kind from sea to sea.

We propose now, with the aid of the map and longitudinal section, to give a description of the canal, and the present condition of the works, beginning at the Mediterranean port, and following it in its course to Suez on the Red Sea.

When the position of a port in the Mediterranean, for the embouchure of the maritime canal had to be selected, the difficulty was to find a spot along the shores of the Gulf of Pelusius, into which it had been decided that the canal should debouch, possessing some natural advantages that might prove of use in the construction of a harbour. The country extending for some distance inland, on this part of the coast, is remarkably flat. As the sea is approached, large lagoons are seen, formed by the inundations of the Tanitic and Pelusiatic branches of the Nile, and beyond this, again, is a narrow strip of sand, scarcely rising above the level of the Mediterranean, indeed barely sufficing to indicate where the lakes end, and to what point the Mediterranean advances. Such are the characteristics of this seaboard; and on this bank of sand, for want of a more suitable locality, the site of the harbour had to be selected. It would be difficult to find any position combining more disadvantages for the purpose in view—for instance, the absence of any soil affording a sufficiently firm foundation for the construction of docks, basins, and the situation of a town, with its factories, machine depôts, and other dependent buildings, and the encroachment of silting sand, setting in an easterly direction from the Damietta branch of the Nile towards the head of the Gulf of Pelusius, therefore crossing at right angles the entrance to any port that might there be formed. These were the main difficulties with which science had to contend. Many persons at that time doubted the possibility of the permanency of any harbour that might be constructed in such a situation. And when we observe the scale on which

(1) We believe the Company have now determined on facing the embankments to the extent of the flow of the wash in some portions of the channel.

Port Saïd now exists, no other portions of the vast engineering works along the line of the canal appear more strongly to exemplify the talent and indomitable zeal that have succeeded, in so effectual a manner, in surmounting those natural obstacles which here presented themselves.



The reason which finally led the Company's engineers to select the position which Port Saïd now occupies was that the line of deep water was found to be less distant from the shore at that point—30 feet of water at 2,870 yards—than at any other in the vicinity of that part of the Gulf of Pelusius.

The port has been formed by the construction of two long breakwaters or moles: that on the western side juts out at right angles to the coast-line, and is already completed to its full length of 2,726 yards; the eastern mole, which is also nearly finished to the proposed length of 1,962 yards, is situated about 1,500 yards to the east of the other—its direction converging to within 450 yards of the extremity of the longer one, thus enclosing a triangular area of about 550 acres. The proportions of these moles are 26 yards at the base, 6 yards on the summit, 12 yards in height, and the slope of the sides is 1 in 1.

In a situation where stone could only be obtained at a great cost of money and labour from the quarries of Hyènes, on the shores of Lake Timsah, too much credit cannot be awarded to Messieurs Dussaud Frères, the harbour contractors, for having, we may now say, accomplished this difficult, and, at the same time, most essential part

of the undertaking. These moles are formed of concrete blocks, for the manufacture of which the contractors have a very complete establishment at Port Said. The blocks, each weighing 22 tons, with a dimension of about 12 cubic yards, are composed of two-thirds sand, principally obtained from the harbour dredgings, and one-third hydraulic lime, imported from Theil, in France. These materials are mixed by machinery, a little salt water being added from time to time; and, this process completed, the liquid mass is made to fall into trucks running on tram-rails. These are taken over the moulds, into which the concrete is dropped; in these it is allowed to remain for two months to consolidate, when the block becomes ready for immersion. These blocks become gradually harder after they have been submerged some time. A hydraulic lift places the block on another truck, and an engine runs it down to the wharf. Here again a lift places it in a barge, where it rests on a platform with an incline of about 20 degrees. Each barge, carrying three of these blocks, is towed by a steam-tug to the mole. If it is required to place them where the foundation already appears above water, they are lodged in position by cranes; if, on the other hand, where the foundations are still below the water-line, they are launched into the sea from the barge. This latter operation, when dealing with such ponderous masses as these, is not so simple as might be supposed. The blocks are placed on skids of wood, resting on well-greased slides, and they are kept in position by a strong iron clamp, fastened by a lever. When the barge is over the spot where the blocks are to be deposited, the catches are knocked away, and the three huge masses of concrete, representing 66 tons in weight, and £50 in value, plunge simultaneously into the sea. As they are not fitted into one another below the water-line, a small quantity of sand silts through the interstices, but this is easily dredged; and, as the drift sand gradually forms up on the outer sides of the moles, this amount decreases. On the 15th October, 1868, out of the original total of 327,000 cubic yards of blocks required for the construction of these moles, 310,936 cubic yards had been placed in position. The depth of water is now 30 feet at the entrance to the port, and eventually the whole of this area, and the various basins (except one reserved for the Company's floating matériel, which only require 19 feet of water) will have a uniform depth of 26 feet; in many portions this has already been attained.

The port will be large and commodious, with well-constructed basins, quays, and wharves—indeed, all requisites for shipping accommodation on a large scale. Excepting on account of the low coast-line—and this applies equally to Alexandria—the port is not a difficult one for vessels to make. The moles by day, and

the lighthouse at night, are visible at a distance of eleven or twelve miles. The Company has just been authorised to undertake the construction of three lighthouses, one at Port Saïd (at the end of the western mole), one at Burlos, and one at Damietta. The sum of £54,000, which they are estimated to cost, will be paid by the Egyptian Government. It will probably also be found advisable to construct a lighthouse to the eastward of the port. Eight lines of steam companies have already established regular communication with this port. Of these, the most important are the Messageries Impériales, Marc Frassinot de Marseilles, Austrian Lloyd's, and a Russian, an Italian, and an Egyptian company. In the ten months between June, 1867, and April, 1868, one thousand vessels entered the port, representing a total capacity of 232,072 tons, or an average of 635 tons a day. Of this total 89,500 tons were French, the remainder under sixteen different flags. Probably a considerable portion of this tonnage was in connection with the Company's works, such as the importation of machinery, matériel, and provisions for the workmen. Moreover, this total was exceptionally increased by the use made of this line of transit, during the Abyssinian war, for forwarding coal, corn, and forage. Twelve thousand tons of coals were floated into the Red Sea by this route for our transport service. There can, however, be no doubt that before long a very important trade will be carried on at this port; its position in the Mediterranean, as regards communication with the East, and the commodiousness of the harbour for all commercial purposes, are two of the principal advantages which it possesses.

Only a few years ago the site on which Port Saïd now stands was a spot whereon dwelt a few Arabs, who gained their livelihood as fishermen. On this there now stands a thriving town, containing 10,000 inhabitants.¹ When the engineers of the Company commenced operations on this narrow strip of sand, there was barely sufficient room to erect a few tents and sheds. At first, wooden houses, raised on piles, were constructed; and the dredgings from the harbour, and from the channel leading to the mouth of the canal, were employed for reclaiming and extending this sand-bank. The reclamation now represents an area of a thousand acres, part of which is taken up for the accommodation, required hereafter, for vessels passing through the canal, and a considerable portion is occupied by the Company for their dépôts of machinery and numerous workshops. The town is regularly laid out in squares and streets; many of the

(1) The population drawn together along the line of canal was 10,500 in 1866, 25,770 in 1866, and 34,251 in 1867. Of the latter number, 16,000 were Europeans, and 18,000 *indigènes*. The rate of mortality is remarkably low, standing as it did in 1868, at 1.41 for the European community, and 1.64 for the *indigènes*.

houses are of wood. There are also churches, mosques, hospitals—indeed, all the adjuncts of a thriving sea-port town. already see at Port Saïd the *Sœurs de Charité*, whose unassuming zeal and devotion to good and useful works are employed in ministering to the wants of the patients in the hospitals, and to the education of the children in this large French colony. In its early days the town had to be supplied with provisions, fuel, and even water from Damietta, a distance of thirty-five miles; but at the present time Port Saïd, and all the stations on the line of the maritime canal north of Ismaïlia, obtain their fresh-water supply from the canal near that town. This is accomplished by means of a 50-horse power engine, which forces the water through two pipes to the north extremity of the canal.

When the works were commenced, one of the great difficulties was this want of water fit for drinking; and this rendered the construction of the fresh-water canal to Ismaïlia of the greatest importance as a preliminary step to commencing on an extensive scale of works of the maritime canal. This part of the scheme the Egyptian Government had agreed, so early as 1856, to execute with delay: nevertheless, M. de Lesseps found that, if it was to be made within any reasonable period, the execution of it must devolve on the Company. Meanwhile the water required for the labourers had to be conveyed on camels and donkeys from the Nile, three thousand animals being thus employed. In consequence, they at once commenced this work, and the Egyptian Government purchased it, when completed, from the Company for £400,000; at the same time binding itself by contract to maintain it in the following proportions—width twenty-six feet, and depth four feet. In case they fail in this, the Company have the power of carrying out the requisite repairs and dredgings, and of charging the Egyptian Government with the cost. We shall again refer to this canal when we have arrived at Ismaïlia, the point where it has been brought from the Nile by a channel excavated at right angles to the maritime canal.

It says much for the enterprising energy of M. Borel de Lavallay, the chief contractors for the whole of the canal portion of the works, that, labouring under great disadvantages at first, for space for their workshops, building yards, and machine depôts, they have succeeded in inventing and bringing into general use, the most powerful dredging machinery ever known. To M. Lavallay is due the credit of having invented the greater part of this machinery, which, by enabling the Company to substitute steam power, in so great a measure, for manual labour, has not only hastened the completion of the canal, but has at the same time tended to reduce the expenditure on the works. Had it not been for

withdrawal of the *fellah* clause, on which the engineers had at first relied, it is probable that many of these useful machines would not have been invented. The principal machinery in use consists of large dredgers, with iron buckets fastened to an endless chain, revolving over two drums—one at the end of a long movable arm, to regulate the depth at which the scoops are to dredge, the other at the top of a strong iron framework which rests on the hull of the machine. These dredgers vary in size, according to the work for which they are required, and the ulterior disposal of the dredgings. Those more recently constructed are much larger and more powerful than those at first employed. The lesser ones are 15-horse power; there is also an intermediate size; and then follow the largest machines of 75-horse power, 110 feet in length, with 27 feet beam, and having their drums 48 feet above the water-line. The cost of these is £20,000 each. If the dredgings are required, as at Port Saïd, for reclaiming land, or for making concrete blocks, when raised from the water they are made to fall into large boxes, having a capacity of 4 cubic yards. Seven of these fit into a barge, which is moored under the spout of the dredge. When all are filled, the barge is floated under a steam crane, by which the boxes are lifted out and placed on trucks, running on tramways. On arriving at their destination, one end of these boxes opens on hinges, and the contents are thus readily deposited. The greater portion of the Port Saïd dredgings are, however, conveyed in large sea-going barges (twin screws, of 30-horse power) some four or five miles out to sea, and there dropped into deep water. These barges are 140 feet long, with a beam of 23 feet. The dredgings are discharged by means of twelve trap-doors, at the bottom of the barge, the opening and closing of these being regulated by chains. These barges are in use in the ports, and in some of the lakes; but a large proportion of the dredgings is discharged from the machines into either an apparatus which has been named the *long couloir* (long duct), or into the *élévateur* (elevating duct).

These two machines have been successively introduced for facilitating the disposal of the excavated soil. As soon as the present contractors undertook the work in 1865, up to which date comparatively little had been accomplished, the magnitude of the enterprise would seem at once to have determined them to avail themselves of the only mode by which it could have been successfully accomplished within the stated time, namely, by the application of mechanical power on a scale hitherto unknown in any single undertaking, but in this case, only proportionate to the results necessary to be obtained. One of the most important machines is the *long couloir*. These *couloirs* vary in length, the longest being about 75 yards. Their shape is that of a semi-ellipse, 5 feet wide and 2 feet deep. They

are supported by a tall iron framework, resting on the deck of a barge, 96 feet long by 28 feet beam, and drawing 6 feet of water. The slope of the duct is inclined according to circumstances. The dredgings, when dropped into the elevated end of the long duct, are assisted in their downward progress by a strong current of water, which is supplied by a rotatory pump, worked by a separate engine. In addition to this, when the dredgings are found to be of an excessively tenacious nature, *balayeurs* (scrapers or sweepers) are employed. This apparatus consists in an endless chain, which is made to pass along the centre of the *couloir*; on this scrapers are fixed at intervals, fitting the shape of the *couloir*. The dredgings are acted on by these much in the same manner as the floats of a paddle act on water. With the assistance thus given, and the current of water, the *long couloirs* can deliver their dredgings almost on the horizontal line. This application of water-power has proved a most useful adaptation to the general requirements for the disposal of the dredgings, and has amply compensated for the slight extra expenditure which it at first entailed. Besides facilitating the discharge of the dredgings from the lighters, when thus reduced to a semi-liquid condition, it also, in a great measure, prevents the soil from sticking in the joints of the trap-doors, which necessarily fit with great nicety. Another most useful result is that it causes the dredgings to spread themselves over a more extended surface, and in consequence it settles down firmly, and at a low angle. The longest *couloirs* are used with the largest class of dredging machine. The upper end is then about 12 yards, and the lower about 6 yards, above the water-line: thus easily clearing the low banks previously formed by the smaller dredgers, when excavating the channels in which these large machines are intended to work. The float, which supports the *long couloir*, is fastened by chains to the hull of the dredger. By this means the direction of discharge, as also its distance from the bank, can be readily altered. With the aid of a *long couloir*, a dredger can work in the centre of the canal; and by one movement the dredgings are deposited at a considerable distance beyond the water-line, on either side, as may be required.

The shorter *couloirs* are placed on the dredging machine itself, and are balanced by a counterpoise on the opposite sides. In situations where the advanced stage of the works brings the dredgers too far below the summit level of the embankments to render the *couloir* any longer available, the *élévateur* is introduced. This machine somewhat resembles in principle the one just described, but the inclination of the plane is in the opposite direction—that is to say, upwards, instead of downwards. This duct consists of an inclined plane, about 52 yards long, and carrying two lines of tram rail. The inclination is 1 in 4, and it is supported in the middle by an iron

frame, which rests on a carriage, running on rails laid for the purpose, along the bank of the canal, at an elevation of 6 feet above the water-line. The lower end of the *élévateur* reaches over the water, where it is again supported on a steam float. When this machine is at work, the lower extremity of the duct is 3 yards above the water; whereas the upper end is about 52 yards distant, with an elevation of 12 yards, thus reaching over the embankments. A lighter, containing seven boxes of dredgings, is floated under the lower extremity of the *élévateur*. Each box is raised in succession on to a truck by an endless steel-wire rope, which is adjusted in a few seconds, and it then travels to the upper end of the incline. On reaching this point the box swings vertically, when, by a self-acting contrivance, the door opens, and the contents are thus completely emptied. The empty box then runs down, suspended by its hook and chain, on the under side of the line of tram rails, which it previously traversed on its upward course.

On such parts of the work as are being carried out, either by manual labour or by any other means, where the water is not as yet introduced, there are about twenty inclined planes. In these tramways are laid along the bottom of the cutting, or rather valleys, as these deep excavations through the plateaux might more appropriately be called. Mule-trucks convey the excavated soil to the foot of the incline, whence they are run up by an endless rope, worked by an engine which is stationed at the head of the incline. As the laden truck ascends, an empty one descends to the foot of the incline, where a team of mules is in readiness to run it back to the point of excavation.

On the 15th of October, 1868, out of the original total to be excavated and dredged, of 96,938,066 cubic yards, there remained 29,775,850 cubic yards to complete the undertaking. The present monthly out-turn of the dredging machines insures the completion of the canal by the time named by the engineers and contractors—namely, the 1st of October, 1869. The monthly capacity of the machinery—which is equal to that of 10 to 12,000 horse power—and the results obtained by the inclined planes and manual labour, are seen in the following return:—¹

8 <i>élévateurs</i> , at 19,620 cubic yards each	156,960
22 <i>à long couloir</i> , at 52,321 cubic yards each	1,151,162
30 with lighters, at 26,160 cubic yards each	784,800
22 inclined planes, at 7,848 cubic yards each	172,646
7,600 workmen ²	457,807
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Monthly total	2,723,375

(1) The cost of the machinery has been £2,400,000.

(2) This number is constantly varying. On the 15th of October, 1868, there were 16,850 employed.

In the above, no allowance has been made for the night-work that is now being carried on by all the dredgers *à long couloir*. From the 15th of June to the 15th of July a single one of these gave the enormous out-turn of 106,000 cubic yards; and for the month commencing on the 15th of July and ending the 15th of August, the total result obtained was 2,763,000. Since then each month's out-turn has averaged about this amount.

Lately, on his return from Egypt, M. de Lesseps, when lecturing on the condition of the works which he had just visited, in alluding to the result of one month's work, from the 15th of July to the 15th of August, said :—

“I daresay few amongst you realise what is represented by this enormous quantity of excavation. Were this placed in the Place Vendôme, it would fill the whole square, and would be five times the height of the houses; or, laid out between the Arc de Triomphe, and the Place de la Concorde, it would cover the entire length and breadth of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, while reaching to the height of the trees on either side, a distance equal to a mile and a quarter.”

In comparing this with other extensive dredging operations, he also stated that in dredging the Clyde it took twenty-one years to accomplish three-and-a-half times the amount which the Company now execute in one month; and that at Toulon, about the same result as in dredging the Clyde was obtained in nine years.

In the next Number we purpose to give a detailed account of the progress made with the various sections of the work between Port Saïd and Suez.

J. CLERK.

MR. GLADSTONE'S WORK IN FINANCE.

THERE is a universal agreement of opinion that Mr. Gladstone's strength is finance. Those who dispute his capacity in other respects allow that figures steady him, and his achievements in this field have been the principal boast of his admirers. Until lately, indeed, it might be said, there was little else to boast of; Mr. Gladstone's career had been otherwise mainly interesting as a psychological study, exhibiting the process by which a peculiar mind, starting with a false appreciation of the tendencies of the time, and imbued with notions of a theological cast, has gradually harmonised itself with these tendencies, and discarded theological conceptions in the domain of politics. Because, then, Mr. Gladstone is so prominent, and his repute is so largely due to success in one department of politics, an inquiry into what his work here has been, without embracing his whole career, may be more than justified. This would be the case altogether apart from his recent accession to the premiership. No doubt the past history of any premier, the predilections he has manifested, and his success, or supposed success in a particular department, are likely to throw light on his future policy. But it is enough to know that Mr. Gladstone, as a prominent party leader, is mainly praised for his finance—has his achievements here put forward as a main reason for supporting him. This fact alone proves that the work is considered of a vitally important character, intimately concerned with the business of politicians in the present time. By studying Mr. Gladstone's finance we are likely to get light on some of the most important problems which our public men have to solve,—unless it should prove, what we find is not the case, that great achievements in finance, of the kind so much praised, are no longer possible. It will be said, perhaps, that the subject is familiar enough—Mr. Gladstone and his financial deeds have been in all the papers these many years. But common as is the talk of Mr. Gladstone's finance, it may be doubted how far it is really known. A generation has grown up which knows not Mr. Gladstone directly, or the work that he has done—to whom his great budgets are matters of history quite as much as the Reform Bill of 1832, or the dreary politics which preceded it from 1815 downwards. There are plenty of men among us who have lived through the whole period, but the last events are almost as unknown as the first to those who were at school during the Crimean war, or have graduated since 1860, but who will henceforth have their share in the politics of the future. On this account it may be useful to resume questions and arguments which may to some be stale and commonplace, and mark out the outlines.

of a period from which the present has been developed. Perhaps those who are older may not wholly lose by looking broadly at the past. A deliberate retrospect may remove or modify the partial impressions of the hour—may show what was essential and permanent, what are probably, therefore, the strongest influences in the times which are beginning.

The talk is of finance, but the fact which meets us at the threshold is the secondary place of what passes by that name in the financial record of this country during recent years—that is to say, since 1842. The ordinary understanding of a financier's duty—and usually the correct understanding—is, that he is to find ways and means for expenditure, and maintain the credit of his Government. With the expenditure itself it is not supposed he has much to do, except that having to furnish the means he is expected to criticise it closely, and reduce the bill if he can. What he must know is the way to borrow cheaply, or to raise a revenue with the minimum of resistance. The unpardonable sin is not the infliction or maintenance of bad taxes, but the failure to find the money. The history of States, as a rule, has shown Governments spending up to the limit of their means, the limit of what could be screwed out of their subjects; and books on taxation bear curious witness to the anxiety of the problem—how to find a new instrument of raising the wind. There is nothing, says Adam Smith, which Governments have been so ready to borrow of each other as a new tax. The most important financial exploits on record have likewise been those of financiers, such as the younger Pitt, in the conduct of a great war. To keep the stream of expenditure flowing, without totally exhausting the nation, and to devise a new expedient with every fresh strain on the national resources, were the tasks that had procured most renown. But the problems of recent years have been of a different order—a different exercise of ingenuity has been required. The conditions have been wholly changed. The experiment of free trade, so much recommended as it was in order to improve the revenue, had other relations as important, or more important, to the general welfare of the country. Whether the experiment was worth trying for the good of the country, and how to find the means of trying it, became the financier's questions. But the necessity of looking so much more to the general welfare of the country is not the only change. What must besides be taken into account is the marvellous and unprecedented increase of the national wealth in the course of a very few years—an increase which apparently has not yet approached a permanent check. The aggregate income of the nation has probably been doubled within the last thirty years; the taxable income of the country must have increased in much greater proportion. To maintain in such circumstances an equilibrium between State income and expenditure became so easy a task that, if that were all, a financier might fold his

hands. But the overflow of means beyond all former precedent, as soon as it began to be felt, could not but impose new duties. Among these a financier of the old school would hardly have thought of aught else but the wholesale reduction of taxation, and the improvement of the national credit by the diminution of debt, or the accumulation of a "reserve,"—the steps which are suggested at the close of a great war, when the diminution of the demands on the Exchequer produces a similar abundance. But much else was to be thought of. The signal growth of wealth if it had preceded, instead of succeeding, the commencement of free-trade legislation, should itself have suggested the revisal of a scheme of taxation handed down from other times. Happening as it did, it furnished another reason for carrying on the work begun, for making the revision complete, and thus enlarging the cause which had assisted so much in producing this very effect. All the reasons for continuing the experiment were reinforced by the initial success. Whether at the time the idea of that success was not much exaggerated is not now in question. In any other circumstances commerce and industry might not have flourished as they actually did after free-trade measures; there might have been an advance to prosperity, although not the same brilliant prosperity, without any such measures at all. Still the proofs are abundant that this new legislation had been a large part of the battle. Before 1842 the condition of the country was alarming, in a way we cannot easily imagine. Successive deficits in the revenue were but a feeble index to the complaints of suffering which arose from every quarter. The country was standing still, with a vast gulf between the rich and the poor, and political discontent assuming the most threatening forms. The visible beginning of a change was the free-trade experiment—the abolition of the burdens which those concerned at the time felt to be hindering their business. If other forces, such as railways and steam ships, came into play, and intensified the apparent effect, it is still true that there was an effect to be intensified, and that politicians had some excuse if they ascribed, perhaps, more than its fair share of the cause to what their own hands had wrought. It could not be a question, at least, that the work should be carried on which had assisted so beneficial an end—one of the effects being the supply of more means with which to carry it on. What remained for financiers to consider was the order of the subsequent steps, and how far the process should be carried.

The change suggested another problem of equal importance—the assistance to be given by finance in ameliorating the condition of the masses of the community. The whole tendency of the time is to bring this problem directly before statesmen and Parliaments; but the new increase of wealth, by raising the masses a little, by putting them on a better vantage-ground, by opening out for them new and unexpected vistas, has perhaps been more effectual than any

other single cause. The conception of a vast manufacturing community, well fed, and housed, and clothed, living in comfort—what would even have been thought affluence only a century ago—was hardly thought possible till people witnessed the growth of such a community almost before their eyes. But once made a possible, almost an actual, fact, the expediency of consulting this people's welfare, of giving them more chances, of making life richer and more enjoyable for them, became much less problematical than it had seemed even to very good men. Statesmen came under new obligations, and the idea forced on financiers, almost unconsciously, was that, instead of benefiting the masses merely by undoing still further an antique legislation, they could also add to their means by reducing the taxes which pressed on them. To distribute the accumulated wealth of the country more evenly, to cause it to be shared more and more largely by the mass—especially those who are just struggling out of the borders of pauperism—are objects of paramount importance, which might be worth, if need were, the weighting of the balance of taxation in favour of the poor. Whether their condition could not yet more be improved by the appropriation of the new wealth to the development for the general interest of the "monopolies of civilisation,"—whether financiers should not be prepared to find means for this sort of expenditure,—is equally a question which presses. To urge this earnestly may appear to some to be devotion to a not very high aim, but not to those who know what "wealth" for the poor means. Command of the means of enjoyment, is, in truth, the beginning of civilisation. The roughest navvies may gain little by the sudden possession of high wages, but the second generation of a highly-paid labouring class develops new tastes and gifts. Recent history has furnished too many illustrations of the fact to make it any longer doubtful. The increase of wealth in the possession of the mass of the community is therefore an aim of first importance. If a financier can accomplish it by reducing taxation, or by other means in his power, all his energies should be bent to the task.

What share, then, had Mr. Gladstone in the financial tasks of the period? in what direction will his future influence be bent? are the questions we have to answer. Glancing backwards, it is not difficult to see that all the problems stated have been solved, or many steps made towards solving them; and, whatever the criticism of detail, the respective merits of the financiers of the time can almost be measured by the bulk of their contributions to the work. Tried in this manner, Mr. Gladstone's contributions are confessedly the largest of the whole twenty-six years since 1842. All that is characteristic in the last sixteen is exclusively his. There have been other Chancellors of the Exchequer—Sir George Lewis, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Ward Hunt—but, as fortune or management would have it, they have contributed

almost nothing among them to the work of the period. Mr. Disraeli's insignificant contribution in the budget of 1867 is literally almost the only thing which Mr. Gladstone cannot claim. It is obvious, too, that a very large share of the work has been got into these sixteen years. Of the four great stages into which the whole period may be divided, two at least are included in the later time. To Sir Robert Peel belongs the first step in 1842, and the second step in 1845; but the stages of 1853 and 1860 were marked with equal distinctness, and were hardly of less importance. To take the test of the amount of taxation reduced, it appears that, in the years 1842-52, the balance of remission was £7,000,000, while in 1853-66 the balance is £13,000,000. This, too, was in spite of the fact that the expenditure in the former period was only between fifty and fifty-two millions; whereas in the latter period it has been between sixty-five and seventy. The proportionate merit of Mr. Gladstone is not so great as the figures show, because all our figures are now bigger, and the taxes reduced would not have been so productive, when they came to be reduced, but for Sir Robert Peel. They are proof, nevertheless, that a great deal was done; and when the details are looked at, the conclusion is not less unfavourable. To the first period necessarily belongs the redress of the worst evils in the old system—the abolition of export duties, of import duties on the raw material of manufacture, and of certain oppressive excise duties, such as that on glass; above all, the destruction of the corn-laws, with the reduction of duties on other articles of food. Still, how incomplete the work would have been without Mr. Gladstone's contribution. There were no export duties left for him to touch, but every other feature of Sir Robert Peel's work is found in his. The abolition of the excise on soap and on paper released two home industries of the first magnitude, and were quite as important measures in that kind as the repeal of the duty on glass. Mr. Gladstone, again, first reduced yet further the customs on articles of food, and finally abolished every duty of that kind, with the single exception of the shilling duty on corn. Sir Robert Peel, besides, only began the total abolition of duties, his main steps being merely to make reductions. Mr. Gladstone has swept the tariff clear, leaving only certain charges on great articles of consumption, with supporting duties on a few articles besides.

This is a fair account, so far, of the difference between the two periods—without any design, it may be added, to disparage the work of the first period for the sake of eulogising Mr. Gladstone. The measures of 1842 and 1845 have the merit of novelty, which, in a matter of this kind, far outweighs every other. They broke the spell of the old system, and gave the country, as it were, life from the dead: any fresh additions to that life are hardly to be compared. Still it is also just to see how large the additions were. Their full

effect is hardly perceived, because they came in the midst of abounding prosperity ; yet without them the new era would show fewer signs of an economic revolution. The occasional fits of languor would probably have been far more severe. Mr. Gladstone's share, however, appears the more important, if we consider that the later problems were almost exclusively his. They were all raised, more or less, in the earlier period. Even then the success of free trade had suggested the continuance of the work ; Mr. Gladstone was only one of many on whom the experiment made a deep impression. Even then the idea of relieving the burden of taxation so as to ameliorate directly the lot of the masses by taking less out of their pockets, as well as by lightening the springs of industry, had come into view. But the main work in that period before 1853 still was the relief of industry—the continuance of the free-trade experiment through its earlier stages. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, had to pursue the task through all the later and less obvious stages ; while, as he completed the task, the relief of the tax-paying masses came directly in his path. His work, on the whole, was one of greater complexity ; and where the indications were less sure, the personal merit of success was proportionately greater. Mistake in development was more easy than at the first start, when things were so bad that you could hardly shake off anything without doing infinite good. By the necessity of the case, too, he has had rather less popular support. He has not had the popular clamour to carry him through, which made some of the steps so easy to Sir Robert Peel after the first had been taken. He has been compelled to create an artificial intelligence, an artificial agitation, to supply the place of feelings his predecessor had at command. Add only one more difference. The one lever with which Sir Robert Peel wrought was the income-tax, to replace the revenue sacrificed until the natural process of recovery. Mr. Gladstone has devised more than one subsidiary aid, like the extension of the succession-duty to real and settled property, and the increase of the spirit-duties—processes which leave in his favour, as we have stated, the balance of remitted taxes, but which made a good deal easier the various steps in his progress. Of the same order of work, in a financial view, is the vigorous warfare he has waged from the beginning to the end of his career against the growth of expenditure—a warfare not required in the same degree before the Crimean time.

Little more need be said, perhaps, to show the extent of Mr. Gladstone's share in the finance of the period. But the fact that his period required so much management may need some explanation. It may not be plain at first sight that the questions were very difficult. There is a popular impression that the progressive increase in the revenue is the whole secret—when financiers have surpluses to give away, it is thought they cannot go far wrong. To remove

the impression, let us watch what the history has been, how little would have turned the scale.

In 1853 it was far from certain whether the mere work of relieving industry would be carried any further. The country already was feeling itself more prosperous, and although various taxes, such as the advertisement duty, were the subject of agitation, although the general sentiment was in this direction, yet there was no such strong body of opinion as would have forced things in the direction which Mr. Gladstone selected. On the other hand, there were various powerful circumstances tending to an opposite course. Thanks to its own demerits, and perhaps also to the ingenuity with which public men, not excepting Mr. Gladstone, had committed themselves to its condemnation, the income-tax was almost as good as doomed. The work bargained for when it was imposed had long since been performed, and the first thing desired was to be free of the burden. Proposals to renew it were unpopular; and just before, a committee which had been appointed to consider its reconstruction, had been unable to agree, while collecting a mass of evidence to prove its inequalities. At the same time, all the interests which had been deprived of protection were clamorous. The agricultural interest especially was eagerly demanding the transfer of local charges to the Consolidated Fund, and would have welcomed, above all things, a reduction of the malt-tax as a concession to its claims. A popular proposal talked of was a readjustment of the house-tax, which had been substituted for the window-duty, so as to make it fall on a lower class of houses. Thus it was quite possible in the circumstances of that time that, but for good guidance, these interests would have been heard above everything—that the income-tax would have been sacrificed gradually, without securing any more relief to trade (excepting the trade in malt), and that in a house-duty the lower-middle classes and the working classes would have had imposed on them a drawback on the reduction of the tea-duty, which was the only boon suggested for their benefit. All the while, too, though this could not be foreseen, the national expenditure was destined to rise to an unwonted height, partly in a great war, partly in the military excitement which that war nursed into new life all over Europe. Had no decisive remissions been made in 1853, had not the way to do so been discovered notwithstanding every obstacle, it is altogether doubtful when they would have been made—what agitations and controversies would have been necessary to effect them when the country, in the actual course of events, was pushing on to new conquests.

That the remissions took place—to the extent in money of more than £5,000,000—may be held in these circumstances to show that the financier who had the management of them had a true insight into the situation. The impression is more than confirmed by an examination

of the budget of 1853. The budget was a surprise to the Chancellor's contemporaries; but looked at closely, it rests upon the firm discernment of two points which ought to have been as clear to every one as they were to him, but were not, in fact, so clear. The first is the great value of the work of having set trade free. In their very prosperity people had forgotten it, so that the willingness to pay the price of the income-tax had died out. Mr. Gladstone only urged that what was good in 1842 and 1845 must be good in 1853, though the sharpness of the stimulus in the earlier years no longer existed. Such a position suggested as a natural corollary the continuance of the income-tax for the sake of further remissions—the great point at which Mr. Gladstone aimed. Although expenditure had not increased in the ten years as it afterwards did, it had still increased so far that the abolition of the income-tax was not so easily manageable as it was calculated it would have been. Its reduction could only take place gradually; and it was easy to argue that as the tax must at any rate remain, they might as well keep it at a higher amount than was absolutely necessary, and associate it with further remissions. This was the vital point of the budget, and made the subsidiary points more easy to handle, though, looking at the whole as a piece of persuasion, hardly anything was unimportant. The controversy about the inequalities of the income-tax was especially placed in an entirely new light. These inequalities were to be no worse than they had been, and as the practical difficulties in the way of its reconstruction were endless, and it was still to be only temporary and to do for the country the old work, there were good practical reasons for enduring it somewhat longer. It was, perhaps, more effective to remind people that, after all, those who were most hardly dealt with by the tax, who would have cause to grumble most, had really been direct gainers in money by the new legislation, as well as by the general improvement of the national industry. This was the Minister's justification for extending the tax to incomes under £150, by which its amount and effectiveness would be increased. The argument was special and narrow, but it reminded people in the most telling way of the nature of the new *régime*, and taught them not to calculate too nicely the price they were called on to pay. The idea of calling in new aids to help in the work—mainly, the extension of the succession-duty to real and settled property—was even more exclusively Mr. Gladstone's. A like proposal had not been made since the days of Mr. Pitt. Though it has not realised what was expected at the time, it has gradually become profitable, and has yielded assistance in the task of remission which is not to be despised. It was like the discovery of a national estate, which had been appropriated to their own use by the individuals of a favoured class, and it secured to the country for all purposes a source of revenue peculiarly unobjectionable. By directing attention

to new sources of income, Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly solved the problem of meeting the high expenditure of the years that were to come, without stopping the work of reform. Without such aids we should, perhaps, have been paying to this day a shilling income-tax, without the remissions which were contained in the latest budgets of the series.

The features of personal effort in the next great stage, that of 1860-66, are perhaps more difficult to make out. The start would seem to have been made amid the loud din of party wrangling about comparatively small points—objections to proceeding in the way of free trade by means of treaties; clamour about Coventry distress; and the woes of paper-makers subjected to foreign competition, while foreign nations were allowed to maintain their export duties on rags, so denying them perfectly free access to the raw material. It may well seem, in the midst of such wrangling, that there was no real controversy, and no real difficulty—that only some minor points of procedure had to be adjusted, so that no one financier could claim any particular credit. The perplexities of 1853, it is plain, had likewise come to an end. The agricultural and other interests were less clamorous, having survived the deluge, and found themselves more prosperous than ever. The inequalities of the income-tax were less talked about, either because of the circumstance so well known to economists, that taxes, the longer they continue, tend to adjust themselves; or because, being richer, people felt less the pinching of the tax. But the situation, when looked at, discloses great difficulties, which made the selection of the right path hardly a bit more easy than it had been in 1853. The danger caused by public indifference to the work of reform was now very marked. They were disposed to approve and acclaim another characteristic budget, but their hearts were not so set upon it as to compel Ministers to introduce such budgets, or make an Opposition forbearing and careful. Perhaps they thought themselves, in their prosperity, almost sure of such work. But the great danger of all, which threatened an indefinite postponement of the whole work, was undoubtedly the growth of expenditure. Between 1853 and 1860, the annual charge for the supply services had actually increased by the sum of £14,000,000—had increased, as Mr. Gladstone explained, at the rate of 58 per cent., while the wealth of the country had only increased at the rate of 16½ per cent. And there was no repugnance in the public mind towards almost any expenditure: that the country was rich, and could afford what it really wanted, was the new formula coming into vogue.

With such a condition of things, then, in 1860, the budgets of finance ministers were not likely, as a matter of course, to be progressive. The temptation must have been strong, with Palmerston in power, to let things slide. People would have been quite satis-

fied with a little effort to reduce the income-tax and the war-duties on tea and sugar, which had not yet been repealed, and there end. Here, then, was Mr. Gladstone's personal mark upon the time. He would not have it that the work should stop; but in spite of high expenditure, and the indifference of popular feeling, proposed changes of the very greatest magnitude—in fact, proposed, almost at once, to finish the work of the period. To carry out the French Treaty was itself a large work, involving the sacrifice of a considerable revenue by the lowering of the wine-duties, but to add on to it the repeal of the paper-duty, and of all duties on articles of food, except the shilling duty on corn, and the clearing away from the tariff of all the small burdens, was to show a new sense of the importance of the task. Mr. Gladstone, in short, was not satisfied with a small effort, but desired a remission which people would perceive, which would tell on commerce and industry. That he was right in his aim will surely not be doubted after the event; nor should it be doubted that by thus presenting the question, by showing the possibility of a great achievement, he created a new interest in the work which would not have been felt in piecemeal reductions. Good judges say that the French Treaty was enough; that the inauguration of free trade on the Continent was sufficient to mark a single great budget; and there was probably ample work, in passing it, in explaining how the treaty might yet be a free-trade one, although in form more suited to the days of protection—a topic, by the way, with which Mr. Gladstone had long before been familiarised when Sir Robert Peel's Government was vainly negotiating a very similar treaty. But judging by the event, it is difficult not to feel that the larger the work, the more beneficial it was likely to be in proportion, and that the excitement of interest required the very strongest stimulants. Perhaps in no other way could the income-tax have been maintained at a high figure, or a vantage-ground obtained for fighting expenditure, which last is perhaps the cardinal feature of Mr. Gladstone's latest policy. As it happened, his failure in this warfare made it very convenient, financially, that his repeal of the paper-duty was checked for a year by the action of the House of Lords; but any further failure would have been disastrous, and the following series of budgets would have been utterly impossible. The figures have lately been discussed *ad nauseam*, but it is not possible to go outside the fact, that but for the reduction of expenditure from £69,502,000 in 1860, and £72,792,000 in 1861, to £65,914,000 in 1866, the whole process of that time—the gradual diminution of the income-tax and tea-duties, and smaller reliefs to industry, the clearing off of the remnants of the great work—must have come to an end. In the latter years, it seems plain, Mr. Gladstone was preparing another great *coup*: the income-tax was left at the

manageable rate of 4*d.* in the pound, while the revenue for the year 1866-67 showed a surplus of about £2,700,000 on an expenditure of £66,780,000. Had the same management continued, the year 1867 might well have been the era of another great budget, in which the alternative would have been, more distinctly than at any period since 1842, the laying of the income-tax on the shelf—but this time a light income-tax—or the continuance, if there was room for it, of the work of invigorating the industry of the country, or ameliorating the lot of its masses. This was the fruit of keeping expenditure down, whatever damage, in the shape of insecurity or inefficient services, may have been the consequence. In a financial view, the success was complete enough, and it was got by following a path which was far from patent.

Mr. Gladstone, in another way, has shown in this later period his discernment of what is required by proposing to tax the charities—a measure which, in addition to its other merits, would have added to the fund by which the general work of remission might be carried on. He failed to carry it as he had carried the succession-duty on real property in 1853. The attempt, nevertheless, proved how strenuously he was fighting for the sake of those measures of finance by which the country has prospered so much.

It hardly comes within my plan to criticise in detail Mr. Gladstone's qualities as a financier; but before glancing at the work of the future, and the probable direction of his influence, it may be useful to look at him personally, and point out in one or two important particulars his strength and his weakness. What is the main secret of his splendid success? As far as reputation goes, I believe the impression is that even in finance, what has made him successful and popular is his oratorical power. People look to his budget speeches, remember their startling effects, have been moved by stirring pictures and comparisons to take an interest in subjects which, as usually treated, are repugnant. But for his oratorical art, it is hardly to be questioned, he would not have created that artificial intelligence which was essential to success. Looking back on the whole series of his speeches, however, it is not this power which strikes the reader most. One is sure to find, indeed, not a few faults in taste, and very often a defective exposition. In his last budget speech, for instance, an impressive statement as to the danger of a load of debt, and our duty to discharge it before the exhaustion of the coal-fields, is merely the preface to a scheme on the paltriest scale by which this duty was to be discharged. Defects of this kind are apt to spoil the appreciation of harangues which can hardly be understood without a feeling of the whole circumstances, not afterwards easy to supply. But what begins to be clear is something not so obvious to those who listened to the speeches at the time—who had almost forgotten one before they heard another. This is

the continuity of the orator's own mind, his firm grasp of certain leading ideas of which every new speech is only an application. We see this conspicuously in his notion about checking expenditure. There is hardly one of his great financial efforts in which he does not recur to the theme—his whole financial theory being plainly coloured with a passion against the waste of money, with which experience has taught him to identify almost any Government expenditure. The cry, he has lately said, is always for more efficiency; but he had found that when any money was granted, the cry was as loud as ever. Perhaps more conspicuous still is his impression of the power of free trade. The salient fact he got hold of from the first was the multiplication of the means of employment by taking off artificial restrictions. Long before his first great budget, while he was at the Board of Trade under Sir Robert Peel's Government, we find him making numerous proposals, of which this was the theme; as, for instance, in a remarkable speech on abolishing the prohibition of the export of machinery. Even in defending the corn-laws, he assumes that the prospect of increased employment for the people is an irrefragable reason for their abolition—only they must beware of giving too great a shock to old arrangements, and suddenly throwing people out of work. The changes are rung on these phrases almost to the last. The invigoration of trade and commerce, the lightening of the springs of industry, are much in his mind even when proposing the reduction of tea-duties, by which money would be put directly into the pockets of the poor. If Mr. Gladstone has changed his financial opinions at all, it is on such a matter as the income-tax. It has been a gradual or cyclical change. As the experiment proceeded, he has come to appreciate more and more its merits as an engine of fiscal reform, though perhaps, also, the circumstances have changed—the increased expenditure upsetting all the calculations by which the tax would have been temporary, and yet every existing benefit secured. Change of this kind is plainly not inconsistent with the utmost firmness and continuity which characterise a sure-judging mind. To this quality I would attribute in the highest degree Mr. Gladstone's success. The power to persuade others was a valuable gift, but in scientific questions—and finance is scientific, or it is nothing—it is essential to be right in fact. Mr. Gladstone understood at a very early period, and in all its thoroughness, the meaning of the work to be done, and hence the steadiness of his aim. At the same time, in other matters besides the income-tax, he has not been insensible to the teaching of events. He did not anticipate the overflow of prosperity which has marked the time. Free-trade measures, it should not be forgotten, were rather promoted at first to keep England from decaying altogether. But as the prosperity advanced, he has continued to enlarge on the duty and necessity of ameliorating the lot of the masses—of

keeping this, likewise, as an aim constantly to be cherished. That this sure-judging mind is commonplace and average in its sympathies, always looking at the things as they can be presented to a popular audience such as Parliament really is, narrows its range of action very much, but that is only saying that the defect is inherent in the very qualities by which the success has been gained.

Were this the only great quality in Mr. Gladstone as a financier, there would be some cause to wonder at the excuse he has given for applying to his finance the epithets, adventurous and crotchety. It is a remarkable alliance with love of subtlety and detail, and with abounding activity and energy, which has introduced into Gladstonian budgets those brilliant devices from which common people are apt to revolt. But Mr. Gladstone, with all his foundation of commonplaceness and steady popular judgment, would yet have been very little in finance without his love of detail and wonderful knowledge of expedients. To a very large extent this only means that he has the enthusiasm of his occupation. People succeed in nothing unless they give their days and nights to it, and Mr. Gladstone has given to finance the sweat and toil of many years of his life. By dint of much study he has acquired a genuine love of the niceties of the malt-tax credits, the alcoholic test in the wine-duties, the effect of an extra Sunday in a year diminishing, and an extra day in leap-year increasing, the amount of revenue, and the infinitely complex problems which are bound up with sugar. He had a real intellectual pleasure in inventing and explaining that intricate operation B in the Terminable Annuities Bill of three years ago. The singularity is, that people rather like in him an exposition of minute detail which hardly another financier could make tolerable. The net result is, that he is what may be termed *rusé* in finance—never without resource at any crisis. The abundance of expedients, and his audacity, have damaged him in the past, but would hardly have done so if full justice had been done to the solid qualities in which, after all, they had their root.

Mr. Gladstone, nevertheless, has committed many financial sins. Trying so many ingenious schemes, he could not but fail in some; as he failed with the plan for converting the debt, and so reducing the interest, in his budget of 1853, and as he failed on a smaller scale with the stamp on shipping forms, which he expected to parallel his successful penny stamp on receipts. Perhaps, too, he owes to the want of pliancy in his nature a certain capacity of provoking and stimulating opposition. The proposal to tax the charities in 1863 was pushed on with too much haste and vehemence; not even Mr. Gladstone could bring all the world to see at once the force of that logic by which the conclusion in his own mind was slowly built up. On one occasion, too—in 1860—his haste and vehemence led him to make arrangements which would have landed him in a huge

deficit, and possibly damaged irretrievably his financial repute. The primary duty of financiers, though it has been dwarfed by other considerations, cannot wholly sink into abeyance, and a great gulf between expenditure and income would not have been forgiven. In fairness, however, it must be allowed, Mr. Gladstone was at least conscious of the risk, and was only more passionately bent than others on the remissions he was effecting. As we could hardly have had the work done at all without him, the error is comparatively venial. It is, perhaps, a graver fault that on the question of expenditure his teaching and preaching have been too one-sided. He has taken a somewhat narrow view, with the obstinacy of his nature, and harped upon that—very effectively, no doubt, but not with the effect a fuller exposition would have had. It is not the whole truth about expenditure that it is to be discussed as a natural evil, which financiers must league themselves with such allies as they can get to keep under. Nor can any certain measure of expenditure be found in a comparison between one period and another. In addition to what he has done beyond pointing out the importance of a nation setting a scale for itself, and comparing always the price it pays in taxation with what it gets in money spent, Mr. Gladstone would have done well to examine directly the services to which the money is applied. The exposure of inefficiency and waste, of the multitude of useless objects which are sought after, would have been worth a great many speeches in the air, which left behind a vague doubt whether there was not something right on the other side—whether, with all its inconveniences, the high expenditure had not some excuse. Direct teaching by the highest financial authorities on the principles of military and naval expenditure is really a good deal required; and Mr. Gladstone, if some critics are right, might only too easily have shown how all the efficiency talked of, or even more real efficiency, might have been gained at less cost.

Imperfect as this survey has been, it may not be impossible to derive from it some clue to the future. The general features of the situation, it will be evident, are substantially the same. If we have no longer to do with the extension of a free-trade policy, our revenue being derived from no protective duties, and our tariff being so contrived as to yield a large revenue with the least possible injury to trade, and the least trouble to the tax-payer, we have still the main condition of all—the rapid increase in the national wealth and the elasticity of the revenue. The present temporary arrest of our progress—if, indeed, there has been any real arrest—does not alter the general set of the current, which begins once more to flow in the old direction. We may fairly count on the revival of prosperity for an indefinite period to come, just because labour grows daily more intelligent and effective, and mechanical agencies are continually multiplied. A financier may safely count on a return to nearly the old average of

one and three-quarter millions increase in the year. Such a fact must furnish ever-new opportunities of great budgets, and would have furnished an opportunity two years since had there been any one to seize it, or had the country not been occupied with other matters. The opportunity may at once be made by reducing expenditure to the level at which it stood when that opportunity arose, and trusting to the immediate revival of the revenue. But without any such effort—by merely keeping things as they are, or reducing a very little—any Government may easily have the chance of continuing the work. Is it worth continuing; or are there any counter-schemes to make the finance of the new period altogether novel?

Looking at the past, there is hardly a doubt as to what the action of financiers should be, or as to the line of action Mr. Gladstone would recommend. There is still much in a financier's power towards ameliorating the lot of the masses. The duty on corn, the taxes on locomotion, not a few of the stamp-duties, the fire-insurance tax, the tea and sugar duties, are all burdens whose abolition would benefit the country, and for the most part put money directly into the pockets of the poor. So long as taxes of this kind remain, and the wealth of the country grows as it has done, it will be the business of financiers to give people the benefit of the facts. That taxation may rapidly be made much less burdensome than it is should be the guide of their action. The objection may be urged that people would really gain more by a more judicious expenditure—as on education and other things which are now starved. But sudden expenditure on a large scale, even for the best of objects, is not likely to be productive—is not likely in this country to be tried; so that finance ministers may remain at ease notwithstanding this contingency. They need not apprehend any expense to swamp their budgets if there is any decent management, procuring for the country all the real benefit it can gain. The most extravagant could hardly pretend that the new things wanted will cost the country an increasing amount of nearly two millions a year, which would be necessary to keep pace with the increasing growth of revenue. Others, however, will say that attention should exclusively be given, for a long time to come, to the diminution of the debt. But this purpose ought surely to be compatible with very large remissions of taxation, as it was, in point of fact, during Mr. Gladstone's last period. To divide the work would be a very fair arrangement, applying equal sums to the remission of taxation and the reduction of debt—an arrangement which has this advantage, that every diminution of the debt lessens the annual charge, and so increases the surpluses that future Chancellors of the Exchequer may expect to give away. How much may be done in this direction is perhaps not well understood. But two facts may set it in a proper light. One is that during the last fifty years the capital of the debt has been reduced by a hundred millions.

During the next fifty, if we only have a similar period of broken peace, we should, if we do as well as the last two generations, reduce the debt by three hundred millions. Our taxable income is three times greater than it was in 1815, and we should be capable of thrice the effort. The other fact is, what might have been during the last sixteen years if the growth of expenditure had been checked with firmer hand. Long before this the free breakfast-table, which Mr. Bright has imagined, might have been enjoyed, and the capital of the debt still farther reduced. If we choose to stand still, and devote all our surpluses with accumulations to paying off debt, we might accomplish as much in the next ten as we have done in the last fifty years. Of course, all this must be written barring accidents, but it proves the measure of the nation's ability ; and, much as may be allowed beforehand for accidents, it is hardly wise to forget a high aim altogether, merely because an undefined worst may happen. The facts show, however, that even a great disaster—a war on the largest scale—might occur without arresting for a long time the work of financial reform. It is surely, then, the more allowable to look forward to a better future for our masses, for better conditions of existence so far as the State can make them better, than these now enjoy. Not only might there be a free breakfast-table, but, better still, it should be possible in a very near future to make England a free port, except for spirits and tobacco, without entertaining any grand scheme of direct taxation. Of course so much will not be done without raising the question of equalising taxation upon the various classes of the community—a question which the working classes will *not* lose by having raised ; but if it is possible to do so much, the worst difficulties of the question may be evaded. With the income-tax at a vanishing point, if not quite abolished, the richest classes could hardly complain of others gaining rather more than they do by the wholesale remissions of taxation which common prosperity has made possible.

Of course the financial work of the next few years will include much more than this. The succession-duty may be further extended, the charities taxed, and many more expedients tried. There are points without number for financial ingenuity, and in a Government of his own, Mr. Gladstone may be expected to aid with all the suggestions his experience and study have furnished. Above all is the question of extending the principle which has been called in to sanction the purchase of the telegraphs. Here, too, much might be said to show how well disposed Mr. Gladstone will be to venture farther in this direction—to acquire the railway monopoly, and work it for the benefit of the whole community. This will be the introduction of some novelty in finance, as the State may lose or gain, financially, by the experiment, though the community can only gain ; but it does not seriously affect the prospect of direct financial benefit through the continuance of the work of reform in its recent groove.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

GRAFFITI D'ITALIA. By W. W. STORY. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1868. 7s. 6d.

DURING the last thirty years men of science have been notably active in accumulating results such as have gone far to constitute a definite and invaluable science of psychology: year after year has seen some pinnacle or bastion added to the great edifice, and year after year the admitted importance of this branch of physiology has increased. Nowhere has the movement been more vigorously forwarded than in England, and in no other country is there so able an array of really scientific psychologists. This being the case, it would be strange if there were no corresponding movement in the world of art—science and art being as they are so much more intimately connected than a mere superficial view of them would lead one to suppose. For the artistic equivalent of this scientific movement we should naturally look first to the head of the arts: nor will he who looks there be disappointed. Whoever has followed out the history of poetry during the last thirty years must have observed a great change in the subjects selected for treatment, as well as in the manner of treating them. The entity “nature,” which before the present era of poetry absorbed so large a proportion of our esthetic energies, has in its turn been absorbed by the real being, man; and the great bulk of poetic force is now brought to bear on the treatment of man, and of man alone—for whatever our poets now find to say about inanimate nature is not of an apostrophic kind, but of an order having reference to nature merely in its bearings on man.

Under these auspices, the Psychological School of Poetry has been forming; and it is still forming, for a school of poetry does not spring up and become full-blown without ample time. Hitherto the school has consisted of one master, who has been entirely devoted to the treatment of psychological subjects, and of the dispersed results of that master's influence traceable in the works of many younger or lesser poets. That master is Browning; and it is his very devotion to a pure method—his entire abstinence from all attempt to popularise his thoughts—that has kept him up to the present time so far behind Tennyson in numerical circulation. Tennyson has followed the psychological method only so far as it could be used without going into subjects which the popular voice would condemn as too abstruse or too unbeautiful for poetry; and he has also given himself to the formation of an idyllic school of poetry—a school much more widely acceptable, because more easily intelligible. But when the laureate has taken up subjects psychologically, he has produced admirable results—especially in the case of “Maud,” which, accordingly, is the least popular of all his works, though perhaps the greatest in execution.

Browning has applied the psychological principle both to the drama and to lyrical poetry; but his chief innovation has been in the construction of pieces which cannot with propriety be called lyrics, though often lyrical in metre. It would be untimely now to enter upon the dramatic application of the principle, as it is with the other applications that we are at present concerned. In the domain of lyric poetry proper the principal innovation consists

in the confining of poetry entirely to the motions of the human soul, and treating these with an unprecedented minuteness and carefulness of analysis, and with a special attention to the adaptation of metre and rhythm to the exigencies of each subject. In the longer pieces, which are written in lyrical metres, or blank verse, according to the subject, there is a large and what may be called dramatic use of the monologue form. In each monologue some particular point of interest in the history of a human soul is taken up. The soul, whether historical or fictitious, generally speaks for itself all that is spoken—the artist invariably refraining from any appearance as a spokesman. In the course of the monologue all circumstances in the past development of the soul which are available for illuminating the present point are brought out, and the present and past action of other human beings on the speaker is indicated either by detail on the speaker's part, or by some such artifice as a sudden change in the tone of the monologue, from which we learn that the person addressed has said or done something; and sometimes the whole expression of the actual speaker is devoted to the analysis of another soul—the idealised reproduction of another character, or set of mental phenomena. This method, of course, affords a great compactness and symmetry to the series of circumstances relating to the particular mind under treatment; and the attention of the reader is to a large extent concentrated on that one soul, though it is quite possible to treat a plurality of souls ably in one monologue. Now, although the influence of Browning's method may be clearly enough discerned in many collections of contemporary poems, there has not until now been any compact and decided outcome of this psychological tendency over and above the magnificent works of the great master himself.

Those who have known that the hand which chiselled the "Cleopatra" of the 1862 Exhibition, and wrote "Roba di Roma," has also been for some years past contributing poems to sundry magazines, must have read those poems with considerable interest as they appeared from time to time; and whoever read Mr. Story's "Primitive Christian in Rome," published in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1866, must have been struck at once with the ability of that poem as a product of the psychological method employed by Browning. So able was that piece that it was evident that the author was no novice, though it was just as evident that he was not a poet of the *first* water. The poem lacked music more than anything else; but even in that it was not glaringly deficient; and, at the same time, it was so well thought out, the historic situation as well as the attitude of the speaker's mind were so well rounded off to an issue, that it was impossible not to be interested to know what hoard of such wares the author was saving up. Here at last is his book; and excessively interesting will it be found to all who care for anything more than mere jingle or "sentiment" in poetry.

The largest piece in the book—the piece, too, which is placed first—is entitled "Ginevra da Siena." It is a very elaborate monologue, and the author has not displayed in it that reticence of descriptiveness and of violent action that a contemplative mind finds abundantly to praise in Browning's large monologues—which are devoted with far greater unity of purpose to the exposition of mental phenomena, both intellectual and emotional. Some of his earlier productions of this class—some few pieces which he now calls *dramatic romances* and *dramatic lyrics*—betray far more of this love of physical activity,

as, for instance, "The Flight of the Duchess" and "Waring," "How they Brought the Good News," and the "Cavalier Tunes." And we might infer, from analogy, that this "Ginevra da Siena" is a younger piece of Mr. Story's than many in the book. The Countess Ginevra, who is shut up in a lonely villa by a jealous husband, recounts her whole sad story to a female friend. She tells how she was married, how her husband was cold and distant from first to last, how the birth of their child failed to warm his heart, how he brought a kinsman to the house for her to entertain, and daily left them together, and how they two became mutually enamoured. Then follows the account of her lover's proposal to fly together, her difficult but decided rejection, suspicion on the part of her husband, the murder of her lover by her husband in single combat, and finally the incarceration of herself—guilty of a foreign love, though innocent of the great transgression. All this is given with considerable detail, and interspersed with much description of accessories; and although the whole is well done, and there is no dearth of beautiful thoughts, it is difficult not to feel that the evident intention to concentrate the reader's mind on the one set of phenomena—the painful development and decadence of Ginevra's emotional life—is in a measure foiled by a too copious introduction of detail and circumstance. Still the poem is a good poem; and what is more to the point, so far as the success of the book is concerned, it is a very interesting poem. The quality of the blank verse, too, is smooth, and the pitch high, and the method of verse, though not productive of the exquisite effects in rhythmic and verbal mosaic affected by extreme moderns, is far from antiquated.

The quality of verse is much the same in the "Primitive Christian," and other poems written in blank iambics; but the quality of thought is very much higher and deeper in that as in many others. Not imitative of Browning in matters of detail, Mr. Story has yet, in the best of his poems, clearly assimilated the method of this most original and powerful of contemporary poets, and, I should say, he has consciously and studiously assimilated it—a thing which is the more to his credit, looking at the difficulty of working in that method as compared with many others. The "Primitive Christian" affords, poetically, an admirable *résumé* of a great historic period, by means of a type; and the poem, though deep and solid, is very far from dry. Another, just as completely in this method, is "In the Antechamber of Monsignore del Fiocco"—a piece which is altogether excellent from nearly all points of view. It is short, brilliant, pithy, and thoroughly well compacted—far more so than the last mentioned, which, though necessarily discursive, might perhaps be thought open to the charge of superfluous diffuseness. "In the Antechamber," a more than half unwilling servant of "Monsignore del Fiocco," summarises his mingled feelings of disgust and scorn at the psychological spectacle afforded by his master, who has been so successful in the church that he is about to become a cardinal; and the contrast between the half-frank discutant (*frank* for a medieval Italian), and the oily, unctuous, but immoral dignitary discussed, is so boldly and artistically rendered, that the piece almost recalls the brilliant "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," or the more than brilliant "Bishop Orders his Tomb." After running rapidly through various charges against the corrupt ecclesiast—charges more thrown in by the most artistic *innuendo* than by direct expression—this healthy-minded servant, healthy-minded because submitting

to a corrupt but inevitable rule under strong mental protest, ends his monologue thus :—

" And this reminds me—did you ever know
Nina, that tall, majestic, fierce-eyed girl,
With blue-black hair, which, when she loosed it, shook
Its crimped darkness almost to the floor?—
She that was friend to Monsignor while yet
He was a humble Abbé—born indeed
In the same town and came to live in Rome?
Not know her? She, I mean, who disappeared
Some ten years back, and God knows how or why?
Well, Nina,—are you sure there's no one near?—
Nina—

Per Dio! how his stinging bell
Startled my blood, as if the Monsignor
Cried out " You, Giacomo; what, there again,
At your old trick of talking? Hold your tongue!"
And so I will, per Baccho, so I will;—
Who tells no secrets breaks no confidence.
Nature, as Monsignor has often said,
Gave us two eyes, two ears, and but one tongue,
As if to say, 'Tell half you see and hear;'
And I'm an ass to let my tongue run on,
After such lessons. There he rings again!
Vengo—per Dio—Vengo subito."

" In the volume before us there is great variety of subject, and no monotony of metrical execution; but the great bulk of the poems are in the one method; and though many of them are of such superior quality that they must draw attention wherever met, the chief point to be remarked upon is the author's great success in the use of this very difficult and essentially modern method. A few pieces of quite another fashion there are in the volume, and some of these are, to say the least, excessively musical. Take, for instance, these three verses from a short poem, entitled, "The River of Life," not wonderfully deep or original in thought, but they are surely happy in expression :—

" How swift by the flowery banks it rushes,
Where love and joy are at play,
And stretch out their hands with laughter and blushes,
And beg it in vain to stay!

" How slow through the sullen marsh of sorrow
It creeps with a lingering pain;
When night comes down and we long for the morrow,
And longing is all in vain!

" O'er sparkling shoals of glittering folly,
O'er deeps of dreadful crime,
O'er gladness and madness and melancholy,
Through fears and hopes sublime. . . ."

There is not much of this stamp, most of the contents of the volume being more modern in style, as well as far more thoughtful in tone; and the book cannot but add greatly to Mr. Story's already more than respectable reputation as an artist.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

FROM THE LEVANT, THE BLACK SEA, AND THE DANUBE. By R. ARTHUR ARNOLD. 2 Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 20s.

MR. ARNOLD is fairly entitled to the praise of having produced a pleasant and readable record of his travels in regions which have been described quite often enough to make this by no means an easy task. He really has something to say about the places he has visited. Wherever he has gone he has kept his eyes and ears open, and striven, as far as possible, to find out what manner of life the people were leading,—what they were doing and thinking about. The book consists, Mr. Arnold tells us in an *advertisement*, of letters “entirely written *en route*,” and he has preferred to leave these as they originally stood, as thereby securing to the reader “actual impressions of the traveller in the words called up by present scenes and incidents.” Without at all undervaluing this advantage, we think that too much has been sacrificed to it. The work would certainly have been improved by judicious compression; and though the style is, in the main, fresh and flowing, it is sometimes unstudied to carelessness, and the haste of composition has betrayed Mr. Arnold into one or two slips of the pen which ever so little reflection would have prevented.

Nearly the whole of the first volume is devoted to Mr. Arnold's impressions of the political and social condition and prospects of modern Greece. Of course, to visit Athens and say nothing of the remains of her ancient artistic glory which are still left her is, we suppose, impossible, and Mr. Arnold has duly visited and described them. But this is the least satisfactory part of his work. His heart does not seem to have been much in it. His admiration is sincere and unaffected, as far as it goes, but his warmest interests are all bound up in action and progress, and the hold of art on such minds cannot after all be more than slender.

Though Mr. Arnold is by no means hopeless as to the future of Greece, he concurs with nearly every one who has investigated the matter, in drawing a very gloomy picture of the present. She is ruining herself, he says, in a blind following of her “Great Idea,”—that of overthrowing Ottoman rule in Europe, and setting up a Greek empire, with the seat of government either at Athens or Constantinople in its stead:—an end he does not think unattainable, if Greece, by showing herself faithful in a few things, were to prove her fitness to be entrusted with many things, but not to be gained *per saltum*, which is the only method Greek pride and impatience will consent to adopt. She is ruining herself literally, for while the collected revenue of the country amounted, in 1867, to 27,000,000 drachmas (24,300,000 francs), the Greek Government have been for months past spending, directly and indirectly, nearly one-half in support of the Cretan insurrection. Meanwhile, the great want of the country is capital to open up its resources, which are ample, but unavailable without roads and an improved system of agriculture. But capital will not be attracted until the system of government is such as to ensure security of life and property, which at present, at any rate in the interior of the country, does not exist. The king is powerless: there is nothing between him and the Boulé,—the Representative Assembly elected by universal suffrage, nearly all poor men, hungry for place and pay, and full of the Great Idea. As long as the king will go along with the national aspirations he may be tolerated; if he attempted to check them and turn them in a more healthy

direction he would to a certainty share the fate of Otho. It is not surprising that with this spectacle before them the Christians of Epirus, of Thessaly, and of Roumelia, however ill-disposed towards the rule of the Sultan, show no eagerness to transfer themselves to that of King George. Still Mr. Arnold speaks hopefully of the future. "You would quite misunderstand me," he writes, "if you infer from what has been said, that I think Greek independence a failure, or in any danger of a fall. I cannot but think that a people so clever, so adroit, so temperate—drunkenness is unknown in Greece—so united by traditions of the past and by their religion, are destined to attain in a great degree the fulfilment of their Idea." He is of opinion, indeed, that the Cretan insurrection has sufficiently proved itself successful, and that it is fully time for the Great Powers to insist on Turkey abandoning the struggle and allowing the island to annex itself to the Greek kingdom. He thinks this would act as an encouragement to Greece to enter upon a course of solid domestic reform. It may be so; but it seems to us rather more likely that it would be an incentive to her to "go and do likewise" in another quarter.

Mr. Arnold gives an interesting account of a visit to an English proprietor in Eubœa—the son "of one of the few Englishmen who, connecting themselves with Greece in the time of the Revolution, have maintained a residence in the country—and the owner of an estate of about fifty square miles of plain, forest, and mountain." This afforded him an opportunity of studying the character and manners of the Greek peasantry when far removed from the influence of town life. His estimate is decidedly favourable:—

¶ "These Greek peasants, with their wild, free manners, are not tongue-tied like poor Hodge of England. His talking machine moves as slowly as the giant hoofs of his lumbering team; but these active Eubœans, who can rarely read or write—who sleep with family and oxen in one smoky shed—who think themselves well fed on bread and olives, with an occasional egg—made use of eloquent and not ungraceful gestures in talking with their master, and, as for words, no bore of the House of Commons could be so voluble. Obedient of course they are, for all that belongs to them is in the power of the landowner. The position of the landlord in such a country is feudal, and law and free institutions have only a pretended influence. Everything depends on the personal character and habits of the proprietor; the peasantry have one remedy against injustice, not an ineffective one: they may shoot the proprietor, or stab him with their long knives, with very little danger of the murderers being discovered; but, as to law, they know nothing of it, and it is too far from them to come at their want." (vol. i. pp. 247, 248.)

The peasants have no agreement, no tenant-right but their landlord's goodwill. After the June harvest they bring the ripe wheat to the *alomia*, the public threshing-floor of the village, where it is threshed. The landlord takes a third, government officials assess the taxes, which are afterwards collected in money, the rest is the peasant's. All these peasants, says Mr. Arnold, poor as they are, possess some property, and more thrift than English labourers. "There are many estates," he adds, "in this island, and perhaps some day this will be added to the number, which belong absolutely to the peasant community. The illiterate, hard-working men have bought out the proprietors, binding themselves to pay the purchase money in four or five years. In all cases it has been paid, and they are the possessors of the best farmed, best managed, and most productive properties in the island" (vol. i. p. 273).

Mr. Arnold is confessedly no "Turkophile," and does not believe that the Sultan and his Government are at all in earnest in their professed zeal for reform. The new Council of State, promised by the Sultan in his speech of May 10th of this year, is, according to Mr. Arnold, a mere mockery, as far as purposes of good government are concerned. How can a body, whose members are nominated and paid by the Sultan, be expected to act either as a check or a spur? The only result is that the Government has fifty more salaries, amounting altogether to £100,000 a year, at its disposal. "Of the members of the Council nearly three-fourths are Mussulmans, and the remainder of the seats are divided between Greeks, Armenians, and Jews." So much for equality of representation. The rule of the Turks lasts, says Mr. Arnold, because all its Christian subjects, however cordially they hate it, yet hate it less than they do their co-religionists. It lasts, moreover, because there is no power that would be permitted peaceably to take its place. England's great concern is that the Bosphorus, under whatever ruler, shall be an open water-way to our corn supplies from the regions of the Danube. The interests of commerce will be quite enough, in Mr. Arnold's opinion, to secure this end, without any effort on the part of politicians.

We are sorry to leave unnoticed Mr. Arnold's account of the performances of the howling and dancing dervishes, and of his wanderings in the Crimea, and up the Danube. The book, though not without faults, contains much to interest, and quite deserved to be written.

GEORGE STOTT.

ITALIAN SCULPTORS: BEING A HISTORY OF SCULPTURE IN NORTHERN, SOUTHERN, AND EASTERN ITALY. By CHARLES C. PERKINS. London: Longmans. 42s.

MR. PERKINS deserves the thanks of all who interest themselves in art-history for his decision to complete, in the form now before us, his account of the plastic art of Italy. In this volume he explores with thorough detail the ground merely glanced at in the introduction to his previous volumes on the Tuscan sculptors, and sets forth the character and development of the schools of "stone-cutters," as they liked best to call themselves, that sprang up, flourished, and decayed beside that of Florence in the less brilliant centres of cultivation. For Italian sculpture he has thus done what Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have done for Italian painting; and we may now congratulate ourselves on possessing in the English language—though not precisely by English writers, since Mr. Perkins is an American, and M. Cavalcaselle presumably French—two of the most sensible and accurate of extant works of detail upon the fine arts.

The illustrations, compared with those that usually occur in books of the kind, are in this case of exceptional merit. It may indeed be doubted whether etching is at best a suitable method for the representation of works of statuary; but Mr. Perkins's etchings have an air of individuality, and a degree of care, feeling, and delicacy that makes them always pleasant to look at. Their faults are that the manner of execution, perhaps from the necessities of the case, is often nearer that of the line-engraver than the etcher; that the tint of the proof-paper, together with the artist's avoidance of deep cutting and all strong

effects, produce an impression of softness and compromise very foreign to the rough-hewn character of most of the works represented; and this impression is increased by a certain infirmity and timidity of drawing, a tentative over-anxiety such as shakes one's confidence in its own result. As an example of the designer's weakness may be quoted the statuette by Omodeo, plate xvi.; as an example of his strength, the bronze dragon from a door-panel at Troja, plate vi.; while the frontispiece, representing the noble Venetian statue of Bartolomeo Caleoni on horseback, combines a full share both of his excellences and defects.

Such as they are, these drawings, together with the handsome appearance of the book, give it that quality without which it could not command a very wide attention. A book, the greater part of which consists, and cannot but consist, of a plain description of second-rate works of art, is difficult to read through, and can never be very alluring for the general public. Neither has Mr. Perkins the gift of throwing into his descriptions that kind of life and vividness which might bring them home to the eyes and mind of his readers; that is to say, he is not a writer of genius; but he is obviously a thorough master of his subject; the materials he has collected are plainly the result of diligent and thoughtful research; and they are arranged in a straightforward and intelligible way, that makes them most useful to the student and most valuable for reference. The foot-notes and appendices of the volume form a complete magazine of authorities for obscure points in the art and biography of the earlier ages of the Italian republics. It is a misfortune for the author that his subject constantly brings him into contact with episodes of the complicated and violent history of those ages, and as constantly prevents him from following them out, or giving them more than a passing allusion; so that the reader's memory gets burdened with a crowd of historical names, to which, in the majority of cases, he has few ideas to append. So again with the artistic names; the writer can do little more than catalogue a multitude of these, to whom no memories attach, and whose one title to fame consists in some rigid bas-relief or fantastic pulpit in a decaying church of Apulia or the Abruzzi. When, however, the case admits, Mr. Perkins can make the narrative and biographical parts of his work interesting enough; as when he deals with the better known sculptors of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries,—with a Calendario, a Riccio, an Omodeo, a Bambaja, a Properzia de' Rossi,—or with what is perhaps still more striking, the artistic families or clans of North Italy, and the way in which certain gifts and traditions were perpetuated among them. The chief of these were the Campionesi, the Maestri Comacini, the Maestri Antelani.

Mr. Perkins limits himself throughout to detailed narrative and description, and does not sum up the results of his historical and artistic facts in any general conclusion. There will probably, however, remain upon most of his readers two chief impressions, one having reference to the history and the other to the art of those times. What will come out in the strongest light as a historical fact, is the complete severance of religious art from practical morality, at the moment of the greatest strength of the former. There are instances of this in the case of a hundred feudal lords, the infamy of whose flagitious lives was no bar to the decoration of their tombs with Christian symbols, and figures of Justice, Temperance, and Charity. There is a crowning instance in the case of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the meanest of all the villains of his house, who, partly

to make his peace with heaven, but far more to glorify himself on earth, founded two of the grandest of religious buildings, the Certosa of Pavia and the Duomo of Milan. Again, as matter of art, everything in the book tends to confirm the conviction that painting, and not sculpture, was the natural art of Italy. All the errors of Italian sculpture are the errors of a painter expressing himself in stone,—exaggerated action, over-strained expression, and the introduction of pictorial backgrounds and accessories. The history of the art is everywhere the same; the mannered rigidity of its infancy gives place to an admirable sense of beauty and technical skill, directed too often to effects not properly within the reach of the chisel; and these pass into the vicious extravagance of the Baroque, without attaining any culmination thoroughly admirable except under the transitory influence, in a few cities and schools, of the classical sentiment as revived in Tuscany by the great Niccolò.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Last Winter in the United States. By F. BARHAM ZINCKE. London: John Murray. 1868. 10s. 6d.

THE writer spent the winter of 1867-8 in the United States, visiting the chief cities both of North and South, as well as the Far West, without either the indiscriminating enthusiasm or the suppressed or declared ill-will between which travellers usually alternate. He tells us a good deal about the superficial condition of the crushed Confederation, about the often-described Common Schools, about the ways of American hotels and railroads and of coach travelling in the West; and his table-talk is not deficient in good sayings. Mr. Zincke had not time, if he has the capacity, to go very deeply into the social movements and tendencies of a country which, in spite of its curious unity, is marked by a still more curious complexity; but his book, from its liberal, intelligent, and sensible tone, is altogether in the right direction, and if it does not contain or suggest much that is new, its agreeable style makes one willing to have old impressions revived and dormant knowledge quickened by it. It is a lively picture of a surface. The only novel thing in Mr. Zincke's work is the notion which it might give of the power and function of Episcopalianism in the States—an impression probably due to the author's readiness to believe too quickly what must be agreeable to his own profession.

The Ring and the Book. By ROBERT BROWNING. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868. 7s. 6d.

WITH only a fourth part of the complete work before us, there is as yet no adequate material for criticism. We see the subject, and have a glimpse of the manner in which it is to be treated. The theme is an Italian tragedy, and lies in that department to which English taste, narrow and rigid, usually expresses its repugnance by labelling it as morbid anatomy; persons with a less popular theory of art will find no objection in this, holding no subject morbid, but only treatment. That in his mode of handling a theme, at any rate, Mr. Browning is never morbid, needs not be said. Of all contemporary poets he is the most healthy, life-like, and human in his style and colour. In this, its first instalment, his new work abounds in ripe qualities, in variety of presen-

tation, and in strength of fibre. Of course, it "is not meant for little people or for fools." Those who mark the construction of the poem will see a reason for its appearance in instalments, provided people read it as it is published; for it ensures that slow and prolonged absorption of the story which is essential to the success of the method in which it is composed.

Whig and Tory Administrations during the last Thirteen Years. By HOMERSHAM COX, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 5s.

MR. COX, who wrote not long ago the history of the passing of the Reform Bill of 1867, and of the rejection of the Bill of 1866, has now written a short account of the main events of the successive administrations from the accession of Lord Palmerston in 1855 down to the fall of Mr. Disraeli in 1868. Though not offensive in tone, his book is too avowedly partisan to be worth much in persuading opinion; it may be of some use as a convenient summary of the leading facts of legislation and debate during the last thirteen years, and the circumstances of contemporary history are notoriously those in which men are usually least well-informed. There are one or two slips of the pen, as when Mr. Cox tells us that Lord Stanley was Colonial Secretary in the ministry of 1866.

Memoirs of Leopold I., King of the Belgians. By THEODORE JUSTE. Authorised translation. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 28s.

THE same circumstances, to which we have just referred, of the prevalent ignorance of contemporary history, furnishes a good reason why people should be willing to turn over the pages of a biography of Leopold, the King of the Belgians. It is those men and transactions who are so near to us, who are also most distant. How many persons have any clear notion of the events and the course of negotiation which led to the establishment of the Belgian kingdom and the choice of Prince Leopold as its chief? The present book is not a particularly good one, being badly put together and not well written, but it gives the order of the facts, and furnishes a certain picture of the prince who played a main part in them. The story of the various difficulties and shiftings in the negotiations of 1831—2 is sufficiently full; while in the second volume there is an account of the King's second marriage, of the Spanish marriage, whose final issue we have just seen in our own day, of the storms of '48, of the Eastern Question in '54, and so forth. There is also a good deal of the royal correspondence, more or less interesting.

Travels in the East Indian Archipelago. By ALBERT S. BICKMORE, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 21s.

MR. BICKMORE is an American naturalist, who, in 1865, visited the East Indian Archipelago for the purpose of collecting shells. The Indian Archipelago, as readers ought to know, but perhaps may not, contains the islands lying south and east of the Malay Peninsula, and includes Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, and smaller islands. Mr. Bickmore writes in a straightforward and agreeable style, strictly and exclusively narrative, and not at all reflective. He has no views about institutions, or the government of dependencies, or the tendencies of this or that migration. He simply tells us what he did and what he saw—the products of the islands, their physical features, and something, but nothing very much nor very striking, of the manners and customs of the people. This

return to the old-fashioned manner of writing travels will make his book popular among geographers and naturalists, who are perhaps beginning to be rather neglected in favour of publicists. The illustrations are interesting, and most abundant.

The Christian Leaders of the Last Century. By REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A.
London: T. Nelson and Sons. 1869. 7s. 6d.

THE repulsiveness of Evangelical phraseology and doctrine to "persons of cultivated taste," as John Foster put it, is probably the reason why so little justice has been done to the movement of the last century by writers of the history of that period. Wesley and Whitefield have had their own, but the succession in which they were the chiefs has been almost entirely neglected, and we might suppose that Deists and Apologists divided between them the religious forces of the period. Mr. Ryle's book may serve to call attention to the social character of the religious revival which was at work behind the more conspicuous book controversy of the time, and which contained within itself an amount of spirituality that has probably never been surpassed by any Protestant movement. Sir James Stephen, in his *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography*, made some contribution in this direction. Mr. Ryle, a very different spirit, being an enthusiastic admirer of the men he writes about, does much more. His book contains accounts of Grimshaw of Haworth, Romaine, Rowlands, Beridge, Venn, Walker of Truro, Toplady, Hervey, Fletcher of Madeley, and of John Wesley and Whitefield. His style is simple, terse, and forcible, and those who have least sympathy with his theology will admit that he writes without any cant. A most instructive narrative of a movement which has not, unfortunately, by any means run down even in our own time.

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. By R. W. CHURCH, M.A.
London: Macmillan.

MR. CHURCH, though comparatively little known to the common public, is one of the most accomplished, learned, and thoughtful sons whom Oxford has nourished, and not the least eminent of the once famous band of Oriel fellows. These four sermons, on "The Gifts of Civilisation," "Christ's Words and Christian Society," "Christ's Example," and "Civilisation and Religion," contain hints for a Christian *apologia*, in reply to such objections as that some of the most urgent of Christ's precepts run counter to the accepted morality or social policy of our time; that civilisation has had its great tap-roots quite independent of Christianity; that the new dispensation added little to the stock of moral and spiritual good things which man's sense of his own needs had found out, and so forth. The reader will be able to measure the quality and the suggested ability of these apologetic hints when we say that they are full of interest to the student of the history of religious thought, and that an immense majority of the Christians of England, men like Mr. Ryle for example, will think them superfluous and rationalistic. In other words, the fine creed of a few men of Mr. Church's stamp does not at all resemble that Christianity of which men talk when they say that civilisation could well dispense with it.

Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. By ELISE POLKO. Translated by Lady Wallace. London: Longmans. 1869. 10s. 6d.

WITHOUT any pretensions to be a complete biography, Madame Polko's

reminiscences of the gifted Mendelssohn are very lively and interesting. They are full of movement, intelligence, and animation, and are much more entertaining than most of what passes for light reading.

Underground Life; or, Mines and Miners. By L. SIMONIN. Translated, adapted to the present state of British Mining, and edited by H. W. BRISTOW, F.R.S. London: Chapman and Hall. 42s.

A TRANSLATION of the well-known and very valuable "*Vie Souterraine*" of M. L. Simonin, by Mr. Bristow, of the Geological Survey; presenting the original work to the English public in a form more splendid than is given to most home-products. The book contains three parts, of which the first is given to coal, the second to metalliferous mines, and the third to mines of precious stones. There are fourteen geological maps, some scores of illustrations of the various circumstances and processes of underground life, including the most homely, and the most tragic, and a number of coloured illustrations of metals and their various compounds, that are superb in the richness and exactitude of their colouring. Nothing can surpass the sumptuousness of the volume, and the matter is as good and as interesting as the book is splendid. It should be said, perhaps, that its value as a special treatise does not at all lessen its interest for the general reader.

Realmah. By the Author of "*Friends in Council.*" Two Vols. London: Macmillan and Co. 16s.

THE story from which these volumes have taken their name is probably of too dry and quaint a flavour to fascinate any but a select few; but the dialogue, that takes its turn with the story, ought to be held excellent by all men. It has faults; its playfulness is now and then a little forced; and in order to mark their individuality, the interlocutors, or some of them, are a little apt to overdo themselves. But the general effect is very gracious; and nothing could be better than the thoughtfulness which the writer brings to matters of conduct and character that are, as a rule, unhappily believed to be hardly worthy of thoughtfulness. The age suffers from a superfluity of minor moralists; it is beyond question, however, that the author of *Realmah*, in fineness of tone and mild sagacity, is the best of them all. If the indolent reader will skip the actual story of *Realmah* himself, he will find nothing but what is both lively and very salutary.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. XXVI. NEW SERIES.—FEBRUARY 1, 1869.

ON THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE.¹

IN order to make the title of this discourse generally intelligible, I have translated the term "Protoplasm," which is the scientific name of the substance of which I am about to speak, by the words "the physical basis of life." I suppose that, to many, the idea that there is such a thing as a physical basis, or matter, of life may be novel—so widely spread is the conception of life as a something which works through matter, but is independent of it; and even those who are aware that matter and life are inseparably connected, may not be prepared for the conclusion plainly suggested by the phrase, "*the physical basis or matter of life*," that there is some one kind of matter which is common to all living beings, and that their endless diversities are bound together by a physical, as well as an ideal, unity. In fact, when first apprehended, such a doctrine as this appears almost shocking to common sense.

What, truly, can seem to be more obviously different from one another in faculty, in form, and in substance, than the various kinds of living beings? What community of faculty can there be between the brightly-coloured lichen, which so nearly resembles a mere mineral incrustation of the bare rock on which it grows, and the painter, to whom it is instinct with beauty, or the botanist, whom it feeds with knowledge?

(1) The substance of this paper was contained in a discourse which was delivered in Edinburgh on the evening of Sunday, the 8th of November, 1868—being the first of a series of Sunday evening addresses upon non-theological topics, instituted by the Rev. J. Cranbrook. Some phrases, which could possess only a transitory and local interest, have been omitted; instead of the newspaper report of the Archbishop of York's address, his Grace's subsequently-published pamphlet "*On the Limits of Philosophical Inquiry*," is quoted; and I have, here and there, endeavoured to express my meaning more fully and clearly than I seem to have done in speaking—if I may judge by sundry criticisms upon what I am supposed to have said, which have appeared. But in substance, and, so far as my recollection serves, in form, what is here written corresponds with what was there said.

Again, think of the microscopic fungus—a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle, which finds space and duration enough to multiply into countless millions in the body of a living fly; and then of the wealth of foliage, the luxuriance of flower and fruit, which lies between this bald sketch of a plant and the giant pine of California, towering to the dimensions of a cathedral spire, or the Indian fig, which covers acres with its profound shadow, and endures while nations and empires come and go around its vast circumference? Or, turning to the other half of the world of life, picture to yourselves the great Finner whale, hugest of beasts that live, or have lived, disporting his eighty or ninety feet of bone, muscle, and blubber, with easy roll, among waves in which the stoutest ship that ever left dockyard would founder hopelessly; and contrast him with the invisible animalcules—mere gelatinous specks, multitudes of which could, in fact, dance upon the point of a needle with the same ease as the angels of the schoolmen could, in imagination. With these images before your minds, you may well ask what community of form, or structure, is there between the animalcule and the whale; or between the fungus and the fig tree? And, *à fortiori*, between all four?

Finally, if we regard substance, or material composition, what hidden bond can connect the flower which a girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her youthful veins; or, what is there in common between the dense and resisting mass of the oak, or the strong fabric of the tortoise, and those broad disks of glassy jelly which may be seen pulsating through the waters of a calm sea, but which drain away to mere films in the hand which raises them out of their element?

Such objections as these must, I think, arise in the mind of every one who ponders, for the first time, upon the conception of a single physical basis of life underlying all the diversities of vital existence; but I propose to demonstrate to you that, notwithstanding these apparent difficulties, a threefold unity—namely, a unity of power, or faculty, a unity of form, and a unity of substantial composition—does pervade the whole living world.

No very abstruse argumentation is needed, in the first place, to prove that the powers, or faculties, of all kinds of living matter, diverse as they may be in degree, are substantially similar in kind.

Goethe has condensed a survey of all the powers of mankind into the well known epigram:—

“Warum treibt sich das Volk so und schreit? Es will sich ernähren
Kinder zeugen, und die nähren so gut es vermag.

Weiter bringt es kein Mensch, stell' er sich wie er auch will.”

In physiological language this means, that all the multifarious and complicated activities of man are comprehensible under three cate-

gories. Either they are immediately directed towards the maintenance and development of the body, or they effect transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body, or they tend towards the continuance of the species. Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are not excluded from this classification, inasmuch as to every one but the subject of them, they are known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body. Speech, gesture, and every other form of human action are, in the long run, resolvable into muscular contraction, and muscular contraction is but a transitory change in the relative positions of the parts of a muscle. But the scheme which is large enough to embrace the activities of the highest form of life, covers all those of the lower creatures. The lowest plant, or animalcule, feeds, grows, and reproduces its kind. In addition, all animals manifest those transitory changes of form which we class under irritability and contractility; and, it is more than probable, that when the vegetable world is thoroughly explored, we shall find all plants in possession of the same powers, at one time or other of their existence.

I am not now alluding to such phenomena, at once rare and conspicuous, as those exhibited by the leaflets of the sensitive plant, or the stamens of the barberry, but to much more widely-spread, and, at the same time, more subtle and hidden, manifestations of vegetable contractility. You are doubtless aware that the common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs which cover its surface. Each stinging-needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates, and breaks off in, the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of a limpid liquid, and roughly corresponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a corn-field.

But, in addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly, the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and, thus, there is a general stream up

one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and, sometimes, trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions, within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in contractions of the protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects, and not themselves.

The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the microscopic hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny Maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.

Among the lower plants, it is the rule rather than the exception, that contractility should be still more openly manifested at some periods of their existence. The protoplasm of *Algae* and *Fungi* becomes, under many circumstances, partially, or completely, freed from its woody case, and exhibits movements of its whole mass, or is propelled by the contractility of one, or more, hair-like prolongations of its body, which are called vibratile cilia. And, so far as the conditions of the manifestation of the phenomena of contractility have yet been studied, they are the same for the plant as for the animal. Heat and electric shocks influence both, and in the same way, though it may be in different degrees. It is by no means my intention to suggest that there is no difference in faculty between the lowest plant and the highest, or between plants and animals. But the difference between the powers of the lowest plant, or animal, and those of the highest is one of degree, not of kind, and depends, as Milne-Edwards long ago so well pointed out, upon the extent to which the principle of the division of labour is carried out in the living economy. In the lowest organism all parts are competent to perform all functions, and one and the same portion of protoplasm may successively take on the

function of feeding, moving, or reproducing apparatus. In the highest, on the contrary, a great number of parts combine to perform each function, each part doing its allotted share of the work with great accuracy and efficiency, but being useless for any other purpose.

On the other hand, notwithstanding all the fundamental resemblances which exist between the powers of the protoplasm in plants and in animals, they present a striking difference (to which I shall advert more at length presently), in the fact that plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral compounds, whereas animals are obliged to procure it ready made, and hence, in the long run, depend upon plants. Upon what condition this difference in the powers of the two great divisions of the world of life depends nothing is at present known.

With such qualification as arises out of the last-mentioned fact, it may be truly said that the acts of all living things are fundamentally one. Is any such unity predicable of their forms? Let us seek in easily verified facts for a reply to this question. If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its colour, a comparatively small number of colourless corpuscles, of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colourless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail, rather than in principle, from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle lies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more; in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was, once, no more than such an aggregation.

Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and, in its perfect condition, it is a multiple of such units, variously modified.

But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement

of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals, each of which, structurally, is a mere colourless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But, at the very bottom of the animal scale, even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasm of those simplest forms of life, which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea, would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock builders.

What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Imbedded in the protoplasm at the broad, or attached, end of the nettle hair, there lies a spheroidal nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fibre, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen grain, or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises as the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

Under these circumstances it may well be asked, how is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? why call one "plant" and the other "animal"?

The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable, and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant. There is a living body called *Æthelium septicum*, which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and in one of its forms, is common upon the surfaces of tan pits. In this condition it is, to all intents and purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such; but the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, the *Æthelium* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters, upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic feature of animality. Is this a plant; or is it an animal? Is it both; or is it neither? Some decide in favour of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom, a sort of biological No Man's Land for all these questionable forms. But, as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundary line between this no man's land and the vegetable world on the one hand,

or the animal, on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty which, before, was single.

Protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter : which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod.

Thus it becomes clear that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character. The researches of the chemist have revealed a no less striking uniformity of material composition in living matter.

In perfect strictness, it is true that chemical investigation can tell us little or nothing, directly, of the composition of living matter, inasmuch as such matter must needs die in the act of analysis,—and upon this very obvious ground, objections, which I confess seem to me to be somewhat frivolous, have been raised to the drawing of any conclusions whatever respecting the composition of actually living matter, from that of the dead matter of life, which alone is accessible to us. But objectors of this class do not seem to reflect that it is also, in strictness, true that we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is. The statement that a crystal of calc-spar consists of carbonate of lime, is quite true, if we only mean that, by appropriate processes, it may be resolved into carbonic acid and quicklime. If you pass the same carbonic acid over the very quicklime thus obtained, you will obtain carbonate of lime again ; but it will not be calc-spar, nor anything like it. Can it, therefore, be said that chemical analysis teaches nothing about the chemical composition of calc-spar ? Such a statement would be absurd ; but it is hardly more so than the talk one occasionally hears about the uselessness of applying the results of chemical analysis to the living bodies which have yielded them.

One fact, at any rate, is out of reach of such refinements, and this is, that all the forms of protoplasm which have yet been examined contain the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in very complex union, and that they behave similarly towards several reagents. To this complex combination, the nature of which has never been determined with exactness, the name of Protein has been applied. And if we use this term with such caution as may properly arise out of our comparative ignorance of the things for which it stands, it may be truly said, that all protoplasm is proteinaceous ; or, as the white, or albumen, of an egg is one of the commonest examples of a nearly pure proteinc matter, we may say that all living matter is more or less albuminoid.

Perhaps it would not yet be safe to say that all forms of protoplasm are affected by the direct action of electric shocks ; and yet the number of cases in which the contraction of protoplasm is shewn to be effected by this agency increases every day.

Nor can it be affirmed with perfect confidence, that all forms of protoplasm are liable to undergo that peculiar coagulation at a temperature of 40° — 50° centigrade, which has been called "heat-stiffening," though Kühne's beautiful researches have proved this occurrence to take place in so many and such diverse living beings, that it is hardly rash to expect that the law holds good for all.

Enough has, perhaps, been said to prove the existence of a general uniformity in the character of the protoplasm, or physical basis, of life, in whatever group of living beings it may be studied. But it will be understood that this general uniformity by no means excludes any amount of special modifications of the fundamental substance. The mineral, carbonate of lime, assumes an immense diversity of characters, though no one doubts that under all these Protean changes it is one and the same thing.

And now, what is the ultimate fate, and what the origin, of the matter of life?

Is it, as some of the older naturalists supposed, diffused throughout the universe in molecules, which are indestructible and unchangeable in themselves; but, in endless transmigration, unite in innumerable permutations, into the diversified forms of life we know? Or, is the matter of life composed of ordinary matter, differing from it only in the manner in which its atoms are aggregated. Is it built up of ordinary matter, and again resolved into ordinary matter when its work is done?

Modern science does not hesitate a moment between these alternatives. Physiology writes over the portals of life—

"Debemur morti nos nostraque,"

with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to that melancholy line. Under whatever disguise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died.

In the wonderful story of the "*Peau de Chagrin*," the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass' skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it

is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on for ever. But, happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs from Balzac's in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is, conceivably, expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By-and-by, I shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal—a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered, not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory, which I possess, will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm, the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man.

Nor is this all. If digestion were a thing to be trifled with, I might sup upon lobster, and the matter of life of the crustacean would undergo the same wonderful metamorphosis into humanity. And were I to return to my own place by sea, and undergo shipwreck, the crustacea might, and probably would, return the compliment, and demonstrate our common nature by turning my protoplasm into living lobster. Or, if nothing better were to be had, I might supply my wants with mere bread, and I should find the protoplasm of the wheat-plant to be convertible into man, with no more trouble than that of the sheep, and with far less, I fancy, than that of the lobster.

Hence it appears to be a matter of no great moment what animal, or what plant, I lay under contribution for protoplasm, and the fact speaks volumes for the general identity of that substance in all living beings. I share this catholicity of assimilation with other animals, all of which, so far as we know, could thrive equally well on the protoplasm of any of their fellows, or of any plant; but here the assimilative powers of the animal world cease. A solution of dissolving-salts in water, with an infinitesimal proportion of some

other saline matters, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm; but, as I need hardly say, a hogshead of that fluid would not keep a hungry man from starving, nor would it save any animal whatever from a like fate. An animal cannot make protoplasm, but must take it ready-made from some other animal, or some plant—the animal's highest feat of constructive chemistry being to convert dead protoplasm into that living matter of life which is appropriate to itself.

Therefore, in seeking for the origin of protoplasm, we must eventually turn to the vegetable world. The fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which offers such a Barmecide feast to the animal, is a table richly spread to multitudes of plants; and, with a due supply of only such materials, many a plant will not only maintain itself in vigour, but grow and multiply until it has increased a million-fold, or a million million-fold, the quantity of protoplasm which it originally possessed; in this way building up the matter of life, to an indefinite extent, from the common matter of the universe.

Thus, the animal can only raise the complex substance of dead protoplasm to the higher power, as one may say, of living protoplasm; while the plant can raise the less complex substances—carbonic acid, water, and ammonia—to the same stage of living protoplasm, if not to the same level. But the plant also has its limitations. Some of the fungi, for example, appear to need higher compounds to start with; and no known plant can live upon the uncompounded elements of protoplasm. A plant supplied with pure carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, and the like, would as infallibly die as the animal in his bath of smelling-salts, though it would be surrounded by all the constituents of protoplasm. Nor, indeed, need the process of simplification of vegetable food be carried so far as this, in order to arrive at the limit of the plant's thaumaturgy. Let water, carbonic acid, and all the other needful constituents be supplied without ammonia, and an ordinary plant will still be unable to manufacture protoplasm.

Thus the matter of life, so far as we know it (and we have no right to speculate on any other), breaks up, in consequence of that continual death which is the condition of its manifesting vitality, into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. And out of these same forms of ordinary matter, and from none which are simpler, the vegetable world builds up all the protoplasm which keeps the animal world agoing. Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disperse.

But it will be observed, that the existence of the matter of life depends on the pre-existence of certain compounds, namely, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Withdraw any one of these three from the world and all vital phenomena come to an end. They are related

to the protoplasm of the plant, as the protoplasm of the plant is to that of the animal. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are all lifeless bodies. Of these, carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions and under certain conditions, to give rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and hydrogen give rise to ammonia. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together, under certain conditions they give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm, and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life.

I see no break in this series of steps in molecular complication, and I am unable to understand why the language which is applicable to any one term of the series may not be used to any of the others. We think fit to call different kinds of matter carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and to speak of the various powers and activities of these substances as the properties of the matter of which they are composed.

When hydrogen and oxygen are mixed in a certain proportion, and an electric spark is passed through them, they disappear, and a quantity of water, equal in weight to the sum of their weights, appears in their place. There is not the slightest parity between the passive and active powers of the water and those of the oxygen and hydrogen which have given rise to it. At 32° Fahrenheit, and far below that temperature, oxygen and hydrogen are elastic gaseous bodies, whose particles tend to rush away from one another with great force. Water, at the same temperature, is a strong though brittle solid, whose particles tend to cohere into definite geometrical shapes, and sometimes build up frosty imitations of the most complex forms of vegetable foliage.

Nevertheless we call these, and many other strange phenomena, the properties of the water, and we do not hesitate to believe that, in some way or another, they result from the properties of the component elements of the water. We do not assume that a something called "aquosity" entered into and took possession of the oxide of hydrogen as soon as it was formed, and then guided the aqueous particles to their places in the facets of the crystal, or amongst the leaflets of the hoar-frost. On the contrary, we live in the hope and in the faith that, by the advance of molecular physics, we shall by-and-by be able to see our way as clearly from the constituents of water to the properties of water, as we are now able to deduce the operations of a watch from the form of its parts and the manner in which they are put together.

Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid, water, and ammonia disappear, and in their place, under the influence of pre-existing living protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance?

It is true that there is no sort of parity between the properties of the components and the properties of the resultant, but neither was there in the case of the water. It is also true that what I have spoken of as the influence of pre-existing living matter is something quite unintelligible; but does anybody quite comprehend the *modus operandi* of an electric spark, which traverses a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?

What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not living matter which gave rise to it? What better philosophical status has "vitality" than "aquosity"? And why should "vitality" hope for a better fate than the other "itys" which have disappeared since Martinus Scriblerus accounted for the operation of the meat-jack by its inherent "meat roasting quality," and scorned the "materialism" of those who explained the turning of the spit by a certain mechanism worked by the draught of the chimney?

If scientific language is to possess a definite and constant signification whenever it is employed, it seems to me that we are logically bound to apply to the protoplasm, or physical basis of life, the same conceptions as those which are held to be legitimate elsewhere. If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm, living or dead, its properties.

If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules.

But I bid you beware that, in accepting these conclusions, you are placing your feet on the first rung of a ladder which, in most people's estimation, is the reverse of Jacob's, and leads to the antipodes of heaven. It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus, or a foraminifer, are the properties of their protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed. But if, as I have endeavoured to prove to you, their protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting-place between the admission that such is the case, and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena.

Past experience leads me to be tolerably certain that, when the

propositions I have just placed before you are accessible to public comment and criticism, they will be condemned by many zealous persons, and perhaps by some few of the wise and thoughtful. I should not wonder if "gross and brutal materialism" were the mildest phrase applied to them in certain quarters. And most undoubtedly the terms of the propositions are distinctly materialistic. Nevertheless two things are certain: the one, that I hold the statements to be substantially true; the other, that I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error.

This union of materialistic terminology with the repudiation of materialistic philosophy, I share with some of the most thoughtful men with whom I am acquainted. And, when I first undertook to deliver the present discourse, it appeared to me to be a fitting opportunity to explain how such an union is not only consistent with, but necessitated by, sound logic. I purposed to lead you through the territory of vital phenomena to the materialistic slough in which you find yourselves now plunged, and then to point out to you the sole path by which, in my judgment, extrication is possible.

An occurrence of which I was unaware until my arrival here last night, renders this line of argument singularly opportune. I found in your papers the eloquent address "On the Limits of Philosophical Inquiry," which a distinguished prelate of the English Church delivered before the members of the Philosophical Institution on the previous day. My argument, also, turns upon this very point of limits of philosophical inquiry; and I cannot bring out my own views better than by contrasting them with those so plainly, and, in the main, fairly, stated by the Archbishop of York.

But I may be permitted to make a preliminary comment upon an occurrence that greatly astonished me. Applying the name of "the New Philosophy" to that estimate of the limits of philosophical inquiry which I, in common with many other men of science, hold to be just, the Archbishop opens his address by identifying this "New Philosophy" with the Positive Philosophy of M. Comte (of whom he speaks as its "founder"); and then proceeds to attack that philosopher and his doctrines vigorously.

Now, so far as I am concerned, the most reverend prelate might dialectically hew M. Comte in pieces, as a modern Agag, and I should not attempt to stay his hand. In so far as my study of what specially characterises the Positive Philosophy has led me, I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal, which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as anything in ultramontane Catholicism. In fact, M. Comte's philosophy in practice might be compendiously described as Catholicism *minus* Christianity.

But what has Comtism to do with the "New Philosophy," as the Archbishop defines it in the following passage?—

"Let me briefly remind you of the leading principles of this new philosophy.

"All knowledge is experience of facts acquired by the senses. The traditions of older philosophies have obscured our experience by mixing with it much that the senses cannot observe, and until these additions are discarded our knowledge is impure. Thus metaphysics tell us that one fact which we observe is a cause, and another is the effect of that cause; but upon a rigid analysis, we find that our senses observe nothing of cause or effect: they observe, first, that one fact succeeds another, and, after some opportunity, that this fact has never failed to follow—that for cause and effect we should substitute invariable succession. An older philosophy teaches us to define an object by distinguishing its essential from its accidental qualities: but experience knows nothing of essential and accidental; she sees only that certain marks attach to an object, and, after many observations, that some of them attach invariably, whilst others may at times be absent. As all knowledge is relative, the notion of anything being necessary must be banished with other traditions."¹

There is much here that expresses the spirit of the "New Philosophy," if by that term be meant the spirit of modern science; but I cannot but marvel that the assembled wisdom and learning of Edinburgh should have uttered no sign of dissent, when Comte was declared to be the founder of these doctrines. No one will accuse Scotchmen of habitually forgetting their great countrymen; but it was enough to make David Hume turn in his grave, that here, almost within ear-shot of his house, an instructed audience should have listened, without a murmur, while his most characteristic doctrines were attributed to a French writer of fifty years later date, in whose dreary and verbose pages we miss alike the vigour of thought and the exquisite clearness of style of the man whom I make bold to term the most acute thinker of the eighteenth century—even though that century produced Kant.

But I did not come to Scotland to vindicate the honour of one of the greatest men she has ever produced. My business is to point out to you that the only way of escape out of the crass materialism in which we just now landed is the adoption and strict working-out of the very principles which the Archbishop holds up to reprobation.

Let us suppose that knowledge is absolute, and not relative, and therefore, that our conception of matter represents that which it really is. Let us suppose, further, that we do know more of cause and effect than a certain definite order of succession among facts, and that we have a knowledge of the necessity of that succession—and hence, of necessary laws—and I, for my part, do not see what escape there is from utter materialism and necessarianism. For it is obvious that our knowledge of what we call the material world is, to begin with, at least as certain and definite as that of the spiritual world, and that our acquaintance with law is of as old a date as our knowledge of spontaneity. Further, I take it to be demonstrable that it is utterly impossible to prove that anything

(1) "The Limits of Philosophical Inquiry," pp. 4 and 5.

whatever may not be the effect of a material and necessary cause, and that human logic is equally incompetent to prove that any act is really spontaneous. A really spontaneous act is one which, by the assumption, has no cause; and the attempt to prove such a negative as this is, on the face of the matter, absurd. And while it is thus a philosophical impossibility to demonstrate that any given phenomenon is not the effect of a material cause, any one who is acquainted with the history of science will admit, that its progress has, in all ages, meant, and now, more than ever, means, the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity.

I have endeavoured, in the first part of this discourse, to give you a conception of the direction towards which modern physiology is tending; and I ask you, what is the difference between the conception of life as the product of a certain disposition of material molecules, and the old notion of an Archæus governing and directing blind matter within each living body, except this—that here, as elsewhere, matter and law have devoured spirit and spontaneity? And as surely as every future grows out of past and present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and law until it is co-extensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action.

The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare, I believe, upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom.

If the "New Philosophy" be worthy of the reprobation with which it is visited, I confess their fears seem to me, to be well founded. While, on the contrary, could David Hume be consulted, I think he would smile at their perplexities, and chide them for doing even as the heathen, and falling down in terror before the hideous idols their own hands have raised.

For, after all, what do we know of this terrible "matter," except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that "spirit" over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.

And what is the dire necessity and "iron" law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an "iron" law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a

physical necessity, it is that a stone, unsupported, must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know and can know about the latter phenomenon? Simply, that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground, "a law of nature." But when, as commonly happens, we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematise the intruder. Fact I know; and Law I know; but what is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?

But, if it is certain that we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit, and that the notion of necessity is something illegitimately thrust into the perfectly legitimate conception of law, the materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity, is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas. The fundamental doctrines of materialism, like those of spiritualism, and most other "isms," lie outside "the limits of philosophical inquiry," and David Hume's great service to humanity is his irrefragable demonstration of what these limits are. Hume called himself a sceptic, and therefore others cannot be blamed if they apply the same title to him; but that does not alter the fact that the name, with its existing implications, does him gross injustice.

If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor any one else, have any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a sceptic. On the contrary, in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems about which we are naturally curious, and shows us that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world. And he thus ends one of his essays:—

"If we take in hand any volume of Divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."¹

(1) Hume's Essay "Of the Academical or Sceptical Philosophy," in the "Inquiry — Concerning the Human Understanding."

Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events.

Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally, as often as we like to try. Each, therefore, stands upon the strongest foundation upon which any belief can rest; and forms one of our highest truths. If we find that the ascertainment of the order of nature is facilitated by using one terminology, or one set of symbols, rather than another, it is our clear duty to use the former; and no harm can accrue, so long as we bear in mind, that we are dealing merely with terms and symbols.

In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit; or the phenomena of spirit, in terms of matter; matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of matter—each statement has a certain relative truth. But with a view to the progress of science, the materialistic terminology is in every way to be preferred. For it connects thought with the other phenomena of the universe, and suggests inquiry into the nature of those physical conditions, or concomitants of thought, which are more or less accessible to us, and a knowledge of which may, in future, help us to exercise the same kind of control over the world of thought, as we already possess in respect of the material world; whereas, the alternative, or spiritualistic, terminology is utterly barren, and leads to nothing but obscurity and confusion of ideas.

Thus there can be little doubt that the further science advances the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of nature be represented by materialistic formulæ and symbols.

But the man of science, who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician, who should mistake the x 's and y 's, with which he works his problems, for real entities—and with this further disadvantage, as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyse the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.

T. H. HUXLEY.

THE PRODIGAL.

I.

A GIRLISH mother at eventide
Sat watching by her child ;
The foolishhest nursing rhymes she sang ;
She sighed, and then she smiled.

A double string of small clear pearls
Passed round and round her head,
And thence her ample flaxen hair
Was down her straight back shed.

She smoothed the counterpane, she kissed
Its face with a serious joy,
And there was peace in the mother's heart
Over her sleeping boy.

" My little son," she thought, " the weeks
Fly quickly past with thee,
For love and hope sit by my side,
And often talk to me.

" My little son, the time will come
Thou wilt be strong and swift,
And I grown old and weak, employed
In alinous deeds and shrift.

" My little son, when that time comes
Thou sure wilt be my stay,
As now it is my happiness
To watch thee day by day."

She trailed her long hair o'er his face,
She merrily clapped her hands :
He wakes; around her bended neck
His short round arm expands.

The child hath grown into a youth,
With a poignard by his waist:
No battle blade, but fair to see,
In spangled velvet cased.

Often he tries its eager edge,
And fondles its hilt with pride:
Anon another bauble gay
Is added to its side,
A bugle horn with golden tip
That he might hunting ride.

But he forgot them both full soon,
And dropp'd them with a sneer;
His mother strove with wondering love
His wilfulness to cheer:
"Lady," said he, "it suits not me
To be thus cabin'd here.

"It may be well for such as till,
To live upon the ground,
But none have I to talk unto
Except my otter hound."

He left the old tower and its hills,
And when they were gone from sight,
The smile came back upon his lip,
His eye again grew bright.

Years are as yesterdays: a barque
Up the Ebro glided fast,
And from the deck a stout gallant
Impatient glances cast.

A dark short man full richly clad,
With hair on his pointed chin,
His eyebrow back to his temple slants,
And his well-shaped cheek is thin,
Three letters in his hand held he,
And thus he scanned them hastily.

"This from a fool who wears his cap,
Like a doctor's hat awry,
Advising me, he is so wise
In his cloistered privacy!

“This from one belted in the field,
To wile me to his side ;
But I have pleasanter cards in hand
Than either of those men guide.

“And these ! in sooth these are the lines
A mother can only trace ;
I’ve ta’en the last coin out of the chest,
The last smile from her face.
What help is there ? I should have heir’d
As fits my name and race ! ”

He rent the leaves, and with both hands
Scattered them o’er the rail ;
“Now I return at last,” quoth he,
“And quick enough we sail.”

Along these rails an awning swung
Striped all with pink and green,
And as he stoops beneath it, we
May enter too, I ween.

For there two dames whose dimpled cheeks
Are very rosy, greet
The enterer, and they gaily throw
Flower heads about his feet.

The ivory and the silver cup,
The sweet wine and the strong,
The light breeze winnowing the warm air,
The jape and jest and song !
For land or coin, for name or power
He would not barter that one hour.

She sits within the dark cold room ;
On the arras old and dun,
Lady Diana’s round face shines ;
Her hounds all leap and run.

But now they lack the cheer that once
They gave to that widow’s eye :
There is no mirth in that crowded haste.
No light upon the sky.

The little boy she sang to sleep
Since then hath been long away,
And forgotten her quite in his trafficking
With maskers night and day.

She hath hoped and feared and hoped again,
She hath wiped the sore tear oft,
Prayers hath she sent up to the saints,
So far away aloft.

“Lady! the count’s esquire doth wait
With a message brought to thee,
And with him, on two palfreys white,
Two ladies from over the sea.

“The count doth follow soon”—she sank,
O’ercome by this dear joy;
She would have thanked her Saint at once :
But a squire—two ladies with her boy—
She gasped as she would faint.

II.

Reach me the tapers for the head,
The tapers for the feet—
Three for each ; now fetch the salt,
To dress the corpse complete.

Strip ye the arras from the wall,
Darken the window quite,
That the sheer moonshine look not in,
Nor any of God’s light.

So, so, the floor is well rush-strewn,
To soften every sound ;
Bid the warder slip the hours to-night,
Keep still the old sleuth-hound.

Thus was the long white body laid,
With the chaplet on the breast,—
The breast that in song-singing years
Had been the baby’s nest.

A cross was laid upon the flowers ;
Some wandering silver hair
Gleamed by the edge of the close round cap
On the cheek so sadly fair.

The dear face I shall not describe,
For that I might have blame ;
The swathing white was edged with black,
Upon a bier the same.

The seneschal sat in the buttry,
By his chair stood his serving-loon ;
The seneschal's fingers on the board
Kept beating a senseless tune.

"Sancho," said he, as he looked about,
"Sancho," said he again,
"Our master's is no common deed,
That common shrift may sain.

"He may give gold, if gold remains ;
They may say the weird is past ;
But the doom from this household, I ween,
Nevermore can be cast.

"I stay within this moated wall
No longer than the nine ;
And—for he owes me twenty marks—
These flagons shall be mine.

"Wilt thou go with me to the town,
Sancho, to be my groom ?"
Quoth Sancho, "I will go with thee :
He's mad, and I'm afraid lest he
May punish me in your room !"

"Open the wicket ! " "Where go ye ?"
"It matters not : away."
"Leave us the keys of the buttry,
And come back when ye may !"

The twain went forth at eventide,
So the watchman left the wall ;
"The master's mad," said he, and called
The lacqueys from the hall :
One hour thereafter not a man
Was sober of them all.

“What can the young count’s errand be ;
I fear the stripling not !
Though he hath taxed the convent rents,”
Quoth the abbot, with husky throat.

The young knight entered : like the man
Who waits for another’s blood,
He slid into the dusky room ;
With quivering lips he stood

And whispered, “It is thy turn now ;”
Then down on his knees he sank,
And to the padre stretched his hands,
Who back in his high chair shrank.

“’Tis thy turn now, Sir Abbot, and here,
For help I come to thee.”
“Whate’er thy shrift, young sir, I am
Glad thou hast come to me.”

With that, the silver whistle seized
The old man, white with dread ;
But by his feet, upon the hearth,
Sank down the youngling’s head.

The sêrving-men keep up their game,
Not one yet wipes his lips ;
The tankards rattle, and the wine
From the board’s edges drips.

A room there was above that hall ;
The two fair dames sat there :
One had been weeping, and she sat
Sobbing, with idle stare.

The other, with two long black curls
Was imping out her head,
Knitting them to her own short hair
With great beads, green and red.

In the left corner of this room
Two other ’live things sat,—
Two of a different kith ! a race
Long-toothed, and lean, and flat !

Their long loose-jointed legs, like flails,
Were folded back straightway ;
Each motion of the two fair dames
Still counterfeited they.

"Is all aright?" asked one, and turned
His amber-coloured eyes
On his ungainly brother, who sat,
Bent forward, listeningwise.

"Is all aright?" "It is, it is ;
He gives the abbot gold!"
Their sharp jaws opened and closed thrice,
Laughing at what was sold.

"What doth he say?" "He hath not yet
Trusted the father's ear
With words he would not once repeat—
How the abbot longs to hear!"

"I think it wears not yet too late,"
Said the lady with impeded hair ;
"He will return." Quoth the mocking fiend,
"That will he not, my fair!"

"It was no crime that I can see,
To tell him her foul speech ;
'Twas her own hand that did the scathe ;
Who dares the Count impeach?"

"Ho, ho! the abbot knows all now,"
The listening creature cried,
"And avers such wickedness as that
His Master can't abide!"

"The count will have his money again!"
The fiend threw out his hand,
As if he were in the very cell
Where the youth and the father stand.

"The abbot will not let it go ;
He charges him to hide
I' the sanctuary of Peter and Paul,
Ere twelve o' the clock betide.

“Midnight ! 'tis many leagues from hence,
And now the moon is high ;
We have no power within that bower,
But we'll have him though he fly !”

Up started the black-haired dame in haste :
“Did some one pass me now ?
Or was it but the gusty wind
That ran across my brow ?”

III.

“Thirty stark miles, a hasty ride
Ere the midnight bell I hear ;
To my stout Barbery I trust,
God wot I never fear.”

A few steps left the paven street,
Or his race might well begin,
His mouth was black, and his brow was white,
A red spot was on his chin.

The moon hath drawn a watery swathe
Before her ghostly eye ;
Darkling over the heath you'll see
His feather against the sky.

“It matters not to me,” thinks he,
“We do not need her light ;”
But the rowel sank in his horse's flank,
Till it leaped five feet in height.

“They hope I will not gain the place !”
He dashed them in again ;
“But never I rode without winning the race !”
And on he sped amain.

The clouds that, as he mounted, strayed
Like a white flock of sheep,
Have rolled together on his path,
Moaning, and mirk, and deep.

The blast bursts from them, by the clasp
His bonnet flies behind,
In the nostrils of his Kochlan mare
Whistles the stifling wind.

He curses the storm, but down his throat
The words are thrust again ;
His bloody spurs are useless now,
His eyes are shut by the rain.

Cries the Bridge-warder, peering out
From his solar, " Ben'cité !
To swim the swollen stream to-night
A madman must he be !

" God, have mercy on the man,
The gate is wide, the bridge is clear ! "
But he plunges in, the horse is down ;
He swims, the shore is near ;

Anon his hand is on the bank,
A haggard face and hand ;
" Give me thy beast," he tried to call,
As he struggled up the strand.

The man stood by the stable door,
Nor such demand would hear,
But holds the bridled horse by the mouth—
A dagger shimmered clear—
From the warder's dying grasp the Count
Ravels the bridge-gear.

A crashing sound through the forest goes,
A crashing and stumbling sound ;
The branches groping about in the dark
Seem to girdle him all round.

He bends his scarped and bleeding brow,
Upon the saddle-bow,
Could he rid him of this wood so broad,
As of the warder dead—Oh, God !
By one quick dagger-blow !

Thro' the twisting of the trees
 Rushing like a sudden breeze,
 Or snakes among the autumn bowers
 Through the mats of withered flowers,
 Threaded the long-legged creatures twain,
 Up and down, against wind and rain.
 The fingered boughs check not their speed,
 Nor drive them from the rider's head ;
 He, blind and deaf, would seem to sleep,
 While his staggering steed
 Toiled fetlock deep.

It plunged, it fell with a dying heave,
 As the blood from its nostrils ran,
 But he rose from off the plashy sod,
 Muttering sadly, " Thank my God,
 I've yet the strength of man ! "

What steeple and what roofs be these
 The moon lights up so fair ?
 What belfry shines the moon out-through ?
 And hark, what bell is there,
 As if it fain would slumber too,
 Like the slumbering street below ?
 Twelve times it swings. Now faint and slow
 He climbs those steps as white as snow,
 And sinks against the bolted gate :
 " Who knocks ? " cries the porter from within,
 As he drowsily draws the wicket-pin ;
 But the amber eyes of the fiends look in,
 And the porter runs in fear,
 Runs and leaves him where he lies :
 Then on his breast and on his thighs
 These evil things alight.
 " Now we have him, brother dear !
 His breath is done, as I can hear ;
 Keep his mouth open, hold his thumbs,
 The darling little spirit comes——
 Turn him from the east——sweet sprite !
 Come out ! come out into the night ! "

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

"A woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not."

Antony and Cleopatra.

CHAPTER I.

UP-HILL WORK.

"THERE are just two objections to your plan," said Woodville to his companion, in the *coupé* of the diligence, as it rolled and rumbled along the Simplon road, soon after leaving Domo d'Ossola, advancing towards the Lago Maggiore: "one is the unconscionable hour at which we must start to accomplish it; the other is the appalling length of the walk."

"Trust me," replied the more energetic Alexander, smiling—indeed, almost laughing outright—at the strong expressions his friend had employed; "you will be rewarded a thousandfold; the prospect from the summit of Monterone is, by all accounts, one of the finest on the south side of the Alps. We shall not only look down upon the lake of Orta, which so few English tourists visit, but we shall see Monte Rosa in all its glory by sunrise, and a wonderful range of mountains into the bargain. As to fatigue, that is a difficulty easily got over—you can take a mule or a donkey, and then you will have six legs against my two."

"If I surrender," said the less robust, or less adventurous, of the travellers, "it must be on two conditions; first, that you guarantee me a fine day——"

"That I do," said Alexander, intrepidly.

"And, in the next place, you must promise me two clear days—halt at Orta."

Alexander smiled and shook his head, demurring to the second clause. He felt quite sure one day would suffice for all the recruiting necessary after an excursion, which, to him, seemed a mere bagatelle. But Woodville would not bate a minute of the forty-eight hours, and, after some more discussion, his friend had no alternative but to yield.

"Ah, my friend," said the other, as soon as the point was settled, "I have neither your vigour nor your marvellous passion for up-hill work; you show it in everything as well as in mountaineering."

"Your profession does not exact the same continuous labour as mine," said Alexander.

"You are mistaken there," said Woodville; "there is no success in painting, any more than in law, or anything else, without the

energy and toil in which you exult, and of which I am constitutionally incapable. With your force and courage, I feel that I could be a Titian. Even now, after the compact I have made with you, I almost doubt whether I shall be physically equal to keep my part of the engagement. What will you do if you fail to get me out of bed at three in the morning?"

"There will be nothing for it but oxen and wain-ropes," said Alexander.

"Yet, after all," continued the artist, "I am not a sluggard in principle. How often do I slug in bed on the long bright summer mornings, speculating on the advantages of early rising, thinking of the wealth and distinction which men of your stirring habits are sure to win by their superior activity!"

"I love my pillow too," said his companion, "but I fancy I sleep more than you in a given time."

"Another proof of what I say: you sleep strenuously, as you do everything. I have never seen you at your work, but I can imagine what you must be at business, from what I have seen of you on this tour, which is only your relaxation. You seem to me to have an unnatural appetite for exertion."

Alexander made a gesture of dissent.

"I know you have," continued Woodville; "as you fix your eye on that peak yonder, you are burning to scale it. Its crags encourage you as much as they dishearten me. Confess, now, if the diligence were to stop for half an hour, you would at least make the attempt."

Alexander neither admitted nor denied the impeachment; he merely said, that in his opinion, what seemed to be in some men a passion for toil was in many cases the mere result of a still more ardent passion for repose. "Would you know," he added, "what the object is at the bottom of all my plans, as far as I know myself, the terminus, to use a technical phrase, to all my aspirations? Do you see that old peasant at his cottage door, basking in the setting sun? He looks as if his working-days were over; he is seated under a tree of his own planting, enjoying, literally eating, the fruit of his own industry. Well, I am not conscious of any more elevated motive than to attain to that poor husbandman's fortune, and after some thirty or forty years of hard work at the Bar, sit down like him and spend the evening of my days under my own fig-tree."

Woodville was so long without answering that Alexander fancied that either his long speech, or the monotonous roll of the lumbering coach, helped by the advancing shadows of the hills, had lulled him to sleep; but in fact his sentimental friend was only musing with half-closed eyes in his corner on the beautiful though hackneyed image with which his companion had left off. He was also fixing in his memory, for the subject of a future sketch, the details of the

rural picture to which his attention had been drawn. It had just the kind of interest to invite his indolent poetic pencil, a lovely bit of landscape, with a thought and touch of humanity in it. In such subjects Woodville's talent lay, and he might have been without a rival in it, had it not been for the half mental, half physical infirmity which always prevented him from doing his fine conceptions justice. He threw a charming thought upon canvas, or into his sketch-book, and left it there; began a hundred subjects, and seldom finished one. He would paint one side of a face exquisitely, with an eye to haunt your memory for ever, and leave the other for a future day, which never came. His studio in Paris, in a quatrième of the Faubourg St. Honoré, where he had lived for some years, and where Alexander first made his acquaintance, was a museum of abortive undertakings, evidence of as much genius as can exist without the power of sustained exertion. His very art was a proof of his instability, for he had not been brought up to it, but had dropped the medical profession for the pencil; he had actually taken a degree in medicine, but nothing annoyed him more than when a friend in ignorance or thoughtlessness called him Doctor, though every now and then he betrayed himself by the technical knowledge he displayed, particularly when he expatiated on his own complaints, of which he had a wonderful and amusing variety for a man who had never been seriously ill in his life. As to practice, he had as much now as ever he had, though he had only two patients; his old servant Honorine, when she was rheumatic or dyspeptic, and himself. He dosed both patients freely, but as his views had latterly been homœopathic, the harm his prescriptions did was probably only infinitesimal.

To return from this long digression. Woodville proved he was still awake by the one word with which he resumed the thread of the dialogue.

"Alone?" he said, looking full and interrogatively at his companion, who had, perhaps, been pursuing pretty much the same train of ideas, or after so long a pause he would have hardly understood that the question related to the fig-tree.

"Probably," said Alexander, with a smile; "the peasant was alone, as you must have observed."

"His better half was probably within doors," said Woodville; and as he spoke, the wheels ceased to rumble, the bells to jingle, and the diligence stopped, amidst a jabbering of beggars and ostlers, in front of the principal inn of Baveno.

Now there is an hotel there of considerable pretensions; but its best inn was a poor one between twenty-five and thirty years ago, which was about the date of Frederick Alexander's first continental tour. Italy, indeed, is not an eating country; she has made great advances in freedom, but in gastronomy she is behind the age. We

must only hope that, when her political organisation is complete, she will begin to cultivate the arts of the kitchen, and remember that she is as much the land of Apicius and Lucullus as of Cicero and Dante.

Our tourists had as sorry a supper served up to them as any cook in the whole peninsula could have prepared ; but, under the circumstances, this was no great trial of temper to either of the young men : the one was too fresh, and had too healthy an appetite, to turn up his nose, at the end of a long journey, at any dish that was eatable ; while the other was too jaded and done up, after thirty-six hours' tumbling in the diligence, to care much for anything but a bottle of wine and his pillow. Indeed, their project for next day was argument enough for roosting with the least possible delay, which poor Woodville did in half an hour after their arrival, leaving his friend at the table charged, as usual, with all the necessary arrangements for the morrow's expedition. It diverted Alexander, though he took care not to show it, to observe the apprehension with which the nervous and vacillating artist evidently contemplated a march, which was no great feat, even in those days, when there was no Alpine Club in existence. Woodville made an unavailing attempt before he retired to reopen the question, suggesting the propriety of quietly circumnavigating the Lago Maggiore before they left its shores, but Alexander was as steady as a rock to the programme that had been arranged. They were to return to the Lago Maggiore by way of Arona, and from thence take all the lakes in order.

Left to himself, the young barrister (he was in about his third-and-twentieth year, two or three years Woodville's junior) first finished his supper, even clearing off two plates of walnuts and dry biscuits, which had probably been destined to do duty for the whole of the touring season. Then he hired a guide, with two donkeys—one for his comrade, one for the luggage—after which he called for the bill, settled it while he was undressing, and in less than five minutes was sound asleep, sleeping unconquerably through all the opposition which a sultry night in August, conspiring with legions of mosquitoes, offered to his rest. Poor Woodville, on the other hand, notwithstanding his extreme fatigue, would hardly have got an hour's sleep in the face of such a formidable league, had it not been for a phial of aconite which he had always with him in his neat portable medicine-chest, that Alexander took to be the paint-box. In fact, the artist seemed to himself to have scarcely closed his eyes when he was startled by the matin song of the asses under his window, as they were led into the court-yard. He dozed again for a moment in the midst of this agreeable serenade ; but it was short-lived bliss, for now came his ruthless companion tapping at his door, and thrice was the tap repeated, always *crescendo*, before Woodville realised its terrible significance. The third tap was accompanied with sounds

still nearer and more appalling. A strong hand was laid gently on his shoulder, and a hollow voice, not without pity in it, accosted him with—

“Woodville, your hour is come!”

Alexander was humane enough to feel that he was almost acting the part of Abhorson in the play, when he requests “Master Barnardine to get up and be hanged.”

But Woodville proved a man of his word, and the oxen and wain-ropes were not wanting, although the clocks of Baveno were only striking three as they left the hotel. The guide went first, leading the beast that carried the baggage; Woodville followed on his own animal, which really looked as if it had six legs, those of the rider being rather long, and almost touching the ground. The rear was brought up by the bold limb of the law. On one point he had been rather too bold; in covenanting for the weather he had gone a little too far. When they started, however, it was still too dark to read the signs of the sky; as they looked back over the lake even the white terraces of the Isola Bella were scarcely distinguishable in the grey gloom, but the air was fresh and balmy, and had such a stimulating effect on Woodville, that he soon began to forget his grievances, and finding his seat tolerably easy at first, his spirits rose, and he felt even grateful to his friend for combating his *vis inertiae*. The ascent was tedious, for the long-eared brutes had their inflexible regulation pace, beyond which, on the most favourable ground, a forest of cudgels would have failed to urge them; but it was so much the easier for the friends to chat. Alexander asked how the artist had got through the night. He had found his own bed clean and comfortable.

“The beds are often better than they look,” said Woodville, “but it is not enough for me that a bed is clean; it ought to be, like Cæsar’s wife, not only clean, but above suspicion. There may have been no jumpers in mine, but everything about it suggested that there were; that was enough to put comfort out of the question.”

“Don’t we do those little jumpers injustice?” said Alexander; “we complain of finding them in our beds, yet where else should one expect to find them? A bed is their *habitat*, as naturalists call it; we go to them, they don’t come to us.”

“Happy man!” cried Woodville, “who can make a joke of all the troubles of life; nothing fatigues you, or worries you, or bites you. If you were an Irish Catholic, you would think the Protestant Church a laughing matter; if you were an Italian, you would be a patient as Job under the Austrian dominion.”

“No, no,” said Alexander, warmly. “If I was an Irish Catholic or, indeed, if I was an Irish Protestant, I should never rest while the Church existed; if I was an Italian, I should never be content while a German swaggered in the Peninsula.”

They were in the middle of a discussion on the prospects of Italy, which at that period seemed hopelessly gloomy, when, happening at the top of a sharp rise to face about towards the quarter they came from, the lake, of which they had seen the whole expanse a few minutes before, had disappeared from their view. While they had been chatting, a dense mist, born of the heat of the previous day, had stolen a march on them; and, what was worse, it seemed to be climbing the hills as fast as themselves. Both looked blank, and Woodville reminded his companion of his unlucky guarantee. Alexander put the best face on it, and declared that these Italian mists were of no consequence; they were not like Scotch mists, and he called Woodville's attention to the brow of the mountain, which was perfectly clear. In five minutes they should reach it, and in three more the sun would be up in all his glory.

"Ah, false prophet!" cried the artist, when the five minutes were expired, and they stood indeed on the crown of Monterone; but it was like standing on a few square feet of rock in the midst of an ocean of vapour.

Still Alexander's faith was strong; the vapours would vanish as quick as they came, the might of the sun would disperse them as a justice does a mob with the Riot Act, and then,—then they would see the grandest spectacle in Europe.

But the sun either refused to do his duty, or the mists were too rebellious; instead of dispersing, they became rapidly condensed into a fine rain, which soon made Woodville feel that in imitating the early bird, he had brought on himself the fate of the earlier worm. Not even then did the spirits of his friend fail him; and, to keep Woodville from sinking entirely, he insisted (while loading him with all sorts of wraps) on detailing all that he would, could, and should have seen, only for the treachery of the day.

"There," he cried, pointing in one direction, "there is Rosa, the second mountain for sublimity in the Alps, scarcely second to Mont Blanc; I almost fancy I see his outlines, but, no, he is totally invisible. Far southward the cone of Monte Viso—follow my finger; not a bit of him to be seen either. Now carry your eye half round the horizon, northwards, and you come to another giant,—I forget his name,—lost in the fog like his betters. Milan is yonder, as plain as I see you, only for this provoking revolution in the weather, which prevents one from seeing anything. Orta must be just below us, but the fact is, we can see nothing."

"A good reason for not staying here any longer," said poor Woodville, who was all this time shuddering with cold on his donkey, but too dejected to check his friend's enthusiasm, which was certainly rather untimely.

To make matters worse, not only did the rain increase until it

thoroughly drenched them—even Woodville through all his wraps—but they had not been descending long, before the track they had been following was suddenly lost, and when they attempted to confer with the guide they were unable to understand his patois, but he was evidently as much bewildered as themselves; so after groping about for some time, trying in different directions, there was nothing better to be done than to trust the asses, who had probably often made the same journey. The beasts, however, were not so well acquainted with the town of Orta as they were with another place, called Omegna, on the same lake but distant from Orta by several miles. At Omegna, accordingly, our travellers arrived, early enough in the day, but in such a pickle as to make it necessary to stop many hours at a wretched cabaret, which could scarcely afford either a breakfast or fire to dry their clothes. The latter was the chief point, and, as soon as it was tolerably well effected, they hired a boat, which landed them late in the evening under the balcony of the Leone d'Oro, the only inn at that time in Orta.

CHAPTER II.

THE LEONE D'ORO.

THE lake and little town of Orta, now as familiar as Hampstead Heath to every cockney tourist, were at the period in question not much better known than the Dolomite Mountains, or the gorges of the Sierra Morena. The situation of the inn, under which our travellers landed, is charming, it stands out so picturesquely into the glassy water, with its roses dropping their leaves, and its vines their clusters upon its breast. The Leone d'Oro, which still exists (flourishing would be too much to say), is fairly entitled to add a small percentage to its bills, on the score of its position, and the delicious views from its windows and galleries, opening on the lake.

When Alexander, leaving his wearied and disconsolate companion sitting, enveloped in a Scotch plaid, as if the sun was in Capricorn, on a bench of white marble which was still warm (for at Orta it had not rained at all), entered the vestibule, the little inn seemed either deserted or asleep. He looked about for a bell, but probably there was no such thing in the town, save those of the adjacent convent, or in the campanile of the parish church. He liked the Leone d'Oro all the more for having no bells. So he passed into a room that seemed to aim at being a *salle-à-manger*, but finding this also as still and empty as a rifled tomb at Thebes or Persepolis, he made his way to a place that affected to be a kitchen, but was also forsaken, and in temperature felt alarmingly like a grotto. This was

discouraging, but ere he had time to be provoked, the hostess made her appearance, seemingly by accident, a comely woman of middle age, whose cosy person contrasted favourably with the desolate state of her house, and whose bright and affable eyes were pledges of at least a hearty good-will to do the best she could for her customers. Aided, perhaps, more by his own good looks (for Alexander was a tall, handsome fellow, with clustering brown hair, and had bright eyes in his head) than his acquaintance with the good woman's tongue, he soon came to a perfect understanding with her, and his first care was to provide a comfortable room for Woodville, and see that his sheets were well aired, a point about which he was not a little punctilious.

A common apartment looking out on the water was, of course, indispensable, and on that point there was no difficulty, for he might have had all the rooms in the albergo; the wide world of the Leone d'Oro was all his own. His own little chamber was one of a suite of similar rooms, all of which opened upon the airy gallery already mentioned; it had the merit of being clean, though rudely furnished, and was curtained with a glorious old vine, which twisted itself like a great serpent round the pillars that supported it, pushing its lithe branches through every interstice of the balustrade, from which he could have dropped plump down into the lake.

Woodville was too indisposed—whether it was fancy or not—to want anything but some posset or another, with a thimble-full of brandy from his own flask in it, which posset, when his friend had ordered, he prudently left the subject of his own dinner, or rather supper, to the landlady's discretion, confiding, however, more in her good dispositions than in her power to give effect to them. But there were always eggs, coffee, and fruit; the lake was sure to furnish some fish, and at that period a flask of tolerable wine was not so hard to find in any part of Italy as it was in later years, after the ~~the~~ vine grape caught the distemper, which caused you and me, and all honest fellows, such deep and heartfelt concern.

As soon as the warm drink was ready, Alexander took it himself to Woodville, whom he found sitting on the side of his bed, in a queer old dressing-gown, his hands miserably folded, and so dismal that he might have sat for a picture of blameless insolvency. It was hard to help laughing at the length of his face, long enough at all times, but now longer than ever, he was so chop-fallen, and besides a two days' growth of a sandy beard added something mildly savage to his physiognomy. No doubt he was inwardly execrating Switzerland and Italy, mountains, lakes, forests, and waterfalls, and all that had tempted him to leave his tranquil garret in Paris to be drenched to the skin on the top of Monterone. Alexander knew all this perfectly well, but he did not know the worst and most indescribable

of the poor artist's grievances, which related to his six hours' ride on the back of the donkey. He was just recording a vow that no force, persuasion, or argument should ever induce him again to expose himself to such torture and indignity, particularly as his box was provided neither with spermaceti nor diachylum, when Alexander came in; and hoping to cheer his friend, while he was dropping the cognac into the drink, he repeated what he had gathered from the landlady about the weather, that such a morning as they had on the hills was quite exceptional at that season.

"I suspect the exceptions are tolerably frequent," grunted the dejected artist.

"But you know," said his friend soothingly, as you talk to a peevish child, "the exception proves the rule."

"From which, I suppose," muttered Woodville, "we are to infer that the more numerous the exceptions the stronger the proof. I know to my cost what exceptional weather means; I never went anywhere in my life at home or abroad for the sake of a holiday, or change of air, or climate, without finding it exactly the contrary of what I had been promised;—but it was always exceptional,—that was always the word."

Alexander knew this pettish fit would pass with a good night's rest, but not before it, so he made as if his dinner was cooling, and left his companion to get into bed. But there was still a moment to spare before his dinner came, and from the balcony through the foliage of the old vine he enjoyed a view which repaid him for what he had been cheated of in the morning. If he missed the sunrise, there was a sunset to make him amends. The lake glowed with all the lovely combinations of colour which you see on the necks of doves, or breasts of golden pheasants, the sky lending its glories liberally to the unruffled water. The terraces and white walls of San Giulio were bathed in rose rapidly deepening to vermilion; the mountains seemed pressing in all round as it were to take charge for the night of the sleeping beauty of the lake, and the hamlet on the opposite side seemed already buried in slumber under the shadows of the great chestnuts for which Orta is famed. The languor of the hour and the clime was over everything, but it was the languor of life and the scenery pleased Alexander more than the severer beauty north of the Alps, which might have been expected to be more in tune with the boldness and vigour of his character. But the handsome young lawyer was as genial and social as he was strong, and the Alps rose in his esteem when he saw their savage grandeur softened, as it was here, by all the varied opulence of Italian vegetation. The convent bells, too, which were now filling the air with tinkling music from the adjacent heights dedicated to St. Francis (suggesting refection, while perhaps they only meant to invite him

to prayer) disposed him to be even more than social, even to be convivial, just at the moment when he was called to supper, and through the defection of his friend, was forced to sit down to it alone.

There are men who will tell you solitude spoils their appetite ; but Alexander was not a man of that kind, and though he preferred company, the want of it did not prevent him from doing justice to the omelet, the frittura, and roast fowl which were set before him, and which, with cheese, coffee, and a bottle of the best wine to be had, proved the resources of the Leone d'Oro not so deficient as first appearances threatened. In short, he thought all so good that his wonder grew how such cheer was to be had in an inn which could only boast of two guests in the height of the summer. "Can it really be true," he asked himself, "that no travellers before ourselves have ever had the good sense to turn aside from the beaten route to visit this attractive spot ?

" ' Are we the first
That ever burst
Into this silent lake ? ' "

It was not very likely, in such circumstances, that they kept a Travellers' book, but the rarity of a guest would perhaps make them the more careful to record the arrival of one, when such a secular event occurred.

At all events he would ask the question. The Leone d'Oro did keep a book. If it had few visitors it made the most of them. The book was brought him, but he turned over the entries of seven years scarcely finding the names of as many Englishmen. For the last three years, however, the names of a Mr. and Miss Evelyn appeared uniformly in August, and, with a curious precision, always on the same day of the month. They had, moreover, as the entries showed, always come from a place called La Tour, which Alexander learned from his itinerary was a town in the Vaudois country, so renowned in history for the struggles and sufferings of its people in the cause of religious liberty.

"Three times!" thought Alexander. "The Evelyns, whoever they are, if they are not the original discoverers of Orta, know at least how to appreciate it. I honour their constancy, but I fear it is exhausted ; already they are a day behind their time, so they will probably return no more."

With these reflections he drank the last glass of his bottle, strolled to the top of the Monte Sacro by what remained of twilight, and went to his bed.

CHAPTER III.

THE GIRL OF BUSINESS.

At Orta they do not eat their nightingales and thrushes so systematically as is the general barbarous usage in Italy—at least, they had not eaten them all up at the period of our story; for there remained a choir quite large enough, at least, with the help of the convent-bells, to have roused Mr. Alexander at a very early hour, had he not required a little more of Nature's soft nursing than usual to set him up after the fatigues of the last two days. In fact he slept until near seven, and even then lay on his back for a few minutes, which was also against his usage, just to deliberate what might be done before breakfast, as well as during the day.

While his thoughts were thus occupied, he fancied he heard a stirring and rustling in a room adjoining his own, and which he now perceived was only separated from it by a slight, and perhaps temporary partition. He knew it was not Woodville's, for that was on the other side of the corridor. Presently a voice, or voices, were also audible; it was easy to distinguish that they were female voices. One was remarkably articulate and silvery, and evidently that of an English girl.

"Ha," said Alexander to himself, "this is Miss Evelyn, no doubt; they must have arrived during the night, or at a very early hour this morning. They are tolerably punctual, I must do them the justice to say."

He now heard the casement opened, which gave access, like his own, to the vine-wreathed balcony, and at the same instant the lady, with the more youthful and articulate voice, broke forth into a rapturous address to the lake, of which, without hearing every word, he was easily able to gather the tenour. She vowed it was lovelier than she had ever seen it before; she said the foliage was richer, the roses sweeter, the grapes larger,—everything was more beautiful than ever. Over and over again she vowed it was the sweetest spot in all the world, and once or twice she even called the lake her own, which made Alexander think that she must indeed have been the original discoverer.

After this burst of girlish enthusiasm, her tone was a little altered, but still her next-room neighbour could collect very distinctly that she was delighted on her father's account even more than her own to find herself once more at "the dear, quiet, old Leone d'Oro."

The next observation was addressed to her companion, who was probably her maid.

"I trust, Hannah, we are the only people in the house?"

Alexander lost the reply, but it must have been in the affirmative,

for the mistress was heard to say that more visitors would destroy the charm of Orta and quite ruin the Leone d'Oro.

It was a pleasant idea of Miss Evelyn's, that of an inn ruined by its guests!

She seemed next to be inquiring about some books, hoping nothing had been left behind; and she called for a certain list in a different key from her rapturous speech at the window—not at all harsh, or vixenish, only a little dry and peremptory. The list must have been handed to her, for Alexander could hear her murmuring over a number of names in succession, obviously telling off the volumes they referred to, which appeared to be all forthcoming, except a certain account-book, about which there was a to-do. The title of the missing book sounded funny to Alexander's ear. It was called "the little green Bobbio account-book," and it would evidently be a serious affair for Hannah if the book with this droll name had by any chance been lost or even left behind.

All this occupied so short a time, and the young lawyer's curiosity was so much excited, that it only now occurred to him that he was rather in a false position, placed so as to overhear the conversation of a lady who not only was not aware that his room was occupied, but was under the impression that she and her father were the only guests in the house. To make any sign now, by coughing, or in any other way, would be almost to confess himself an eavesdropper; so that he was quite at a loss what to do, and it was a great relief to him when in a few minutes both mistress and maid left the room, probably to go in quest of the missing treasure.

You may suppose he had plenty of food for his thoughts and employment for his faculties of divination, while he made his expeditious but not negligent toilette, a little more careful certainly than it would have been if the Evelyns had not arrived. Alexander was not yet much of a lady's man, or a deep student of the sex; but he had never been so perplexed as he now found himself between the conflicting indications of character out of which his fancy had to frame a notion of Miss Evelyn, with only her voice and a few scraps of dialogue to guide him. She was a very young lady by her enthusiasm, and not so very young by her careful habits. She was wild about scenery, and a martinet with her maid; had a passion for roses, yet kept accounts; and, lastly, she arrived after he had gone to bed, and yet she was stirring before him. Was there ever such a curious medley? Was there ever such a riddle of a girl?

However, it was not to solve enigmas, much less to keep accounts, that he had come to Orta; so as soon as he was dressed he sallied forth, mortified a little at finding that he had already lost so much of the morning. In the kitchen, through which he passed, having missed his direct way to the inn-door, he found my lady's maid (a

tight girl of thirty, neatly dressed in a crisp blue calico, black apron, and smart cap fluttering with pink ribbons) in an altercation with the hostess on the subject of breakfast, the difficulty arising, as usual in such cases, from the mutual ignorance of the parties of each other's tongue. Hannah wanted new-laid eggs, and as the landlady neither understood English nor French, at least the French that Hannah spoke, the girl was reduced to the primitive expedient described in the old rhyme—

“ If I wanted bread
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs
By clapping hands and crowing.”

Through Alexander's intervention the difficulty was soon got over, and the maid was profuse of her thanks and curtsies for the assistance which her obliging countryman gave her to settle it. Alexander then gave his own instructions for breakfast, at which meal he expected to be joined by his friend, and in the meantime there was half an hour at his disposal, time enough for a row to the island and back again. On the little quay, which was hard by, he found an elderly gentleman, who of course was Mr. Evelyn, inquiring about a boat for the same purpose, but for a later hour, after the heat of the day had subsided. They saluted one another without speaking. Alexander selected his boat, and the elderly gentleman returned to the inn.

Alexander was pleased with Mr. Evelyn's exterior; he was a tall man, probably over sixty; he seemed to be in feeble health, and stooped considerably, his hair was nearly white, his face long, pale, and intellectual, but its expression was amiable and benevolent, rather than suggestive of mental power or force of character. In these days he would have worn some strange form of hat, and been attired as if he wished to pass for a horsedealer or a gamekeeper, but at that time those fantastic costumes had not been introduced with which Englishmen of later years have supplied the caricaturists with such fair subjects for their pencils. Mr. Evelyn, on the contrary, was dressed with care, and much as he would have been in the same season, had you met him in Pall Mall or Regent Street; a blue frock, trousers of nankeen (a stuff now only to be seen in the Kensington Museum), and an ordinary white hat, only that the leaf was a little broader than usual.

As to Alexander's outer man, of which as yet we have said nothing, it is enough to say now that it was in the same taste as the old gentleman's, scarcely more juvenile, but of stronger materials, more fit for hard work and vicissitudes of weather. His appearance and bearing had in turn made a favourable impression on Mr. Evelyn, but Hannah had already saved him the trouble of describing the

stranger for his daughter. On that lady, however, her maid's account of Alexander, though in terms of exaggerated praise, to repay him for his civility and good offices in the affair of the eggs, was completely thrown away.

"Only think, papa," she exclaimed, advancing to meet her father from the breakfast-table, where she had been making tea, "these provoking tourists are finding out Orta at last; there are actually a pair of them, and English ones too, in the house at this instant."

"Not in the house, at all events," said Mr. Evelyn, smiling and kissing her. "One of them is in the middle of the lake by this time."

"You take it very quietly," rejoined his daughter, with a curl of vexation on her lips; "but I consider it a monstrous intrusion, I can tell you."

"Two, after all, is no such great matter," said the old gentleman, taking his seat.

"Two will bring twenty, sir. Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown are sure to be followed by Mr. Jones."

"Ay," said her father, affecting to be deeply concerned, "and then the Robinsons are inevitable. I presume the young man on the water is Mr. Smith?"

Here Hannah, who was standing by, interposed with fervour to explain that it was a much prettier name than Smith, his name was Mr. Frederick Alexander; she had seen it in the travellers' book, and his companion's name was Mr. Woodville; and Hannah took care to let her master know that but for Mr. Alexander he would have had no eggs for his breakfast.

"Come, Fatima," said Mr. Evelyn, "these are strong points in his favour: he is not Mr. Smith, and we are indebted to him for our eggs."

The outraged lady vouchsafed no reply, but packed Hannah away to inquire about the hours for posting and receiving letters, directing her to bring back the information in black and white.

"She is so inaccurate," added Miss Evelyn, when the maid's back was turned, "so very careless. Only think of her leaving behind, either at Ivrea or Chiavasso, I suppose, one of the account-books, and the Bobbio book of all others; all our disbursements in it for the schools and charities. What shall we do if it is lost?"

"It will vex you," said Mr. Evelyn, "more than it will the good folk at Bobbio. I remember an anecdote of Henry VII., who kept a memorandum-book in which he entered the daily expenses of his palace. His favourite monkey got hold of it one day and tore it up in pieces, to the inexpressible delight of the officers of his household. But your book will be perfectly safe, depend upon it; we shall find it on our way back to Turin."

"I am sure I hope so, papa; for that good old man at Bobbio has no more notion of regularity or keeping accounts, or business of any kind, than Hannah or——"

"Myself, I suppose," interrupted her father.

"Very well, papa, I never contradict you, but really these primitive Christians are very hard to manage; I was obliged to leave Bobbio, after all, without the vouchers, but I do hope the post will bring them to-day."

"You are quite right, my love, to make them mind their p's and q's."

"I am resolved they shall mind them; and now come and see how nicely I have arranged your table for reading and writing until the sun goes down a little; and you see where I am going to fix myself opposite to you."

Mr. Evelyn's table had very little of the air of business; there was a writing-case certainly, but it was not open, as if he seldom used it, and wrote most of his letters by proxy. His books and newspapers, on the contrary, were arranged before him convenient to his hand; among them were several reviews and other new publications, both French and English, all indicating the habits of an easy reading man; the only business-like phenomenon was a bundle of papers tied with a bit of pink ribbon, but it lay at one side upon the unopened writing-case.

Nor, indeed, was there anything ostentatiously busy or official about Miss Evelyn's establishment in the opposite corner. On the contrary, the ordinary feminine phenomena predominated. There was a little row of volumes, some of which looked like small editions of the Italian poets, others were perhaps novels. There was a small writing-desk, evidently much more used than her father's, and even a plainer one; but there was a work-basket also. The little red books on the desk labelled with the words "Torre" and "Angrogna," were probably the companions of the green one which was lost or missing.

While Miss Evelyn was carefully arranging the *jalousies* so as to temper both the light and heat, yet so as to admit whatever air was stirring, which was not much, and also to afford a peep out on the water through the vine, Hannah returned from the post-office, and brought letters and papers with her. Among the former was a fat one from the pastor of Bobbio with the expected documents. The young lady's eye sparkled with triumph.

"You see, papa," she cried, holding them up as if they had been prizes in a lottery, "the effect my letter from Turin has produced."

"I hope it was not too sharp, my love," said the old gentleman, opening a newspaper.

"It has brought the vouchers, papa—that's the great point," she

replied as she seated herself at her little table. Then she added, after a moment's pause, "Really it is most important for their own sakes to teach these poor people a little regularity in money matters. Our fund goes much further now than it used to do, when nobody knew how the money went, as was the case a few years ago. 'On a changé tout cela,' I hope."

From that moment for two or three hours there passed but little conversation between father and daughter; he was engrossed with his books and newspapers, she with her Vaudois accounts. It was pretty to mark the ringed and rosy finger run up and down the columns of figures, and the musical murmur with which she carried the tens; it shed a hue of poetry over arithmetic. It was very pretty also to note her momentary embarrassments, for they were only momentary, as if she had carried over a franc or centime too much or too little, or had caught the slovenly accountants of the Protestant valleys tripping; and how the transient difficulty sometimes told on her bright, intelligent brow, clouding it; sometimes on her lips, compressing them the least possible; sometimes, but that was very seldom, going down so low as to affect the foot that peered out from beneath the sweep of her plain morning dress (not half as smart as Hannah's), making the extreme flounce scarce rustle with its movement. It was pretty, too, when the difficulty was brushed away almost as soon as it occurred, and the light returned to her brow, and foot and flounce were still again, and to reward herself for her successful pains, or her impatience subdued, she smelled vigorously at a vase of roses which Hannah had placed at her side, or jumped up and kissed her father in the middle of his reading.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE WATER.

MR. WOODVILLE was still a martyr to the cold which his stirring friend had given him in pointing out the sublimities not to be seen from the "misty mountain top," but he was not too ill to keep his breakfast engagement, or play his part at the table with respectable efficiency. Indeed he thought it necessary once or twice to apologise for his appetite, which he declared was a morbid and hysterical one, and no proof, as it would be with another man, of any strength or stamina in his constitution.

Woodville had the advantage of Alexander, for he had actually got a peep at the enigmatical young lady, but she was a puzzle to him also, for he could neither pronounce confidently either as to her age, or her pretensions to beauty. What he chiefly noticed was a

look of decision and an air of originality which tallied with the inferences his friend had drawn.

"In short," said Woodville, "I think we may sum her up tolerably well by saying she is a pretty, clever, odd sort of a girl, with a will of her own, and a speciality for double entry."

As soon as the artist heard the name was Evelyn, he at once remembered that he had often heard in Paris of a gentleman of that name, who was noted for his eccentricities, the nature of which, however, he could not recall to mind.

"I doubt very much," said Alexander, "if Miss Evelyn has bestowed as much attention on us as we have upon her."

"I am positive she has not," said Woodville, "so let us follow her discreet example. Shattered as I was—you laugh, but I am quite in earnest—I made an effort this morning to make a sketch of the old man under the fig-tree, while the subject was fresh in my memory. Would you like to see it?"

Alexander thought the drawing beautiful, and truly so it was; it was just the theme which Woodville's wayward pencil handled most lovingly.

"What thought, what feeling you have thrown into it! And what is very strange the old man strongly resembles my father, whom you never saw."

"It is not surprising," said the artist, "as I had your own green old age in my mind's eye. Excuse me for grizzling your hair before your time, but I often amuse myself with speculating on the future of a face or a form; to me there is as great a charm in the autumn of human life as in the autumn of the woods and mountains."

"I shall be fortunate," said his friend, "if I ever arrive at such a mellow October. But come, since you are in such a good vein for sketching, you must go on the lake with me in the cool of the day; the views will be sure to inspire you afresh, and to-night we shall have a moon."

Woodville's face prolonged itself immediately, and he shook his head dubiously; he feared it would be too much for him, that it would affect his trachea, or his uvula, or his bronchial tubes, parts of the animal machinery, of the very existence of which Alexander was in happy ignorance; but the temptation was too strong, and his friend, having prevailed, left him to himself until dinner-time.

When the hour for the water came, the Evelyns, who were also bent on the lake, were the first at the place where the boats lay, but it accidentally happened that the only boat to be had was the one which Alexander had hired.

Here was another *casus belli* against the tourists, who had monopolized the one boat.

"I told you, sir, what it would come to," said Miss Evelyn, with a sort of composed vexation, as if she had made up her mind that she was no more to be lady of the lake.

"Perhaps our hostess will be able to procure a boat for us," said the old gentleman. So they returned to the inn, and were in council with the landlady in the porch just as Alexander and Woodville were setting out, the latter wrapt up as if the November winds were blowing. Miss Evelyn had an eye for the ridiculous; it was easy to see that, as it twinkled through the half-closed lids for the twentieth of a second upon the artist as he passed; he would certainly have made a different toilette, could he have anticipated the criticism of that rapid but comprehensive survey. With equal rapidity Alexander had perceived the difficulty the Evelyns were in, and to place his boat politely at their disposal was the affair of a moment.

Mr. Evelyn thanked him profusely, as did his daughter also, though in few words and with a little state.

"I am twice your debtor, sir," said the affable old gentleman, "for my breakfast this morning, and again for your present kind offer; but the boat is large enough for us all, and it is not unlikely that our projects coincide."

This suggestion settled the matter, agreeably to Alexander at all events, and the Evelyns led the way to the place of embarkation, where they found Woodville resting. He was by no means so well pleased as his friend at the arrangement made behind his back; the sparkling criticism of that bright eye of indeterminate colour disturbed him, and he would certainly have managed to shuffle off some of his wraps, only that unluckily his shabby old dressing-gown was under them, and to have exhibited that to Miss Evelyn would have been worse still.

"Perhaps we can dispense with the boatman," said the lady, and added, looking at Alexander, "I dare say this gentleman will have no objection to row."

Alexander took the oars not only with complaisance, but pleasure, for he was an expert waterman, and the young lady took the tiller, greatly to the artist's satisfaction, for he was afraid for a moment she was thinking of imposing the steerage on him. The young lawyer sat facing the lady at the helm, her father was at her right, and Mr. Woodville on her left, the only member of the party who was not at his ease. And yet without intending it, he was the first to amuse the party. Mr. Evelyn was sorry to see that Mr. Woodville was an invalid, and hoped he would soon get rid of his cold, which led the artist to give an account of the way in which he caught it, which he accompanied with such a *naïve* description of his terrible adventures in the storm on the hills, the miseries he endured on the donkey, and the pickle he was in, how his worst apprehensions of

Alpine dangers were more than realized, and how his companion only grew more and more elated and triumphant the more the horrors increased, that the Evelyns were extremely diverted—particularly the lady, who laughed heartily—at which Woodville was not at all offended, for he was not sorry to be entertaining, and was never ashamed to confess that he was no hero.

“I am afraid,” said Mr. Evelyn, “we do not feel as much as we ought for what you went through; you have related it so agreeably.”

“We shall be wishing you, sir, to make the ascent of Mont Blanc, or Monte Rosa,” said the young lady, with a flash of pleasantry in her eye, as gracious as possible, not a bit of the expression which had made Woodville feel uncomfortable at the door of the inn.

“Do you propose any of those gigantic expeditions?” said Mr. Evelyn to Alexander.

“Not at all,” he replied; “my heroism only exists in my friend’s imagination; we are of the humblest class of tourists; we have crept through Switzerland, and are now creeping through the north of Italy, intending to creep homewards towards the end of September.”

“To give you a notion,” said Woodville, “of what Mr. Alexander understands by creeping, you have only to look at that enormous mountain yonder, over which we crept, as he calls it.”

“The highest positions in life are often gained by creeping,” said Mr. Evelyn, whose style of talk was rather pretentious; “I have seen many instances of it in my time; but I venture to predict that is not the way the gentleman rowing will make his way in the world.”

Alexander thanked him laughingly for the flattering remark, and he might have thanked his daughter too for the smile with which she supported it. Indeed she spoke little, though she evidently enjoyed the water and the surrounding beauties extremely, but it was in a reserved and demure way; there was no more of the enthusiastic burst of the morning.

Mr. Evelyn ran on upon the different ways of rising in life; how few rose by straightforward manly climbing, how many by servile crawling, or wriggling, which he illustrated by the fact that even the eel, not a more slippery creature than many an eminent politician, will wriggle itself up a ledge of rocks or a salmon-weir. He had seen men in his time who wriggled themselves into bishoprics, and even higher positions.

Woodville was now so much at his ease, that after looking at his watch, he produced a minute phial of globules, no bigger than the heads of pins, and having dropped a certain number into the palm of his hand, licked them up with an apology—much called for—for taking medicine in company. He did not see, but Alexander did, how Miss Evelyn looked while he was taking his dose. It was

another of those little flashes of sarcasm darting out between the half-shut eyelids, which she had levelled at the artist's wraps.

"You are not a homœopathist," said Alexander, addressing her. The look made that plain enough.

She answered the question only with a slight negative movement of her head, as if she desired to avoid a discussion of the subject; but the old gentleman went off fluently on the virtues residing in molecules and infinitesimals, from which he dashed into the atoms of Epicurus, quoted Lucretius, and displayed a wonderful deal more learning than was level to the comprehension of his audience, or exactly in place in a boat on the Lake of Orta. It was evident he plumed himself on his talk, and talked to be admired. The young men soon perceived that they had only to listen respectfully to make themselves perfectly agreeable. When he came to his first pause, Woodville ventured a complimentary remark upon the wide range of his reading. This opened a new theme on which Mr. Evelyn expatiated again with the same fluency. He disparaged extensive reading with a fresh outpouring of it.

"Learning, Mr. Woodville, you know as well as I do, is the vainest of all vanities. What signifies being 'deep-versed in books,' if a man is 'shallow in himself,' as Milton puts it? And how well Shakspeare expresses the same thought—

" 'Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books.'

But what long ago most thoroughly disgusted me with your prodigies of erudition, was an opinion I met in the works of one of the Fathers of the Church, that the most ignorant devil has more learning than the most learned man that ever lived."

This quaint theological dictum made everybody laugh, and before the laugh was over, Mr. Evelyn had started again on the subject of demonology, with which he seemed also to have the most intimate acquaintance, quoting the Bible, the Koran, the Talmud, and twenty authors of whose very names Woodville was ignorant, and he knew rather more about books than his friend.

When the demons were exhausted, he stopped to take breath. The young men could see that though his daughter was proud of her father's talents and knowledge, she did not encourage him to talk—probably because he talked a great deal more than was good for him, as he seemed troubled with a dry, short cough. But he wanted no encouragement, only an audience, and having now that advantage he seemed determined to turn it to account. Though he had talked so much, he had not yet mounted his hobby, which had been for some years the cause of the Vaudois. The moment he got astride of that he became not only fluent but rhetorical, and gesticulated with his hands as if he had been speaking from a platform.

As he spoke of the glorious struggles of the people of the Valleys against the House of Savoy, and of the deeds of their heroic leaders, especially Henri Arnaud and his romantic career, he was really "the old man eloquent" for a few minutes. His eye gleamed with some of the fire of the contest he painted, and Alexander suspended the oar to listen to his impassioned strain. Woodville, always excitable, forgot himself to the point of half-revealing his old *robe-de-chambre*, and as to Miss Evelyn, she listened with an admiration and a sympathy which she had not vouchsafed to her father's display of learning.

But the pitch was too high to be long maintained, and he was soon in a more prosaic region again, beginning to enlarge on the difficulty of managing charitable enterprises so as not to destroy the spirit of independence in the objects of our benevolence.

"How often," he said, "do we corrupt poverty when we flatter ourselves that we are relieving it? Charity must keep a close hand. We always try to make ours do so in the Valleys. I dare say, gentlemen, it would interest you to know how we manage our fund?"

"But don't you think, papa," interrupted his daughter, biting her lip ever so little, "it would be more interesting just now to land and observe the sunset?"

Alexander instantly pulled towards the island.

"Just as you please, my dear," said Mr. Evelyn. "I will take another opportunity of giving our friends an outline of our system—or rather *your* system."

Miss Evelyn bit her lip again, but it was impossible to arrest his volubility.

"She is our accountant," he pursued, "we leave all the financial department to her. You see a young lady before you unvexed by multiplication, unpuzzled by the rule-of-three, and unmaddened by fractions. I wish I could say that business perplexed me as little as it does her."

Alexander, whose eye was as quick as any lady's, saw how little this comical eulogy pleased Miss Evelyn, though she affected to laugh, which was the best thing she could do; so he made as if he was too intent on the oar to pay much attention to what the old man was saying, and with a few strong pulls, brought the boat to the foot of a flight of steps, and the conversation at the same time to a full stop.

As they mounted the marble stairs, Miss Evelyn took her father's arm, and murmured something in his ear, probably a request that he would not resume the subject of her skill in accounts before the strangers.

At least there was no more of it. Mr. Evelyn having talked himself out, now allowed his new acquaintances to talk, possibly wishing to know more about them; and Woodville was as communi-

cative as the most inquisitive old gentleman could have desired, and left very little untold about himself and his complaints, and then about his friend, and his talents, and his prospects, until Alexander was in the situation which Miss Evelyn had been in before, of feeling himself made slightly ridiculous by excessive praise. But as he had helped her, so she now helped him in turn, by remarking that they had sat too long on the cold marble; particularly, she added (with a sly hit at the artist's envelopings), as her father was not so well fortified as Mr. Woodville.

"Come away, sir," she said to the old gentlemen, "let us be merry and wise; if you catch cold you will never be able to keep your appointment next week at Turin."

"Don't mention it, don't mention it!" said Mr. Evelyn, with a sigh, as if the business alluded to lay heavily on his mind. His daughter folded carefully round him a plaid-shawl which she had brought with her, took his arm in hers, and led him away to the boat.

It was full time for invalids and old men to get home, for the twilight was over, and the owls from the old towers of San Giulio were beginning to hoot.

W. MARMION SAVAGE.

NECKER AND CALONNE: AN OLD STORY.

*"Maxime solutum et sine obtrectatore fuit prodere de iis
quos mors odio aut gratiæ exemisset."*—TACITUS.

IN the spring of 1787 France was within twenty-four months of the Revolution. Great questions, which had been slowly preparing for several centuries, and rapidly ripening during fifteen or twenty years, were on the point of being summarily decided. Privileges criticised, no doubt, but still flourishing in full vigour and activity, tough enough apparently to stand against many a rude shock before they should finally succumb, were within three short years to be not only dead, but beginning to pass out of mind. All thinking men had long foreseen the Revolution—nay, had confidently predicted it. Yet, after all, it took them by surprise. It is easy to calculate how many days or hours you are from Niagara; but the rapids once entered, you may be wrong as to the minutes. And as historical facts cannot be soberly measured and judged by the man who has witnessed them or lived immediately after them, so is it no less true that the relative proportions of coming events are less distinctly apprehended as they approach and become of practical interest, than when they are first descried on the far horizon by cool speculation.

*"Noi veggiam come quei, che ha mala luce
Le cose, disse, che ne son lontano;
Quando s' appressano, o son, tutto è vano
Nostro intelletto."*

France had drifted under the shadow of the Revolution when Louis XVI. opened the Assembly of Notables on the 22nd of February, 1787.

The student who approaches the history of these eventful months, naturally seeks to discover their central point of interest. Of all the great questions awaiting solution, on which was the battle fought? What was the popular cry? Was it in Church or State, in the army or the law, in the tenure of land or the regulation of commerce, that men clamoured most loudly for reform? Nothing of the sort. The issue raised was infinitely simpler. Shall M. de Calonne continue in power, or shall he make way for M. Necker?

Necker was not an untried man. He had presided over the finances in the Maurepas ministry. Maurepas is a character we seem to know. "Nimble old man, who for all emergencies has his light jest; and even in the worst confusion will emerge, cork-like,

unsunk ! Small care to him is Perfectibility, Progress of the Species, and *Astræa Redux* ; good only that a man of light wit, verging towards fourscore, can, in the seat of authority, feel himself important among men. In courtier dialect he is now named ‘the Nestor of France,’—such governing Nestor as France has.” Under such a leader an earnest politician had an unsatisfactory time of it. Necker was an exceedingly clever man, and was possessed of many qualities which win, and some that deserve, popularity. He was not a great political economist, like Turgot ; but he had a wonderful power of mastering financial details, which was equalled only by his skill in manipulating, or, as some said, in cooking them. The confidence reposed in him by great capitalists was unbounded, and, as is frequently the case with that tribe, blind and childish, they took for granted that he could work miracles, and he was gratified by their superstition. His intellect, not being under the control of a strong and simple character, embarrassed him by its very acuteness. “He viewed,” says one who knew him, “every side of a question so elaborately, his prevision was so susceptible and scrupulous, that he could see nothing but difficulties.” Even his admirer M. Louis Blanc allows that he was ever “hesitating between the shame of being useless and the fear of being too bold, undecided and perplexed just because he saw further than others.”

Necker’s ambition was enormous. Yet it was not exactly that craving for power which is felt by born rulers of men ; it was rather a passion for fame, an ardent desire to shine before his contemporaries, to be blessed as the saviour of France. He was earnestly bent on doing good, but not by stealth ; and his hunger for popularity seriously marred his statesmanship. While the austere and noble Turgot, in the depth of his love for the oppressed people, was braving its ignorant resentment, Necker was picking up a little applause by cavilling at the great economist in the name of economy. Turgot thought that public opinion stood in sore need of education, and he wished to educate it. Necker worshipped it ; “L’un parlait au peuple en législateur, et l’autre en courtisan.”¹ When others were in power he was inconsolable. It seemed to him something monstrous and unnatural that any one but M. Necker should flourish like a green bay-tree. “Je ne sais trop pourquoi, l’opinion publique n’est plus à mes yeux ce qu’elle était. Le respect que je lui ai religieusement rendu, s’est affaibli quand je l’ai vue soumise aux artifices des méchants.” At such seasons his appetite for incense was in some imperfect degree stayed by the adulation of his domestic circle, where an accomplished and ambitious wife “lui vouait une sorte de culte.”² But the malicious plots of the court and aristocracy to drive him from power did more than anything else to

(1) Droz, vol. i. p. 110.

(2) Droz, vol. i. p. 79. ;

endear him to the lower orders. They yearned to recompense him for the chagrin which they supposed him to suffer. The language of the popular journals became quite ecstatic; for instance: "Le cœur se serre en pensant à ce qu'il a souffert, à ce qu'il aurait pu souffrir. On cherche dans ses yeux à deviner les mouvements de son âme. C'est un père qui revient au milieu de sa famille, qui le chérit; quoiqu'il n'ait plus rien à craindre, on s'inquiète encore, on l'interroge pour savoir s'il n'a pas quelque blessure cachée qu'il ne veut pas découvrir de peur d'affliger ses enfants."¹

The truth is that Necker's egregious vanity did him no harm with the public. When he talked with dignity about "un homme de mon caractère," when he laboured to impress on his chief "quelques unes des grandes idées morales dont mon cœur était animé," when he drew a portrait of the statesman whom France needed, "a man in whom intelligence is combined with firmness, prudence, and virtue," not affecting to conceal that she possessed at least one such treasure, the people took him at his own valuation. They greedily devoured his incessant appeals to public opinion, the style of which, though diffuse and hardly rising to eloquence, was lucid and attractive. He occasionally fell into language which some have admired as the genuine outburst of a philanthropic heart, and others have denounced as sentimental clap-trap. One rather famous passage may be quoted as a sample:—

"Almost all civil institutions have been made for the possessors of property. One is frightened, on opening the statute-book, at being met everywhere by this fact. One would think that a small number of men had divided the land between themselves, and then proceeded to make laws to unite and guarantee each other against the multitude, as they would make a fence in the woods to defend themselves against wild beasts. And yet it must be said that when laws of property, justice, and liberty have been established, next to nothing has been done for the most numerous class of citizens. What do your laws of property matter to us? they may say. We have no property. Your laws of justice? We have nothing to defend. Your laws of liberty? If we do not work, to-morrow we shall die."²

It is all very well to sneer at outbursts of this sort, or to denounce them savagely as unworthy of a statesman, but they tell on the masses. While fastidious or cynical politicians receive a warmly expressed sentiment with shouts of derision, and think reiterated allusions to it an effective way of baiting an opponent, it is being treasured in the hearts of the people. Even now there are those who are fascinated by Necker's gushing language. In the eyes of M. Louis Blanc he is a thinker who had calmly judged political economy and found it wanting, and is therefore to be set above Turgot. But Necker was not precisely the man to be in advance of his age. He was far enough from any shade of socialism, and even from a sincere relish for equality, as his latter writings abundantly

(1) *Journal of Gorsas*, quoted by M. Louis Blanc, ii. 467.

(2) *Sur la législation et le commerce des grains*. Conclusion.

show. The simple truth is that his intellect was rather flabby. Clear-sighted in details, hazy in his conception of general principles, he was eager to strike at this or that abuse, but he shrank with nervous dread from anything like systematic coherent thought in politics. He would assuredly have refused the deductions which seem to M. Louis Blanc to follow so obviously from such a passage as that I have quoted. "Chez Necker," says the judicious and impartial M. Henri Martin, "il faut bien le dire, la protestation en faveur des prolétaires reste à l'état de sentiment." In a word, it was soft stuff. When we read it we must remember that the great financier had already written plays, and was destined to compose not only a "Cours de Morale Religieuse," but a novel with the romantic title, "Suites funestes d'une seule faute."

Necker had resigned in 1781 somewhat hastily, because he found himself thwarted by his colleagues. Fully persuaded that he was indispensable, he made no doubt that in a few weeks he would come in again on his own terms. His retirement, however, lasted longer than he expected, and in the meantime things moved so fast that, when he did return, it was to face difficulties unprovided for by his counting-house philosophy. France, during the eclipse of her Necker, had been under the treatment of Calonne, and steps had been taken which, good or bad, were irrevocable.

"On the morality of Calonne," says M. Martin, "there is but one opinion; on his capacity there are two." This is a judgment which would have mortified Calonne if he had lived to read it. In the first part of it he would have acquiesced with little concern; but in the second he would have recognised that he was punished *par où il avait péché*; for lack of ability was certainly not the cause of the evil celebrity he has obtained in history. There are statesmen who are too clever by half. In the absence of all sincerity and all genuine conviction their counsel is inevitably turned into foolishness; therefore posterity, undazzled by the momentary glitter, judging and rightly judging them by the ensemble of their policy,—if a series of manœuvres may be dignified by that name,—doubts whether they had any capacity at all—whether they were not mere mountebanks. Calonne was a man absolutely free from all prejudice or predilection in politics. It was perfectly immaterial to him whether he governed wisely or foolishly, on old principles or according to new lights, by the favour of the king or by the support of the people. His ambition was not of a lofty kind. It amounted merely to a determination to get to the top of the tree, to be looked up to by good society, to have the power of dispensing favours and distinctions among personages of a more exalted rank than himself, and he had no objection to govern well if it conduced to that result. To Necker such a position would have given no satisfaction, unless he could feel that he was

earning the approbation of good men. Calonne cared little for the approbation of any one so long as he could sit in high places. With him, the end being base, all means were equally eligible, either simultaneously or successively. When he entered on office, he laid down for himself the rule, that the first requisite for success was to inspire confidence. Necker had been able to raise loan after loan, simply because capitalists believed in him. His resignation had been looked on as a public calamity, because it was feared that the capitalists would lend to no one else. Unless Calonne could conquer their confidence, it was impossible that he could remain in office. Many an insolvent banker has kept afloat for years, and perhaps ultimately saved himself, by showing no signs of distress, when the least appearance of economy or retrenchment would have destroyed his credit. Calonne did but pursue this familiar method, not altogether despairing of ultimate success, but determined, at all events, to hold on as long as he could. No finance minister could play this game of brag at the present day, because public resources and public incumbrances cannot be materially disguised. But French finances under the *ancien régime* were as absolutely a secret as the accounts of a private firm. The publication of Necker's *Compte Rendu* had for the first time thrown some light upon them; but they were still a mystery, and the more so that, in that celebrated state-paper Necker had considerably cooked them. The plan of Calonne was therefore not so wild as it seems; the best proof of which is that he *did* restore confidence, and *did* manage to bleed the capitalists to the tune of nineteen millions sterling in three years. But further, he saw that all Necker's popularity with the country had not enabled him to bear up against the dislike of the court; and he was determined not to lose the game for want of support in that quarter. To us it seems a proof of infatuation, that within three years of the Revolution a minister should still have been counting on court favour as an element of solid strength. It is easy to see Calonne's mistake now. But in France, up to that time, court favour had been the surest foundation on which power could be built. The minister was literally the servant of the king. His promotion was notified to him verbally by a simple valet de chambre. "Monsieur So-and-so, the King has made you minister." Calonne is not to be set down as a fool because he thought such a system might last a few years longer than it did. That sweeping reforms must soon come he saw clearly, more clearly than Necker, who desired them indeed ardently, but always slavishly overrated the strength of the old régime. The confidence of the people and the sovereign once gained, Calonne intended to appropriate some of the plans of the reformers, and, in his unbounded self-reliance, he flattered himself that his cleverness and tact would carry measures which had failed in more awkward hands. He is not the only

statesman who has been out in his reckoning, from simple incapacity, to comprehend the value of a decent reputation—even to an impostor.

For some time all went well. A knot of serious and earnest men, the partizans of Necker, might protest as they pleased against a worship of successful effrontery, and fret over the lengthened exclusion of their chief from office, but the popularity of the minister was considerable. Money poured in from the innocent capitalists, and was lavished on jobs in the interest of every one who seemed to be in a position to render support of any kind in return.¹ It is astonishing how easily people come to look upon the interests of the community as identical with their own. We are generally given to understand that Calonne's ministry was an undisguised scramble among the courtiers for the last plunder of the wreck. But it certainly did not appear in that light either to courtiers or people. "I was always certain that man would save France," said a great nobleman with genuine enthusiasm, "but I never thought he would do it so soon." The capitalists, as we have seen, were satisfied. If there was one province of France where the minister was likely to be ill-received it was Brittany. Did he give the Bretons a wide berth? Not a bit of it. He made a point of paying them a visit, harangued them with his usual bounce, smartness, and well-simulated candour, and left them shouting "Vive Calonne!" "A feat," says M. Martin, "truly incredible." All the world saw that he was borrowing. But what had Necker done but borrow? Necker's loans had amounted to upwards of seventeen millions sterling in five years. Necker had been valued just because he could raise loans; and now it appeared that Calonne could raise them, if anything, faster.

For three years was this game carried on. M. Louis Blanc believes that Calonne was deliberately making things worse, in order that the privileged classes might be driven into a corner

(1) "I told our friends at Warrington that there appeared to me to have grown up under the present Government a system of what I called, in regard to the public expenditure, making things pleasant all round. That means going from town to town, granting what this community wants, granting what that community wants, granting what the other community wants, and leaving out of sight that large public which unfortunately has not got the voices and the advocates ready always to defend it against these local and particular claims. I told you a story of a case where a candidate in the Government interest at this moment goes to a constituency and complains that he could not get a Liberal Government to surrender for £2,500 a debt due to the Government of £20,000, but that when a Conservative Government came in he found there was no difficulty at all in arranging the matter. Therefore he says, 'Return me to Parliament, and not a member of the Liberal party.' " (*Speech of Mr. Gladstone, Times, Oct. 26, 1868.*) "It is far more easy to work the Parliamentary machine by a lavish expenditure of money, than it is to procure, or promote, or insist upon any due system of economy. They make things easy by what is called greasing the wheels. I recollect only last session speaking to a very eminent member of the Conservative side of the House about the policy of the Government, and he said that their policy was to make the thing work by giving a little money all round." (*Speech of Mr. Bright, Times, Nov. 11, 1868.*)

and compelled to submit to reform; and the fact that, after all, he exaggerated the deficit in his statement to the Notables does seem to show that he relied on this means of silencing opposition. Whether he was driven to unfold the second part of his scheme earlier and more abruptly than he had designed, it is impossible to determine. The necessity came; the capitalists took fright; no more money was to be had; and there was nothing for it but to play his trump card at once.

The first thing to be done was to break the disagreeable news to the king. Louis had commenced his reign with a new-fangled eagerness to be a pattern sovereign. But the good seed lay on stony ground. His fat soul soon wearied of well-doing, and settled down to field-sports. To this animal Calonne now came with his awkward story. The impending catastrophe, he said, was not of his creating; Necker had bequeathed it to him; the famous *Compte Rendu* had been cooked; the deficit had been steadily growing since the days of Louis XIV; there was but one remedy—retrenchment. He then proceeded to sketch out a series of reforms of the most sweeping kind, some of them long demanded by enlightened men, others crude, and even whimsical, such as the payment of taxes in kind. The king gasped for breath. “Why,” said he, “this is simply Necker over again.” But he had not the manliness to send the impudent gambler about his business, and call to his counsels the only man who by special aptitude and deliberate conviction was entitled to preside over such a policy. Calonne persuaded him that there was no reason why that solemn disagreeable Necker should have a monopoly of reform and its credit, and obtained a pledge of the royal support.

The instrument by which the new reforms were to be carried out was worthy of the projector. Calonne was one of those statesmen who are cursed with ingenuity, that most fatal of all gifts in politics where breadth and simplicity can alone avail. The device of an Assembly of Notables seemed to him peculiarly happy. It was old. It was new. It was startling. It was safe. He could leer with one eye at the ardent champions of reform, while with the other he winked at the alarmed defenders of privilege. He would pack this Assembly by drawing half of it from that stratum of French society which, selfish as it was, had no speculative or sentimental prejudices,—atheist prelates scheming for promotion, and men of fashion, who petted Franklin, dined with D’Holbach, and laughed at the impudent hits of Beaumarchais. On their votes surely a reforming minister might reckon. The other half he would “educate” by assuring them that he was but developing the profoundest principles of the monarchy.

The Notables met, and Calonne hardily addressed himself to his

task with the air of a man certain of success. His first stroke was as maladroit as it was coarse. The opening sentence of his harangue informed the Notables that his plans were honoured by the personal approbation of Majesty. Unfortunately the sovereign was not venerated as a conclusive authority in politics, and even a packed Assembly thinks itself good for something else than registering a foregone conclusion. The financial statement was introduced by the minister with matchless audacity. He had studied economy; yes, economy; not, it was true, the niggardly petty cheese-paring, which some ministers had dignified by that name, but a large and liberal economy which consisted—in short which consisted in swelling the expenditure. But the dismay which the confession of the deficit excited gave place to a stronger feeling when the speaker went on with flippant pomposity to unfold his programme of reform. If he had any admirers left in the Assembly, gaping devotees who had believed to the last that their great medicine-man had some miraculous shift by which he would keep the game alive, here he parted company with them. It was in vain that he replied to attacks with infinite cleverness and assurance, and had a retort ready for every assailant. The Assembly, which he had himself devised and summoned into existence, turned upon him, and gave him plainly to understand that, whether his plans were good or bad, whether he was prepared to govern as a Reformer or a Conservative, go he must. Consistent, thorough-going partisans of privilege, such as Richelieu and Ségur, denounced him as a traitor for having convoked the Assembly at all; reformers would hear of no minister but the virtuous Necker; the sovereign, of whose personal support he had bragged, threw him over; and Calonne reluctantly bade farewell to office, leaving as the one substantial result of his administration that old landmarks and barriers had been recklessly beaten down by the accredited representative of privilege. The impossibility of letting things remain as they were, either in Church or State, had been officially proclaimed. In the struggle for place and popularity, all prominent men had recognised reform as a necessity; and however they might repent it, thenceforth there was for them no drawing back. For the people had heard words spoken which it would never again forget.

The fall of Calonne did not immediately realise the hopes of Necker. The court and the privileged classes were not yet prepared to see France ruled by an ex-banker, who did not even prefix the *de* to his name. Sixteen months of Brienne succeeded. Then there was an attempt to induce the great financier to coalesce with Brienne; in other words, to sell his talents and, what was worth more, his popularity to a clique of official hacks who loathed radical reform and would have thwarted him at every step. But it must be said for Necker that he had too much spirit for that. Though dying for office, he was ready

to wait a little longer rather than compromise his independence. His native vanity here rose into a proper pride. Laugh at him as we may, the man really did wish to do good, wished it ardently, and he was determined that when next he took office he would not be harnessed with a jibbing team. It was destined that he should not fail for want of his chance. The court surrendered at discretion, and Necker came into power triumphant, unfettered, the idol of the populace, with every qualification for governing except a strong character and some knowledge of his own intentions.

The great question of the day, the first which the new minister was called on to determine, was the constitution of the States-General which had been promised by the King, and were to meet the next year. Were the representatives of the Third Estate to be equal in number to each of the other two, or to both of them united? Were the three orders to sit in separate chambers or in one—to vote by order or by head? For simplifying finances, for a discriminating reduction or imposition of taxes, for a severe economy, for legislation tending to promote material prosperity, Necker was the very man. There he was on his own ground, and could tread firmly. But he was now confronted with political difficulties of another order, and his defects of mind and character became at once apparent. For his own part, he desired—so far as he knew what he desired—an Assembly which would support Necker. Sometimes he feared that the States-General would be too tame, too easily moulded by the privileged classes. At other times he was filled with nervous apprehension that it would hurry him into reforms of a nature and scope which he had never contemplated, and to the direction of which he felt himself as incompetent as he was disinclined. Being entirely without system in politics, he had no other guide for his action than public opinion. An English statesman now-a-days, who is similarly unprovided, can get along after a fashion without his nakedness being discovered, because a free press, free public meetings, and representative institutions afford a constant test of public opinion in all its variations. But in France, before the Revolution, public opinion had not organised itself; accurate gauges of it did not exist; and if they had existed, people were not yet trained to read them. The convocation of the States-General was a leap in the dark indeed. Poor Necker, peering around him for the straw to show how the wind blew, could think of no better way of feeling the public mind than calling together once more the selfish, impotent, and ridiculous Assembly devised by Calonne.

The Notables, as might have been foreseen, voted against the doubling of the Third Estate, against vote by head, against redistribution of constituencies. A cry of indignation went up from France. Addresses from municipalities and other corporate bodies poured in.

Necker had got his cue. It was with the King in council that the real decision rested under the old régime. In the council, therefore, Necker set himself to calm the forebodings of privilege.¹ "Do not," he said, "be so jealous of this Third Estate; do not apprehend such terrible things from it. Look at its enthusiastic loyalty towards the present occupant of the throne; it will never think of attacking property or privilege—privilege being a property just as sacred as any other. I do not advocate the double representation because I want it to overbear the other orders by weight of numbers, which I should think very undesirable, but because such a concession to justice will satisfy public opinion. Once these inequalities adjusted, you will find that all three orders have much the same views about legislation. How should it be otherwise when good government is the manifest interest of all classes alike? Remember what weight the privileged classes will continue to have by their wealth and social prestige; besides there are so many subjects on which the deputies of the Third Estate can give us valuable information and advice; but if nothing else weighs with you"(and here Necker's loose sentiment bordered on true insight)"listen to the inarticulate voice of Europe everywhere joining in on the side of justice."

To publish a Report read at the Council of Ministers was an unheard-of proceeding. But with his usual restless itching for compliment, Necker rushed into print, and was thus at the pains to put on record for ever predictions destined to be so signally falsified by the event. For the moment, however, he tasted triumph. MM. de Nivernois, de Fourgueux, de Luzerne, de Saint Priest, de Villedeuil, de Montmorin — of such world-famous personages, in addition to Necker and good harmless old Malesherbes, was the Council of the King of France composed the year before the Revolution—were convinced or silenced, and the royal decree went forth, conceding the double representation of the Third Estate and redistribution of constituencies. As for the remaining and still more important question of voting by order or by head, Necker characteristically let it alone. He knew, everyone knew, that it would arise the first day the States met, that it would not settle itself, that the King would have to pronounce on it, that it would be wiser to pronounce at once than to wait till the orders had quarrelled about it before the eyes of France. Necker never moved in earnest till he had the maximum of force at his back. Moreover, he thought that the Third Estate had perhaps been sufficiently strengthened for his purpose; if not he had a weapon in reserve. In the meantime he tacitly allowed it to be inferred that he sympathised with the most liberal view, and he revelled in the sweets of a popularity to which there was no parallel in French history.

EDWARD SPENCER BEESLY.

(1) *Rapport fait au Roi dans son Conseil.—Œuvres de Necker*, vi. 432.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NOVELS.

WHAT is Mr. Trollope's rank as a novelist? Not estimated by the verdict passed on his stories, hot from the press, or by the demand at Mudie's? What will be said of his books twenty or thirty years hence? Which of them will be reprinted then, and read anew, and criticised anew, by a generation yet in its perambulators? The question is in itself a compliment. A very large proportion of modern novels—pleasant, even exciting to read, full of happy, suggestive writing, with characters natural and well painted, and ingeniously constructed plots—are forgotten in six months. We never think of re-reading them; and they are no more pieces of real literature than the exquisite new mantle sold by some Madame Hortense or other Parisian dressmaker is a work of art. The large and immediate circulation given to a successful story—the certainty that in a few months some new rival will push it from its stool—the high prices paid for anything that catches the public taste,—all tempt modern story writers to chime in with what they consider the fashion of the season. If plain governesses of strong mind and strange charm of manners are the fashion, the market is overrun with that description of heroine. If fair-haired murderesses are in demand, the supply will come up to it. A run on detectives finds the bookmakers equal to the emergency. If what are called domestic goods are called for, all the sentiment that lingers about slippers is gracefully evoked. If the public like to hear of matrimonial strife, we have a husband and wife who are married in the first chapter, and only get reconciled in the last through the intervention of a cherub child, which happily contrives to get born in some lucid interval of the intermittent storm that rages through the three volumes. Then for a time fickleness becomes a heroic virtue, and young men who jilt and young women who hesitate are the only characters that will go down. A list might be drawn up of novels in which the old-fashioned child—hero dies young of no particular disease; of novels in which the principal character is blind, deformed, or idiotic; in which the hero commits a murder, and is very sorry for it—these are many; in which the hero commits a murder and is not at all sorry—these are few: for novelists, as a rule, still cling to the idea—not certainly born out by facts—that a man who commits a murder is ever afterwards haunted by remorse—a superstition that it is useful perhaps to have generally believed. But it is well for us sometimes to fancy ourselves thirty-five years hence, oblivious of these fashions of the day, taking up a novel published this year or last year, and trying it b

the two standards—the high literature of all ages, and the human nature of all time.

It is sometimes asserted that beyond this we should value stories that give us true pictures of the manners of our time; and it is often said, "What a priceless value we should set on a novel of the period that would present before us the home and ordinary life of old Greece or Rome!" We hear, therefore, great eulogies of painters who cover square feet of canvas in painting a race-course, a railway station, or the sands of a watering-place, exactly as they exist, or of novelists who hit off the exact tone in which common-place gentlemen and common-place ladies make love in the reign of Victoria. We do not doubt the utility of these pictures and stories to an antiquarian a thousand years hence; the more realistic and the less artistic they are the better for his purpose; but as we do not live in that advanced period, as we are not in the position of our descendants, we hardly feel called upon to fall down and worship in a frame what we can see in real life and with as little true art at the Great Western Station, or to be entranced with the wonderful fidelity with which the style of Jones junior is hit off as he chats at his club or manages to convey to Miss Robinson his desire to make her his wife. If there were an Annual Register of manners and fashions as well as of political facts, a place ought to be found in them for such mere copies and transcripts of common life; but they are no more art than the reflection in a mirror of the life of a London street; they are no more literature than a verbal report in the last breach of promise case of what the defendant said to the plaintiff's mother when "on the 14th of January he took tea at the plaintiff's house, and putting his arm round Lucy's waist, said he hoped soon to make her his wife:" a very thrilling situation for Lucy, but not unprecedented, nor very exciting to the bystanders, whether actually observed or faithfully reported in one volume, in two, or in three. We almost fear that many of Mr. Trollope's admirers think best of him because he manages to invest with interest such incidents of every-day life. We remember the many hours that have passed smoothly by as, with feet on the fender, we have followed heroine after heroine of his from the dawn of her love to its happy or disastrous close, and one is astounded at one's own ingratitude in writing a word against a succession of tales that "give delight and hurt not;" but we cannot help giving utterance to an opinion, perhaps utterly wrong, that to describe faithfully, even happily, how a "nice" English girl bears "nicely" a disappointment in marriage, is not in any sense at all a work of literary art. If we met in real life some man who, across the walnuts and the wine, told us truthfully the whole story of Lily Dale, we should say, "What a pity!" and "What a shame!" and "What is she like?" at the proper points; but we should consider

him rather a bore if the narrative lasted more than a quarter of an hour. It certainly is too slight to be made the subject of one novel or to be drawn out again and interwoven into a second.

But Mr. Trollope is certainly capable of better things, and in his "Last Chronicle of Barset" he has given us glimpses of a certain tragic and poetic power that place him far above any chronicler of young lady's thoughts. The story has all the good qualities of his other works—the exceeding naturalness of the dialogue, the homely fidelity to English character of the men and women, the absence of all coarse appeals to sympathy, the entire freedom from all straining after effect. But its superiority to his other stories arises from his selection of a situation as deep in its pain as any that could be brought within the range of ordinary English experience. We have a country curate miserably poor—that is common enough. He is placed in a parish mainly inhabited by a population less stolid perhaps than a purely agricultural peasantry, but whose better wages only induce greater surliness and a somewhat coarse independency. Then this curate is a man of fiercely intense piety and strong character, a ripe scholar, full of antique learning, but almost mad from the pressure of the daily, hourly, biting ills that come from household want. As a clergyman of the English Church he is brought into a kind of contact with the highest personages of the neighbourhood, and thus the peculiarities of his character become the public property of village gossips of all ranks. He is accused of having stolen a cheque; the facts tell against him; even his best friends fear that, driven wild by debts and duns, he may have committed the crime; and his wife, heroically patient and loving, half thinks that he must be mad when he cannot even tell her how he got it. This in itself is a striking situation. The depth of the man's anguish as he tries to realise that he—with his high conscientiousness, his ever-rigid preaching of duty, and his stern views of the holiness of a moral life—is held to be a thief; the awful dread of the wife that this last crowning calamity, her husband's public disgrace as a felon, is coming on; and that he is perhaps insane, present a combination of as keen an agony as is possible in ordinary English life. To these elements is added another that heightens and yet relieves the whole. The curate's daughter, a graceful girl,—drawn in slender outlines but with suggestive touches,—is loved by a gentleman of the county, who, before the cloud had come on the poor man's home, had almost declared himself. He hesitates for a moment, but is drawn on by circumstances and his love to act a chivalrous part, and his constancy—no heroically unflinching, but still natural and true—keeps, as it were, a bit of blue sky in the upper distance, even in the darkest part of the story; while the comparatively petty vexation of his father the impending *mésalliance* is good foil, most artistically design-

to the gaunt and deep agony in the other parsonage home. We do not remember any situation in any modern novel in which the pure tragedy of the circumstances is so deep; for it must be borne in mind that the sufferers are people made sensitive by early refinement and educated thought; that they cannot have even the solace of suffering in solitude, for the pain is a public event; and that because they are of the educated classes their sufferings come clearly home to our own conception and consciousness. Despite all the efforts of the greatest novelist of our days, the tragedy of Hetty Poyser's life does not touch us so nearly as the same sorrow in one of higher station. It is simply cant for educated men to pretend that their sentiments are as easily excited by the sorrows of people whose daily life and daily thoughts they can with difficulty realise, as by the sufferings of those who, on account of their nearness to us in social position, seem like ourselves, and whose sorrows we can understand and feel. Had Mr. Trollope devoted his genius to painting the same kind of shame and sorrow in the home of one of the brickmakers at Hoggstock,—the same half-insanity of a father, the same terrible anguish of a wife, and a similar cross in love to a brickmaker's daughter,—he would probably have failed in making a story that would live. There is pain enough, heaven knows, in the lives of the English poor; but pain cannot always be made into tragedy: if it could, the assize and police reports would, as they do not, furnish materials for works of art.

But granting to Mr. Trollope very high praise for the genius, the conscientious art, the happy power, with which he has designed and elaborated this story of the Crawleys, we do think that hardly any words can be too strong to express our annoyance at finding what might have been a perfect work of literature disfigured by chapters of utterly irrelevant matter. Because Miss Lily Dale was a jilted young lady in the "Small House of Allington," she must be trotted out again in this story as declining gracefully into the position of an old maid. Because Johnny Eames was a rather lubberly and lucky hobbledehoy in the one story, he must be Mr. John Eames in the second, still more lucky in the world, with *bonnes fortunes* in Bayswater, yet still besieging the impregnable Lily of his heart. We do not deny that, on the whole, Lily in her mature maidenhood is very natural, that she talks happily, that she is very like ten thousand other young English ladies of good style, and that faithful copies of John Eames are to be found by the score from ten to four in Somerset House; that half-silly women, like Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, with a substratum of the common-sense born of cowardice, are common enough; and that more than one Miss Demolines may inhabit handsome houses in the dissipated suburb of Bayswater. But why intrude those sketches of comedy and farce

—very fair, as far as they go—into what might have been a very finished story—an enduring piece of English literary art? Ten thousand years hence, if our literature lives so long, the tragedy at Mr. Crawley's hearth will be easily understood; his character will stand clearly out; but we might as well predict an immortality of art for the pictures in an illustrated paper as hope that Mr. John Eames or Miss Lily Dale will remain in literature as types of anything at all. If we had Mr. Trollope's leave, it seems that, with nothing but a knife, we could make his "Last Chronicle" one-half shorter and fifty-fold better worth preservation. We should simply cut out every chapter devoted to Miss Lily Dale, Mr. John Eames, Mr. Adolphus Crosbie, &c., &c., and make the story as it ought to have been, simply the tale of Mr. Crawley's trouble; how it affected himself, his wife, his daughter, his daughter's lover, his daughter's lover's father, his bishop, and his bishop's wife. With the one finely pathetic figure as the centre, a perfect story could be thus built up. It might have been beautifully told in one volume; but Mr. Trollope, seduced by his publisher, his popularity, or by a weak wish to wind up a crowd of characters in previous novels, introduces personages who are hooked on to the tale without reason, relevancy, or excuse. Even old Mr. Harding—excellently drawn in "The Warden"—is dragged in to be slowly and gently put to death; a most inartistic diversion of the interest that attaches to the central and proper pathos of the tale.

But when we had cut out the portions now horribly interleaved, we should take up the remaining pages, rebind them tenderly, not losing one, and treasure them as a very finished work of English fiction; in fact, fully deserving of the title—the very high title—of a work of literary art. The key-note of the situation and of the great character of the book is struck in some of the opening words:—

"It seemed to her [Mrs. Crawley] that she would be compelled to have him proved to be either a thief or a madman. And yet she knew that he was neither. That he was not a thief was as clear to her as the sun at noonday. Could she have lain on the man's bosom for twenty years and not yet have learned the secrets of the heart beneath? The whole mind of the man was, as she told herself, within her grasp. He might have taken the twenty pounds, he might have taken it and spent it though it was not his own; but yet he was no thief. Nor was he a madman. No man more sane in preaching the gospel of the Lord, in making intelligible to the ignorant the promises of his Saviour, ever got into a parish pulpit, or taught in a parish school. The intellect of the man was as clear as running water in all things not appertaining to his daily life and its difficulties. He could be logical with a vengeance—so logical as to cause infinite trouble to his wife, who, with all her good sense, was not logical. And he had Greek at his fingers' ends—as his daughter very well knew. And even to this day he would sometimes recite to them English poetry, lines after lines, stanzas upon stanzas, in a sweet, low, melancholy voice, on long winter evenings, when occasionally the burden of his troubles would be lighter to him

than was usual. Books in Latin and in French he read with as much ease as in English, and took delight in such as came to him, when he would condescend to accept such loans from the deanery. And there was at times a lightness of heart about the man. In the course of last winter he had translated into Greek irregular verse the very noble ballad of Lord Bateman, maintaining the rhythm and the rhyme, and had repeated it with uncouth glee till his daughter knew it all by heart."

It is impossible not to be reminded by this of Parson Adams—also learned, also poor. In Mr. Crawley we have a new Parson Adams, with the self-consciousness natural to the modern man, and yet with the occasional abstraction which is an essential part, also, of the character of Fielding's hero. We have, too, in Crawley the priestly teacher more prominent, while in Adams it is almost entirely in the background. Then Adams is almost always mixed up with comedy, while Crawley is the centre of a drama, with the possibility of a tragic end. In the Vicar of Wakefield we have another parson, but the drama there is melo-dramatic, and the whole story throughout, even when it comes nearest to deep emotion, still is somehow redolent more of comedy than of tragedy; for instance, the turn of events by which Olivia is "restored to virtue," by the discovery that her marriage was after all valid, belongs more to the last scene of a Haymarket play than to a story, tragic or otherwise, of real life. In Crawley and the Crawley household we have a poverty that is picturesque in its intensity and completeness, but never low or mean; for the carpetless room re-echoes to the sonorous recital of Greek verse, and Crawley himself never forgets that he is one of God's priests. Even the young girl, Grace Crawley, takes a natural dignity from the fact that, as her father's favourite pupil, she is a good scholar—though sweet and girlish, as love takes up for her the harp of life and gives her new music, and as a terrible shadow comes to blot out the sunshine. There is art in Mr. Trollope's not introducing us to the girl until she is loved. Grace Crawley, unwooed by Major Grantly, could not help taking a certain tone from her domestic surroundings—must have acquired, perhaps, hardness, bitterness, or singularity from her unusual education and peculiar, not to say odd, bringing up. But Grace Crawley loved, is humanised; and Grace Crawley with her love clouded, is softened; we forget the Greek, the poor or borrowed clothes, as we think of the possibilities of her life, as they seem to her young imaginings,—of the Fairy Prince who can lift her to his high estate. Indeed Mr. Trollope himself supplies us with means to judge what Grace might have been before her lover came to glorify her life. In the very few words spoken by the younger sister, Jane^c Crawley, we have all the abruptness and angularity of a young girl not much used to society, unusually educated, still too young either to be loved or feel the need of it; not unhappy even in the poor home, be-

cause she also is her father's pupil, the companion of his studies, and the sharer of his loftiest thoughts; we see in her what Grace was; we see in Grace what the change from girlhood to womanhood, from mere home-life to a life filled up by love, can accomplish and effect. It will be noticed, if we analyse the story thoroughly, that the main element is tragic: a terrible woe hanging over the head of the wretched home, with the possibility of the deeper sorrow of actual insanity—a fear present to him and present to his wife. But the tragedy is relieved, in the first place, by the dignity of the man as a scholar and a priest; secondly, by the excitement of the conflict between him and the Bishop; and, thirdly, by all the happy possibilities arising from Major Grantly's love for the daughter of the house. Thus light and shade are naturally intermixed. The strangeness to us is, that a novelist who could so well design a tale so thoroughly good—and should have carried out his design even in the minor characters and small bits of dialogue as well—should have spoiled it by binding it up in the same volume with records of the flirtations of Conway Dalrymple and Johnny Eames, with Mr. Toogood's good-natured vulgarism, and Mr. Dobbs Broughton's tipsy rage. There is, we suppose, no Court of Revision that could compel Mr. Trollope to rewrite his work. It is difficult to speak too highly of the simplicity of the pathos in the well-known scene where Mr. Crawley refuses to receive Major Grantly's proposal, the perfect fidelity to nature, the artistic avoidance of all irrelevancy or exaggeration. Every word tells, and though the feelings are highly wrought, nothing is strained; and every one of the actors is English and human throughout. It would be easy to refer to twenty other passages equally good; to point out with what fine touches Archdeacon Grantly is drawn; how the almost comic domestic despotism of Mrs. Proudie is suddenly lifted into something like tragedy by her sudden death; but I am not wanting for this kind of criticism in detail.

Of all the other novels of Mr. Trollope's we think "The War" comes next to the "Last Chronicle" in touches of pathos and pathos. That was the first chronicle of Barchester, and there is a freshness to it that hardly belongs to the rest, until Mr. Trollope set his hand to conclude his records of life in a cathedral town. In one respect it is superior to the story of the Crawleys: it is not disfigured by any irrelevant matter. Mr. Harding remains the central figure throughout. We doubt whether there is a chapter that could be entirely taken away without affecting the intelligibility of the story. *That*, to us, ought to be, at least, one test of a story as a work of art.

But to expect English novels to be works of art is asking a great deal, when we consider what they are. We are rather out of our taste, for we do not sneer at Miss Braddon, we are

by Mr. Lefanu, we delight in Mr. Dickens, and tolerate nearly all his imitators; we reverence Thackeray, and we—read what his copyists put forth; we are profoundly thankful to Mr. Trollope for many hours of happy interest; while there are a nameless host of minor writers who put into single stories much power, sometimes great pathos, often keen observance of life. But when we think of the novels we have read for twenty years, that there are issued every year, and unread by us, scores of novels “that we have heard others praise, and that highly;” and when we think that not perhaps two per cent. even of these good novels will be read this day twenty years, we are struck with the wondrous waste of power. Every man who reads novels with any thought of the process of their construction must remember how often he has read stories that could have been made works of art by a little more trouble, some knowledge of the true principles of literary art, some desire to give unity, purpose, and truth to the story as a whole. The story-telling art is, on the whole, rare and peculiar. Some of the best critics are utterly destitute of it, and men and women *who* have little literary, and no artistic power, sometimes distinctly possess it. It would be easy to name story after story in English fiction containing characters, chapters, passages, full of life, truth, pathos, humour, or power, yet almost worthless, as a whole, from excessive dilution of the story—a frequent fault—or awkward management of the plot, or irrelevancy, or introduction of needless characters, or impertinency of whole pages of sentiment, destined to be skipped. In fact, if we survey the English literature of fiction, we find that our men of greatest genius, as story-tellers, take a perverse pride in disdaining those ideas of unity, simplicity, and chastity in art which animate even very inferior French writers. Mr. Dickens seems to revel in his rich mastery of humour, in his power of conceiving and painting the grotesque, in his capacity—very like that of Doré—for throwing a wild and weird light over inanimate nature. In the main, he is content with these gifts, and sets at defiance all literary law. No doubt some of his stories are carefully built up; but with the care that some man, his own architect, devotes to a house for himself—erected without regard to any order of architecture but his own. Now, “as leaves, wood, and branches clapped hodge-podge together don’t make up a tree,” so three or four striking characters, splendidly painted, two or three grotesque creatures, four or five grand scenes, some sixty or seventy incidents, a mystery, and two or three lay figures, do not constitute a story as a work of art, even if there is humour or sentiment in almost every page. One of Mr. Dickens’s stories—not the most happy in other respects, and in part marred by a straining after effect—the “Tale of Two Cities,” seems to me more successfully constructed than any of his, as a work of art in fiction—

built up with care, from the first chapter to the last, and with considerable success. Of Thackeray, as a writer of genius, few men can speak without reverence; but his incurable habit of stopping his stories that he may preach is simply fatal to all recognition of them as works of art. What should we think if Hogarth put little tickets on his pictures with "Observe the weakness of human nature in this rake," or "Note the good feeling of the poor harlot"? And yet that is what Thackeray does in almost every chapter—as if the *Punch* essayist—full of fine dry satire, quiet wit, happy tolerance, and nice humour—was too strong for the constructor of stories, and so betrayed the old vein throughout everything he wrote.

In one respect Mr. Trollope deserves praise that even Dickens and Thackeray do not deserve. Many of his stories are more true throughout to that unity of design, that harmony of tone and colour, which are essential to works of art. In one of his Irish stories, "The Kellys and the O'Kellys," the whole is steeped in Irish atmosphere; the key-note is admirably kept throughout; there is nothing irrelevant, nothing that takes the reader out of the charmed circle of the involved and slowly unwound bead-roll of incidents. We say nothing as to the other merits of the story—its truth to life, the excellence of the dialogue, the naturalness of the characters—for Mr. Trollope has these merits nearly always at his command. He has a true artist's idea of tone, of colour, of harmony; his pictures are one; are seldom out of drawing; he never strains after effect; is fidelity itself in expressing English life; is never guilty of caricature. Why then are many of his stories, with all their merits, not enduring works of art? Simply, in our opinion, because his choice of subjects is utterly wrong. The genteel public of the day may demand portraits of themselves as they demand photographs of surly-looking men and simpering women, which they call likenesses of themselves and their wives; but no amount of skill can make common-place men and common-place incidents and common-place feelings fit subjects of high or true literary art. Phidias himself, set to carve in marble portraits of London aldermen, could not give the busts any heroic air, or any endurance as the best works of art. Mr. Trollope paints with perfect truth the young girl of the present day, and the young man of the period; he also manages to make us interested, while we read, in their sayings and doings; but the manners, the ideas, the love affairs of the day, and we doubt whether they can live. Why should they live? What is there in the story of Lucy Robarts that makes it a story of human nature as well as of English-young-lady life. She meets a young lord, is loved, loves him, but conceals and denies her love because she thinks his family too grand to be entered into unless they come down from their height to ask her to come up. This is, perhaps, natural enough. We know that in English rural

life there does exist a sense of aristocracy, which takes the form of resenting supposed airs; the men or women who don't cringe are apt to snarl; and to treat a lord as another man—neither to be servile nor surly, is often beyond English power. A young lady who thinks it heroic to be unnaturally stiff to a titled mother-in-law *in futuro*, may be the natural subject of a pleasant story illustrative of the manners and customs of the English of to-day, but cannot be the central figure in a story destined to endure as a work of art. The difference between nature and art, as Lord Lytton has well indicated in one of his best essays, is that “in nature is a something purely individual and particular. Art, on the contrary, is essentially destined to manifest the general . . . to represent under sensible forms the free development of life, and especially of mind.” Lucy Robarts, in Mr. Trollope's pages, is the parson's sister of the present day—as essentially of the present day as her picture in the illustration “Is it a lie?” by Mr. Millais stamps her as having lived when crinolines were worn very large. That kind of young lady is passing away. The parson's sister twenty years hence will not be like her, and, fifty, or a hundred years hence, our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will require our certificates to make them believe that she is true to our time. It may be said that Squire Western, Parson Adams, and Parson Trulliber are also “of the time,” and represent only the coarseness of an epoch; but there is in them, beyond the manners of the period, very deep touches of the human nature of all time, which will make them live for ever as types of general humanity, though dressed in the peculiar costume of their own day. The same can be said of Crawley, and of Bishop Proudie, and the other essential characters in the Crawley tale; but of the other and many characters that Mr. Trollope has drawn in his other novels, how many live as realities in our mind? how many will be referred to thirty years hence as alive, if we may so speak of the characters in fiction that will live on for ever?

We have known it objected to Mr. Trollope that he only paints respectable people; that he understands only the sorrows of people who “keep a gig.” We think that the story of Crawley goes a great way to refute this charge; but our indictment against him would take another form. He knows more, we think, of English parson life than any man in England. He has somehow got behind the clerical waistcoat, and can count its throbs: can he not, then, tell us something deeper and something more than he has yet done? We accept his revelation of Crawley struggling with poverty and shame, of Mark Robarts fighting off debt; but has he never heard of any conflict deeper, higher, fiercer, worse? We know how the English clergy appear to many. They are country gentlemen, who always wear white neck-ties and never swear; they are a kind

of better behaved squires, who don't drink much, and who read the Bible. But if that fairly described the majority twenty years hence, it does not now. A new life has come into the Church. Many are discontented at the anomalies of their position: the Erastianised, sleepy, squirearchical, port-drinking, of the earth, earthy, incumbent is often succeeded by some man who believes that he has a divine mission, who speaks as one having authority, who fights with apathy and sin and the devil much more like a Methodist of the last century than the rector or vicar of the past generation. Now the conflict of ideas between such a new man and the parishioners accustomed to the old rector and his old ways, is just what no newspaper or history can ever give us; but which an able, observant novelist like Mr. Trollope, knowing the clergy by heart, could admirably describe. Surely in this sharp almost tragic contrast there is something higher, nobler, for a novelist than the pecuniary embarrassments of worldly parsons, or their relations with squires, bishops, and bishops' wives.

Then, again, we admit Mr. Trollope's power in describing young ladies in love and in doubt. He knows English girls by heart. We cannot well fancy him a Sylph like one of Pope's in the "Rape of the Lock," else we should suppose that he had often listened to a thousand talkce-talkce conversations, when young ladies in the seclusion of their bed-rooms or dressing-rooms unloose their thoughts to one another, and let down their back hair. But surely English ladies suffer occasionally other agony than doubts as to whether this or that lover is to be the man thrown over, accepted, snubbed, encouraged, or drawn on. We say not a word against love in stories: save "Caleb Williams," there is no good English story without it. But there are deep chords in woman's nature that this kind of love does not touch; and as the prose laureate of English girls of the better class, why should not Mr. Trollope record something else beside flirtations that end well? Lady Glencora Palliser is pretty and true gliding over thin ice with her handsome lover; pretty and true in her candour to her cold spouse; pretty and true with her baby heir to the great dukedom. But suppose she had run away? Is there nothing deep, dark, and deadly in human nature and human sin to be painted vividly so that our souls may be purged by terror, and pity, and stronger thoughts than amusement at unmarried jilts, married flirts, and young mothers?

J. HERBERT STACK.

SCHUBERT.¹

To the vast multitude to whom is denied the endowment of genius, there are few books more fruitful in consolation than the lives of great musicians. The gift of writing good music is one of the most unprofitable of possessions, and it is too frequently accompanied with peculiarities of physical temperament which are the reverse of conducive to long life and happiness. To the great musical composer, above all other men, is applicable the old saying, "*Omnes ingeniosos melancolicos esse.*" There are exceptions, and very striking exceptions, to the ordinary rule. But they are too rare to overthrow the rule itself. To the fact that the composition of music of a higher order is one of the worst possible means for obtaining a livelihood, there are scarcely any exceptions at all. Rossini used to declare that it was utterly impossible, even for a popular opera writer, to make such an income by his works as would allow him to live comfortably and lay by something from his savings; and if this was Rossini's experience, what must naturally have been the fate of those who were greater than he, and who wrote for far more scanty and less wealthy audiences? Handel, it is true, left a handsome fortune behind him; but, like Shakspeare, he earned it as a theatrical manager. Sebastian Bach earned a very modest competency as a teacher and organist, but the sale of his wonderful works would not have kept him in bread, even without the cheese. Mozart and Beethoven barely drove the wolf from the door; and Mendelssohn, happily for himself, was the son of a tolerably wealthy father.

But of all sad and dreary records of the struggles of a man of few endowments with something very like penury, the history of Schubert's life is the saddest and most dreary. Certain personal peculiarities undoubtedly stood in his way in his occasional efforts to win some permanent post, which would at least have saved him from a dependence upon the sale of his writings for his daily bread. Apart from all such hindrances to success, the one fact stands in miserable prominence, that the majority of his works were wholly unsaleable, and that from those which were most popular he had to gain more than a wretched pittance. More keenly than any other of the great masters of his art, he was made to realise the sad truth, that while painters, sculptors, and architects can live as gentlemen, and not seldom can heap up large fortunes,

¹ **LIFE OF FRANZ SCHUBERT.** Translated from the German of Kreissle von M., by ARTHUR DUKE COLERIDGE, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. With an Appendix by George Grove, Esq. London: Longmans. 21s.

the musician who is gifted with genius writes for others' gain. Singers, players, and opera-lessees fare sumptuously upon his works; and his own portion is not very much more than the crumbs which fall from their well-spread tables.

On the other side of the account, it is commonly supposed that the possession of musical genius, and the mere act of composition, with its bright hopes and pleasant memories, are things so sweet and satisfying in their nature, that after all it must be a very happy lot to be a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Schubert, or a Mendelssohn. Playing over or listening to their wonderful inspirations, it is difficult indeed, to believe that the simple production of melodies and harmonies from which we ourselves derive such exquisite sensations of delight was not a source of untold and unmixed enjoyment to those who poured them forth. If we can feel, with emotions that to a non-musical listener seem extravagantly unreal, the truth, the beauty, the tenderness, and the joy of a masterpiece of music, surely we assume, the power of creating these magical sounds must have ensured no small amount of happiness to the musician who was inspired with them. I venture, however, very much to doubt whether it is so. Undoubtedly, the simple act of the composition of good music is an enjoyment of a high order. It is of the same kind as the successful exertion of any other sort of intellectual energy. The mere employment of the faculties with vigour is in itself a pleasure to every healthy mind; and the expression of one's own best thoughts in prose, or in verse, or upon canvas, or in marble is one of the keenest of the enjoyments of which our struggling nature is capable. A man then feels that he lives, with an intensity that can be realised by no other means. But as all these modes of exerting the creative faculty are rarely unaccompanied with elements of trouble which make the very act itself a pain, so it is pre-eminently in the case of musical creation. "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," is a saying echoed by almost every listener who has the truly hearing ear; and the very same sadness more or less accompanies the giving birth to any music which is capable of profoundly touching the soul. There is very little music of the highest kind which is not tinged with an inexpressible hue of sadness. Even with Handel and Bach it is only occasionally that they appear unconscious of the unfailing sorrow of human life. In Mozart's brightest moments his laughter seems to be on the verge of melting into tears. Beethoven is for ever expressing the thoughts of a heart that, whatever be the occupation of the hour, is always aching. Haydn is bright, but he is not profound. It is, therefore, because great musical genius is usually accompanied with that peculiar temperament which predisposes to sadness, and because the traces of this depression are rarely absent from the works of the great

masters, that I conclude that we who sit at their feet and listen derive more enjoyment from their inspiration than they themselves derived even from their happiest moments.

And of all their biographies, the life of Schubert is that which ought to teach content to mediocrity. It is impossible to doubt that it is a much pleasanter thing to us to hear and sing and play his music than it was to him to create it. His songs, in all their marvellous variety, are often nothing less than one unceasing rhythm of pathos and complaint. Not of unhealthy complaint, it is most true; for, pathetic as Schubert is, he is never morbid. But whatever he writes, there is still present the deep, under-song of human suffering, and a consciousness of the vanity of all human joys. It is the complaint of the nightingale as contrasted with the exuberant happiness of the lark. "My productions in music," he wrote in his diary, "are the product of the understanding, and spring from my sorrow; those only which are the product of pain seem to please the great world most." And everywhere in the other fragments of this diary, which Dr. Hellborn has preserved, the same sentiment of inexpressible sadness is constantly breaking out. "No one fathoms another's grief; no one another's joy. People think they are ever going to one another, and they only go near another." This last sentence adds a force to the Wise Man's famous saying on the loneliness of man, which confirms that impression of the vigour of Schubert's understanding and the intensity of his self-inspection which his songs so powerfully suggest. "Grief," he says again, "sharpens the understanding and strengthens the soul; whereas joy seldom troubles itself about the former, and makes the latter either effeminate or frivolous." At an earlier date we find similar indications of his habitual way of interpreting the realities of life in just the same spirit. "Man bears misfortune uncomplainingly; and for that very reason feels it all the more acutely. For what purpose did God create in us these keen sympathies? Light mind, light heart; a mind that is too light generally harbours a heart that is too heavy. Town politeness is a powerful hindrance to men's integrity in dealing with one another. The greatest misery of the wise man and the greatest happiness of the fool is based on conventionalism."

Schubert's whole personal history and his music were, in truth, the result of one and the same combination of gifts, defects, and untoward circumstances. Of the general tone of his innumerable instrumental works it is, indeed, somewhat hazardous to say anything without much hesitation. They are so little known in England, and, in fact, so little known anywhere, that it is possible that a familiarity with all his nine symphonies and his other great compositions, which are rarely heard, might reverse or modify the opinion that they, too,

express the conflicts of a mind which was bitterly conscious of the failure of all human hopes, and unable to enforce upon itself a course of harmonious existence. But, so far as I can judge of them, the boundless varieties of melody, sweet and pure, which flowed from Schubert's pen like water from a fountain, are in all his writings incessantly intermingled with certain outbursts of sadness; and he seems to be ever expressing efforts at self-mastery, but rarely crowned with success. And this is a most important thing to be remembered in any attempt at a thoroughly critical estimate of his capacity to write instrumental works upon the largest scale. As far, indeed, as I can understand Dr. Hellborn's own opinion, it coincides with the view of those who hold that Schubert's longer compositions are deficient in unity and development. They abound in beauties of every kind, and the orchestral treatment is as delicate as rich, and as appropriate as it is original. And, moreover, whatever were the influences of Beethoven upon Schubert, who was his enthusiastic worshipper, the individuality of the worshipper was never for an instant obscured or injured.

On the supposition, then, that this opinion is in the main correct, two interesting questions arise: How is the existence of the defect to be accounted for in a mind so wonderfully gifted with melody and with so true a feeling for form? and, if Schubert had lived to maturer years, is it probable that the supposed deficiency would have disappeared? To those who think that the fault was irremediable, I would offer the following suggestions, as tending to prove that Schubert really died in the immaturity of his powers. In the first place, it is incredible that one who possessed the gift of form in so perfect a degree when treating subjects on a small scale should be really incapable of achieving the loftiest exploits of unity and development, provided only that his understanding was vigorous, his gift of melody manly and powerful, as well as pure, and his capacity for working equal to the strain upon his imagination. Now it is undeniable that Schubert's feeling for unity of idea and its progressive development within small limits was absolutely perfect. He wrote "The Erl-King" when he was eighteen. Can any dramatic song be named in which unity of idea and easy development are more conspicuous? Or to name the first half-dozen of his songs best known to English singers which occur to me: "The Serenade," "The Praise of Tears," "The Postman's Horn," "The Barcarole" ("Mitten im Schimmer"), "The Trout," and the serenade called "Die schöne Müllerinn"—here are songs, totally unlike one another, except in the fact that nobody but Schubert could have written them. The melodies are all lovely, the accompaniments are all original, every note is vigorously expressive of some shade of human emotion. There is not a mawkish or washy chord or

sequence among them all; and withal they are every one of them little poems of the most highly elaborated cast. Yet this astonishing man wrote his songs off at railway speed, their ideas rushing upon his brain in perfect completeness. I can hardly imagine a more convincing proof that Schubert had within him "the root of the matter" for writing symphonies as complete in technical structure as the symphonies of Mozart and the fugues of Bach, and as perfect in emotional unity as the symphonies and sonatas of Beethoven.

The slowness with which this gift was matured in Schubert I attribute partly to his character, his general education, and his position in society, and partly to his musical education. He was a shy, modest man, with little ambition, resting on a basis of obstinacy and a too early acquaintance with the insensibility of the multitude to great ideas and high aspirations. He laboured from the first under the serious disadvantage of being cut off from familiar intercourse with men his own equals in natural gifts, both musical and otherwise. Born of the humble family of a schoolmaster of the Austrian poor, his education was slight; while during his residence in a seminary for the training of young musicians, he shirked all general studies, as far as possible, in order that he might indulge his already vehement passion for composition. For about three years he toiled miserably as an assistant to his father's school; and when the time was over, he was thrown on his own musical resources for his living. Thus his mind was left to grow in its own vigorous, wayward fashion, with none of that healthy discipline which severe study and the society of intellectual equals and superiors would have imposed upon an impulsive nature. That idea of grandeur, self-command, forethought, and a deliberate choice of means to an end, which is of the very essence of moral and intellectual greatness, was never set before him or presented for his cultivation, while it is precisely in its expression of this ideal that a symphony of the highest order differs from a mere song, or from a collection of beautiful fragments. Thus uncultured, and yet yearning for the sympathy of others, Schubert flung himself into the society of miscellaneous people, some degrees above the class in which he was born, but by no means sufficiently so to raise the standard of his self-respect, and to teach him a rigorous self-discipline. When not pouring forth some song, or opera, or mass, or symphony, or dance music, or chamber music, he loved to recreate himself with a few clever, jovial, free-and-easy fellows, better educated, but naturally less gifted than himself; and with them he enjoyed himself after his fashion, the fashion now and then including the drinking more wine than his excitable head could bear, and doubtless tending to cause the severe headaches from which, after a time, he suffered so heavily. Occa-

sionally he met with openings for mixing with families who could have aided him in the world, and by whom he was much liked. Thus he passed two summers with a branch of the Esterhazys in their country house, and gave them lessons in music; on the first occasion taking it into his head to fall in love with one of the ladies of the family, though, as far as appears, he had the good sense to keep his excited feelings to himself. All this, of course, while it helped to strengthen the emotional part of his nature, failed to open his mind to that ideal intellectual grandeur which finds its musical embodiments in the symphonies and sonatas, the fugues and the choruses of the greatest masters. As he himself implies in his diary, he learnt music through his inner sufferings. With all his jollity, his heart ached, and forced him to open his eyes to the beauty of that greatness which can only be attained by toil and suffering and many disappointments.

Schubert's musical training was also of that description which failed to cultivate the latent greatness of his powers. At the Viennese seminary his musical studies were of the more elementary kind; in fact, he outran them almost before they were begun. Salieri, the only one of his teachers who is known to fame, was an adherent of the traditions of the Italian school, and did not appreciate the intense romanticism of Schubert's genius. What the young composer wanted was the steady study of the great masters of counterpoint, from Palestrina to Bach, Handel, and Mozart. He loved Mozart with all his soul, but it is evident that it was Mozart's melodies rather than his constructive skill and breadth of style which he appreciated. Counterpoint did not come naturally to Schubert, though of course he learnt it, and could write canons by the dozen or the score; while it was only by the cultivation of a love for the fugue and its modifications that he could have controlled the exuberance of his melodic gift, and marshalled his ideas into array on the grandest of scales. Of all the great masters, Beethoven alone wrought out his developments and climaxes apart from an essentially fugal treatment; and his works were not a safe model for an impulsive mind, overflowing with richly-harmonised tunes, like that of Schubert. The unity of Beethoven's writings is the result of an intensity of emotion pervading the most startling transitions of mere form with an unbroken identity. Those who once feel with him and understand his language find it the most natural and simple of tongues; while to others, his later works are fragmentary and incomprehensible to the last degree. To compose therefore on a grand scale, on Beethoven's system, one must be a Beethoven; and that Schubert was not. I see in him far more of the Mozart nature than of the Beethoven nature; only, unfor-

unately, counterpoint was not born within him, as it was in the author of the Jupiter Symphony and the Requiem.

Had Schubert lived, then, instead of dying at the age of thirty-one, it may be fairly concluded that he would have achieved orchestral works as perfect in their way as his songs. And those songs were more than six hundred in number, of which about three hundred and sixty have been published. When he died he had actually written nine symphonies, nearly all completed; and in an entertaining addition to Dr. Hellborn's valuable memoir, Mr. Grove enthusiastically records his expedition to Vienna in search of the MS. scores in the possession of Dr. Schneider. Of nearly all these symphonies Schubert himself never heard a note performed; and, though the Crystal Palace band, under Mr. Manns, has already taught the world what a mine of wealth lies yet undiscovered by English lovers of music, Schubert is still, to a great extent, an unknown composer. And what is wanted is, not merely the occasional performance of his MS. works, but the publication of good pianoforte arrangements of his symphonies and other orchestral music for a single player.¹ Thus only can the multitude of professional and amateur musicians familiarise themselves with the peculiarities and beauties of his style, so as thoroughly to understand him when they are so fortunate as to hear his compositions played under the direction of a conductor like Mr. Manns.

As has been said, Schubert lived and died a poor man. He could not get his "Erl-King" published until four years after it was written. The vast majority of his works never brought him a single florin; and publishers are not to be blamed for declining to print music that nobody would buy. He could not endure teaching, and speedily gave it up. His operas failed when brought upon the stage. For most appointments he was utterly unfit, as he abhorred every restraint that fettered his freedom of action. Melancholy, therefore, as is, on the whole, the story of Schubert's life, I do not see how it could have been otherwise, considering that the mass of mankind care nothing for classical music, and that he would not submit to that routine of dull work by which we most of us have to earn a living. Nature might have made him the heir to a competency, or to a dukedom, if she had pleased. But as she made him the son of a humble schoolmaster, she predestined him to a life of struggle and to a posthumous fame.

J. M. CAPES.

(1) The only Pianoforte arrangements of the Symphonies which, I believe, now exist, are those for four hands of the C major Symphony; and for a solo player, and also for four hands, of the Symphony in B. The *Rosamunde* music is arranged both as a solo piece and as a duet.

SUEZ CANAL.¹

PART II.

On leaving Port-Saïd the canal at once enters Lake Menzaleh, through which the channel runs for a distance of 29 miles. This lake much resembles Lake Mœris, which is seen by the railway traveller soon after leaving Alexandria. The waters of Lake Menzaleh are shallow, and the bottom is composed of mud, deposited by the Pelusiatic and Tanitic branches of the Nile, both of which flow through this lake. At times the sea also washes over the low strip of sand fronting the northern shore of the lake. It was at first anticipated that there would be much difficulty in keeping the channel from becoming choked by the mud from the surrounding lake; but as the work progressed, it was ascertained that this stratum was superficial only, and that below it there lay a firm argillaceous soil. It was at first considered that this portion of the channel presented the greatest difficulties as regarded its future maintenance in a navigable condition. More than a year ago the contractors completed a length of about two miles, at the point where the line of the canal intercepted the course of the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile. Here neither the embankments nor the bottom of the canal have hitherto lost their original shape and proportions. The dredging have been employed throughout this portion of the channel to form the embankments. This is accomplished by means of the powerful machinery now in use; and each day, as these embankments are raised, they become more firmly consolidated. Leaving Lake Menzaleh at Kantara, a station on the desert route between Egypt and Syria, situated at its southern extremity, the course of the canal for 2 miles lies through low sand hills, where it enters Lake Ballah, a lake similar in character to Lake Menzaleh. This also traverses for a distance of 8 miles, and then enters a deep-cutting, extending from El Ferdane to Lake Timsah. Near Guisir,² which lies about 4 miles south of El Ferdane, the deep-cutting throughout the whole line of the canal had to be excavated varying from 60 to 70 feet. This was accomplished by means of three lines of tramway, by which the excavated soil was carried away. Six large engines and 250 waggons being employed for the purpose. M. Couvreux, who held the contract for this section, succeeded in accomplishing it in January, 1868, six months under contract time.

(1) Continued from p. 100 of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for January.

(2) Pronounced Eb Girch.

In 1859, when the Company still retained the contingent of 20,000 *fellahs*, the greater part of them were here employed in forming a narrow channel to enable the dredges to be floated in and utilised.

In two years the channel for the dredges was completed, and the waters of the Mediterranean flowed into the vast basin of Lake Timsah, the filling of which occupied five months.

As it was here the *fellahs* were for the most part at work in the early part of the enterprise, it will be as well to say a few words regarding the description of labour now employed by the Company. Most of the workmen are again *les indigènes*, but coming now as volunteers, and attracted by the good and certain wages which they can earn. The greater part of the excavation is accomplished by piece-work, from which excellent results are obtained. The engineers measure the quantity of earth to be removed, and name the price that will be paid for the work, making due allowance for the nature of the soil, and the distance it has to be transported. All requisite implements are provided by the Company. The price is such as enables the labourer to earn from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a day; but, usually, he manages to make more than the minimum sum, and generally has completed his task before the stipulated time. Gangs are formed, as much as possible, of men of the same nationality. The prospect of speedy remuneration acts as a powerful incentive to zealous labour. The indolence of any one member of the gang would cause confusion and delay in the regular circulation of the tram-waggons and carts; the men, therefore, take good care that all the members of the gang perform their fair share of the allotted task. At first there was some difficulty in getting the *indigènes* to use the wheel-barrow; so much so, that some commenced by carrying them on their heads. They were in the habit of using either a small basket, holding only a few handfuls of earth; or one shovelled it into a sack, whilst another carried it away. As for their nightly accommodation, the *indigènes* are easily satisfied. They procure two planks, which they place on the ground in the form of the letter A. Wrapped in their blanket, they creep into this triangular space, and thus make out the night quite to their satisfaction. The French have, not inappropriately, given these primitive abodes the name of "*bonnet de police*," which, in shape, they exactly resemble. Manual labour is employed where the working level is above the reach of the dredges, or in such portions where the work is being carried on *à sec*, that is, either by manual labour, below the future water-level, or by any other process of excavating, without the assistance of floating dredges.

The inland lake of Timsah, which, heretofore, at the seasons of the inundation of the Nile, occasionally received some water from a

branch of that river, is now transformed into a Mediterranean lake, nine miles in circumference. The water which was required to fill this depression of Timsah was about 95,000,000 cubic yards, and the depth is such as to require but little dredging for the channel of the canal through the lake. It is thus the Company have formed their third and inland port. On the north bank of the lake stands Ismaïlia (named after Ishmail Pacha), a flourishing French town, full of life and activity, a real oasis in the desert, where the eye, wearied by the glare of the surrounding sand, finds rest in the welcome green of the trees and gardens scattered throughout the town. Ismaïlia contains a population of five thousand inhabitants, and is divided into French, Greek, and Arab quarters. On the banks of the lake are villas, each with its garden attached, and here at once becomes apparent the advantage obtained by the canal, which, as we have before said, the Company constructed at the outset of the undertaking. A channel 40 feet in width, by 9 feet in depth, was excavated from Zagazig, a distance of 50 miles. On approaching Ismaïlia, it was divided into two branches. One of these, after passing in front of the town, was connected by two locks with the maritime canal. These double locks are necessary, as the fresh-water canal has a superior level of about 17 feet. The waters of this canal irrigate the property of El Ouady, in the land of Goshen, and it was this estate which was originally purchased by the Company for £86,000. Subsequently the Egyptian Government repurchased it from them, together with certain rights of irrigation and tenancy that had been granted to them at the time of the sale for £400,000, the sum awarded by Imperial arbitration. The other branch, passing a little to the west of the town, was continued in a southerly direction, and—after following, to a certain extent, the line of the maritime canal, and taking advantage, in the southern portion—of its course, of the ancient canal of the Pharaohs—reached Suez after traversing a distance of 50 miles. This supply of water, coupled with the advantages of a safe and commodious inland port, will render Ismaïlia a place of much importance for the accommodation of shipping when passing through the canal; and it is at present the head-quarters of the canal administration in Egypt.

It will be as well, in this place, to give a brief account of the manner in which the traffic is conducted between Port Saïd and Suez. By this route, which was established more than two years and a half ago, passengers embark on board a small steamer at Port Saïd, and proceed by the maritime canal for a distance of 46 miles. They are then transferred into a barge on the fresh-water canal, which is towed by a small tug. In order to lessen as much as possible the wash which, by the ordinary means of steam

progression, would, in so narrow a canal, cause serious damage to the banks, the tug travels on a chain laid along the centre of the channel. The trajet from Port Saïd to Ismaïlia occupies about ten hours; and from the latter station to Suez, eleven hours. Merchandise is conveyed in lighters, drawing 4 feet of water, from Port Saïd to the locks which connect the maritime and fresh-water canals. Here they are passed through the locks, and proceed direct to Suez, by the latter canal. From the receipts from transit traffic by this route in 1867-68, we see that in the first three quarters of 1867 the receipts were £32,729. In the first three quarters of 1868 they amounted to £60,851, or nearly double the amount received in the previous year.

In the first quarter of 1867 the tonnage transported was 9,417 tons; during the first four months in 1868 it amounted to 29,420 tons. In 1867 the number of passengers was 50,250; in the first four months of 1868 this number was 15,437. In consequence of the reduced rates by which coal can now be delivered at Suez, as compared with the railway charges, the ton, which had previously cost from 70 to 75 shillings, is now reduced from 50 to 58 shillings.¹ The Company have discontinued their line of transit boats, which used to ply between Ismaïlia and Zagazig. Merchandise, going to and coming from the Zagazig and Ouady districts, is conveyed by native craft. In January and February, 1868, a considerable quantity of cotton and cereals, produced in the districts was transported by this channel, leading into the maritime canal to Port Saïd, for exportation. Moreover, many pilgrims going to Mecca, from Asia Minor and Syria, disembark from the coasting steamers of the Mediterranean, and avail themselves of this direct line of transit to Suez. It is probable the Company will succeed in securing the greater portion of this large and regular traffic, which may hereafter be looked to as a source of considerable revenue.

It is at Ismaïlia that the railway, connecting Alexandria and Suez, approaches the line of the maritime canal. The railway system is now being rapidly developed in Egypt; and already 708 miles of lines are in operation. The recently-completed line from Suez to Ismaïlia (and thence to Benah, where it joins the old line

(1) Merchandise forwarded by the canal has an undoubted advantage over the railway. In many cases even time is saved, for the punctual delivery of goods cannot always be calculated on by the overburdened line of railway. Risk of damage from frequent and rough handling is also less on the canal, as merchandise is only twice trans-shipped—first from ship to lighter, then from lighter to ship in the other sea. By the railway this is increased to five changes: first, from ship to lighter; secondly, from lighter to railway truck; thirdly, from truck to railway depôt, either at Alexandria or Suez; fourthly, from depôt to lighter; fifthly, from lighter to ship. The Company's charge is \$1 per ton for ordinary merchandise, and 16s. 8d. for coal.

between Cairo and Alexandria) will connect all Lower Egypt with the districts in proximity to the canal; and thus, whilst enhancing the value of the Company's lands, it will provide the eastern provinces of the Delta with a cheap and speedy means of transport for their exports from either Port Saïd or Suez. This new line, which runs in proximity to the fresh-water canal from Suez to Ismailia is about fifty miles in length. It was commenced by the Egyptian Government in the spring of 1868. Large levies of *fellahs* (*corvées*) were simultaneously set to work from Suez and from Ismailia, and in four months it was opened to traffic. This railway is intended to replace the original Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez line; and it possesses two important advantages over the latter. One is, that the steep gradients which severely tax the powers of the locomotives conveying heavy goods traffic between Suez and Cairo are avoided. The other advantage is that, instead of having to carry water-trucks for the supply of the engine-tanks, the fresh-water is obtained from the canal parallel to the line of railway. By this route there is a great saving of time for passengers passing through Egypt, the journey from Alexandria to Suez occupying only twelve hours. The direction taken by the original line seems to have had little to recommend its adoption, encountering, as it did, in one portion a steep gradient, and in another passing through an arid, uninhabited desert. It is possible that French advice at the Egyptian Court influenced this selection. The Viceroy may at that time have been led to believe that a line approaching the direction of Ismailia, and constructed under English auspices, might have materially interfered with the maritime canal works, and that, in the event of hostilities, it would favour, more than any other route, the advance of a British force from the Red Sea.

The characteristics of the first half of the maritime canal are that about 34 miles of its course lie through lakes, the remainder through plateaux of considerable elevation. The second half of the channel, from Ismailia to the Red Sea, divides itself into two distinct portions, the first, extending from where the canal skirts the eastern shore of Lake Timsah, and then enters the cuttings at Toussoum and Serapium, which carry it through the plateaux; the second, where it passes through the Bitter Lakes for a distance of about 24 miles, and then entering the last cutting at Chalouf, finally debouches, twelve miles further south, into the Red Sea, about a mile to the south-east of the town of Suez. From Lake Timsah to Toussoum the work is being carried on by dredges, and the dredgings are emptied into the lake. At Toussoum a dam is still retained to keep out the waters of the Mediterranean. This consequently is the southernmost point to which the waters of that sea have as yet been allowed to penetrate. The Serapium cutting is being executed with

dredges, which were originally forwarded by means of the maritime canal from Port Saïd to Ismailia. There they were passed through the locks into the fresh-water canal, which raised them 17 feet above the sea-level. A cross-cutting was then made from the fresh-water canal to the line of the works on the maritime canal, by which the machines were floated into their respective positions at this superior elevation. The dredgings are conveyed by lighters into large artificial lakes, which have been formed for this special purpose in close proximity to the maritime canal. These lakes were made in November, 1866, the level of the Nile then being at its highest point at that season. They contain upwards of 5,000,000 cubic yards of water, and are capable of receiving 2,800,000 cubic yards of dredgings. The lighters here employed have a very shallow draught of water, and wide overhanging sides, out of which the dredgings are discharged. When these dredges (of which nine are here at work, two *à long couloir*, and seven with Lighters) have dredged to the requisite depth, the communication with the fresh-water canal will be closed, and the dam in the line of the maritime canal removed. By this means the level of the fresh water will fall to that of the sea-level, and the dredges, descending at the same time, will continue at work in completing the channel to its prescribed depth.

This is one of the points where it is proposed to irrigate and plant the embankments; indeed, this portion, and that near El Guisir, are the two sections where the sands of the desert are to be guarded against. The parallel course of the fresh-water canal will be of service as regards the Serapium portion; the vegetation that will by degrees spring up from the presence of this water will materially assist in arresting the drifts, more especially when the western embankment has been irrigated and planted.

As regards the amount of sand thus deposited in the channel of the canal, these drifts are only found to occur in the cuttings; in the other portions, the lakes, through which the channel is carried, will arrest their progress. In the El Guisir cutting the quantity that is annually drifted into the channel is 52,000 cubic yards. At Serapium, experience has proved that 392,400 cubic yards may be calculated on as about the amount that will fall into that section. At Chalouf, where the soil is argillaceous, there would seem to be no danger of drift. Of this there is a convincing proof in the present condition of the canal of the Pharaohs, which traversed this part of the desert. We may as well here also consider the question regarding the dredging that will be requisite in consequence of the deposit caused by the wash, as both are estimated together by the Company in calculating the cost of maintenance. Between Port Saïd and Kantara the inclination of the embankments is ex-

tremely slight, somewhat resembling a shelving sea-beach. The banks of this part of the canal, where the salt water has been introduced for a long time, are already becoming overgrown with sea-weed, which will assist in protecting them from the action of the wash, and this growth is also beginning in the El Guisir cutting. Moreover, time will sensibly decrease the amount of annual dredging necessitated by the wash, because the effect will be gradually to lessen the inclination of the embankments, thus reducing the direct action of the wave caused by passing traffic. At the present time the contractors are paid an annual sum representing the cost of dredging 520,000 cubic yards; and in practice, these terms have proved advantageous rather than otherwise to them. The estimate of the engineers now is, that when the canal is completed, the Company may calculate on having annually to remove, as a maximum, 650,000 cubic yards, resulting from drifts and from the effects of the wash. This is one quarter of the amount they now succeed in dredging every month. As the capacity of one of the large dredging machines equals 392,400 cubic yards in the year, two of these will suffice for the maintenance of the channel. As soon as the canal is finished, the Company become the proprietors of the whole of the machinery now employed by the contractors, and which has been purchased for them by the Company with this understanding. Consequently, it is estimated that the expense of this dredging will amount to less than £40,000 a year.

On emerging from the Serapium cutting, the canal at once enters the Bitter Lakes, through which it takes a central course. The original estimate of execution in this section was only 1,691,000 cubic yards. A large number of workmen are employed in this section. From the 15th of August to the 15th of September, 3,700 were at work. When the water is admitted into these basins, or dry depressions, it will give the requisite depth, in a great portion of the lakes, for the channel of the canal, thus carrying it over 24 miles of its course with but little expense or labour. These lakes are eventually to be filled mostly from the Mediterranean. A channel, with temporary regulating locks, will be constructed, and the estimated time for bringing the Bitter Lakes to the level of the sea is between five and six months. At the bottom of this dry depression, and covering an area 7 miles in length by 5 in width, there exists at present an elliptical-shaped bank of salt incrustations, and it was at one time feared that the removal of this would involve a great outlay. But recent experiments that have been made on large blocks of this incrustation, taken from several different localities, have demonstrated that, when acted on by water, it is readily dissolved. It would seem probable that this formation is the result of successive evaporations of salt water, at

the time when the Red Sea was gradually receding southwards; and a further proof of this is, that the deposits of shells, in both these lakes, correspond with those now found in the Red Sea.

There are many who incline to the belief that the passage of the children of Israel was across the lakes. In support of this theory, we may suppose that they formed a gulf of unequal depth at the northern extremity of the Red Sea. We read in the Bible with regard to this miraculous passage:—"And the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind, and the waters were divided, and the children of Israel went into the sea upon dry ground." If at that time the subsidence of the Red Sea had arrived at the stage which would have formed the Bitter Lakes into a gulf, connected only by a channel of moderate depth with the sea, a strong north-east wind, combined with a low tide, would have partially dried them, and the passage might thus have been easily effected. Whereas, a high tide acted on by a strong south wind, would again have rendered them impassable; and in this manner do those who hold this opinion say that Pharaoh and his host were overwhelmed, "when the sea returned to his strength as the morning appeared."

Passing out of the southern extremity of the lesser Bitter Lake, the channel enters the last cutting, at Chalouf. Owing to the hard and stony formation in this section, it was decided from the first that the work should here be carried out *à sec*, and it has proved most fortunate that this course was adopted, because at a considerable depth a stratum of conglomerate rock was found, which would have caused great expense and trouble to remove, had water been admitted. As it is, the whole amount, of about 52,000 cubic yards, was easily blasted and cleared away by manual labour. Fossil remains are here found, and those of the shark in considerable quantities. The Chalouf cutting gives employment to many thousands of workmen; the greater number are employed in wheeling away the soil, the remainder are at work in connection with the inclined planes and tramways. At no other point, perhaps, along the whole line of the works, does the mind more fully realise the gigantic nature of the undertaking than at this cutting, when looking from above into what resembles an excavated valley, of vast depth and width, and covered with a network of tramways, along which, as well as on the embankments, swarm thousands of busy workmen.

The remaining twelve miles from this point to the Red Sea present a continuous level plain, with an elevation but slightly above that of the sea. The first half of this section is being completed *à sec*, and the remaining portion by dredges. A connecting channel from the fresh-water canal was excavated, by which the dredges were introduced on the latter section, and they are now at work in fresh water, although close to the Red Sea. The advantage of this is, that

the machines are independent of the rise and fall of the tide; moreover, the water can be regulated, so as to float the dredges at the depth that insures their working to the greatest advantage. A certain amount of water finds its way into this cutting *à sec*; indeed, this may be said of all such portions where the soil is being thus excavated. The infiltrations are kept under by the employment of ten-horse power rotatory pumps, which pump the water out of reservoirs, and throw it beyond the embankments.

We have now arrived at the point where the canal enters the sea. Not more than four or five years ago, Suez was an insignificant Egyptian village, containing 4,000 inhabitants, but exhibiting no signs of life, except when the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and, subsequently, those of the Messageries Impériales, were embarking or disembarking their passengers and merchandise. The absence of water, and the dearness of provisions, both of which had to be brought from Cairo and the surrounding districts, rendered it as uninviting a spot as can well be imagined. The advent of the fresh-water canal has brought about a marvellous change. The population has now increased to 25,000, and there is a degree of life and activity about the place clearly indicating the energy that is being displayed on all sides. The principal operations of the Company consist: firstly, in constructing a mole, 850 yards in length, at the mouth of the canal, to serve as a protection against southerly gales, and against the action of the tide at high-water; secondly, in dredging to the requisite depth the channel leading from the canal to the anchorage in the Roads of Suez; and thirdly, the reclamation of land. The mole, which projects from the Asiatic shore, is now nearly completed. It has been constructed with a kind of calcareous rock, which is quarried on the western shore of the bay. After entering the sea, the embouchure of the canal gradually widens to about 300 yards, and the depth in this portion is to be 27 feet. No rock has been found to interfere with the dredging, and but little work remains to complete this important part of the canal. Regarding the third and last point, the dredgings from the channel in the Roads of Suez are employed for this purpose. Embankments, faced with the same kind of stone that has been used for constructing the mole, are first built. Alongside, are moored dredges *à long couloir*, and by means of these ducts the dredgings are lodged behind the retaining embankments. This process is continued till a considerable elevation above the sea-level is obtained. Much land has already been reclaimed and built over, and the area is daily being extended. At a future date this property, of about 50 acres, will become of great value to the Company, for the requirements of shipping on its way through the canal.

On the south-western side much has been also accomplished. On—

important work is the dry dock, which has been in use some years. This work was not carried out by the Maritime Canal Company. An arrangement was entered into between the Egyptian Government and the Messageries Impériales Company, by which the latter undertook to complete it for £240,000, with the following dimensions:—length, 415 feet, width 85 feet, and depth 29 feet, thus affording docking accommodation to the largest class of steamers. On the harbour side a double basin has been made, where there is a sufficient depth of water for vessels to lie alongside. Of the two piers already constructed, one is reserved by the Egyptian Government for their exclusive use; the other, on the northern side, is free to all, and they are directly connected by a railway, running along a jetty three-quarters of a mile in length, with the present terminal station in Suez. Passengers and merchandise will thus pass from the train into the steamer moored alongside the quay.

We have now taken a rapid survey of the works along the whole length of the maritime canal, and, at the same time, we have endeavoured to explain the various modes of operation by which the undertaking is rapidly progressing towards completion. Some of these have been employed from the outset, others have been subsequently adopted, according as the local experience gained by the engineers has from time to time suggested their introduction. Let us also avail ourselves of this eight or nine years' experience to see what light has been thrown on several points which some originally regarded as practically insurmountable obstacles to the successful realisation of this enterprise.

It was apprehended, in the first place, that the silting sands at Port Said and Suez would render it impossible for either port, but more especially the former, to be maintained in a condition at all times available for navigation. Secondly, that not only would the drifting sands of the desert obstruct the channel of the canal, but that the embankments, being formed, as was generally supposed, of nothing but sand along its entire length, would fall in as soon as excavated. Thirdly, that the levels of the two seas differed so materially as to render a navigable canal practically impossible. In answer to the first objection, it may be said that soundings taken at Port Saïd indicated a belt of sand along the shore for a distance of about 750 yards. Beyond this was found a compact muddy formation, not liable to displacement, and through which a channel could therefore be successfully dredged. It was concluded, and has since been proved to be correct, that if moles were carried out to a considerable distance beyond this belt of sand, the approach to the harbour would be free from the danger of being closed by silt. Two years and a half ago, when the moles were far from complete, the large steamers of the Messageries Impériales, engaged in the coasting trade of

Syria, frequented this port. At the present time, the portion of the shore contained in the angle formed by the western mole and the coast-line, is advancing on the sea at the annual rate of about 20 yards. This fact would tend to prove that the drift sands extend only as far as the shoal water; and that at a limited distance from the shore, where a depth of 15 feet is attained, the quantity is inconsiderable. With reference to the second objection, we have already stated the results which have been ascertained from experiments, and by careful observations made by the engineers of the Company. In such portions as from the nature of the surrounding country are liable to the danger of the drifting sands, the Company propose to irrigate and plant the embankments, as an additional means of arresting the drifts. The fresh-water canal has, for several years, been conveying merchandise, passengers, and, at times, the Company's ponderous machinery. The width of this canal is only one-tenth of that of the maritime canal, and the depth is from 6 to 7 feet, but as yet no drifts have obstructed its course. It will be seen from the longitudinal section¹ (which also gives the geological formations through which the channel of the canal passes) that the maritime canal is only liable to the danger of drifting sands for about 22 miles of its course; the remaining 78 miles lie either through lakes, or through soil of a tenacious and consistent nature. Again, the fresh-water canal runs parallel to, and not far distant from, the western bank, for half its length. It is scarcely necessary to add that, wherever this Nile water becomes available, vegetation and cultivation will speedily follow; indeed, the banks of the fresh-water canal are already lined with a tangled fringe of reeds, tamarisk, with here and there young date trees; and wherever the water has infiltrated, green and swampy marshes are forming. In considering the third objection, it may be stated, that, taking the mean of the tides of the two seas, the actual difference in the levels is very insignificant, the Red Sea being only slightly higher.² Consequently, it is anticipated that the current will set towards the north, excepting during the prevalence of strong northerly winds, when it may be expected there will be little current either way. Regarding the loss of water by evaporation and percolation: the whole area of the maritime canal, including Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes, is estimated at about 465,000,000 square yards. The estimate of loss of water from these two causes is about 9,000,000 cubic yards a day; but the action of the tide at Suez is sufficient to introduce 15,080,000 cubic yards—

(1) See p. 98 of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for January.

(2) As the Red Sea has a tide of $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, whereas that of the Mediterranean is only $1\frac{1}{2}$, the mean tidal level of the former is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet above that of the latter. But as this is spread over a distance of 100 miles, it is, practically speaking, inappreciable.

between high and low water, hence the Company's engineers have no apprehensions from this cause.

We have seen the progress that is being made towards the completion of the maritime canal, the date for which has been fixed for 1st October, 1869. There remain one or two points of interest to be alluded to before concluding these remarks. The most important to the Company concerns its present financial position and future prospects. It will be seen that a sum much larger than the eight millions sterling, originally proposed and subsequently subscribed, has been found to be requisite. One cause of this has already been specified—namely, the substitution of other labour and machinery for the *indigène* labour, which the Company had relied on obtaining. Moreover, the greater portion of the machinery, costing £2,400,000, and consuming about £40,000 of coal per month, would not have been purchased had the *fellah* clause been maintained. Further, by reason of the six years' delay beyond the time when it had been anticipated that the canal would be in operation, and the capital invested therein have become productive, the sum paid as interest at the rate of 5 per cent. on the capital subscribed, to the shareholders, has risen to twice the amount first estimated.

The original capital was subscribed in 400,000 shares of £20. Last year it became evident that a further sum would be required to complete the canal, and permission was obtained from the shareholders to open a subscription for placing 333,333 bonds in order to raise an additional sum of £4,000,000. These bonds, issued at £12, carrying interest at the rate of £1, are repayable in fifty years at £20. Favourable as are these terms, only £1,143,687 of this loan had been subscribed previous to June last; and, in order to enable the Company to obtain the remainder without further delay, the French Government allowed them, "in consideration," as was stated, "of the exceptional character of the enterprise, and the interest which France takes in the execution of the Suez Canal," to issue bonds, reimbursable by lottery-drawings. In accordance with this resolution, the Senate passed the following Bill in June:—"The Maritime Canal Company of Suez is hereby authorised to issue bonds, reimbursable by lottery-drawings, on the following conditions: 1st. The operation shall in no way involve the alienation of any of the capital engaged, and the titles are to bear a yearly interest at a no less rate than 3 per cent. of the nominal capital. 2nd. The sum annually devoted to prizes is not to exceed 1 per cent. of the capital. 3rd. The nominal value of the titles issued is not to be less than £20. The ulterior division of these is prohibited." Thus the attraction of a lottery, in which prizes varying from £80 to £6,000, to be drawn for quarterly, and amounting in the aggregate

to £40,000 a year, was added to the already favourable terms of the subscription. Hence it resulted that these bonds were taken up with extraordinary rapidity. In a few days after the opening of this lottery loan the whole of the large sum required, of £2,856,313, was subscribed. We subjoin an abstract of the general account laid before the shareholders at their Meeting, held on the 30th of April, 1868:—

DEBIT ACCOUNT.

General expenses in the formation of the Company, such as drawings, estimates, cost of subscription, &c., &c.	£ 119,657
Properties purchased	47,030
Furnishing offices in France and Egypt	5,421
Interest accruing on shares in 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1865, 1866, and 1867	1,968,217
Interest on bonds, to 1st April, 1868	51,501
Expenses of management, commissions, negotiations, &c.	614,098
Advances made to contractors	1,477,968
Matériel, stores, &c., &c.	1,372,085
Buildings, workshops, sheds for machinery, &c., &c.	166,328
Construction of canal, harbours, and other charges	5,245,904
Current Account	192,991
Equipment of transit service; rolling and floating stock	270,971
Total expenditure up to 30th April, 1868	11,632,171

CREDIT ACCOUNT.

Original capital ¹	8,000,000
Imperial indemnity for revocation of concessions, &c., &c. ²	3,360,000
Bonds subscribed previous to lottery loan, forming part of the £4,000,000 loan	1,143,687
Receipts previous to the final organisation of the Company	260
Interest on investments of unemployed capital	688,825
Receipts from the Company's properties	21,225
Various other receipts, negotiations, exchanges, &c., &c.	20,526
Net profit on the sale of "El Ouady" estate	305,021
Minor credits	16
Transit receipts	55,302
Transmission of funds between France and Egypt	259,001
Total receipts up to 30th April, 1868	13,853,866

Thus it appears that £13,853,866 is the sum received by the Company since its formation, whether from the original subscription, or bonds, or Egyptian indemnity, or from any other source. Deducting the sum already expended, there remained £2,321,695 to the credit of the Company on the 30th of April, 1868. This is made up of—
1st, the sum of £962,500, still due on account of indemnity by the

(1) The Viceroy holds 177,642 of these shares, representing a payment of £3,552,840. We see, therefore, how largely his individual interests are involved in the success of the undertaking.

(2) This sum is to be paid in annuities; the first was paid in 1864; the last is due in

Government; 2ndly, £233,925 on shares and bonds; 3rdly, y minor debts; and 4thly, £1,106,769, the balance remain- bankers' hands in France and Egypt. Finally, to this lance must be added £2,856,313, lately subscribed in the actioned by the French Government, which completed the ,000,000, making the total balance £5,178,008.

re some who still entertain doubts as to whether even this office to complete the canal. But we must remember that any's receipts are daily increasing, both by a rapidly- ing traffic, and from land which is being taken up for various even under the unsatisfactory conditions, both for the and the lessees, that are still in force. The exact monthly re cannot easily be reckoned, as it fluctuates according rk accomplished; but we do not think we shall be far estimating it at about £200,000. Taking this as the or seventeen months—namely, from the 1st of May, 1868 when the new account commenced), till the 1st of October, 1,400,000 represents the amount that will be required to the works; the difference, between this and the general nce before given, providing a wide margin for contingencies. owing to the nature of the enterprise—which, in the minds continues to be looked upon as the futile attempt of a clever to make a navigable channel one hundred miles in length a desert of drifting sand—and partly on account of the 1 of the canal having been protracted so much beyond the inally specified, the shares in this Company are of a kind liable to speculative fluctuations. Soon after the first issue nds for the loan of £4,000,000 the shares fell 70 francs. n assigned for this was, that a part only of the necessary taken up, and fears were entertained that there would not a sufficient sum to complete the undertaking. When, a is ago, the remainder of the loan was in course of sub- it was seen that much more money was forthcoming than red. Nevertheless, on that occasion the shares also fell francs. On the other hand, in the spring of 1863, the prospects of the Company were not thus assured; relatively only slight progress had been made on the canal works, over, beyond a limited circle, little was known as to the re of the enterprise. There prevailed also a certain pre- ended on the early opposition which the Company had met which the protracted delay in carrying out the works doubt to strengthen. At that time the shares were worth francs. Now that the whole of the money required has rided, and there no longer remains any doubt as to the a of the canal within a limited time, the shares stand at

about 430 francs. From such irrational fluctuations as these, it is obvious that mere speculation has at all times greatly influenced their shares. There is no real reason why the loan, coupled as it was with a lottery, should have thus affected the shares, seeing that the consequent charges are to be met by the future revenues of the Company, extending over a period of fifty years.

A Commission, consisting of the leading engineers of the Company and others interested in the undertaking, recently assembled in Paris to regulate the conditions for the navigation of the canal. They decided upon allowing both paddle and screw steamers to steam through, at a maximum rate of six miles an hour. Thus they will pass from sea to sea in about sixteen hours. Sailing vessels exceeding 50 tons register, are to be towed at a rate that will admit of their transit in twenty-four hours, and vessels under 50 tons register are to be permitted to work their own way through the canal.

There exist already three large expanses of water—at Kantara, Lake Timsah, and the Bitter Lakes—but, with a view to affording additional facilities for navigation, the Commission advised the formation of ten basins, one at about every eight miles, throughout the course of the channel. Experiments are being made in order to ascertain the most efficient means of buoying and lighting the channel and the lakes. Port Saïd will be lighted by two fourth-class lights, one at the extremity of each mole; two lesser lights, at the entrance to the mouth of the canal; and, finally, one inner first-class light, which will be visible at a distance of twenty miles. The latter will be placed in alignment with the direction of the canal. Suez will, in like manner, be adequately lighted with five lights. As regards the transit charge on the tonnage of vessels, it appears that a French vessel of 300 tons register would, by English measurement, be only about 250 tons register, and according to American measurement from 150 to about 200 tons register. As the question relative to the adoption of a uniform measurement is about to be internationally considered, the Commission, while agreeing that it would probably be best to adopt the English measurement, think it advisable that in the meantime the Company should levy the dues in accordance with each vessel's national register.

It remains for us to consider what rights have been reserved to the Company on the transit of vessels. The 17th Article of the Act of Concession runs as follows:—

“In order to indemnify the Company for the cost of making and maintaining the canal, we authorise them, for as long as their tenure lasts, to establish certain rates (which may be subsequently modified) for transit, navigation, towage, and pilotage, subject to the following conditions:—1st. An identical transit due (as well as other attendant charges) to be levied equally, and without any favour or distinction as to nationality. 2nd. The rate of this transit due, and the other charges, to be published in all the principal towns and seaports

which will be affected by the opening of the canal, three months prior to the opening of the navigation. 3rd. In no case is the maximum of ten francs per ton, or ten francs per passenger, to be exceeded."

M. de Lesseps originally named 3,000,000 tons as the amount of shipping which he anticipated would annually pass through the canal. Last year, however, he stated to the shareholders that the great commercial development which has taken place since the formation of the Company justified him in saying they might now reasonably expect that the amount would be 6,000,000 tons in the second year after the opening of the canal; retaining 3,000,000 tons as a minimum for the first year. On the same occasion he went on to say, "Thus France will have subscribed the greater portion of your capital, but England will pay you the largest proportion of your dividends."

A route that will diminish by one-half, the distance lying between the two great divisions of mankind who are at present commercially dependent on one another, that is to say, between upwards of 250,000,000 of Europeans on one side, exporting their manufactures to Oriental nations, representing in numbers an aggregate of 600,000,000, and from whom, in return, they obtain, in raw material, the products of a soil of wonderful fertility, must, before many years have elapsed, become the established channel of communication by which the greater portion of this trade will be transported. We should gladly welcome the realisation of M. de Lesseps' anticipations; but we cannot entertain these sanguine views so long as commercial enterprise continues to feel the check occasioned by the panic of 1866. One result of this stagnation has been that freight can at present be obtained at an extremely low rate to and from the East. Hence there are many staple articles of commerce, and these include the less costly and bulky cargoes, on which, under present circumstances, the transit duty of 10 francs per ton would weigh heavily, though in itself not an excessive charge. Certain merchandise of the more valuable class, for export and import, that can bear the rates of steam freight, will doubtless be diverted to this route, whenever the canal is well established.¹ In such shipments, the saving on a valuable consignment, by earlier delivery in the markets, will more than reimburse the transit dues on the cargo. The Netherlands Commission, as also the promoters of the Maritime Canal Company, went very fully into the question as to the advantages to be gained by sailing vessels in taking the Suez route. The general result then arrived at was that there would be a saving in expense on ordinary

¹ As exports, this may include cotton goods, yarns, woollens, haberdashery, copper, and hardware. And, as imports—cotton, wool, ivory, gums, coffee; silk, tea, and indigo from Calcutta; tea and silk from China.

cargoes, when the season of the voyage was such as to enable the owners to calculate on a saving of about eighteen or twenty days by the adoption of the canal route, as compared with the probable length of the passage round the Cape. We are, however, inclined to doubt if, in these calculations, they made a sufficient allowance for the heavy rate of insurance on sailing vessels in the Red Sea. This amounts to 4 per cent., or at least double the rate of insurance from the United Kingdom to Bombay or Kurrachee.

For the purposes of navigation by sailing vessels, this sea has, since the earliest times, had an unenviable notoriety. Notwithstanding the improved lighting, and the more extended knowledge that prevails regarding its navigation, the rate of insurance remains unchanged; and the dangers still attendant on sailing in its waters, from want of sea room, and its numerous coral reefs, are so disadvantageous as generally to preclude its adoption by mere sailing ships of large size. Certain months there are, when vessels run but slight risk, or even the chance of detention by unfavourable winds. For instance, a ship leaving England in August would probably have a fair wind both outward and homeward bound. Again, it may occasionally answer to combine this route with that round the Cape, either for the outward or homeward voyage, provided that the period for navigating the Red Sea be made to coincide with the season during which a favourable wind may generally be expected. For, from March to October, the prevailing winds in the Mediterranean, and in the northern portion of the Red Sea, are generally westerly and north-westerly. Again, they are variable from November to March in the latter sea, though generally south-easterly; and this is likewise the season when bad weather may be expected there. Notwithstanding, therefore, that the winter months may be there considered as favouring a return voyage, the whole of the period from March till October is no doubt unfavourable for sailing vessels.

Another disadvantage of this sea is that, during a great part of the year, vessels are liable, either when homeward or outward bound, to encounter head winds, after traversing half its length. When, therefore, we consider this liability to delay in the Red Sea, and its overpowering heat at certain seasons, a possible detention in the Straits of Babelmandeb and of Gibraltar, the heavy rate of insurance, and the transit dues, these, it must be allowed, present a formidable combination of objections to its navigation by sailing ships. However, we believe that the Company do not now anticipate that any large proportion of the regular traders will be diverted to the canal route; but they look forward, rather, to the speedy recognition of the advantages to be derived from the employment of steam power in trading with the East.

With regard to what has already been accomplished by us towards conversion, it appears that in the year 1841, we built 1,141 sailing vessels, registered tonnage 160,000; and in the same year we launched 48 steamers, registered tonnage 11,500. In 1860, only 40 sailing vessels were built, having the same capacity as in 1841, but in that year the number of steamers that were launched was 40, registered tonnage 54,000. The last Parliamentary return of steam vessels registered in the United Kingdom shows that on or before the 1st of January, 1868, there were 2,889 steam vessels, registered tonnage 891,429, representing 1,910,033 gross tonnage. Admitting this great increase within the last thirty years, more especially marked within the last ten years, in the number of steamers, the proportion at present engaged in such trade as would afford advantage in employing the Suez route is so insignificant that, for fear, till such time as it becomes remunerative to send the bulky articles of commerce in steamers, the Canal Company may not find their revenues increased by the trade of the United Kingdom to the extent they have been led to expect. We believe there is only one regularly established line of steamers by the Cape for conveying merchandise between this country and Eastern ports.¹ It would appear that, in the year 1867, the exports and imports between the United Kingdom and India, China, Japan, and the Australian Colonies, were 2,611,803 tons. In the same year the imports of cotton from the East, conveyed in steamers to Suez, and from Alexandria to the United Kingdom, amounted to 96,068 bales, equal to a tonnage of 24,000 tons, and that of other merchandise of the more valuable class—such as silks, teas, coffee, ivory, gums, &c., &c. amounted, in the same year, to 3,000 tons. Although in itself this quantity is insignificant, when compared with the total amount of tonnage of the Eastern trade, it nevertheless affords us a sufficiently clear indication of what may be expected to pass by this route as soon as the communication with India, China, Japan, and the Australian colonies is opened to commerce.

The following table gives the relative distances by the Cape route, by the canal, from England, America, Russia, and France, to India:—

	Via Cape of Good Hope.	Via Suez Canal.	Saving.
England to Bombay (in nautical miles)	10,860	6,020	4,840
New York to Bombay ditto	11,520	7,920	3,600
St. Petersburg to Bombay ditto	11,610	6,770	4,840
Marseilles to Bombay ditto	10,560	4,620	5,940

(1) That of Messrs. Holt of Liverpool. This line consists of six steamers, registered tonnage 8,718. They run between Liverpool, the Mauritius, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

But, as we before observed, the real question is as to the substitution of steam power, auxiliary or otherwise, in lieu of sailing vessels, for the general purposes of commerce with the East; and there can be no doubt that those who may see their interest in adopting the shorter route, will be influenced by the consideration of the time thereby gained. This being the case, they are not likely to neglect the advantage which steam power places within their reach for shortening the time of the voyage, as well as rendering the date of arrival a matter of punctuality. In their Report the Netherlands Commission observed:—

“It is certain that the opening of the canal will give a prodigious development to the trade of the Mediterranean seaboard, and that all the commerce of those parts with the most distant portions of the East will pass by steamers or in auxiliary steam vessels.”

Obviously one important reason why steam power has as yet been a little employed in the extended lines of commercial intercourse is the extent of stowage required for the large quantity of coal to be carried when a whole continent has to be doubled or a three or four thousand mile stage to be run. By the canal route the facilities for coaling at the easy stations of Malta, Port Saïd, Suez, and Aden will entirely obviate the objection to this employment of steamers in trading between Europe and the East.

The work accomplished monthly by the dredging machinery, and by the other modes of excavating, already proves that, unless anything unforeseen happens, such as an epidemic among the workmen, the maritime canal will be open by the date named for its completion. So wide a field is thus opened by the effect this line will produce in diverting the commerce which now passes by the route round the Cape of Good Hope—in use ever since its discovery by the Portuguese in 1497—and in creating, or rather in reviving the large trade which, in remote ages, was carried on between the Mediterranean and the East, that space does not admit of our here entering upon so many interesting subjects. But when we consider that Marseilles, for example, will by this means be brought within twenty-five days of Ceylon, and, in a corresponding degree, all other French, Italian, German, and Greek ports, it does seem more than probable that this route will eventually absorb the great portion of the trade and traffic to and from the Eastern seas as soon as steamers become more generally employed for commercial purposes. The saving of distance by the Suez route over the Cape voyage amounts to 49 per cent. for English ports; whereas France, Southern Russia, Italy, Turkey, and Greece, gain 52 per cent. The extended commerce which this channel will open to Mediterranean shipping may result in Italian and Greek coasters re-establishing that intercourse to which allusion has been made, as well as absorbing, in a great

measure, the existing trade of Arabia and the eastern shores of Africa. The important markets of the Mauritius, Réunion, and Madagascar will be easily within their reach. The proverbially thrifty habits and well-known seafaring aptitude of both Italians and Greeks will give them considerable advantage in competing with our large ships and more costly equipments. Thus Italy and Greece, both of which have hitherto carried on their navigation principally within the limits of the ports of the Archipelago, the shores of Asia Minor, and the Black Sea, and have been in a great measure dependent on northern traders for so many commodities, will then be able to hold their own, in supplying such articles as cotton, coffee, sugar, spices, foreign woods, gums, ivory, and various other articles of merchandise, to the large populations who are mainly dependent on the Italian and Greek seaboard for this class of imports. And, not the least of its advantages to ourselves may be the benefits it will confer on our Indian Empire when the Punjab and Eastern Bengal are connected by railways to the western ports of Bombay and Kurrachee.

Comprehensive as this aspect no doubt is in a commercial point of view, the completion of the canal will develop other features of importance and interest; but space does not admit of our here entering on them. It would seem to be the desire of the Egyptian Government that all nations should be placed on an equal footing in respect to the advantages which the route will afford to their intercourse with the East. It is interesting to speculate on the changes that may within a few years occur in the commercial, social, and political relations of countries lying on or near this line of ready intercourse. By means of this Egyptian Bosphorus, as it has been called, European nations will come in constant contact with many uncivilised races, inhabiting regions which border on the shores of Arabia, and Africa on the north and east.

We have no personal knowledge of M. de Lesseps, who has been throughout so instrumental in planning and executing this great work, nor are we personally interested in this scheme. But having ourselves seen what has been accomplished in overcoming natural obstructions; moreover, having in our recollection those other grave difficulties to which we have alluded as successfully surmounted; we cannot take leave of this subject without an expression of admiration for M. de Lesseps and his colleagues, to whose public spirit and dauntless perseverance the world will be indebted for the realisation of this stupendous project.

J. CLERK.

ON CHEMICAL RAYS, AND THE LIGHT OF THE SKY.¹

THE first physical investigation of any importance in which, jointly with my friend Professor Knoblauch, I took part, bore the title, "The Magneto-optic Properties of Crystals, and the Relation of Magnetism and Diamagnetism to Molecular Arrangement."² This investigation compelled me to reflect upon the structure of crystals, on their optical properties in relation to that structure, and more particularly on the striking phenomena exhibited by many of them in the field of a sufficiently powerful magnet. These were evidently due to the manner in which the molecules of the crystals were built together by the force of crystallization: and it was natural, if not necessary for me, to employ such strength of imagination as I possessed in obtaining a mental picture of this molecular architecture. The inquiry gave a tinge and bias to my subsequent scientific thought, rendering, as it did, the conceptions and pursuits of molecular physics pleasant to me. Its influence is to be traced in most of my scientific work. The first lecture, for example, which I ever delivered in this theatre, was "On the Influence of Material Aggregation on the Manifestations of Force;" by "material aggregation" being meant the way in which, by nature or by art, the particles of matter are arranged together. In 1853 I also published a paper "On Molecular Influences," in which common heat was made the explorer of organic structure. In the "Bakerian Lecture," given before the Royal Society in 1855, the same idea and phraseology crop out. The Bakerian Lecture for 1864 bears the title "Contributions to Molecular Physics." And all through the investigations which have occupied me during the last ten years, my wish and aim have been to make radiant heat an instrument by which to lay hold of the ultimate particles of matter.

The labours now to be considered lie in the same direction. In the researches just referred to, I employed tubes of glass and brass, called, for the sake of distinction, "experimental tubes," in which radiant heat was acted upon by the gases and vapours subjected to examination. Wishing two or three months ago to render visible what occurred within these tubes on the entrance of the gases or vapours, I found it necessary to intensely illuminate their interiors. The source of illumination chosen was the electric light, the beam of which, converged by a suitable lens, was sent along the axis of the

(1) A discourse prepared for delivery in the Royal Institution, on the 15th of January 1869.

(2) Philosophical Magazine, July, 1850.

tube. The dirt and filth in which we habitually live were strikingly revealed by this method of illumination. For wash our tube as we might with water, alcohol, acid, or alkali, until its appearance in ordinary daylight was that of absolute purity, the delusive character of this appearance was in most cases revealed by the electric beam. In fact, in air so dirty as that which supplies our lungs—and I will not say that we could get on healthily without the “dirt”¹—it is not possible to be more than approximately cleanly.

Vapours of various kinds were sent into a glass experimental tube a yard in length, and about three inches in diameter. As a general rule, the vapours were perfectly transparent; the tube when they were present appearing as empty as when they were absent. In two or three cases, however, a faint cloudiness showed itself within the tube. This caused me a momentary anxiety, for I did not know how far, in describing my previous experiments, actions might have been ascribed to pure cloudless vapour which were really due to those newly-observed nebulae. Intermittent discomfort, however, is the normal feeling of the investigator; for it drives him to closer scrutiny, to greater accuracy, and often, as a consequence, to new discovery. It was soon found that the nebulae revealed by the beam were also *generated* by the beam, and the observation opened a new door into that region inaccessible to sense, which embraces so much of the intellectual life of the physical investigator.

What *are* those vapours of which we have been speaking? They are aggregates of *molecules*, or small masses of matter, and every molecule is itself an aggregate of smaller parts called *atoms*. A molecule of aqueous vapour, for example, consists of two atoms of hydrogen, and one of oxygen. A molecule of ammonia consists of three atoms of hydrogen, and one of nitrogen, and so of other substances. Thus the molecules, themselves inconceivably small, are made up of distinct parts still smaller. When, therefore, a compound vapour is spoken of, the corresponding mental image is an aggregate of molecules separated from each other, though still exceedingly near, each of these being composed of a group of atoms still nearer to each other. So much for the *matter* which enters into our conception of a vapour.² To this must now be added the idea of *motion*. The molecules have motions of their own *as molecules*; their constituent atoms have also motions of their own, which are executed independently of those of the molecules; just as

(1) This “dirt” consists in great part of organic germs, of the functions of which in the animal economy we are as yet ignorant.

(2) Newton seemed to consider that the molecules might be rendered visible by microscopes; but of the atoms he appears to have entertained a different opinion. He finely remarks:—“It seems impossible to see the more secret and noble works of nature within the corpuscles, by reason of their transparency.” (Herschel, “On Light,” Art. 1146.)

the various movements on the earth's surface are executed independently of the orbital revolution of our planet.

The vapour molecules are kept asunder by forces which, virtually or actually, are forces of repulsion. Between these elastic forces and the atmospheric pressure under which the vapour exists, equilibrium is established as soon as the proper distances between the molecules have been assumed. If, after this, the molecules be urged nearer to each other by a momentary force, they recoil as soon as the force is expended. If by the exercise of a similar force they be separated more widely, when the force ceases to act they again approach each other. The case is different as regards the constituent atoms.

And here let me remark that we are now upon the very outmost verge of molecular physics; and that I am attempting to familiarise your minds with conceptions which have not yet obtained universal currency even among chemists; which many chemists, moreover, might deem untenable. But, tenable or untenable, it is of the highest scientific importance to discuss them. Let us, then, look mentally at our atoms grouped together to form a molecule. Every atom is held apart from its neighbours by a force of repulsion; why, then, do not the mutually repellent members of this group part company? The molecules *do* separate from each other when the external pressure is lessened or removed, but the atoms do not. The reason of this stability is that *two* forces, the one attractive and the other repulsive, are in operation between every two atoms; and the position of every atom—its distance from its fellows—is determined by the equilibrium of these two forces. If the atoms come too near, repulsion predominates and drives them apart; if too distant, attraction predominates and draws them together. The point at which attraction and repulsion are equal to each other is the atom's *position of equilibrium*. If not absolutely cold—and there is no such thing as absolute cold—ness in our corner of nature—the atoms are always in a state of vibration, their vibrations being executed to and fro *across their positions of equilibrium*.

Into a vapour thus constituted, we have now to pour a beam of light. But what, in the first instance, *is* a beam of light? It is a train of innumerable waves, excited in, and propagated through an almost infinitely attenuated and elastic medium, which fills a space, and which we name the *Æther*. These waves of light are not all of the same size: some of them are much longer and higher than others. Now the short waves and the long ones move with the same rapidity through space, just as short and long waves of sound travel with the same rapidity through air. Hence the shorter waves must follow each other in quicker succession than the longer ones. The different rapidities with which the waves of light impinge upon

the retina, or optic nerve, give rise in consciousness to differences of *colour*. There are, however, numberless waves emitted by the sun and other luminous bodies which reach the retina, but which are incompetent to excite the sensation of light. If the lengths of the waves exceed a certain limit, or if they fall short of a certain other limit, they cannot generate vision. And it is to be particularly borne in mind that the capacity to produce *light* does not depend so much on the *strength* of the waves, as on their *periods of recurrence*. I have often permitted waves to enter my own eye, of a power which, if differently distributed, would have instantly and utterly ruined the optic nerve, but which failed to produce any impression whatever upon consciousness, because their periods were not those demanded by the retina.

The elements of all the conceptions with which we shall have subsequently to deal are now in your possession. And you will observe that though we are speaking of things which lie entirely beyond the range of the senses, the conceptions are as truly *mechanical* as they would be if we were dealing with ordinary masses of matter, and with waves of sensible magnitude. I do not think that any really scientific mind at the present day will be disposed to draw a substantial distinction between chemical and mechanical phenomena. They differ from each other as regards the magnitude of the masses involved; but in this sense the phenomena of astronomy differ, also, from those of ordinary mechanics. The main bent of the natural philosophy of a future age will probably be to chasten into order, by subjecting it to mechanical laws, the existing chaos of chemical phenomena.

Whether we see rightly or wrongly—whether our intellection be real or imaginary—it is of the utmost importance in science to aim at perfect clearness in the description of all that comes, or seems to come, within the range of the intellect. For if we are right, clearness of utterance forwards the cause of right; while if we are wrong, it ensures the speedy correction of error. In this spirit, and with the determination at all events to speak plainly, let us deal with our conceptions of æther waves and molecules. Supposing a wave, or a train of waves, to impinge upon a molecule so as to urge all its parts with the same motion, the molecule would move bodily as a whole, but because they are animated by a *common motion* there would be no tendency of its constituent atoms to separate from each other. *Differential motions* among the atoms themselves would be necessary to effect a separation, and if such motions be not introduced by the shock of the waves, there is no mechanical ground for the decomposition of the molecule.

It is, however, difficult to conceive the shock of a wave, or a train of waves, so distributed among the atoms as to cause no strain

amongst them. For atoms are of different weights, probably of different sizes; at all events it is almost certain that the ratio of the mass of the atom to the surface it presents to the action of the waves is different in different cases. If this be so, and I think the probabilities are immensely in favour of its being so, then every wave which passes over a molecule tends to decompose it—tends to carry away from their weightier and more sluggish companions those atoms which, in relation to their mass, present the largest resisting surfaces to the motion of the waves. The case may be illustrated by reference to a man standing on the deck of a ship. As long as both of them share equally the motions of the wind or of the sea, there is no tendency to separation. In chemical language, they are in a state of combination. But a wave passing over it finds the ship less rapid in yielding to its motion than the man; the man is consequently carried away, and we have what may be regarded as decomposition.

Thus the conception of the decomposition of compound molecules by the waves of æther comes to us recommended by *a priori* probability. But a closer examination of the question compels us to supplement, if not materially to qualify, this conception. It is a most remarkable fact, that the waves which have thus far been found most effectual in shaking asunder the atoms of compound molecules are those of least mechanical power. *Billows*, to use a strong comparison, are incompetent to produce effects which are readily produced by *ripples*. It is, for example, the violet and ultra-violet rays of the sun that are most effectual in producing these chemical decompositions; and, compared with the red and ultra-red solar rays, the energy of these “chemical rays” is infinitesimal. This energy would probably in some cases have to be multiplied by millions to bring it up to that of the ultra-red rays; and still the latter are powerless where the smaller waves are potent. We here observe a remarkable similarity between the behaviour of chemical molecules and that of the human retina. The energy transmitted to the eye from a candle-flame half a mile distant is more than sufficient to inform consciousness; while waves of a different period, possessing twenty thousand million times this energy, have been suffered to impinge upon my own retina, with an absolute unconsciousness of any effect whatever—mechanical, physiological, chemical, or thermal.

Whence, then, the power of these smaller waves to unlock the bonds of chemical union? If it be not a result of their strength, it must be, as in the case of vision, a result of their periods of recurrence. But how are we to figure this action? I should say thus: the shock of a single wave produces no more than an infinitesimal effect upon an atom or a molecule. To produce a larger effect, the motion must *accumulate*, and for wave-impulses to *accumulate*,

they must arrive in periods identical with the periods of vibration of the atoms on which they impinge. In this case each successive wave finds the atom in a position which enables that wave to add its shock to the sum of the shocks of its predecessors. The effect is mechanically the same as that due to the timed impulses of a boy upon a swing. The single tick of a clock has no appreciable effect upon the unvibrating and equally long pendulum of a distant clock; but a succession of ticks, each of which adds, at the proper moment, its infinitesimal push to the sum of the pushes preceding it, will, as a matter of fact, set the second clock going. So likewise a single puff of air against the prong of a heavy tuning-fork produces no sensible motion, and, consequently, no audible sound; but a succession of puffs, which follow each other in periods identical with the tuning-fork's period of vibration, will render the fork sonorous. I think the chemical action of light is to be regarded in this way. Fact and reason point to the conclusion that it is the heaping up of motion on the atoms, in consequence of their synchronism with the shorter waves, that causes them to part company. This I take to be the mechanical cause of these decompositions which are effected by the waves of æther.

And now let us return to that faint cloudiness, already mentioned, from which, as from a germ, these considerations and speculations have sprung. It has been long known that light effected the decomposition of a certain number of bodies. The transparent iodide of ethyl, or of methyl, for example, becomes brown and opaque on exposure to light, through the discharge of its iodine. The art of photography is founded on the chemical actions of light, so that it is well known that the effects for which the foregoing theoretic considerations would have prepared us, are not only probable, but actual.

But the method employed in the experiments in which the cloudiness above referred to was observed, and which consists simply in offering the vapours of volatile substances to the action of light, enables us not only to give such experiments a beautiful form, but also to give a vast extension to the operations of light, or rather of radiant force, as a chemical agent. It also enables us to illustrate in our laboratories actions which have been hitherto performed only in the laboratory of nature. A few of these actions of a representative character I have now to bring before you; and, in doing so, I will take advantage of the fact that, in a great number of cases, one or more of the substances into which the waves of light break up compound molecules are comparatively *involatile*. These products of decomposition require a greater heat than is required by the vapours from which they are derived to keep them in the gaseous form; and hence, if the space in which these new bodies are liberated be of

the proper temperature, they will not remain in the vaporous condition, but will precipitate themselves as liquid particles, thus forming visible clouds upon the beam to the action of which they owe their existence.

We will now commence our illustrative experiments. I hold in my hand a little flask, which is stopped by a cork, pierced in two places. Through one orifice passes a narrow glass tube, which terminates immediately under the cork; through the other orifice passes a similar tube, descending to the bottom of the little flask which is filled to a height of about an inch with a transparent liquid. The name of this liquid is *nitrite of amyl*, in every molecule of which we have 5 atoms of carbon, 11 of hydrogen, 1 of nitrogen, and 2 of oxygen. Upon this group the waves of our electric light will immediately let loose. The large horizontal tube that you see before you is what I have called an "experimental tube;" it is connected with our small flask, a stop-cock, however, intervening between them, by means of which the passage between the flask and the experimental tube can be opened or closed at pleasure. The other tube, passing through the cork of the flask and descending into the liquid, is connected with a U-shaped vessel, filled with fragments of clean glass, covered with sulphuric acid. In front of the U-shaped vessel is a narrow tube stuffed with cotton-wool. At one end of the experimental tube, is our electric lamp; and here, finally, is an air-pump, by means of which the tube has been exhausted. We are now ready for experiment.

Opening the cock cautiously, the air of the room passes, in the first place, through the cotton-wool, which holds back the numberless organic germs and inorganic dust-particles floating in the atmosphere. The air, thus cleansed, passes into the U-shaped vessel where it is *dried* by the sulphuric acid. It then descends through the narrow tube to the bottom of the little flask, and escapes thence through a small orifice into the liquid. Through this it bubbles, loading itself to some extent with the nitrite of amyl vapour, and then the air and vapour enter the experimental tube together.

The closest scrutiny would now fail to discover anything within this tube; it is, to all appearance, absolutely empty. The air and the vapour are both invisible. We will permit the electric beam to play upon this vapour. The lens of the lamp is so situated as to render the beam slightly convergent, the focus being formed in the vapour at about the middle of the tube. You will notice that the tube remains dark for a moment after the turning on of the beam, but the chemical action will be so rapid that attention is requisite to mark this interval of darkness. I ignite the lamp; the tube for a moment seems empty; but suddenly the beam darts through a luminous white cloud, which has banished the preceding darkness.

It has, in fact, shaken asunder the molecules of the nitrite of amyl, and brought down upon itself a shower of liquid particles which cause it to flash forth in your presence like a solid luminous spear. It is worth while to mark how this experiment illustrates the fact, that however intense a luminous beam may be, it remains invisible unless it has something to shine upon. *Space*, though traversed by the rays from all suns and all stars, is itself unseen. Not even the æther which fills space, and whose motions are the light of the universe, is itself visible.

You notice that the end of the experimental tube most distant from the lamp is free from cloud. Now the nitrite of amyl vapour is there also, but it is unaffected by the powerful beam passing through it. Let us make the transmitted beam more concentrated by receiving it on a concave silver mirror, and causing it to return by reflection into the tube. It is still powerless. Though a cone of light of extraordinary intensity now traverses the vapour, no precipitation occurs, no trace of cloud is formed. Why? Because the very small portion of the beam competent to decompose the vapour is quite exhausted by its work in the frontal portions of the tube. The great body of the light which remains, after this sifting out of the few effectual rays, has no power over the molecules of nitrite of amyl. We have here, strikingly illustrated, what has been already stated regarding the influence of *period*, as contrasted with that of *strength*. For the portion of the beam which is here ineffectual has probably more than a million times the absolute energy of the effectual portion. It is energy specially related to the atoms that we here need, which specially related energy being possessed by the feeble waves, invests them with their extraordinary power. When the experimental tube is reversed so as to bring the undecomposed vapours under the action of the *unsifted* beam, you have instantly this fine luminous cloud precipitated.

The light of the sun also effects the decomposition of the nitrite of amyl vapour. A small room in the Royal Institution, into which the sun shone, was partially darkened, the light being permitted to enter through an open portion of the window-shutter. In the track of the beam was placed a large plano-convex lens, which formed a fine convergent cone in the dust of the room behind it. The experimental tube was filled in the laboratory, covered with a black cloth, and carried into the partially darkened room. On thrusting one end of the tube into the cone of rays behind the lens, precipitation within the cone was copious and immediate. The vapour at the distant end of the tube was shielded by that in front; but on reversing the tube, a second and similar splendid cone was precipitated.

Now let us pause for a moment and glance at the ground over which we have passed. We have defined a vapour as an aggregate

of molecules mutually repellent, but hindered from indefinitely retreating from each other by an external pressure. We have defined a molecule as an aggregate of atoms maintained in positions of equilibrium by the equalised action of two opposing forces, and always oscillating to and fro across those positions. We have defined a beam of light as a train of innumerable waves, and have illustrated their chemical action. We have learned that it is not the magnitude or power of the waves, so much as their periods of recurrence, that renders them effectual as chemical agents. We have also seen, how the luminous beam is sifted by the vapour which it decomposes, and deprived of those rays which are competent to effect the decomposition. The effects, moreover, obtained with the electric beam are also produced by the beams of the sun.

And here I would ask you to make familiar to your minds the idea that no chemical action can be produced by a ray that does not involve the destruction of the ray. But the term "ray" is unsatisfactory to us at present, when our desire is to abolish all vagueness, and to affix a definite physical significance to each of our terms. Abandoning the term ray as loose and indefinite, we have to fix our thoughts upon the *waves* of light; and to render clear to our minds that those waves which produce chemical action do so by delivering up their own motion to the molecules which they decompose. We have here forestalled to some extent a question of great importance in molecular physics, which, however, is worthy of being fixed more definitely in your mind. It is this:—when the waves of æther are intercepted by a compound vapour, is the motion of the waves transferred to the molecules of the vapour, or to the atoms of the molecules? We have thus far leaned to the conclusion that the motion is communicated to the atoms; for if not to these individually, why should they be shaken asunder? The question, however, is capable of, and is worthy of, another test, the bearing and significance of which you will immediately appreciate.

As already explained, the molecules are held in their positions of equilibrium by their mutual repulsion on the one side, and by an external pressure on the other. Their rate of vibration, if they vibrate at all, must depend upon the elastic force which they mutually exert. If this force be changed, the rate of vibration must change along with it; and after the change the molecules could no longer absorb the waves which they absorbed prior to the change. Now the elastic force between molecule and molecule is utterly altered when a vapour passes to the liquid state. Hence, if the liquid absorbs waves of the same period as its vapour, it is a proof that the absorption is not effected by the molecules. Let us be perfectly clear on this important point. Those waves are absorbed whose vibrations synchronise with those of the molecules or atoms on which they im-

pinge ; a principle which is sometimes expressed by saying that bodies radiate and absorb the same rays. This great law, as you know, is the foundation of spectrum-analysis ; it enabled Kirchhoff to explain the lines of Fraunhofer, and to determine the chemical composition of the atmosphere of the sun. If then, after such a change as that involved in the passage of a vapour to the liquid state, the same waves are absorbed as were absorbed prior to the passage, it is a proof that the molecules, which must have utterly changed *their* periods, cannot be the seat of the absorption ; and we are driven to conclude that it is to the *atoms*, whose rates of vibration are unchanged by the change of aggregation, that the wave-motion is transferred. If experiment should prove this identity of action on the part of a vapour and its liquid, it would establish in a new and striking manner the conclusion to which we have previously leaned.

We will now resort to the experimental test. In front of this experimental tube, which contains a quantity of the nitrite of amyl vapour, is placed a glass cell a quarter of an inch in thickness, filled with the liquid nitrite of amyl. I send the electric beam first through the liquid, and then through its vapour. The luminous power of this beam is very great, but it can make no impression upon the vapour. The liquid has robbed it completely of its effective waves. I remove the liquid ; chemical action immediately commences, and in a moment we have the apparently empty tube filled with this bright cloud, precipitated by one portion of the beam, and illuminated by another. I re-introduce the liquid ; the chemical action instantly ceases. I again remove the liquid, and the action commences once more. Thus we uncover in part the secrets of this world of molecules and atoms.

Instead of employing air as the vehicle by which the vapour is carried into the experimental tube, we may employ oxygen, hydrogen, or nitrogen. With hydrogen curious effects are observed, due to the sinking of the clouds through the extremely light gas in which they float. They illustrate, without proving, the argument of those who say that the clouds of our own atmosphere could not float if the cloud particles were not little bladders, instead of full spheres. Before you is a tube filled with the nitrite of amyl vapour, which has been carried into the tube by hydrogen gas. On sending the beam through the tube a delicate bluish-white cloud is precipitated. A few strokes of the pump clear the tube of this cloud, but leave a residue of vapour behind. Again turning in the beam we have a second cloud, more delicate than the first, precipitated. This may be done half-a-dozen times in succession. A residue of vapour will still linger in the tube sufficient to yield a cloud of exquisite delicacy, both as regards colour and texture.

Besides the nitrite of amyl a great number of other substances might be employed, which, like the nitrite, have been hitherto not

known to be chemically susceptible to light. But I confine myself at present to this representative case. One point, however, in addition I wish to illustrate, chiefly because the effect is the same in kind as one of great importance in nature. In our atmosphere you know floats carbonic acid gas, which furnishes food to the vegetable world. But this food could not be consumed by plants and vegetables without the intervention of the sun's rays. And yet, as far as we know, these rays are powerless upon the free carbonic acid of our atmosphere. The sun can only decompose the gas when it is drunk in by the leaves of plants. In the leaves it is in close proximity with substances ready to take advantage of the loosening of the molecules of the carbonic acid by the waves of light. Incipient disunion being introduced by the solar rays, the carbon of the gas is seized upon by the leaf and appropriated, while the oxygen is discharged into the atmosphere.

The experimental tube now before you contains a quantity of a different vapour from that which we have hitherto employed. The liquid from which this vapour is derived is called the nitrite of butyl. On sending the electric beam through the vapour, which has been carried in by air, the chemical action is scarcely sensible. I add to the vapour a quantity of air which has been permitted to bubble through hydrochloric acid. When the beam is now turned on, so rapid is the action, and so dense the clouds precipitated, that you could hardly by an effort of attention observe the dark interval which preceded the precipitation of the cloud. This enormous augmentation of the action is due to the presence of the hydrochloric acid. Like the chlorophyl in the leaves of plants, it takes advantage of the loosening of the molecules of nitrite of butyl by the waves of the electric light.

In these experiments we have employed a luminous beam for two different purposes. A small portion of it has been devoted to the decomposition of our vapours, while the great body of the light has served to render luminous the clouds resulting from the decomposition. It is possible to impart to these clouds any required degree of tenuity, for it is in our power to limit at pleasure the amount of vapour in our experimental tube. When the quantity is duly limited, the precipitated particles are at first inconceivably small, defying the highest microscopic power to bring them within the range of vision. Probably their diameters might then be expressed in millionths of an inch. They grow gradually, and as they augment in size, throw from them, by reflection, a continually increasing quantity of wave-motion, until, finally, the cloud which they form becomes so luminous as to fill this theatre with light. During the growth of the particles the most splendid iridescences are often exhibited. Such I have

sometimes seen with delight and wonder in the atmosphere of the Alps, but never anything so gorgeous as those which our laboratory experiments reveal. It is not, however, with the iridescences, however beautiful they may be, that we have now to occupy our thoughts, but with other effects which bear upon the two great standing enigmas of meteorology—the colour of the sky and the polarisation of its light.

And here let me briefly say that, were it not for the stimulus imparted to me by the private correspondence of a celebrated man, I should not have entered upon the investigation of these subjects so soon. In reference to the effects of light which you have just witnessed, Sir John Herschel wrote to me thus:—"It is a class of radiations eminently calculated to set one thinking, and it seems to have had that effect upon you to excellent purpose. I am glad it has brought you into contact with the blue colour of the sky; still more so if it should lead you to any satisfactory explanation of the polarisation of sky-light." The letter went on to treat of "this mysterious and beautiful phenomenon" in a manner which excited in me the strong desire to throw, if possible, some certain light upon a question regarding which the most divergent opinions and speculations were afloat among our most eminent scientific men.

First, then, with regard to the colour of the sky; how is it produced, and can we not reproduce it? This colour has not the same origin as that of ordinary colouring matter, in which certain portions of the white solar light are extinguished, the colour of the substances being that of the portion which remains. A violet is blue because its molecular texture enables it to quench the green, yellow, and red constituents of white light, and to allow the blue free transmission. A geranium is red because its molecular texture is such as quenches all rays except the red. Such colours are called colours of absorption; but the hue of the sky is not of this character. The blue light of the sky is all reflected light, and were there nothing in our atmosphere competent to reflect the solar rays we should see no blue firmament, but should look into the darkness of infinite space. The reflection of the blue is effected by perfectly colourless particles. Smallness of size alone is requisite to ensure the selection and reflection of this colour. Of all the visual waves emitted by the sun, the shortest and smallest are those which correspond to the colour blue. On such waves small particles have more power than upon large ones, hence the predominance of blue colour in all light reflected from exceedingly small particles. The crimson glow of the Alps in the evening and in the morning is due, on the other hand, to transmitted light; that is to say, to light which in its passage through great atmospheric distances has its blue constituents sifted out of it by repeated reflection.

It is possible, as stated, by duly regulating the quantity of

vapour, to make our precipitated particles grow from an infinitesimal and altogether ultra-microscopic size to masses of sensible magnitude; and by means of these particles, in a certain stage of their growth, we can produce a blue which shall rival, if it does not transcend, that of the deepest and purest Italian sky. Let this point be in the first place established. Associated with our experimental tube is a barometer, the mercurial column of which now indicates that the tube is exhausted. Into the tube I introduce a quantity of the mixed air and nitrite of butyl vapour sufficient to depress the mercurial column one-twentieth of an inch; that is to say, the air and vapour together exert a pressure of one six-hundredth of an atmosphere. I now add a quantity of air and hydrochloric acid sufficient to depress the mercury half an inch further, and into this compound and highly attenuated atmosphere I discharge the beam of the electric light. The effect is slow; but gradually within the tube arises this splendid azure, which strengthens for a time, reaches a maximum of depth and purity, and then, as the particles grow larger, passes into whitish blue. This experiment is representative, and it illustrates a general principle. Various other colourless substances of the most diverse properties, optical and chemical, might be employed for this experiment. The *incipient cloud* in every case would exhibit this superb blue; thus proving to demonstration that particles of infinitesimal size, without any colour of their own, and irrespective of those optical properties exhibited by the substance in a massive state, are competent to produce the colour of the sky.

But there is another subject connected with our firmament, of a more subtle and recondite character than even its colour. I mean that "mysterious and beautiful phenomenon,"¹ the polarisation of the light of the sky. The polarity of a magnet consists in its *two-endedness*, both ends, or poles, acting in opposite ways. Polar forces, as most of you know, are those in which the duality of attraction and repulsion is manifested. And a kind of *two-sidedness*—noticed by Huygens, commented on by Newton, and discovered by a French philosopher, named Malus, in a beam of light which had been reflected from one of the windows of the Luxembourg Palace in Paris—receives the name of *polarisation*. We must now, however, attach a distinctness to the idea of a polarised beam, which its discoverers were not able to attach to it. For in their day men's thoughts were not sufficiently ripe, nor optical theory sufficiently advanced, to seize upon or express the physical meaning of polarisation. When a gun is fired, the explosion is propagated as a wave through the air. The shells of air, if I may use the term, surrounding the centre of concussion, are successively thrown into motion, each shell yielding up its motion to that in advance of it, and returning to its position of equilibrium.

(1) Herschel's "Meteorology," Art. 233.

Thus, while the *wave* travels through long distances, each individual particle of air concerned in its transmission performs merely a small excursion to and fro.¹ In the case of sound, the vibration of the air-particles are executed *in* the direction in which the sound travels. They are therefore called *longitudinal* vibrations. In the case of light, on the contrary, the vibrations are *transversal*; that is to say, the individual particles of æther move to and fro *across* the direction in which the light is propagated. In this respect waves of light resemble ordinary water-waves, more than waves of sound. In the case of an *ordinary* beam of light, the vibrations of the æther particles are executed *in every direction* perpendicular to it; but let the beam impinge obliquely, upon a plane glass surface, as in the case of Malus, the portion reflected will no longer have its particles vibrating in all directions round it. By the act of reflection, *if it occur at the proper angle*, the vibrations are all confined to a single plane, and light thus circumstanced is called *plane polarised light*.

A beam of light passing through ordinary glass executes its vibrations within the substance exactly as it would do in air, or in æther-filled space. Not so when it passes through many transparent crystals. For these have also their two-sidedness, the arrangement of their particles being such as to tolerate vibrations only in certain definite directions. There is the well-known crystal tourmaline, which shows a marked hostility to all vibrations executed at right angles to the axis of the crystal. It speedily extinguishes such vibrations, while those executed parallel to the axis are freely propagated. The consequence is, that a beam of light, after it has passed through any thickness of this crystal, emerges from it polarised. So also as regards the beautiful crystal known as Iceland spar, or as doubly-refracting spar.² In one direction, but in one only, it shows the neutrality of glass; in all other directions it splits the beam of light passing through it into two distinct halves, both of which are perfectly polarised, their vibrations being executed in two planes, at right angles to each other.

It is possible by a suitable contrivance to get rid of one of the two polarised beams into which Iceland spar divides an ordinary beam of light. This was done so ingeniously and effectively by a man named Nicol, that the Iceland spar, cut in his fashion, is now universally known as Nicol's prism. Such a prism can polarise a beam of light, and if the beam, before it impinges on the prism be already polarised, in one position of the prism it is stopped, while in another position it is transmitted. Our way is now, to some extent, cleared towards an examination of the light of the sky. Looking at various points of the blue firmament through a Nicol's prism, and turning the prism round its axis, we soon notice variations

(1) "Lectures on Sound," p. 3. (Longmans.)

of the brightness of the sky. In certain positions of the spar, and from certain points of the firmament, the light appears to be wholly transmitted, while, looking at the same points, it is only necessary to turn the prism round its axis through an angle of ninety degrees to materially diminish the intensity of the light. On close scrutiny it is found that the difference produced by the rotation of the prism is greatest when the sky is regarded in a direction at right angles to that of the solar rays through the air. Let me describe a few actual observations made some days ago on Primrose Hill. The sun was near setting, and a few scattered neutral-tint clouds, which failed to catch the dying light, were floating in the air. When these were looked at across the track of the solar beams, it was possible by turning the Nicol round, to see them either as white clouds on a dark ground, or as dark clouds on a bright ground. In some of its positions the sky-light was in great part quenched by the Nicol, and then the clouds, projected against the darkness of space, appeared white. Turning the Nicol ninety degrees round its axis, the brightness of the sky was restored, and then the clouds became dark through contrast with this brightness.

Experiments of this kind prove that the blue light sent to us by the firmament is polarised, and that the direction of most perfect polarisation is perpendicular to the solar rays. Were the heavenly azure like the ordinary light of the sun, the turning of the prism would have no effect upon it; it would be transmitted equally during the entire rotation of the prism. The light of the sky is in great part quenched, because it is in great part polarised.

When a luminous beam impinges at the proper angle on a plane glass surface it is polarised by reflection. It is polarised, *in part*, by all oblique reflections; but at one particular angle, the reflected light is *perfectly polarised*. An exceedingly beautiful and simple law, discovered by Sir David Brewster, enables us readily to find the *polarising angle* of any substance whose refractive index is known. This law was discovered experimentally by Brewster; but the Wave Theory of light renders a complete reason for the law. A geometrical image of it is thus given. When a beam of light impinges obliquely upon a plate of glass it is in part reflected and in part refracted. At one particular incidence the reflected and the refracted portions of the beam are at right angles to each other. The angle of incidence is *then* the polarising angle. It varies with the refractive index of the substance; being for water $52\frac{1}{2}$, for glass $57\frac{1}{2}$, and for diamond 68 degrees.

And now we are prepared to comprehend the difficulties which have beset the question before us. It has been already stated that in order to obtain the most perfect polarisation of the firmamental light, the sky must be regarded in a direction at right

angles to the solar beams. This is sometimes expressed by saying that the place of maximum polarisation is at an angular distance of 90° from the sun. This angle, enclosed as it is between the direct and reflected rays, comprises both the angles of incidence and reflection. Hence the angle of incidence, which corresponds to the maximum polarisation of the sky, is half of 90° , or 45° . This is the atmospheric polarising angle, and the question is, what known substance possesses an index of refraction to correspond with this polarising angle? If we knew this substance, we might be tempted to conclude that particles of it, scattered in the atmosphere, produce the polarisation of the sky. "Were the angle of maximum polarisation," says Sir John Herschel, " 76° (instead of 90°), we should look to *water*, or ice, as the reflecting body, however inconceivable the existence in a cloudless atmosphere, and a hot summer day of unevaporated particles of water." But a polarising angle of 45° corresponds to a refractive index of 1; this means that there is no refraction at all, in which case we ought to have no reflection. Brewster and others came to the conclusion that the reflection was from the particles of air themselves. Dr. Rubenson, of *Upsala*, made the angle inclosed between the direct and reflected beams $90^\circ 2'$; "the half of which," says Mr. Buchan, in his excellent little "*Handy Book of Meteorology*," "is so near the polarising angle of air as to leave no doubt that the light of the sky, as first stated by Brewster, is polarised by reflection from the particles of air." It is difficult to affix a physical meaning to this conclusion. If light be reflected, it must be at the common limiting surface of two media of different refrangibility. But to satisfy the law of Brewster, as Sir John Herschel remarks, "the reflection would have to be made in air upon air!" "The more the subject is considered," adds the celebrated philosopher last named, "the more it will be found beset with difficulties, and its explanation, when arrived at, will probably be found to carry with it that of the blue colour of the sky itself."

If you doubt the wisdom, acknowledge, at all events, the faith in your capacity which has caused me to bring a subject so entangled before you. I believe, however, that even the intellect which draws its strength and its associations from a totally different source, may have its interest excited in subjects like the present, dark and difficult though they be. I do not expect that you will all grasp the details of this discussion; but I think that everybody present will see the extremely important part hitherto played by the law of Brewster in speculations as to the colour and polarisation of the sky. This law leads to the extraordinary conclusion already announced, that the reflection takes place at the limiting surface of two media of the same refrangibility, where reflection could no more occur than it could occur in the very heart of an optically homogeneous

medium. I shall now seek to demonstrate in your presence, *firstly*, and in confirmation of our former experiments, that sky-blue may be produced by exceedingly minute particles of any kind of matter; *secondly*, that polarisation identical with that of the sky is produced by such particles; and *thirdly*, that matter in this fine state of division, where its particles are probably small in comparison with the height and span of a wave of light, releases itself completely from the law of Brewster; the direction of maximum polarisation being absolutely independent of the polarising angle as hitherto defined. Why this should be the case, the wave theory of light, to make itself complete, will have subsequently to explain.

Into this experimental tube, in the manner already described, I introduce a vapour which is decomposable by the waves of light. The mixed air and vapour are sufficient to depress the mercurial column one inch. I add to this mixture air, which has been permitted to bubble through dilute hydrochloric acid, until the column is depressed thirty inches: in other words, until the tube is full. And now I permit the electric beam to play upon the mixture. For some time nothing is seen. The chemical action is doubtless progressing, and condensation going on; but the condensing molecules have not yet coalesced to particles sufficiently large to reflect sensibly the waves of light. As before stated—and the statement rests upon an experimental basis—the particles here generated are at first so small that their diameters would probably have to be expressed in millionths of an inch; while to form each of these *particles* whole crowds of *molecules* are probably aggregated. Helped by such considerations the intellectual vision plunges more profoundly into atomic nature, and shows us, among other things, how far we are from the realisation of Newton's hope that the molecules might one day be seen by microscopes. While I am speaking, you observe this delicate blue colour forming and strengthening within the experimental tube. No sky-blue could exceed it in richness and purity. But the particles which produce this colour lie wholly beyond our microscopic range. A uniform colour is here developed, which has as little breach of continuity,—which yields as little evidence of the particles concerned in its production, as that yielded by a body whose colour is due to true molecular absorption. This blue is at first as deep and dark as the sky seen from the highest Alpine peaks, and for the same reason. But it grows gradually brighter, still maintaining its blueness, until at length a whitish tinge mingles with the pure azure; announcing that the particles are now no longer of that infinitesimal size which reflects the shortest waves alone.¹

(1) Possibly a photographic impression might be taken long before the blue becomes visible, for the ultra-blue rays are first reflected.

The liquid here employed is the iodide of allyl,¹ but I might choose any one of a dozen substances here before me to produce the effect. You have seen what may be done with the nitrite of butyl. With nitrite of amyl, bisulphide of carbon, benzol, benzoic ether, &c., the same blue colour may be produced. In all cases, where matter slowly passes from the molecular to the massive state the transition is marked by the production of the blue. More than this:—you have seen me looking at the blue colour (I hardly like to call it a blue “cloud,” its texture and properties are so different from ordinary clouds) through this bit of spar. This is a Nicol’s prism, and I could wish one of them to be placed in the hands of each of you. Well, this blue that I have been regarding turns out to be, if I may use the expression, a bit of more perfect sky than the sky itself. When I look across the illuminating beam exactly as we look across the solar rays in the atmosphere, I obtain not only partial polarisation, but perfect polarisation. In one position of the Nicol the blue light seems to pass unimpeded to the eye; in the other it is absolutely cut off, the experimental tube being reduced to optical emptiness. Behind the experimental tube it is well to place a black surface, in order to prevent foreign light from troubling the eye. In one position of the Nicol this black surface is seen without softening or qualification; for the particles within the tube are themselves invisible, and the light which they reflect is quenched. If the light of the sky were polarised with the same perfection, on looking properly towards it through a Nicol we should meet, not the mild radiance of the firmament, but the unilluminated blackness of space.

The construction of the Nicol is such that it permits to pass through it vibrations which are executed in a certain determinate direction, and these only. All vibrations executed at right angles to this direction are completely stopped: while components only of those executed obliquely to it are transmitted. It is easy, therefore, to see that from the position in which the Nicol must be held to transmit or to quench the light of our incipient cloud, we can infer the direction of the vibrations of that light. You will be able to picture those vibrations without difficulty. Suppose a line drawn from any point of the “cloud” perpendicular to the illuminating beam. The particles of æther along that line, which carry the light from the cloud to the eye, vibrate in a direction perpendicular both to the line and to the beam. And if any number of lines be drawn in the same way from the cloud, like the spokes of a wheel, the particles of æther along all of them oscillate in the same manner. Wherefore, if a plane surface be imagined cutting the incipient cloud at right angles to its length, the perfectly polarised vibrations discharged laterally will all be parallel to this surface. This, in fact, is the plane of vibration of

(1) For which I have to thank the obliging kindness of Dr. Maxwell Simpson, F.R.S.

the polarised light. Or you may suppose a circle drawn round the experimental tube, and a series of strings attached to various points of this circle. If all the cords be stretched as perpendiculars to the experimental tube, and caused to wriggle by a series of jerks imparted at right angles both to them and to the tube, the motion of the particles of the strings will then represent those of the particles of æther. A distinct image of those vibrations is now, I hope, within the reach of every person here present.

Our incipient blue cloud is a virtual Nicol's prism, and, between it and the real Nicol, we can produce all the effects obtainable between the polariser and analyser of a polariscope. When, for example, a thin plate of selenite, which is crystallised sulphate of lime, is placed between the Nicol and the incipient cloud, we obtain the splendid chromatic phenomena of polarised light. The colour of the gypsum-plate, as many of you know, depends upon its thickness. If this be uniform, the colour is uniform. If, on the contrary, the plate be wedge-shaped, thickening gradually and uniformly from edge to back, we have brilliant bands of colour produced parallel to the edge of the wedge. Perhaps the best form of plate for experiments of this character is that now in my hand, which was prepared for me some years ago by a man of genius in his way, the late Mr. Darker of Lambeth. It consists of a plate of selenite thin at the centre, and gradually thickening towards the circumference. Placing this film between the Nicol and the cloud, we obtain, instead of a series of parallel bands, a system of splendidly coloured rings. The colours are most vivid when the incipient cloud is looked at perpendicularly. Precisely the same phenomena are observed when we look at the blue firmament in a direction perpendicular to the solar rays.

We have thus far illuminated our incipient cloud with ordinary light, and found the portion of this light reflected laterally from the cloud in all directions round it to be perfectly polarised. We will now examine the effects produced when the light which illuminates the cloud is itself polarised. In front of the electric lamp, and between it and the experimental tube, is placed this fine Nicol's prism, which is sufficiently large to embrace and to polarise the entire beam. The prism is now placed so that the plane of vibration of the light emergent from it, and falling upon the cloud, is vertical. How does the cloud behave towards this light? This formless aggregate of infinitesimal particles, without definite structure, shows the two-sidedness of the light in the most striking manner. It is absolutely incompetent to reflect upwards or downwards, while it freely discharges the light horizontally, right and left. I turn the polarising Nicol so as to render the plane of vibration horizontal; the cloud now freely reflects the light vertically upwards and down-

wards, but it is absolutely incompetent to shed a ray horizontally to the right or left.

Fix your attention upon one of those reflecting particles. Figure it as a little sphere with the beam of the electric light impinging upon it. Let us call that diameter which coincides with the direction of the beam, the *axis* of the sphere; one of its *poles* would then be turned towards the light, and the other in the opposite direction. The equator of the little sphere would of course be midway between its poles. Now, conceive a parallel of latitude drawn upon the sphere at an angular distance of 45 degrees from the pole; that is to say, midway between the pole and the equator. Then what occurs with ordinary light is this: all the vibrations tangent to the little circle, which I have called a parallel of latitude, are reflected perfectly polarised; but all vibrations executed at right angles to the circle go unreflected through the little sphere. If, instead of ordinary light, we use polarised light, it is clear that at two opposite points of the little circle the vibrations are executed along the tangents, while at two other opposite points they are executed at right angles to the tangents. In the former case the particle *reflects* the light, in the latter it *transmits* the light unreflected. What is true of a single particle is true of all, and hence the inability of the incipient cloud formed of such particles to reflect light in two directions, while it freely reflects it in two others. The entire facts are now placed before you. The reflecting particle and the waves of æther are of course both beyond the range of the senses, but to the intellect the conceptions here introduced are just as easy as if, in illustration, I had pointed to the poles, equator, and parallel of latitude of an ordinary terrestrial globe.

Suppose the atmosphere of our planet to be surrounded by an envelope impervious to light, with an aperture on the sunward side, through which a solar beam could enter and cross our atmosphere. Surrounded on all sides by air not directly illuminated, the track of the sunlight would resemble that of the electric beam in a dark space filled with our incipient cloud. The course of the sunbeam would be *blue*, and it would discharge laterally in all directions round it, light in precisely the same polarised condition as that discharged from the incipient cloud. In fact, the azure revealed by the sunbeam would be the azure of such a cloud. And if, instead of permitting the ordinary light of the sun to enter the aperture, a Nicol's prism were placed there, which should polarise the sunlight on its entrance into our atmosphere, the particles producing the colour of the sky would act precisely like those of our incipient cloud. In two directions we should have the solar light reflected; in two others unreflected. In fact, out of such a solitary beam, traversing the unilluminated air, we should be able to extract every effect shown

by our incipient cloud. In the production of such clouds we virtually carry bits of the sky into our laboratories, and obtain with them all the effects obtainable in the open firmament of heaven.

And here, had not a sufficient strain been already imposed upon your minds, I might enter upon the description of a series of extraordinary effects observed when the particles of our incipient clouds are allowed to augment in size, so as to approach the condition of true cloudy matter. The selenite ring-system, already referred to, is a most delicate reagent for the detection of polarised light. When we look *normally*, or perpendicularly, at an incipient cloud, the colours of the rings are most vividly developed, a diminution of the colour being immediately apparent when the incipient cloud is regarded *obliquely*. But let us continue to look through the Nicol and selenite normally at the cloud: the particles augment in size, the cloud becomes coarser and whiter, the strength of the selenite colours becoming gradually feebler. At length the cloud ceases to discharge polarised light along the normal, and then the selenite colours entirely disappear. If *now* the cloud be regarded *obliquely* the colours are restored, very vividly, if not with their first vividness and clearness. Thus the cloud that has ceased to discharge polarised light at right angles to the illuminating beam, pours out such light copiously in oblique directions. The direction of maximum polarisation changes with the texture of the cloud.

But this is not all; and to understand, even partially, what remains, a word must be said regarding the appearance of the colours of our plate of selenite. If, as before stated, the plate be of uniform thickness, its hue in polarised light is uniform. Suppose, then, that by arranging the Nicol the colour of the plate is raised to its maximum brilliancy, and suppose the colour produced to be *green*; on turning the Nicol round its axis the green becomes fainter. When the angle of rotation amounts to 45 degrees the colour disappears; we then pass what may be called a neutral point, where the selenite behaves, not as a crystal, but as a bit of amorphous glass. Continuing the rotation, a colour reappears, but it is no longer green, but *red*. This attains its maximum at a distance of 45 degrees from the neutral point, or, in other words, at a distance of 90 degrees from the position which showed the green at its maximum. At a further distance of 45 degrees from the position of maximum red, the colour disappears a second time. We have there a second neutral point, beyond which the green comes again into view, attaining its maximum brilliancy at the end of a rotation of 180 degrees. By the rotation of the Nicol, therefore, through an angle of 90 degrees, we produce a colour *complementary* to that with which we started.

As may be inferred from this result, the selenite ring-system changes its character when the Nicol is turned. It is possible

to have the centre of the circle dark, the surrounding rings being vividly coloured. The turning of the Nicol through an angle of 90 degrees renders the centre bright, while every point occupied by a certain colour in the first instance is occupied by the *complement* of that colour in the second. But what am I aiming at in these long preliminary statements? I want to be able to say, with full assurance of being understood by everybody present, that a cloud may so alter its texture as to produce upon light an effect equivalent to the rotation of the Nicol through 90 degrees. By curious internal actions, not here to be described, the cloud in our experimental tube sometimes divides itself into sections of different textures. Some sections are coarser than others, while it often happens that some are iridescent to the naked eye, and others not. Looking normally at such a cloud through the selenite and Nicol, it often happens that in passing from section to section the whole character of the ring-system is changed. You start with a section producing a dark centre and a corresponding system of rings; you pass to another section through a neutral point, and find in that section the centre *bright*, and at the same radial distances find each of the first rings displaced by one of the complementary colour. Sometimes as many as four such reversions occur in the cloud of an experimental tube a yard long. Now, the changes here indicated mean that in passing from section to section of the cloud the plane of vibration of the polarised light turns suddenly through an angle of 90 degrees; this surprising change being entirely due to the different texture of the two parts of the cloud. If you ask me why this should occur, my reply is, I do not know. Nobody yet knows. But the onus rests with our present optical theories to furnish an explanation.

You will now be able to understand, as far as it is capable of being understood, a very beautiful effect which, under favourable circumstances, might be observed in our atmosphere. This experimental tube contains an inch of the iodide of allyl vapour, the remaining 29 inches necessary to fill the tube being air, which has bubbled through aqueous hydrochloric acid. Besides, therefore, the vapour of iodide of allyl, we have those of water and of acid within the tube. The light has been acting on the mixture for some time, a beautiful incipient blue cloud being formed. As before stated, the "incipient cloud" is wholly different in texture and optical properties from an ordinary cloud; but it is possible to precipitate the aqueous vapour within this tube so as to cause it to form a cloud similar to the clouds of our atmosphere. This new and real cloud will be precipitated in the midst of the azure of the incipient cloud. An exhausted vessel of about one-third of the capacity of the experimental tube is now connected with the tube, the passage uniting

both being closed by a stop-cock. On opening this cock the mixed air and vapour will rush from the experimental tube into the empty vessel; and, in consequence of the chilling due to rarefaction, the vapour in the experimental tube will fall together as a true cloud. You are now prepared for the experiment. I first look at this blue colour, so as to obtain a vivid ring-system with a dark centre. Turning on the cock, the air is rarefied and the cloud precipitated. What is the result? Instantly the centre of the system of coloured rings becomes bright, and the whole series of colours corresponding to definite radial distances, complementary. While I continue to look at the cloud, it gradually melts away as an atmospheric cloud might do in the azure of heaven. And *there* is our azure also remaining behind. The coarser cloud seems drawn aside like a veil, the blue reappears, the first ring-system, with its dark centre and correspondingly coloured circles, being restored.

Thus patiently and bravely you have accompanied me over a piece of exceedingly difficult ground; and I think, as a prudent guide, we ought to halt upon the eminence we have now attained. We might go higher, but the boulders begin here to be very rough. At a future day we shall, I doubt not, be able to overcome this difficulty, and to reach together a greater elevation.

JOHN TYNDALL.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN THE TERRITORY OF ALASKA, AND IN VARIOUS OTHER PARTS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC. By FREDERICK WHYMPER. With Map and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1868. 16s.

MR. WHYMPER deserves well of the public for the preparation of this volume. If it is hardly of first-rate interest, that is the fault of the subject, and not his own, as he has made the best of his materials. The subject happens to be one on which information even of a negative kind was wanted, and he is entitled to our gratitude for working it up thoroughly, although he might personally have gained more credit by investing his talents and energy in some more attractive field. Those who desire to do so may now learn with ease almost all that can be known about Russian America. Mr. Whympers was in San Francisco when Colonel Bulkley's party was being organised to explore Russian America and a portion of Eastern Siberia, for the purpose of establishing a telegraph-line between the New and Old Worlds, *viâ* Behring's Straits; and he was tempted to join the expedition as artist. This party commenced operations in 1865, and was not broken up till the beginning of 1867, when the news of the laying of the Atlantic Cable reached the hardy pioneers, telling them that their enterprise was superseded. In this way, just before the cession to the United States, Mr. Whympers examined almost the entire region about which curiosity was suddenly aroused; and he was also able to learn a good deal, both from his own observation and the notes of fellow-explorers of the Northern Pacific region—that is the eastern portion of Russian Siberia, British Columbia, and Vancouver's Island, as well as California and Oregon in the United States. The result of his impressions is, that the Americans have made a pretty good bargain. The northern part of Alaska may not be worth very much, but in the lower part there is a good deal of available timber and minerals, which an enterprising race may make something of; while the trade in furs and fish may be turned to far more account than it has been in the somewhat careless keeping of a Russian company. As to the trade in fish especially, there are productive cod fisheries off the Aleutian islands, and the rivers abound in salmon, which may be caught, and pickled, and sent to California or Europe at little more than the cost of freight. The territory, in addition, will be useful to the Americans, as their whalers in the North Pacific will visit it more readily than they could do when their visits interfered with the trading monopoly of a foreign company. The acquisition was really a convenient one for the Americans on this account. Curiosity as to Alaska satisfied, it is to be feared, there will be very little care to study what Mr. Whympers has to say on other topics, though these are not without interest. The information about the natives, their connection with the natives of Eastern Asia, and the points of resemblance between them and the Esquimaux, is of considerable value. The descriptions of scenery are also fresh and striking, and bring before us a new Arctic region. The account of the mighty Yukon, a mile and a quarter wide, for nearly 2,000 miles from its mouth, frozen over in winter, but rushing down in summer with a deep and rapid current, enclosed in a valley of rocks, and ice, and snow, with forests of stunted fir standing out in summer when the snow has melted, presents a scene of desolate grandeur, which is, perhaps, not surpassed throughout the frozen north. Mr. Whympers, again, has collected several interesting notes of

early Russian voyages to the Northern Pacific. The account of California and San Francisco is both sketchy and flippant, but it has the merit of being recent, and may serve to familiarise English readers with some facts which it is useful to know relating to that remarkable region, and the remarkable people by whom it is now occupied.

Treating of Alaska it is hardly possible to avoid some reference to the motive of the United States in the purchase, and the Monro doctrine which it carries out another step. Mr. Whymper only glances at it once, and, no doubt to the surprise of some readers, very quietly accepts the Monro doctrine. He assumes that it will be a good, and not a bad, thing to let the United States have the North American continent to grow in, and that if they meant to intimate their inclination in that direction by obtaining the cession of Alaska there is no reason why England should be annoyed at the hint. Whether or not England has a real interest in assenting to the Monro doctrine in its most extreme form, it would seem a little doubtful whether the interests of the United States and of Russia have been made so entirely one by the cession of Alaska as was at first supposed. The interpretation of the transaction was—America for the Americans, Asia for the Russians, the two Powers to be in alliance for the policy thus expressed. But will the Russians be left undisturbed in Asia by the irrepressible Yankee, or rather his Californian descendant—still more shrewd and pushing, and settled in absolutely the finest territory, with the finest climate in the whole Union? It seems a mistake at least to take this for granted, though the dawn of a new conflict of races in the Northern Pacific is perhaps not more than discernible. What is certain is, that there is nothing thereabouts to stand against the Californian, who is likely to grow, and will rule or displace others wherever he plants his foot. San Francisco, the Californian capital, is the capital of the whole region, drawing to it the trade of North-Eastern Asia as well as Alaska, and swiftly gaining influence over Japan and China. It will be only in the natural course of things if in a very few years, when Alaska is well “exploited,” and the west of the United States is a little more filled up, and the Atlantic and Pacific railways have multiplied the population and resources of California, the cession of Alaska should be followed by the cession, voluntary or enforced, of the whole of North-Eastern Asia. The Californians, in a word, are likely to cross over into Asiatic Russia and settle there, turning the Amour valley and the fertile wastes of Manchuria into a new Far West. The colonising power of the Russ is nothing to that of the Western Men; and it is not difficult to predict how the conflict, once engaged in, will end. The Californian opportunity is besides far greater than the Russian. It will be many years before Russia has speedy and cheap communication with the Amour. Her most hopeful plan of colonising there is to send emigrant ships from St. Petersburg by the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, arriving at Nicolaieff after a voyage of six months or more. San Francisco, on the contrary, is almost at hand—little more than a three weeks’ voyage being the actual interval, which will certainly be diminished with the growth of the China trade. Looking to our own relations with Russia in Asia it is rather a fortunate thing for us to have the prospect of a conflict of interest in North-Eastern Asia between our rival and a Power with which we may easily be united in the closest political alliance, as we are already united by the kinship of race and the strongest commercial interests.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Lives of the Tudor Princesses. By AGNES STRICKLAND. London: Longmans.
12s. 6d.

WE should like to know how many persons who would be very offended if they were said not to be decently educated, could tell off-hand what were Lady Jane Gray's pretensions to the English crown? Or, why Lady Arabella Stuart's marriage with William Seymour created such stir in the reign of James I.? For that matter, it is not everybody who has taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge who could tell you, without referring to a book, how it was that James I. himself came to succeed the great Elizabeth. Miss Strickland's new volume will remind some and inform others that Henry VIII. had two sisters: Margaret, the elder, married the King of Scotland for her first husband, and a Scotch nobleman for a second. Mary Tudor, the younger, married first Louis XII. of France, and then Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by whom she had two daughters. From them came in turn four more daughters, Ladies Jane, Katherine, and Mary Gray, and Lady Margaret Clifford, the story of whose lives, together with that of Mary Tudor, their grandmother, Miss Strickland has told in her now well-known manner, which is lively, gossiping, and at least as full of decided feeling as is compatible with the ideal serenity of history. Besides these descendants of Henry VII. in the younger female line, she has told over again the story of Arabella Stuart, his descendant in the elder line through Margaret, and whose romantic marriage with Seymour, grandson of Katherine Gray, united both lines.

Sartor Resartus. By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Chapman and Hall. 1869.
7s. 6d.

THIS is the first volume of the Library Edition of Mr. Carlyle's writings, and deserves a word of greeting. The book itself, first written nearly forty years ago, is perhaps the most truly characteristic of all its author's pieces, and it is certainly that which has exerted most of the characteristically Carlylian influence, in its best form. There are not a few among us for whom the first reading of "the Everlasting Yea" marked an era in life, and even the heartiest dissidence from the panegyrics of Napoleon, of Frederick William, of Frederick II., and from the retrograde and essentially demoralising political doctrine preached within the last four or five years, fails to obliterate reverence and gratitude for the ancient teacher who supplied a more than religious stimulus towards sincerity of life and impersonality of purpose. It is not wholly amusing now to read the ever-famous epitaph of "Philippus Zaehdarm, Cognomine Magnus," because we remember that it was to such as he, the *aristos*, that the writer of the epitaph has in these last days bidden Englishmen look for government. Truly, the old is better. And its value remains unimpaired. The Library Edition, which is to be completed in thirty volumes, is handsomely printed, and convenient.

Under the Willows, and other Poems. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Macmillan. 6s.

MR. LOWELL's new volume is not in that vein which has made him most popular in this country, but readers of his earlier and more generally serious poems will be glad to meet him again on the old ground belonging to the reflective Muse. They will find that with maturity of years has come a firmer method of treatment. A certain tendency which Mr. Lowell once had to something like inflation, to excess of leafage over fruit, has disappeared, and his

verse is now marked by a genuine poetic compactness. "Under the Willows," and the "Commemoration Ode," are nearly of the highest order, each in its kind; the first as a pleasant summer idyll, and the second as a matured lyric. The latter, indeed, is perhaps more than nearly—is altogether of the highest order, and among other things it may convince Englishmen in a way which a misappreciated political action has failed to do, of the intenseness of that sentiment which makes America a great nationality. Besides these two larger poems, the volume contains many slighter poems, all graceful and melodious.

Explorations of the Highlands of the Brazil; with a full account of the Gold and Diamond Mines; also, Canoeing down 1,500 Miles of the great river São Francisco from Sabará to the Sea. By Captain RICHARD F. BURTON. Two Volumes, with Maps and Illustrations. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869. 30s.

THOUGH much too minute in its record to general readers, who have been used to accompany the jaunty traveller round all English-speaking countries, in a couple of not very big volumes, Captain Burton's new book will have its value for geographers, naturalists, and anybody who is ever likely to travel in Brazil. It is, in fact, a very closely-kept diary of rather monotonous canoeing, marching, and so forth. Luckily, the author has a spirited, or even an audacious style, and in the most out-of-the-way places in the world, he keeps his eye upon his native land, the condition and the prevailing social ideas of which he is not fond of sparing. Still, the book is much too long to attract an exoteric, that is, a non-Brazilian public.

The Life and Labours in Art and Archaeology of George Petrie. By WILLIAM STOKES, M.D., D.C.L. Oxon. London: Longmans. 1868. 12s. 6d.

DR. PETRIE, who died a couple of years ago, was distinguished principally as an ardent and successful inquirer into the mysteries of Irish archaeology. As a rule, unfortunately, ardour of this kind has almost invariably taken a romantic, high-flying, and inflammatory direction in Ireland. Petrie, on the contrary, was emphatically scientific, and he therefore looked upon the highly interesting archaeological problems of Irish antiquity without any eye to the internal politics of to-day. The present volume is an account by a writer who is more conspicuous than Petrie was, and in a more conspicuous science, of Petrie's life and labours. To the general public it will hardly prove interesting; but the English student of archaeology, and all Irishmen, will be attracted by a careful narrative, a little too long and detailed, perhaps, but full of matter.

Biographical Sketches. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

A SERIES of short biographies of conspicuous personages who have died within the last sixteen years. They originally appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*, and considering that our contemporaries are usually those of whom we know least, in the first place, and that these brief sketches are remarkably well done, in the second, with ample knowledge, with much acuteness of analysis, and with a robust impartiality, their usefulness and interest are obvious. Miss Martineau's large literary power, and her fine intellectual training make these little sketches more instructive, and constitute them more genuinely works of art, than many more ambitious and diffuse biographies. Their only defect is one naturally incident to the form in which they first appeared—a tendency to allude to circumstances as familiar to the reader, which will daily drop more and more out of our minds.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXVII. NEW SERIES.—MARCH 1, 1869.

WESTPHALIA AND THE RUHR BASIN.

IN few places are the old world and the new, the world of immobility and custom, and the world of change and progress, seen in closer proximity and contrast than in Westphalia; a province now heading the rapid march of Prussian industry, yet preserving not a few broad features of the Germany of the past. By the side of the peasant of the olden time, whom the conservative economist Herr Riehl, in his dread of revolution, regards as the emblem of all that is sound in the age, and the sole safeguard of the future of Germany, are the engineer, the miner, and the manufacturer, whom English economists, unable to boast of their own peasantry, are commonly better inclined to put forward as the types of the age, and the pledges of the future. The Basin of the Ruhr, occupying the middle region of the province and reaching beyond it to the Rhine, is the chief seat of Westphalian mining and manufacturing enterprise; the mountains and valleys of Sauerland and Siegerland¹ in the south are the strongholds of ancient rural life. But the genuine *bauer* is not extinct in the Ruhr Basin; and the train glides, the tall chimney rises, and the miner sinks his shafts and drives his adits among the southern hills. The prevailing characteristics, nevertheless, in the south are still those of rustic simplicity, and we may give to antiquity in our description the precedence it will not long survive to claim.

The scenery of southern Westphalia is eminently picturesque in the sense to which Mr. Merivale limits the term, as denoting effects due not to the imagination of the spectator bodying forth the forms of things unseen, but simply to the picture which nature herself puts before the eye. The traveller does not bring but finds the charm of

(1) The general name of Sauerland is given to the mountainous region of Westphalia south of the Ruhr Basin. The country watered by the Sieg bears the name of Siegerland; the greater part of it, however, lying beyond Westphalia in the Rhine Province.

the landscape in steep wood-clothed hills and winding vales, with cottages and gardens clustering here and there. Most refreshing to the eye of the traveller from parched England last summer was the deep verdure of these valleys, though it was a year of drought also in Westphalia. The perfection of the irrigation, the works for which serve also for draining, is celebrated over the continent of Europe, affording a practical refutation of the doctrine of some insular writers that peasants cannot accomplish such works. The rainfall is equal to that of Ireland, and it falls with such violence that all the elements of fertility would be washed off the hills but for the care with which they are planted ; while the *bas-fonds* below would be now soaked into morasses, and now baked into aridity, but for the skill with which the descending streams are collected and distributed.

It is scenery, however, it must be confessed, which lacks for the most part the charm of variety. Each turn of the road presents a picture of considerable beauty, but generally a repetition of the one just left at the other side of the hill. It is everywhere, too, picturesqueness on a small scale. The eye never meets the horizon in those pent up valleys ; and the mountains which enclose them are rarely high enough to tempt an ascent through the woods and shrubs which impede it, or to reward it with an extensive prospect if made. Now and again they form a fine natural amphitheatre, but even then the panorama is strictly confined. Like the social life of the people, the scenery owes much of its character to geological causes. Devonian rocks emerging in contorted forms from beneath the Ruhr Basin compose the hills ; the main valleys run across the strike, the side valleys parallel to it ; and the country is thus everywhere cut up into deep tortuous glens and high narrow ridges. If, however, "the grandeur of vastness," which Mr. Merivale describes as the most powerful element in American landscapes, is here totally absent, there is a resemblance to American scenery which a stranger might hardly expect to find so near Rhineland, the country of feudal memorials and tower-crowned heights. Rarely does the ancient castle (more rarely still the modern) look down on the village. Siegen is an "antique city," but is without a rival ; and it occupies the position of a great capital, though it has but seven or eight thousand inhabitants. The peasant proprietor is the chief potentate here ; the wretched cottage his cow and pig share with himself may be the most sumptuous dwelling beheld in a long day's walk. Country gentlemen there are none ; a few noble proprietors may be heard of, but they are absentees, their castles usually half in ruin, or clumsily patched and inhabited by an agent or by retainers. The post coach—which like the livery of the post boy, never is cleaned—is, save an occasional cart, the only vehicle one meets along the principal roads ; and besides carrying the letters it did, until the new Ruhr-Sieg Railway

was lately completed, the whole parcel delivery as well as passenger traffic of the district, though it holds but four passengers.

Here and there a new house of stone or brick is now seen,—it is near a railway station that such an innovation is most likely to appear,—but as a general rule the village cottages differ only in size, and are constructed as follows:—A framework of timber, painted black, is filled in with wattles and clay, whitewashed outside, the black stripes of the wood contrasting effectively with the white walls, and giving an external appearance of ornateness and neatness, by no means sustained by the real condition of things either within or around the house. Seen from without, too, most of these cottages look lofty and spacious; but the room for the family is really small, the upper part serving as a hay-loft or barn, and half the lower being pig-sty, cow-house, and stable, if a horse is kept. Small, indeed, is the attention to cleanliness or comfort in any part of the dwelling; the English visitor finds that dirt is not peculiar to the Irishman's cabin. No approach to the drawing-room furniture and luxury, the piano, &c., of which Herr Riehl deplores the appearance in some parts of Germany, has yet made its way into Westphalia, south of the Coal Basin. Like their cottages, and the hills and valleys around them, the villagers too have a family likeness, at which Riehl must rejoice, as the very embodiment of primitive custom and unbroken uniformity of life. The artist, he says, who would paint mediæval German faces with historical truth, must take his models from among the peasants, whose features, in some districts, resemble at this day the effigies of princes and nobles in churches of the thirteenth century. Michelet, interpreting such a phenomenon, might regard the resemblance as a proof of actual consanguinity on the part of the peasant with exalted personages of an earlier age. “*Le serf en moyen âge, est il libre? Sa femme en pratique n'est pas plus sienne que l'esclave antique. Les enfants, sont ils ses enfants? Oui et non. Il est tel village où la race entière reproduit aujourd'hui les traits des anciens seigneurs.*”

If there really is a family resemblance of this kind to mediæval grandees on the part of the Sauerland peasantry, one must own that it is not more flattering to the beauty than to the morality of the former, for the latter are not a comely race. In plain truth, from the baby (and the villages swarm with babies in a manner formidable for the France of the future, if hopeful for the manufactures in the Ruhr Basin) to the grown man or woman, there is an all pervading ugliness, which no visitor can fail to remark. Other causes, however, than a common ancestry of oppressors, may account for the family likeness, as well as the rude looks and manners of these villagers; and one seeks some other explanation, the more that there was in Westphalia one class of peasants with peculiar freedom

and rights of self-government; although there was likewise a large class of serfs, and old men are still to be met who remember being "slave" in their childhood. Freemen or serfs, however, they all suffered alike from war, invasion, and rapine; and the blood of the conqueror and the freebooter may thus be mingled with theirs. But the general likeness comes, doubtless, in part of a legitimate family relationship, for some names are so common that their possessors are distinguished by numbers.¹ The severe out-door labour which all the women undergo, is another cause of coarse-featured resemblance, and is at the same time in all probability the main cause both of the persistent boorishness of the people and of the uncleanness of their houses. Captain Burton comments with satisfaction on the superior physique of German over both Brazilian and American women, which he traces to out-door labour "Not a few," he says, "of the (Brazilian) women possess that dainty delicate beauty which strangers remark in the cities of the Union. The want of out-door labour shows its effect as palpably in the Brazilians as in the United States. The sturdy German *fraus* who land a Rio de Janeiro look like three American women rolled into one. Travellers are fond of recording how they see with a pang girls and women employed in field work. But they forget that in moderation there is no labour more wholesome, none better calculated to develop the form, or to produce stout and healthy progeny."² The due moderation, however, is not observed in the mountains of Westphalia nor in many other parts of Germany; and Herr Riehl himself is driven to admit that the looks of the women suffer from the severity of their labours. The imposition of heavy field labour upon women is no doubt traceable in part to primitive German life, or the primitive division of employments—man, the warrior; woman, the labourer. But modern causes preserve the custom: the younger men are absent in the army; and those who have served their time, are tempted from the farm by the mines and manufactures around them. In Siegerland it is not uncommon for peasants to be co-proprietors in a mine which they work at themselves. Female husbandry becomes thus the cardinal feature in the rural economy, and the great extent of ground under meadow and wood makes such husbandry possible, the amount of tillage being small. The rich irrigation of the valleys yields four or five cuttings of grass, from which the cattle get the greater part of their food; and the hill-sides are cropped for

(1) Speaking of a similar circumstance in his own department of La Creuse, in the centre of France, M. Leiner de Léonce says:—"Chaque village a dû être à l'origine la résidence d'une seule famille, car les habitants portent presque toujours le même nom."—*Rurale Economie de la France*. The present writer was likewise struck, in traversing the villages of La Creuse, with the physical resemblance of the villagers; but these unlike the peasantry of Sauerland, are a very good-looking race, due probably to happier history, and lighter labours in the field on the part of the women.

(2) "Explorations of the Highlands of the Brasil," i. 392.

the most part only in the year after the removal of the wood, which is their main growth; the "wood-rights," like the "water-rights," being carefully guarded, and every *gemeinde*, or commune, having both its "wood-overseer" and its "water-overseer." Several causes combine to make wood here one of the principal objects of husbandry: the infertility of the hills, the continued rise for two centuries in the price of wood, and the great demand for bark for tanning, which is one of the chief local industries,—skins coming for the purpose to Siegen from all parts of the world. It is the old custom, however, to estimate a peasant property by its amount of meadow land, though the hill-side attached to it may be three or four times as large. A plough as old as the time of Arminius is a sign of the tenacity with which ancient custom is still clung to in this hitherto isolated district; and the introduction of improved agricultural machines will greatly lighten the labours of the women, by enabling the men to get through a much greater amount of work during their periodical visits to the farm.

The persistence of ancient custom is doubtless attributable in part to the environment of the physical world. Mountains have played a great part in shaping the history of mankind; they have been staunch guardians of customs, and obstacles to new ideas and arts. There is a literal truth in Shakspeare's phrase, "mountainous error," which may perhaps have been present to the fancy of the poet, though the connection between mountains and custom in this literal sense is the converse of that in his verse.¹ But higher mountains than any in Sauerland or Siegerland can no longer shut out movement or change. Already the manufacturer's villa rises along the iron road which joins Siegen with the Basin of the Ruhr; the steam-hammer resounds in the valley of the Lenne; and long trains laden with sulphur from the Siegena mines leave the stations of Grevenbrück for the markets of all central Europe. It is happy for Westphalia that the future of Germany does not depend, as Herr Riehl contends, on the immobility of the peasantry—the steadfastness of their adherence to immemorial usage. The order of things which rests on such a basis is apt to give way of a sudden, like the mountain and "mountainous error" which the railway removes. It is on peasant property in land, not on peasant custom, that the stability of Germany rests; and sixty years ago Prussian statesmen arrived at that conviction. "Prussia saw with terror, in 1808," says Gustav Freytag, "how insecure was a state which had so great a claim on the bodies, and so little on the hearts, of its people." The worst traits of the German *bauer*—his boorishness, his obstinacy, his laziness at work for another—belong to the past; they are the vestiges of ages of barbarism, servitude, and

(1) "What custom wills, in all things should we do it,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to over-peer."—*Coriolanus*, act ii., sc. 3.

military oppression ; while his best qualities—his sobriety, honest and thrift for his family—are the offspring of peasant property.

That the future of Germany rests on the peasant is but half true and so far as it is true, it is so for a different reason and in a different manner from what Herr Riehl has in view. It is so because property and education are elevating his condition and enlarging both his understanding and the sphere of his affections. He has become a countryman in the room of a master. But the future of Germany rests also with the miner and the mechanic ; and the region of Westphalia from which we can best augur it is the Basin of the Ruhr where the *bauer* flourishes most, and where mining and manufactures are carried on on a scale which, for Sauerland and Siegerland, is yet only a prospect. "If you would see what Germany is doing said M. Emile de Laveleye to the writer, "go to the Ruhr Basin and during the visit which followed the suggestion (though mainly chiefly in reference to the intelligence of German enterprise, and the wisdom of Prussian government), he was often reminded of the attention which M. de Laveleye shows in his works to the physical geography, the geology especially, of the countries whose economic condition, productions, and industrial occupations, he describes. The mountains of South Westphalia, the coal measures of the Ruhr Basin and the alluvial flat to the north, divide Westphalia into three distinct economic, as into three geological, regions.² It has been the doctrine of some eminent writers, Auguste Comte at their head, that the influence of nature's powers, and of local conditions, such as soil, climate, &c., over human society, decreases as civilisation advances. But the truth is, that the number and force of physical causes operating on the condition of man increase with human progress, and as local resources are brought more and more into play. A new age opened for mankind when iron was discovered, and the influence of iron on the fortunes of nations becomes constantly greater. The gold of California and Australia had no influence on the original inhabitants ; twenty years ago it was still inoperative on mankind ; it would have continued so but for geology and navigation ; it has by their aid created two nations who, it is already evident must have no small share in shaping the future history of both hemispheres. Coal played no significant part in English history until the nineteenth century ago. It has since trebled the population, shifted the political centre, and produced a social revolution. The coal of the Ruhr Basin had no effect on the fortunes of Westphalia fifty years ago ; fifteen years ago its effect was but trifling ; it has since raised the province to the first rank in industrial Europe. The whole tendency of increasing physical knowledge is to discover new natural

(1) Called also the "Westphalian Coal Field," though its bounds extend westward far beyond the limits of the modern province of Westphalia.

(2) As the writer has not himself visited the third of these regions, no description of it is given in this article.

forces and agents, for man's use or abuse, and to bring into action—for good or for evil—the special resources of every locality.

There is, indeed, one class of local physical forces of which the influence on man decreases as his knowledge and power advance,—those of which the mountain may be taken as the symbol,—the forces of obstruction and isolation. The mine, on the other hand, may be regarded as the symbol of physical forces which gain influence as civilisation advances; and the railway—itsself the child of the mine—removes the mountain and opens the mine. An analogous distinction applies to the study of nature. Mr. Arnold, writing on German education, argues that “the study of nature is the study of non-human forces, of human limitation and passivity. The contemplation of human force and activity tends constantly to heighten our own force; the contemplation of human limitation and passivity tends to check it.”

The contemplation of natural powers by which man was imprisoned and baffled tended no doubt to reduce him to immobility and stagnation; it is not so with that study of nature which shows how dominion over nature may be acquired, and prompts to the acquisition. The mine is the creature of geology, as the steam-engine is of mechanics. This reflection was brought forcibly to the writer's mind on arriving in the Ruhr Basin from Sauerland. A few hours after he had been wearily watching one afternoon a set of labourers in the valley of the Lenne, lifting stones lazily one at a time from a road-side quarry into a cart, which half the number of men might have filled in the fourth of the time, he found himself by the side of a coal-mine near Dortmund, from which a steam-engine was pumping several thousand feet of water a minute night and day, while around was a colony of miners—English, Irish, and Germans—all looking the incarnation of activity and force, though with striking differences of physical type, and among them the President of the Prussian Mining and Iron Works Company, a man to whose enterprise, energy, and sagacity the Ruhr Basin owes not a little of its extraordinary progress in the last fifteen years. It was like passing from “a land in which it seemed to be always afternoon,” to one in which there was no night.

Forty minutes by express from Dortmund and one is at Essen, in the centre of the coal-field, surrounded by manufactories and foundries, but chiefly remarkable for the great cast steel works of Mr. Krupp, who may well be regarded as the representative man of the Ruhr Basin. He began business at the age of fifteen, with two workmen and a small local market, and twenty years ago his establishment was still a small one. Now the buildings form in themselves a considerable town; the steel works alone give employment to upwards of 8,000 men, who with the families of those who are

married, make a population of 25,000 maintained by this single establishment, exclusive of 2,000 men in Mr. Krupp's employment at coal-mines near Essen, at blast furnaces on the Rhine, and at iron pits on the Rhine and at Nassau. The steel-works included in 1867, 412 melting-furnaces, 195 steam-engines, some of them of a thousand horse-power, 49 steam-hammers, 110 smiths' forges, 675 different machines; and all these numbers now are exceeded. The works are connected by special lines of railway above fifteen miles in length, and the gasworks of the establishment are equal to those of the city of Cologne. "The administration," as Mr. Samuelson says, "is like that of a small State. All the heads of the technical departments are pupils of the various polytechnic schools in Germany. The commercial staff includes a jurist, by whom all contracts are settled and legal questions determined. The foremen have all risen from the ranks." Unfortunately Mr. Krupp is not only a representative of the prodigious progress of industry in the Ruhr Basin, but an example of the influence of political causes on its productions—a class of causes which most English economists seem deliberately to ignore, although they are among the chief conditions determining the occupations and wealth of mankind. In 1866 the steel produced at Mr. Krupp's works was valued at nearly a million; but the greater part was probably material of war. Yet there is good reason to believe that even at his works the amount of production would be greater were this a world of good government and peace; and what would be the increase in the other manufactories of the Ruhr Basin, whose business is dependent on peace? It may be affirmed as beyond question that the only impediment to Prussian progress is war; and although the blame hitherto has rested chiefly, not on the government of Prussia, but on the military despotisms surrounding it, Prussia itself is now in a condition to cast the sword into the scale of peace, and is responsible accordingly. In most respects the Prussian government has, it must be admitted, been for half a century singularly sagacious and beneficent, and there is one point in which its wisdom is specially illustrated in Mr. Krupp's works. He has but few Prussian patents, —these, too, only for considerable inventions; and the discrimination with which patents are granted in Prussia is alone sufficient to enable Prussian manufacturers to distance before long those of a country in which to make even the slightest change is now attended with danger, in which it is perilous in the highest degree either to patent a great invention or to work it without one. Prussia is fast acquiring all the peculiar advantages to which England owed her earlier superiority—coal, iron, mechanical invention, and good means of communication—and adding to them conditions of success, of which England is deprived by her own laws—including what Bacon has called "a law of neglect." The chief point to be considered in comparing the prospects of England and Prussia is not their present rela-

tive condition, but their relative condition now as compared with what it was twenty years ago. Twenty years ago the Ruhr Basin was nowhere in the industrial race; now it produces nearly half as much coal as the great northern coal-field of England: twenty years ago it had only just completed a single line of railway; now the Basin is a network of branches, connecting, not only the towns, but the principal manufactories and collieries with the three main lines which traverse it. The following figures show the rate at which the production of coal has advanced:—

Date.	English tons.	Date.	English tons.	Date.	English tons.	Date.	English tons.
1851	1,771,454	1856	3,510,502	1860	4,276,254	1864	8,146,433
1852	1,921,962	1857	3,635,256	1861	4,964,621	1865	9,276,685
1853	2,146,275	1858	3,898,502	1862	5,701,201	1866	9,329,503
1854	2,670,099	1859	3,793,356	1863	6,300,981	1867	10,526,015
1855	3,252,323						

The immense increase of production shown in these figures is mainly attributable to the introduction of railways and the low charge for the carriage of coal. Down to 1851 the Ruhr and the Rhine were the only means of transport in districts beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the collieries, and the greater part of the coal was of an inferior kind, raised where it came to the surface by small collieries along the Ruhr. In 1851 the Cologne-Minden Railway came into use for the transport of coal, and led not only to deep-pit sinking, and the discovery of seams of superior coal in other parts of the basin, but also to the establishment of iron works and other manufactures, affording a local market for the coal. To this local market, down to 1859, it was in a great measure confined. In that year the charge for railway carriage of coal for long distances was reduced to one *pfennig* per *centner* (a fifth of a farthing per 100 lbs.) per German mile,² and the above figures show the subsequent increase of production. The railways and coal mines render each other reciprocal service; the carriage of Westphalian coal is now one of the most important branches of traffic on several of the chief Prussian lines, and the low rates at which it is carried enable it to find a distant market. The projected reduction of the rate for the transport of iron ore to the same tariff as that for coal, when carried into effect, will greatly augment the market for coal as well as for manufactures of iron. Until the last few years the Ruhr Basin excelled only in the manufacture of steel; but its iron manufactures are now of the highest quality. The chief difficulty with which the iron manufacturer has hitherto had

(1) The Prussian *tonne* is a measure of capacity, and varies therefore in weight as applied to different articles—coal and iron, for example. The quantity of coal in a *tonne* is about one-fifth of an English ton. In some of the reports in English blue-books the *tonne* is translated “ton,” which may mislead readers.

(2) The German mile is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ English.

to contend is the great cost of the carriage of the ore from the mines in Siegerland, the Rhine Province, Nassau, Hesse Darmstadt, and Hanover. The iron mines are situated for the most part in mountainous districts, some not yet approached by railways, others without even roads to connect them with railways or rivers, the ore being often drawn by oxen or cows, when dry weather permits, across fields or through woods to the nearest road. Nevertheless, under all these disadvantages, the iron manufactures of the Ruhr Basin have trebled in amount in the last ten years; the improvement in quality is even greater; and the iron-works of Duisburg may soon become as celebrated as the steel-works of Essen.

Of the progress of textile manufactures, Elberfeld affords a striking example. A correspondent of the *Times*, who recently described it as "fifteen years ago a manufacturing town, containing 6,500 inhabitants,¹ sinking lower and lower into the slough of pauperism," ascribes its emergence to a prudent change in the system of pauper relief. But prevention is better than cure, though many English politicians seem unable to comprehend it. The system of poor relief has doubtless had its effect; but the extinction of the causes of poverty, and the increase of employment in manufactures, has been the principal cause of the diminution of pauperism in Elberfeld-Barmen, now a town of 100,000 inhabitants. The descent of peasant lands by custom to the eldest son in several the provinces of Prussia—Westphalia, for example²—was formerly a source of constant pauperism in the towns, which, before the great recent development of manufactures, were unable to absorb in industrial employment the immigration of the younger members of the family. But the extension of industry of late years has been such, that, but for war and rumours of war, it is probable that pauperism (which has, in fact, greatly decreased, notwithstanding the great increase of population), would be extinct in the Ruhr Basin.

(1) Query, 36,500? The population of Elberfeld must have amounted to at least 36,000 at the time referred to.

(2) The present province of Westphalia, being composed of a number of different districts, formerly under different sovereign princes, lay and ecclesiastical, had formerly a great variety of laws and customs, some of which are still retained in particular towns and districts. By a law passed in 1860, and not retrospective in its operation on prior marriages, the law of descent is as follows. A community of property is established between man and wife, unless otherwise stipulated by marriage contract, respecting which also there are certain restrictions and stipulations. On the death of either, the survivor is entitled to a fixed proportion, and the children to other fixed proportions depending on the number of children; but no actual division of the property takes place until the death or second marriage of the surviving parent, unless a previous division has been provided for by a disposition made by both parents. The surviving parent has also a right to retain the whole property on payment to the children of the value of their shares; and other provisions respecting the distribution are laid down to prevent the necessity of parcelling lands. Usually the parents settle during their lifetime which of the children is to take the land, and how the shares of the others are to be paid off and the family property is very rarely divided.

The relation between capital and labour is naturally one of the points to which an English economist's attention turns in contemplating a region which has so great an industrial future before it. Since the recent change in the Prussian law permitting combinations of workmen, there have been a few strikes, but regular trade unions have not yet been organised in this part of Prussia. Nevertheless the younger employers—and they are probably more *en rapport* with the spirit of the times than their seniors, whose ideas on the subject are based on experience of the past—seemed to the writer, wherever he had opportunities of inquiry on the subject, strongly impressed with a conviction that the relations of employer and employed are about to assume a new phase throughout Germany. It is a remarkable fact, however—and one which proves that the former state of the law was not by any means the only cause of the amicable relations between capitalists and workmen—that Mr. Krupp—in business for forty years, and with not less than 10,000 men for some years in his employment—has never had a dispute with a workman; a fact doubtless ascribable in a great measure to the admirable institutions and regulations for the benefit of the workmen, of which an account will be found in a pamphlet published in Paris, in 1867, entitled “*Aciérie de M. Fried. Krupp, à Essen : Institutions et Dispositions établies dans le but d'améliorer la situation morale et physique des ouvriers.*” By one of the provisions of the establishment, every workman becomes entitled, after twenty years work, to a retiring annual pension of half his last year's salary, and after thirty-five years he may retire on full pay. Such regulations, however, effective as they must be, do not appear to explain the extraordinary concord and order perpetually maintained in this enormous establishment. From 1,000 to 1,400 men are frequently engaged at one operation, such as casting an ingot; they work as one man; and the same harmony and regimental order prevail throughout. It is doubtless traceable in part to the military training which every Prussian receives. But even at coal mines, where the same regimental order is not required, and where the upper miners were English, I was assured that they preferred to have Germans to work with; the preference being founded on the superior docility and sobriety of the Germans. It is curious to find local prejudices stronger than national ones among English miners in the Westphalian coal-field. A north countryman, who works amicably with the Germans, will resent the intrusion of a Cornishman. “They are not Englishmen, they are Cornishmen,” said an English miner to me of two poor fellows who had come over on an unsuccessful expedition for work. On the other hand, as regards the effect of Prussian military training and State supervision on the national character, there are occasions on which the superior individuality of the Englishman is conspicuous. A very large coal proprietor in the Ruhr Basin, employing many

English as well as Germans, assured me that when an accident occurs the Englishman will do on the moment the best thing to be done, while the Germans stand at attention waiting for orders, probably given to them promptly by their English comrade. As an individual, the Englishman *is*, if I may venture to express such an opinion, naturally superior to the German. His history down to the last fifty years was a much happier one, his personality was more respected, and, what is no small matter, he was and still is (leaving out the agricultural labourer) better fed. Among the Germans at the Westphalian mines the type of the Englishman appeared to me by comparison heroic and majestic. Germany has only had sixty years of emancipation from serfdom, little more than forty of deliverance from perpetual war; her military training (useful as it would be for a short period) is beyond measure oppressive when protracted for three years; and peasant property has not yet had time to produce its best results. "Les Allemands sont trop gouvernés," say M. Emile de Laveleye, "mais bien gouvernés—les Français trop gouvernés et mal gouvernés."

If, however, there are institutions in Prussia which impair certain respects the free action of the individual man, and the spirit of self-reliance, there are others which tend eminently to foster self-control, intelligence, providence, and several of the best essentials of true individuality.¹ The superior sobriety of the German is a constant manifestation of self-command—of a self-command which accompanies him throughout his day's work as well as in his leisure, rendering him much less liable to make careless blunders or to run reckless and useless risks. The inferiority of the Englishman, in this respect, arises not only from the want of intellectual education, but still more from the absence of that motive for general thrift and forethought, the prospect of succeeding to, or of buying, a piece of land and a house, which is the material basis of much that is best in the continental nations. The workman in the town does not feel himself severed from the country, or doomed to remain a mere day labourer so long as he can work. It is characteristic of the difference between England and Germany that a *good* means in the latter an estate in land, a *bauer-gut* a peasant property in land, while in England the only goods in popular thought are perishable articles.

In the Ruhr Basin the wealth of the peasantry has, like that of the manufacturers and miners, and in a great measure in consequence of that of the latter, enormously increased in the last twenty years.

(1) As regards the effect of education upon the capabilities of the workman, I have been told by some English employers that an English workman who has been engaged about a part of a machine for a year, though very likely more handy than any of his German comrades, will probably have no conception of it as a whole, while the Germans have it all in their head, and can draw it, so that they are more ripe for promotion or to set up for themselves.

and the so-called *bauer* is sometimes a man worth above £15,000. The daughter of one of these men, near Dortmund, married the other day, and received 20,000 thalers (£3,000) down as her marriage portion, besides which she will become entitled to £4,000 more on her father's death. In the houses of such wealthy farmers, the modern furniture, the piano, and the "female accomplishments" of which Herr Riehl deplors the introduction, may be found: though the farming is still generally rough, and the uncourteous manners of a time when the *bauer* hated the gentleman as an oppressor survive—like the moat round the country gentleman's house.

Among the peasantry, the smaller class of proprietors here, as in Sauerland and Siegerland, are for the most part, dirty and slovenly in their houses and farm-yards; and an Irish gentleman living amongst them remarked to me, "They seem of the Irish small farmer's opinion, that 'where there is muck, there is luck.'" Cleanliness has no nationality, it is the growth of freedom, self-respect, and prosperity; and it will rapidly grow in Westphalia with the development of its resources, the ingress of knowledge and change, and the increase of general wealth. Not long ago the same plough referred to before as of the age of Arminius was still in use in the Ruhr Basin, and all the implements of the farm were of a primitive kind. Now steam threshing-machines are common, lent or hired from one farm to another; though we are often positively assured in England by writers who seem to affect never to have been out of it, that peasant properties, small farms, and machinery are incompatible.

Westphalia, the Ruhr Basin in particular, may be regarded as the type of Germany, of its unhappy early history, its recent good government and rapid progress, the vast future before it, and the formidable competition before England. "If you would see what Germany is doing," said M. de Laveleye, "go to the Ruhr Basin;" but the chief lesson to be learned regards what Germany is about to do. What will the Ruhr Basin be in another twenty years? All the elements of England's earlier industrial superiority, coal, iron, mechanical power, are, as before said, rapidly becoming the common property of Germany, which brings with them to the development of its great natural resources, moral and intellectual advantages due to no national superiority on the part of the Germans, but to greater sagacity and foresight on the part of their statesmen. Of England, moreover, though not of Germany, Herr Riehl's maxim is true, that the custom of the peasant is the sole foundation of present order, the sole safeguard against future anarchy. And the peasant is driven to the town.

T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

OF LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH: SIXTEEN SONNETS.

SONNETS I., II., III., IV.

WILLOWWOOD.

I.

I SAT with Love upon a woodside well,
 Leaning across the water, I and he ;
 Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me,
But touched his lute wherein was audible
The certain secret thing he had to tell :
 Only our mirrored eyes met silently
 In the low wave ; and that sound came to be
The passionate voice I knew ; and my tears fell.
And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers ;
And with his foot and with his wing-feathers
 He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth ;
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
And as I stooped, her own lips rising there
 Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.

II.

And now Love sang : but his was such a song,
 So meshed with half-remembrance hard to free,
 As souls disused in death's sterility
May sing when the new birthday tarries long :
And I was made aware of a dumb throng
 That stood aloof, one form by every tree,
 All mournful forms, for each was I or she,
The shades of those our days that had no tongue.
They looked on us, and knew us and were known ;
 While fast together, alive from the abyss,
 Clung the soul-wrung implacable close kiss ;
And pity of self through all made broken moan
Which said, " For once, for once, for once alone ! "
 And still Love sang, and what he sang was this :—

III.

"O ye, all ye that walk in Willowwood,
 That walk with hollow faces burning white;
 What fathom-depth of soul-struck widowhood,
 What long, what longer hours, one lifelong night,
 Ere ye again, who so in vain have wooed
 Your last hope lost, who so in vain invite
 Your lips to that their unforgotten food,
 Ere ye, ere ye again shall see the light!
 Alas! the bitter banks in Willowwood,
 With tear-spurge wan, with blood-wort burning red:
 Alas! if ever such a pillow could
 Steep deep the soul in sleep till she were dead,—
 Better all life forget her than this thing,
 That Willowwood should hold her wandering!"

IV.

So sang he: and as meeting rose and rose
 Together cling through the wind's wellaway
 Nor change at once, yet near the end of day
 The leaves drop loosened where the heart-stain glows,—
 So when the song died did the kiss uncloze;
 And her face fell back drowned, and was as grey
 As its grey eyes; and if it ever may
 Meet mine again I know not if Love knows.
 Only I know that I leaned low and drank
 A long draught from the water where she sank,
 Her breath and all her tears and all her soul:
 And as I drank I know I felt Love's face
 Pressed on my neck with moan of pity and grace,
 Till both our heads were in his aureole.

SONNET V.

SLEEPLESS DREAMS.

Girt in dark growths, yet glimmering with one star,
 O vain night sweeter than the nights of youth !
 Why should my heart within thy spell, forsooth,
 Now beat, as the bride's finger-pulses are
 Quickened within the girdling golden bair ?
 What wings are these that fan my pillow smooth ?
 And why does Sleep, waved back by Joy and Ruth,
 Tread softly round and gaze at me from far ?
 Nay, night ! Would false Love counterfeit in thee
 The shadowy palpitating grove that bears
 Rest for man's eyes and music for his ears ?
 O lonely night ! art thou not known to me,
 A thicket hung with masks of mockery
 And watered with the wasteful warmth of tears ?

SONNET VI.

LOST ON BOTH SIDES.

As when two men have loved a woman well,
 Each hating each, through Love's and Death's deceit ;
 Since not for either this strait marriage-sheet
 And the long pauses of this wedding-bell ;
 Yet o'er her grave the night and day dispel
 At last their feud forlorn, with cold and heat ;
 Nor other than dear friends to death may fleet
 The two lives left that most of her can tell :—
 So separate hopes, which in a soul had wooed
 The one same Peace, strove with each other long,
 And Peace before their faces perished since :
 So through that soul, in restless brotherhood,
 They roam together now, and wind among
 Its bye-streets, knocking at the dusty inns.

SONNET VII.

RUN AND WON.

Around the vase of Life at your slow pace
 He has not crept, but turned it with his hands,
 And all its sides already understands.
 There, girt, one breathes alert for some great race ;
 Whose road runs far by sands and fruitful space ;
 Who laughs, yet through the jolly throng has pass'd ;
 Who weeps, nor stays for weeping ; who at last,
 A youth, stands somewhere still, with silent face.
 And he has filled this vase with wine for blood,
 With blood for tears, with spice for burning vow,
 With watered flowers for buried love most fit ;
 And would have cast it shattered to the flood,
 Yet in Fate's name has kept it whole ; which now
 Stands empty till his ashes fall in it.

SONNET VIII.

A SUPERScription.

Look in my face ; my name is Might-have-been ;
 I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell :
 Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
 Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between ;
 Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
 Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
 Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
 Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.
 Mark me, how still I am : but should there dart
 One moment through thy soul the swift surprise
 Of that soft wing which lulls the breath of sighs,—
 Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
 Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
 Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

SONNET IX.

WINGED HOURS.

Each hour until we meet is as a bird
 That wings from far his gradual way along
 The rustling covert of my soul,—his song
 Still loudlier trilled through leaves more deeply stirr'd;
 But at the hour of meeting, a clear word
 Is every note he sings, in Love's own tongue;
 Yet, Love, thou know'st the sweet strain suffers wrong,—
 Through our contending kisses oft unheard.
 What of that hour at last, when for her sake
 No wing may fly to me nor song may flow;
 When, wandering round my life unleaved, I know
 The bloodied feathers scattered in the brake,
 And think how she, far from me, with like eyes
 Sees through the untuneful bough the wingless skies?

SONNET X.

THE LANDMARK.

Was *that* the landmark? What,—the foolish well
 Whose wave, low down, I did not not stoop to drink,
 But sat and flung the pebbles from its brink
 In sport to send its imaged skies pell-mell,
 (And mine own image, had I noted well!)—
 Was that my point of turning?—I had thought
 The stations of my course should loom unsought,
 As altar-stone or ensigned citadel.
 But lo! the path is missed, I must go back,
 And thirst to drink when next I reach the spring
 Which once I stained, which since may have grown black.
 Yet though no light be left nor bird now sing
 As here I turn, I'll thank God, hastening,
 That the same goal is still on the same track.

SONNET XI.

BROKEN MUSIC.

The mother will not turn, who thinks she hears
 Her nursling's speech first grow articulate ;
 But breathless with averted eyes elate
 She sits, with open lips and open ears,
 That it may call her twice. 'Mid doubts and fears
 Thus oft my soul has hearkened ; till her song,
 A central moan for days, at length found tongue,
 And the sweet music welled and the sweet tears.
 But now, whatever while the soul is fain
 To list that wonted murmur, as it were
 The speech-bound sea-shell's low importunate strain ;
 No breath of song,—thy voice alone is there,
 O bitterly beloved ! And all her gain
 Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer.

SONNET XII.

LOST DAYS.

The lost days of my life until to-day,
 What were they, could I see them on the street
 Lie as they fell ? Would they be ears of wheat
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay ?
 Or golden coins squandered and still to pay ?
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet ?
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
 The throats of men in Hell, who thirst alway ?
 I do not see them here ; but after death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
 " I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me ? "
 " And I—and I—thyself," (lo ! each one saith,)
 " And thou thyself to all eternity ! "

SONNET XIII.

KNOWN IN VAIN.

As two whose love, first foolish, widening scope,
 Knows suddenly, with music high and soft,
 The Holy of holies; who because they scoff'd
 Are now amazed with shame, nor dare to cope
 With the whole truth in words, lest heaven should ope;
 Yet, at their meetings, laugh not as they laugh'd
 In speech; nor speak, at length; but sitting oft
 Together, within hopeless sight of hope
 For hours are silent:—So it happeneth
 When Work and Will awake too late, to gaze
 After their life sailed by, and hold their breath.
 Ah! who shall dare to search through what sad maze
 Thenceforth their incommunicable ways
 Follow the desultory feet of Death?

SONNET XIV.

INCLUSIVENESS.

The changing guests, each in a different mood,
 Sit at the roadside table and arise:
 And every life among them in likewise
 Is a soul's board set daily with new food.
 What man has bent o'er his son's sleep, to brood
 How that face shall watch his when cold it lies?—
 Or thought, as his own mother kissed his eyes,
 Of what her kiss was when his father wooed?
 May not this ancient room thou sit'st in dwell
 In separate living souls for joy or pain?
 Nay, all its corners may be painted plain
 Where Heaven shows pictures of some life spent
 And may be stamped, a memory all in vain,
 Upon the sight of lidless eyes in Hell.

SONNETS XV., XVI.

NEWBORN DEATH.

I.

To-day Death seems to me an infant child
 Which her worn mother Life upon my knee
 Has set to grow my friend and play with me ;
If haply so my heart might be beguil'd
To find no terrors in a face so mild,—
 If haply so my weary heart might be
 Unto the newborn milky eyes of thee,
O Death, before resentment reconcil'd.
How long, O Death ? And shall thy feet depart
 Still a young child's with mine, or wilt thou stand
Fullgrown the helpful daughter of my heart,
 What time with thee indeed I reach the strand
Of the pale wave which knows thee what thou art,
 And drink it in the hollow of thy hand ?

II.

And thou, O Life, the lady of all bliss,
 With whom, when our first heart beat full and fast,
 I wandered till the haunts of men were pass'd,
And in fair places found all bowers amiss
Till only woods and waves might hear our kiss,
 While to the winds all thought of Death we cast :—
 Ah ! Life, and must I have from thee at last
No smile to greet me and no babe but this ?
Lo ! Love, the child once ours ; and Song, whose hair
 Blew like a flame and blossomed like a wreath ;
And Art, whose eyes were worlds by God found fair ;
 These o'er the book of Nature mixed their breath
With neck-twined arms, as oft we watched them there :—
 And did these die that thou might'st bear me Death ?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

SPENSER'S "HOBBINOL."

WHEN, in 1579, their old comrade at Pembroke Hall, Edward Kirke, prefixed to Spenser's first venture in verse, "The Shepheardes' Calender," a letter to Gabriel Harvey, as its unnamed author's "special friend and fellow-poet," he only told in prose what is shown by the Calender itself, where Harvey is enshrined as Spenser's Hobbinol. The difference is great between this Hobbinol as we may see him if we care to look for his true features, and the figure which stands for him in encyclopedias, in text-books, and in that lively account of the paper war between Harvey and Nash which most of us have read with natural enjoyment in Isaac D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors." Hardly a definite fact has been stated, real or imaginary, which has not had a turn given to it unfavourable to the good name of this much misrepresented scholar. A vague concession that "the friend of Spenser and Sidney could hardly have been contemptible," is all that we have given us in "The Calamities of Authors" to qualify the finding of a portrait in the mere caricature produced by an unscrupulous wit, who had more genius but less worth than his antagonist, and who amused himself and the town with extravagant exaggeration of what he took to be the weaknesses of his opponent's character. Yet there is not one—actually not one—sharp point in the indictment against Gabriel Harvey which does not break at a touch when we look from the burlesque upon him to the man himself. He did not become a great man, or what he called "a megalander;" we may, if we will, class him with what is fossil or extinct in literature—its megatherium or dodo. But in his day he worked hard, aspired nobly, and left witness to his labour and his aspiration. Perhaps we do not care, for his own sake, to read the evidence, but set him aside as one of the small matters, if any there be, in which it is not worth while to be just. Then let him have the advantage of being not merely Gabriel Harvey, although to him that was something, but also Spenser's Hobbinol, which to us is more. He was during some important years of Spenser's life, the poet's "long-approved and singular good friend" and counsellor. The counsel was outgrown, but not the friendship. To our credence as well as Harvey's, Spenser has left what he once called "the eternal memory of our everlasting friendship, the inviolable memory of our unspotted friendship, the sacred memory of our vowed friendship;" and it is little due perhaps to Spenser that we should ascertain how much credit is due to the commentators who would have us think that he wrote in this way to a conceited pedant seven years older than himself.

Gabriel Harvey was the eldest of four sons of a ropemaker at Saffron Walden, a prosperous man who, when his boys were young, filled the chief offices of his native town, and spent his money freely on their education. Three of the boys were sent to the neighbouring University of Cambridge, and they all three became noticeable men. The son, of whom nothing is known, may have succeeded to his father's business. Of the three who took to scholarship, Gabriel became, while yet a young man, in or not long before the year 1576, a lecturer on Rhetoric at Cambridge, with Cicero for his guide, and large attendance at his lectures. The year usually given as the probable date of Gabriel Harvey's birth is 1545; and then, as the date of his death is known, it has to be added that he reached the age of ninety. It does not inevitably follow that because Gabriel Harvey was at Cambridge before Spenser, and had ceased to be an undergraduate when his friend first came to college, he was—as the young would count years—a much older man; although the presumption would be fair if there were not evidence to the contrary. But then the fact seems to have been overlooked that there is rather good evidence to the contrary. Harvey's Introductory Lecture upon meeting his class at Cambridge, in the year 1577, was published as his "*Ciceronianus*," dedicated to William Lewin, who, in a letter prefixed to it, gives his own opinion upon the most eminent masters of eloquence, and speaks of his friend Harvey as *adhuc adolescentem*; which he would hardly have done if Harvey had been thirty-two years old. No doubt the range of a man's years comprehended under that term might have been taken by a Roman as from seventeen to thirty; Cicero called himself *adolescens* at the time of his consulship when his age was forty-four, but he speaks elsewhere of five-and-twenty as the term of adolescence, and that certainly answers so well to our own usage, that Harvey could scarcely have been spoken of as *adhuc adolescentem* when he was thirty-two years old. It is more probable that his age did not exceed five or six-and-twenty, and that he had begun the public teaching of rhetoric in his university in the preceding year. For in the next year, 1578, his two first lectures were published as his "*Rhetor*," and we find that, in referring modestly to the full attendance before him, while valuable teachers such as Byng and Dodington, whom he named with reverence, were lecturing to empty benches, he said that he ascribed the fulness of his class in the preceding year to students' love of novelty, but warned them that there was no more of that—"Harvey is old now, and leaves novelty to new professors." As the introductory lecture of the preceding year was upon the occasion of his again meeting his class, we may assume that he had begun to teach in 1576, when he was—*adhuc adolescens*—twenty-five years old, or a year younger. The known age of his brother John was thirteen.

or fourteen, and Richard could not have been very much older, for he also, when he went to Cambridge in 1575, as a pensioner of Pembroke Hall, found in his brother Gabriel a guide and tutor. There was at least one sister in the family, and there might have been several intermediate in age between Gabriel and Richard. At any rate, here is good reason for believing that Gabriel Harvey instead of being a pedantic scholar seven and more years older than his friends Spenser and Sidney, a man who could give himself some airs of seniority in social intercourse with them, was a familiar friend with no more difference of age than is consistent, in free fellowship of youth, with equal sharing of enthusiasms and exchange of thoughts. Spenser and Harvey at Cambridge were both of the same college, Pembroke Hall, and Spenser was in his last year, taking his degree of M.A., when Harvey began, if he had not sooner begun, lecturing on Rhetoric. As for Philip Sidney, Oxford was his university, and although he is commonly said to have gone for a few months to Cambridge at the age of fifteen or sixteen, there is no evidence that he did so. If we would know how the strong friendship between Harvey and Sidney first arose, we must understand more than we do of the relations between Harvey and Sidney's uncle Leicester, whom Gabriel, in his "*Gratulationes Waldenses*" incidentally, and also specially in the inscription of that part of it which is dedicated to him, distinguished as "his Lord;" and who, in July, 1578, when Queen Elizabeth paid her visit to Audley End, was about to send him into France and Italy.

In Harvey's "*Walden Gratulations*," written to commemorate the visit of her Majesty to Audley End, the great house of his native town of Saffron Walden, two significant scraps of dialogue are left upon record. An impetuous member of the University of Cambridge, there present by its representatives to pay honour to Queen Bess, stepped out of the ranks and knelt to her. The over-zealous gentleman was, let us say, about six-and-twenty years old, tall, keen of feature, swarthy, and black-haired. "Who is this man?" the Queen asked in her blunt way. "Who is this? Is it Leicester's man that we were speaking of?" And when told that it was, she said, "I'll not deny you my hand, Harvey." In a short Latin verse exercise appended to the first of the four books of his "*Gratulations*" upon the Queen's coming to Walden and Audley End, Gabriel Harvey gives that piece of dialogue. He adds another set of verses on another saying of the Queen's upon the same occasion. "Tell me," she said of him to Leicester, "is it settled that you send this man to Italy and France?" "It is," said he. "That's well," she replied; "for already he has an Italian face, and the look of a man; I should hardly have taken him to be an Englishman." In his lines upon this theme, we have Gabriel's own witness to the

dusky hue, which scoffing Nash compared to rancid bacon. Harvey's service of Leicester, here so distinctly indicated, may have led to the establishment of that warm friendship for Leicester's nephew Sidney, which breathes out of another poem in the *Walden Gratulations*. It certainly enabled Harvey the more safely to counsel his friend Spenser, gone northward, to leave "those hills where harbrough nis to see," and resort to the dales with their rich shepherds and fruitful flocks. It may have been not as a poet only that Harvey sent Spenser to Leicester, though enough for Sidney that he was a poet of his own age who thought with him on the great religious questions of the day. The fact that it was Gabriel Harvey who sent Spenser to London, seems to connect this reference in 1578 to Leicester's purpose of sending Harvey abroad with the affectionate Latin hexameters addressed to his friend Harvey in October, 1579, by Edmund Spenser, then on the point of travelling into France; "dispatched by my lord, I go thither," Spenser said, in the postscript dated from Leicester House, "as sent by him, and maintained (most what) of him; and here am to employ my time, my mind, to his honour's service." Through those two scraps of the Queen's talk recorded in the *Walden Gratulations*, we come perhaps a little nearer to the prose version of Hobbinol's advice that Colin should resort to the rich shepherds of the dales.

On the occasion of the Queen's coming to Audley End, Dr. Howland, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, had notified to Lord Burghley that he and the heads of colleges would there wait on her Majesty, and have ready some disputants upon two moral questions—one whether clemency or severity be more praiseworthy in a prince; the other, of Fortune and Fate; also that they would present a book, which was, in fact, a Greek Testament, bound in red velvet and gold. Burghley chose the debate on clemency and severity, and accepted the offer of the book, upon condition that it was not to be scented with spike, which her Majesty could not abide. There must be also some gloves and a few verses for Leicester, the Earl of Oxford, and Sir Christopher Tatton; Burghley himself wanted none. The University duly appeared by dignitaries in their gowns and hoods; the Queen arrived, hot and faint, from her journey, in July weather, and went indoors; but after due refreshments the debate took place, and lasted for three hours. Mr. Fleming, of King's College, argued for clemency; Byng, Master of Clare Hall, concluded; Harvey, of Pembroke, Palmer, of John's, and Hawkings, of Peterhouse, opposed; Fletcher, of King's College, was moderator; but the Lord Treasurer, as Chancellor of the University, took on himself to interfere, and cut short all repetitions or long discourses by way of confutation with the dictum, "*Loquor ut Cancellarius, disputa dialecticè.*" There is in the library of the British Museum an old copy of Quintilian, which

once belonged to Gabriel Harvey, and has wide margins liberally besprinkled, in some places crammed, with notes in his firm and elegant handwriting. On the blank space at the end we find him fortifying himself for this conflict, using Quintilian as a whetstone to his wit, and inscribing over against references to sections on extempore speech, memory, pronunciation, audacity, and courage, and against all manner of diffidence and despair—"My notes against my disputation at Audley End, in the Court, before my Lord Treasurer, my Lord of Leicester, and in the Queen's hearing." He writes under this a sound reflection, founded on the popularity among Italians of the artificial style of Aretino: "Unico Aretino—in Italian, singular for rare and hyperbolical amplifications. He is a simple orator that cannot mount as high as the quality or quantity of his matter requireth. Vain and fantastical amplifications argue an idle brain. But when the very majesty and dignity of the matter itself will indeed bear out a stately and haughty style, there is no such trial of a gallant discourser and right orator. Always an especial regard to be had of decorum, as well for orators and all manner of parleys as in other actions." Is this the thought which animates fantastic pedantry? The notes here quoted are at the end of the book, before the fly-leaf, which is covered with citations from many authors, made, apparently, in view of the same occasion, and therefore before July, 1578. The rest of the notes, which are part Latin, part English, and the incessant light underlining of words as the whole book was read carefully, pen in hand, belong chiefly to the following year; for in a closing memorandum Harvey sets down that he had read the book through again from the beginning, in September, 1579, and compared it with Cicero ad Brutum and Ramus, meaning, no doubt, Ramus's "*Brutinæ Questiones*." The notes often illustrate pleasantly their writer's character, and give his estimate of the reputations of contemporary scholars. It is interesting, for example, to find him noting as "*tria vividissima Britannorum ingenia*," Chaucer, Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Jewell; to which he adds as the next triad, "*tres florentissimas indoles*," Heywood, Sidney and Spenser. "*Qui quærit illustriorum Anglorum ingenia, inveniet obscuriora*," from which censure he excepts, he says, a very few, and first of them Sir Thomas Smith, Ascham, Wilson, Digges, Blundeville, Hakluyt, "*mea corcula*"—my favourites.

But how little of a dry pedant young Gabriel Harvey was, we can learn without reference to MS. if we will only look into his three published lectures, delivered, as the custom was, in Latin. In his introductory lecture, upon returning to the University in 1577, he says, after the fashion of wit in his day, that during the vacation he had been breakfasting on Tully, dining on Cæsar, and supping on Virgil. He will not say with which viand he took nectar, with which

wine, and with which beer, but will speak of the talk of the guests, which is the sweetest seasoning of banquets. He then characterises the style of different writers. A friend had said that it would be less wonderful that Duffield should leave his philosophy than Harvey the eloquence he loves and exalts *supra mundum, supra modum*. Philosophers, says Harvey, are not always prophets; and he proceeds at once emphatically to recant much that he had taught in the preceding year. He had followed those Italians—Bembo, Sadolet, Nizolius—who exalted above all things the Ciceronian style, and had detested men who were not absolute Cicero-worshippers, as Erasmus, More, and Budé. He had abused Politian and Pico della Mirandola. He cites his own old Ciceronian formulas for the beginnings of speeches and letters, speaks of the delight he had in big Roman capitals, as IVP. O. M. "I produce," he said, "my folly to make you wiser. I worshipped M. T. as the god of Latinity, and would rather have been a Ciceronian than a saint." But he had since fallen upon Jean Sambuc's "Ciceronianus." It had made him think, and sent him to the study of the old masters of Latinity. From that he had gone to the "Ciceronianus" of Peter Ramus, and to that of Professor Freig, of Basle, and to a preface by Sturmius, of Strasburg, and he had learned now to look at the ground and roots of Ciceronian eloquence; to relish the independent thought in Pico, and Erasmus, and Politian; to look for the whole man in a writer as the source of style, and, still exalting Cicero, to attend first to the life and power of the man, and not to the mere surface polish of his language. Let every man, he says, learn to be, not a Roman, but a Frenchman, German, Briton, or Italian. That certainly is not the lecture of a pedant rigid in the forms to which he had been bred. And the manliness of scholarship grew upon Harvey. In one of the MS. notes made by him three years later on the margin of his Quintilian, a sentence of the text suggests to him that "Mr. Ascham, in his fine course of Imitation, is somewhat too precise and scrupulous for fully only, on all points; we having such excellent and dainty choice the Latin tongue, worthy to be regarded and resembled in fitting place," and then he cites, with a differently defining adjective to each, nearly a score of authors. On another page he notes that a man without Greek is half learned; as Ascham said in joke of Mr. Addison, though he loved him dearly, that he fluttered on one wing.

Thus Gabriel Harvey won honour to himself at Cambridge while he was training his two younger brothers, Richard and John. Richard was a lively pupil, ready to turn Latin verse on any subject, and warmly attached to his brother. He had Gabriel's fervid spirit without his discretion. He passed through a course of medicine and philosophy to study for the Church, and held a vicarage at the time when his

brother John, who had obtained a physician's degree from his University, died—twenty-nine years old—at Lynn, in Norfolk, where he had been establishing himself in practice. Dr. John Harvey was a quiet, studious man, who wrote little books indicating healthy tastes and calm judgment. But the Rev. Richard was restless and impulsive. He plunged into the Marprelate controversy; he played prophet; he attacked the wits of the town as “piperly players and makebates;” and it was he who brought the wits down on himself, and provoked them, in the reckless fashion of the time, to scoff at all his family.

Then Gabriel's resentment of an insult diverted the enemy's fire, and it was he who had to bear the whole brunt of the battle. He had at that time left Cambridge; and having in 1585 obtained grace for a degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, was practising in London as an advocate in the Prerogative Court.

Gabriel Harvey was a man of quick parts and high character—ardent, impressible, with a keen interest in intellectual pursuits, and a critical appreciation not exceptional, but modified and bounded by the notions of his time and by the studies of the University. He stood for an influential class, and fairly represented it. We have always been told to believe, on the authority of Thomas Nash, that he was ashamed of his father, the rope-maker; and encyclopædists have it that he ostentatiously claimed kindred with Sir Thomas Smith, another Saffron Walden man, who had been, with Cheke, joint chief of the Greeks at Cambridge, and who died a Secretary of State in 1577. But his writings, and those of his brothers, show that Gabriel Harvey was warmly and openly attached to his family and to his native town. Evidently it was not in boast of worldly position, but as the most natural reply to a libel on the old man's character, that, in the course of the Nash controversy, Harvey made known that his father, twenty years before, held the chief offices in his town, and that he had spent a thousand pounds upon the education of his sons. These were the public evidences of his father's worth. Again, it is not true that Harvey showed eagerness to claim Sir Thomas Smith as one of his relations. The reverse is true. He avoided the boast. As a Cambridge scholar and a Saffron Walden man who had a reputation for his Latin verse, Gabriel Harvey followed an old custom in producing “*Smithus, vel Musarum Lacrymæ*,” upon the death of a scholar who was one of the chief glories of his University, who also was of Saffron Walden, and to whom, he says, he had looked up as his model of life, studies, and character. It seems that there was a family connection: for in one of his later letters Harvey speaks very incidentally of Sir Thomas Smith's son as his cousin. But in this series of laments, or “*Tears of the Muses*,” they are the Muses who speak for themselves in their own character, and some of them exalt the scholar they mourn by naming him as of their kindred. When

speaking in his own person, at the opening and close of his work, to Walter Mildmay and to Sir John Wood, Smith's nephew and late secretary, Harvey is far from claiming, as it seems he could have claimed, a family connection with the man whose memory deserved his honour.

Again, it has been said, in the pleasant book, "The Calamities of Authors," that Gabriel Harvey's vanity caused him to publish a collection of panegyrics upon himself. Where is it? Can it be that the title of the four books of the "Gratulations of Walden," a collection of laudatory Latin epigrams and poems upon Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, Burghley, and three other personages of the Court—the third of them, and dearest of all, Harvey's friend, Philip Sidney—can it be that this volume, produced in honour of the Queen's visit to Walden and Audley End, has been mistaken for a set of panegyrics on its editor? Or is such a description given to the nine pages of verses on the Harvey and Nash quarrel attached to the 229 pages of "Pierce's Supererogation?" This is the sort of attention and justice clever men get from posterity when they have once been well covered with abuse from which it is nobody's particular business to defend them, and when they have not achieved in their lives anything great enough to draw on them the general attention of their countrymen in after times.

On the authority of Nash, Gabriel Harvey and his brothers John and Richard, have been confounded in one common charge of a ridiculous addiction to astrology. Thoughtful men of their time believed in the influences of the stars, and our language attests the old strength and prevalence of such convictions. But of these Harveys, as before said, Richard alone was an enthusiastic student of astronomy; and it was against him and his "Astrological Discourse upon the great and notable Conjunction of the two Inferior Planets, Saturn and Jupiter, on the 28th of April, 1583," that Nash, in a passage of "Pierce Penniless, his Supplication to the Devil," levelled his abusive wit. Richard's unlucky astrological prediction was addressed at its close—"From my father's house in Walden . . . to my very good and most loving brother, Master Gabriel Harvey, at his chamber in Trinity Hall." Gabriel then held a fellowship of Trinity. That Gabriel Harvey, had he been at Walden, would have discouraged, as he had before discouraged, his younger brother's astrological enthusiasm, is evident from the opening of this treatise: "Good brother, I have in some part done my endeavour to satisfy your late request, wherein you advertise me either not so much to addict myself to the study and contemplation of judicial astrology, or else by some sensible and evident demonstration to make certain and infallible proof what general good I can do my country thereby, or what special fruit I can reap thereof myself."

John Harvey, the other brother, published in 1588 "A Discoursive Problem concerning Prophecies; how far they are to be valued or credited, according to the surest Rules and Directions in Divinity Philosophy, and other Learning;" but this was written for the purpose of confuting and condemning superstitious faith in tradition and pretended prophecies, and it especially undertook to examine and reject an old prophecy of terrible things which were to happen in 1588, though admitting that this year might see the prologue to serious events of which the five acts and the epilogue would in due time probably follow. One of Gabriel Harvey's letters, printed without his knowledge and against his wish, was set forth as containing "a short and sharp judgment on earthquakes." As the set of letters to which this belongs is known through Haslewood's reprint in 1815 of "Ancient Critical Essays," and Haslewood left out the earthquake letter because the matter of it was foreign to his purpose, the world has assumed pretty generally, from its title only, that here Gabriel displayed his addiction to astrology. But the letter exactly accords with the spirit in which he had sought to abate Richard's astrological enthusiasm. It reports to Spenser talk of the night before over an earthquake of which the shock had just been felt; the earthquake of 1580, which set in motion the pens of Arthur Golding, Thomas Churchyard, and many others; and Harvey repeats the argument he had then held, that earthquakes proceed from natural causes, and that although doubtless it is in the power of God miraculously to produce them, it is not the business of man to treat them superstitiously. He speaks with supreme contempt of the crop of pamphlets and prophecies that the recent earthquake shock was likely to produce. In the same letter Harvey reported Cambridge news with a sharpness of censure which, when these private letters were printed without his knowledge, by an injudicious friend, made it his duty to apologise to the Cambridge authorities. In the course of the Nash quarrel, when a distorted version of this is cast up against him, he admits that he was then unduly irritated because he had failed in his application for the office of Orator to the University.

That he was unduly irritated in the Nash quarrel is quite as true. Gabriel had just laid his brother John, the young physician, in the grave, when a gross attack on the whole family, provoked by his brother Richard, came into his hands. It consisted only of a few lines, which were afterwards expunged from the satire, Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," in the text of which they had been interpolated. The copies which contained it were destroyed, and we do not know what the scoffs were which caused Gabriel to come to town, determined to proceed by law against the libeller. He found Greene dying miserably, and his judgment was so far over-

powered by his anger, that he allowed himself to be urged into a written expression of it after Greene was dead. Yet there are earnest and generous thoughts blended with the words of wrath, and there is a pathetic strain of earnestness in the whole letter which contains Gabriel's reference to his dead brother, and record of his latest words to him: "Oh, brother, Christ is the best physician, and my only physician. Farewell, Galen—farewell human arts. There is nothing divine upon earth except the soul aspiring towards heaven."

I do not justify the temper of the Harvey and Nash quarrel, but I do protest against any continuance of the belief that students are reading literary history when they find in Isaac D'Israeli's "*Calamities of Authors*," this quarrel made the basis of a misrepresentation of all facts in the life of a man whom Sidney and Spenser honoured as their friend—a misrepresentation which extends even to so trifling a detail as the suggestion that "it became necessary to dry up the floodgates of these rival ink-horns by an order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The order is a remarkable fragment of our literary history, and is thus expressed: 'That all Nashe's bookes and Dr. Harvey's bookes be taken wheresoever they may be found, and that none of the said bookes be ever printed hereafter.'" It is, indeed, a remarkable fragment, for it is quoted with omission of the fact that this was not a condemnation special to Harvey and Nash, but part of a general excommunication of books by which, in the year 1599, Whitgift and Bancroft made themselves ridiculous. They ordered the burning of Marston's "*Pygmalion*," of Marlowe's *Ovid* and of his *Satires*, of Hall's *Satires*, of the *Epigrams* of Davies and others, of the *Caltha Poetarum* besides Nash's and Harvey's books; and decreed that no satires or epigrams should be printed for the future. Indeed, says Warton, in that year "the Hall of the Stationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library." Had the "*Calamities of Authors*" been then in existence, probably that learned and entertaining book would also have gone to the fire; and one author at least would have been spared the additional calamity of being known to the world, less by what he said than by what Isaac D'Israeli said of him.

HENRY MORLEY.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE PROPERTY CONSIDERED AS TO ITS LEGAL CONDITIONS.

I.—PUBLIC PROPERTY.

As a corollary to the arguments founded on the alleged prescriptive rights of the Irish Church, and the injustice of what is called their confiscation, we have been told much of the supposed danger to which the possessory title to property generally will be exposed, if the principle of disendowment be adopted. This imaginary ground of alarm has been presented in every possible shape, and even making allowance for the exaggerated expressions of apprehension sometimes used, it does not seem to have been altogether without its effect. The question of endowments is, however, one of vast importance. It meets us at every step in any attempt to solve the problems that now so deeply affect society. In the inevitable revision of our poor-law system, and establishing its relation with the charities that preceded it, or have grown up by its side, and in the great subject of national education, a wise and just application of endowments is the first thing to be sought. There is not at this time any matter of legislation the true principle of which it is more important to ascertain. In doing this, it is in the first place necessary to make clear, beyond all question, where the line of demarcation between public and private property must be drawn, in conformity with the teaching of history and jurisprudence, as well as of natural reason. It is no less the interest of every individual proprietor than of the public at large, that the landmarks which separate what is public from what is private property should be plainly laid down, so that there may be no ground of question in the future with regard to possessions of whatever kind, whether they fall within the one class or the other. When the distinction between the two shall be clearly understood, together with the different incidents which follow the one or the other condition, the difficulties that now stand in the way of an administration of public property with due regard to the national good, would disappear; and private property will be protected by a barrier that is practically insurmountable, because the interests of every individual will be bound up with its maintenance.

It is not a little curious that the first principle which it is necessary to assert is that all property is either public or private. From the language used and the arguments resorted to, even by astute and learned persons, in the discussion as to endowments, it would seem that an opinion is not uncommonly entertained that there is certain property which is neither public nor private, but partakes of both.

characters. The notion of some persons on this point of jurisprudence seems to be very much like that of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme in grammar; and it will be satisfactory if the conviction that what is not private is public property should have the same effect in clearing their ideas upon this point, as his discovery that what is not poetry is prose had upon Monsieur Jourdain. It is hardly necessary to say that it is no exception to this principle that a limited private interest may be acquired in or carved out of public property—as, for example, that of the incumbent of an ecclesiastical benefice, or a pensioner for life, the tenure of an almshouse, or a building or farming lease of a public estate. The temporary interests of such holders may be as indefeasible as that of the owner of private property, while the capital or the corpus or fee remains the property of the public.

In this kingdom the greater part of the immovable property or land, with the buildings upon it, as well as of property in money or movables, belongs to private owners. It is a fundamental condition of all well-directed and persistent industry that its fruits shall be rendered secure, and that those who justly acquire them shall be protected in their possession. This security is essential to a tranquil existence, and therefore to that mental culture on which the progress of civilisation and the temporal hopes of man depend. On this ground the right of private property is regarded as sacred in every well-ordered community. The public property of the kingdom, though far less in extent than the private, is still in the aggregate very large. It is derived from appropriations by the supreme or sovereign authority of the State, or from donations by individuals for specific purposes deemed at the time to be beneficial to the community; and from the merits of, and in regard to, which objects, it is taken out of the category of private property, and subjected to conditions of transfer and devolution differing in their nature and consequences from those which affect private inheritances. The Statute of Charitable Uses recites that, "Lands and money have been given by the Queen and her progenitors, as by sundry other well-disposed persons;"¹ but no distinction of character is there or anywhere else suggested as arising from the source of the gift. The objects being of a permanent kind, not terminating with any individual life, public property is necessarily vested in bodies, for whose continued existence there is some provision. It is in the Crown, in corporations, or individual trustees. This is one primary mark which distinguishes it from other property. It is held in mortmain or on trusts equivalent to mortmain, perpetuated, indeed, in a multitude of cases, in a very clumsy manner, by requiring successive trustees to convey or transfer from time to time to new trustees,

(1) 43 Eliz. c. 4.

and thus continue the legal ownership. The creation of and undying owner, officially representing the public, a recent contrivance to obviate the necessity of future income and as it diminishes expenditure that is profitable to public agents, it has not been generally adopted.

It has not, indeed, been distinctly denied that all projects fall within one of these descriptions—that it must be either public or private, but the conclusion has been avoided, or practically contradicted, by the assertion that there are such things as public endowments.” If this term be understood to express no more than their historical origin or derivation,—that is, the fact that they have emanated, not from the sovereign or the State, but from private persons,—the appellation is correct enough, and may be challenged; but if it is to be understood as implying that endowments for the benefit of some private persons, as distinguished from the public at large, and with which that public has no concern except, perhaps, to take care that its judges and officers do not sometimes identify these private persons, and perpetually secure property for their exclusive use, such a character must be denied to them. It cannot be too broadly insisted upon that there is no sanction in the legal or constitutional history of England for such a creation as private endowments in the latter sense; in that sense only that immunity from public legislative control is claimed on their behalf. For public objects, and for public purposes only, does the law allow the ordinary rules which restrict the period of settlement and the creation of perpetuities to be set aside. In the period of our history has it been possible, except under an authority created by a special exercise of the sovereign power,—whether by charter, or by act of legislature,—to establish endowments or confer endowments upon them. When religious corporations grew up with a permanent or corporate existence under the sanction of the canon law, and thus were in their nature capable of holding property in perpetuity, the State interposed, and by new laws restrained their acquisitions. The distinct nature of public and private property, and the impossibility that any possession, whether great or small, movable or immovable, can be both public and private, cannot be ignored or forgotten without obstructing and endangering alike the just rights of the individual and the legitimate and necessary power of the State.

(1) Under special Acts, two or three estates, such as Blenheim and Strawberry Hill, have, in respect of great public services, been made inalienable; but these are exceptions, and are therefore no exception. Mr. Hobhouse, in the valuable re-arrangement of endowment contained in his “Lecture on the Characteristics of Foundations in England,” delivered at Sion College (published by Long), regards estates which have been devised to trustees for the poor relations of private entails. (p. 37, Note B.) Where there is any doubt, it is right that

The fact that all endowments are necessarily public is in no degree impugned by the circumstance that many, or indeed most, endowments are applicable for the benefit of, or only accessible to, persons who are comparatively few in number. This is necessarily so; take, for example, an endowment for public worship, for maintaining bridges or highways, or for schools or almshouses. There are, in fact, few which are not more or less special or local. One must be in Dublin to worship in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the bank of the Thames to walk over London Bridge, and one must be able to cultivate the favour of a very select body of gentlemen to become a brother of the Charterhouse, or a scholar of that institution or of Christ's Hospital. The endowments for maintaining the hospital, the bridge, or the cathedral, are not, however, the less public because their nature or condition confines the benefit to a small section of the public. An edifice for worship, a bridge connecting two sides of a city, maintenance and education for persons supposed to be in need, besides their direct benefit to those immediately concerned, are accepted by the State, not for them alone, but for the advantage of the public in general. The endowments or the public gifts by which St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey were erected and are maintained, and the endowments of the Catholic and Apostolic Church in Gordon Square, of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, or of any chapel or minister's house, Congregational, Wesleyan, or Unitarian, throughout the land, so far as they are conserved for such permanent uses in the manner which is in law necessary in order to take them out of the condition of the private and absolute property of individuals, are all equally public. Questions relating to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey may be cognisable in the ecclesiastical courts, while those of the other religious bodies are under the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery; but neither the special jurisdiction which the constitution provides for the Established Church, nor the general jurisdiction of equity in matters of trust, which brings the other bodies within it, has any effect in rendering one of the endowments less public than another. The difference is one merely of legal machinery or, as it may be called, technical law.

Admitting the necessarily public character of all endowments, it is said that still it does not follow that the public has any right or lawful power to change their objects, or divert them from the section

the State should in its exercise lean in behalf of the individual; and therefore it was in evidence before the Education Commissioners, in 1860, the author of this article recommended that such estates should be sold and divided among the families respectively vested. (Report of the Commissioners on Popular Education, 1861, vol. v. Q. 3924.) The ground on which such gifts were held to be legal probably was their public nature as a substitute of poverty, its character as a family provision not being adverted to. In the manner our railway system has proceeded with forgetfulness of the extent to which proper the public concession of the lines should be granted.

of the public, be it more or less numerous, who may happen to have succeeded to the enjoyment of the benefit or the presumed benefit that they confer, and that such a change or diversion is equally in the nature of confiscation, as the taking of a private estate from one person and giving it to another would be. But a public estate in which the public has not power to deal, a national possession which the nation cannot use as it may deem best for the good of its people is a palpable absurdity. To deny the incidents which follow from the public character of the property, is but another form of denying the existence of that character.

The public in relation to such property is always in the position which a private proprietor would be at the time of the death of his predecessor, when he enters into the absolute dominion of his inheritance. In looking at the voluntary dispositions and bounties made and bestowed by the owner whom he succeeds, he will deal conscientiously and generously. He will not, by putting a sudden end to any such bounties, create distress or embarrassment from the disappointment of expectations which there was reasonable ground for entertaining; but he will also gradually and firmly reconsider and remould all such expenditure according to his own judgment of morality and duty. Those who demand more than this, and would impose upon him or upon the public of whom we are speaking the obligation of permanently obeying the orders of their predecessors, should ask themselves what ages or times in our history the inhabitants of these islands, their rulers, had attained such superiority in power or in foresight beyond those who should come after them, that they were entitled to prescribe the actions and duties of all coming generations. There is no reasonable pretence that the governing body in any age, or the concentrated wisdom of the whole nation at any time, if it were possible to have gathered it into one head, could be entitled to make any such irrevocable decree. Examine still closer in what an endowment consists, even supposing the founder to be the best and most enlightened man of his time. If, indeed, it were given to him to create some new source of wealth which should ever after flow, and which posterity could freely enjoy without any renewed effort—for example, he could provide that a certain quantity of bread should every day be found upon a certain board, as a new and constant addition to the ordinary fruits of the earth that are obtained by human labour, no sowing or planting or other work of man being needed to produce it—he might be entitled to tell us who should enjoy this spontaneous bounty; for to the divine function of creation that such a founder would exercise, may well be added the divine power of prescribing an irrevocable law for the distribution of the gifts which he creates.

A distinction may perhaps be made as to some gifts to posterity

There is an essential difference between works which are really the creation of the donors, and such as consist in nothing more than the appropriation of the labour of those who come after them ; and this may afford grounds for a distinction in the laws by which they should be severally governed. A power of dedication for a longer period may well be allowed to the builders and authors of those great edifices which deserve to be regarded as legacies to all ages. The cathedrals, churches, colleges, and monuments of beauty and grandeur which connect the present with the past, may justly claim preservation for their great national uses. So with other constructions of public utility—hospitals, schools, museums, and institutions erected for the material advantage or mental culture of the people. These works may not unfitly be compared to the productions of genius in art or literature, which instruct, elevate, and enrich humanity, and which the world will not willingly lose. Such works are not likely to be disused or diverted from their main purposes so long as they are valuable to the public ; although the appropriation of the most sacred edifices of religion has been governed at all times by the decree of the public conscience.

The endowments entitled to this veneration are comparatively few. Endowments generally must be said, at the best, to owe their existence to a distrust either of the wisdom or of the charity of succeeding generations. They assume to set apart, not merely an edifice, but a portion of the future productions of the earth, in the shape of payments for carrying on its objects, or the work to be done within it. If the institution be really valuable it is the business of each successive generation to keep it on foot, and it is for them to judge whether it be worth sustaining or not ; for it is only by disposing of the produce of future industry that the founder of a stipend or a dole can provide for its payment after his own death. It is of no importance whether it be rent or dividends of stock that are to be converted into necessities of life : so much must be taken from other persons. An endowment producing any sort of income is nothing less than an appropriation of the labour of succeeding generations for the accomplishment of the purposes of those who constitute it. They ordain that so much of the future labour of mankind as they have thought proper to set apart and devote to certain objects, shall not thereafter be employed as the people who may then be living would otherwise have voluntarily disposed of it, but shall be placed in a condition of servitude to the will of their predecessors. If this were accepted as a rule of human government, generation after generation may go on devoting more and more of the fruits of the earth, the result of the care and toil of their successors, until the most part of the produce of the national industry shall be distributed according to the irrevocable precepts of the past instead of the discretion of the present. The

mere statement of this consequence manifests the absurdity of such a law. It is only when confined within the modest limit of a dedication for the public good, according to the best of his own judgment, and subject entirely to that of each successive age, that the claims of a founder to the possession of true public spirit and enlightened benevolence can be admitted. Those who would attribute to him a more egotistical desire, do him the greater injustice. When we come to treat of private property it will be seen that this principle as to endowment is in truth that which is alone really consistent with the due assertion of the right of every private owner to deal with his possessions without restraint. It brings the true laws of public and private property into harmony with one another. It is competent to the owner to convert his private estate into public property, but the conditions after his death must be those only upon which the public can accept it, that it be thereafter at the public disposition. Such a power is all that policy and justice demand; and to give to any human authority a more lasting dominion is incompatible alike with the natural limit of the duration of individual life, with the exercise of independent judgment and volition of living men, with the progress of civilisation and thought, and therefore with the public welfare. The fundamental law must be that while the owner lives his property is in his own power; when he has named his successor, it must be in the power of that successor. No deceased owner can be permitted to deprive the living owner of that which makes property valuable to him and wholesome to society—the power accompanied by the responsibility of its disposition.

Our historical and legal records contain abundant proofs of the fundamental distinction between public and private property, and of the assertion and exercise of the sovereign power in prescribing the destination of the former. They exhibit a never ending struggle, age after age, of liberty and selfishness, to shake off the fetters of the ancestor, and impose new fetters on the children. It is a well known feature in the history both of public and private inheritances. The earliest Parliamentary records contain restrictions on amortissement¹, and our law books and statutes are full of the contrivances of endowed bodies to evade the restriction, and the efforts of lawyers and of the Parliament to defeat the attempts at evasion. These are so many public protests against the right of creating perpetual interests in property in bodies who are not subject to the responsibilities and duties that surround individuals in their private capacity. Ever since the estates of which religious communities became possessors the Parliament very early asserted its power of control, by prohibiting the employment of their revenues in a manner not beneficial to the kingdom.² The laws of a nation are instructive as to its history.

(1) 9 Hen. III. c. 36.

(2) 35 Edw. I., Stat. 1. c. 2.

even less from any value contained in their positive precepts, than from what they disclose to us of the evils they were designed to remedy. In fact, the efforts for amendment, as exhibited in legislative and national progress, too often betray not only an ignorance of the better means, but at the same time expose the cupidity and selfishness which are apt to disgrace no small number of the leaders even of the most enlightened movements in human progress. The impartial student of English history will not rejoice less at the achievement of the Reformation because there are chapters which record the selfishness and greed of the ministers and courtiers of that age.

As our parliamentary system was gradually established, political power in the cities and towns became vested in those who were able to wield the influence that the possession and administration of property, public as well as private, gave them. Powerful as such a political organisation was in the local strength it opposed to attacks on public liberty, when there was danger from the exercise of arbitrary power, yet, when population increased and new social conditions arose, the corporations and local authorities began to regard such corporate estates, privileges, and functions, as personal rights vested in them for their own sakes; and bodies which had done good service, in successfully invoking the protection of the law against despotic authority, became in their turn the local despots. The forces that had been employed to resist unlawful interference from without, were now directed to the exclusion of those who claimed from within a just participation in public rights and benefits. The century which beheld the sale and purchase of boroughs and seats in Parliament was not accustomed to regard with any severe scrutiny the conversion of a public duty into a means of private advantage and gratification. Up to very recent times, except occasionally indulging a pertinacious reformer by granting a futile inquiry, Parliament troubled itself little about the manner in which endowments were dealt with. In many, perhaps in most of the boroughs, there were enough electors sharing or hoping to share in the benefits they were supposed to confer, if not to insure the success of a candidate, at least to turn the scale in any tolerably equal contest. And from this influence there is reason to fear we are not yet emancipated. Even at the last election it is said that victory in a certain city was won by an announcement that the candidate was about to convert into almshouses a large building that he had purchased. Parliament has been ready enough to grant exemptions from taxation which should make endowments more profitable to the holders, but no member is suicidal enough to demand justice for the public at large, for it is not upon that public that his re-election depends. A disappointed heir might protest against the estate of his ancestor

being applied as a premium for idleness, but the Chancellor but refer to the legislature as alone competent to protect the from mischievous endowments.¹ The appeal was vain. A tender political chord could only be touched where the prejudice of the dominant classes overcame the superstition as to founders' tions; or a possession (though, according to that superstition its questionable validity) required to be protected. About a century ago, a Jewish foundation could, without violation of conscience, be transferred to a Christian institution; and a quarter of a century ago, a Parliament unequal to the task of vindicating the right of the public at large to a just participation in public property could yet exclude the municipal corporations, although supposed to be improved on the best models, from the administration of the charities which the founders had given to them.² Ten years later it lifted a large part of the endowments of Nonconformists from the net of adhering to the dogmatic opinions of the founders—a compromise which was made to modern opinion, because the progress of that compromise had already achieved the practical success of acquiring possession of the estates in question.³ This measure was a wise one; but the relative position of the parties had been reversed, it might have been equally just, but it would not have been accomplished. Parliament is always alive in the defence of those who have their ears too often deaf to the prayer, however just, of those who want and seek.

Yet it is in Parliament alone that there is any hope. The improvements which are indispensable to any useful administration of public property can only be effected by bold and comprehensive legislation. There is no judicial or other machinery existing for this purpose. The court can only be appealed to in specific endowments and cannot look beyond the single case before it. If it finds an estate applicable to education, and the poor of a once poor district now perhaps covered with warehouses, it disposes of the fund by creating pensions for the few ratepayers that are parishioners, and boarding-schools in some pleasant neighbourhood for their children. It entertains no thought of the multitude of poor and ignorant who are on the outside. Nor are we warned by examples of its method of treating endowments for spiritual purposes. Some protestant weavers who fled from persecution in Flanders founded a church in Norwich. In the lapse of time their descendants became one in language with their neighbours, and the court notoriously applied what it calls its *cypres* doctrine, by appointing a stipend for a German minister in London to visit Norwich.

(1) Lord Eldon, Attorney General, Bishop of Hereford. 7 Vesey's Reports, 3

(2) 5 and 6 Will. IV., c. 76. s. 71.

(3) 7 and 8 Vict. c. 45.

year and deliver a sermon in Flemish, which no one in the congregation—if there be any congregation—can understand. Such cases are not uninstructional, as showing us what the judicial view of the Irish Church endowment might be, if, supported by no special laws, it came within the ordinary jurisdiction of Chancery. Suppose the case of the tithes of an Irish parish with no protestant inhabitant but the parson and his family, and that the court were asked for a new scheme on the next vacancy. It is conceivable that a chancellor of one religious opinion might regard the congregation as unimportant, and hold that the prayers of the incumbent for the Church universal were a *cyprès* compensation for the endowment; a chancellor of other sympathies might employ it in a distribution of tracts.

The impotency of all courts of justice to deal with the questions affecting public property, and the necessity of resorting to Parliament, has probably done much to create and give weight to the notion that those who are deprived of the administration or enjoyment of public property by a special Act are arbitrarily treated, and excluded, as it were, from the protection of the common law. This judicial infirmity is inevitable in municipal law, which is not the creation of any omniscient mind capable of foreseeing the necessities of the future, but is the result of a multitude of authoritative maxims suggested from time to time by experience. New social combinations and difficulties, and new necessities of rule and organisation, are constantly arising, for which it is the business of those who watch over the public welfare—if there be any authority charged with that duty—to provide. The imperfection of the ordinary courts in these cases is perfectly explicable. The author of the treatise on Ancient Law has shown that the causes of change in the laws of property are to be explained by the history of jurisprudence, and not by its philosophy; and that in progressive societies “social necessities and social opinion are always more or less in advance of law. We may come indefinitely near to the closing of the gap between them, but it has a perpetual tendency to re-open. The greater or less happiness of a people depends on the degree of promptitude with which the gulf is narrowed.”¹ It is no reproach to our civil tribunals that the judges confine themselves to the cases before them, and do not assume to be legislators; on the contrary, it is an eminent merit and a ground of the public confidence in the calm and strict administration of justice among us. But, at this day it is a grave reproach to a government and legislature, possessing all that accurate information which statistics on every subject afford, with their eyes open to the lamentable condition of vast masses of the population, that session after session should be allowed to pass, not

(1) Maine, *Ancient Law*, p. 24.

only without making, but without any substantial step or effort towards making, the vast public property of the kingdom applicable to the improvement of the condition of its necessitous classes; and that it should all be left in its present chaotic condition, to be dealt with in innumerable fragments, by the trifling and futile proceeding of separate suits, in the absence of any rational principle of appropriation, or any principle which even pretends to regard as its first and main object the true and only central idea of all endowment—the public good.

The right and power of the State to resume and alter the destination of all public property, whoever may be its administrator, carries with it the duty of exercising this power when the public welfare demands it. This power and duty are inseparable. It then arises the ultimate question, what changes from time to time expediency and justice demand; and the preceding pages have been written in the hope of doing something to clear the way for a consideration of these great questions as they arise, upon which, more than any other practical subject of the day, the progress and happiness of the major part of the people are concerned. The mischievous effect to embitter differences of opinion on proposals for amelioration, the use of such epithets as “plunder” and “confiscation,” should be met by the indignant disapprobation they deserve. Yet the question what is the duty of the State as to the time and manner of every resumption and change of destination of public property, is not touched. On this point, the education, the opinions, the prepossessions of individuals will constantly lead them to differ. On the extent and nature of the change in the application of the Irish Church endowments, as a matter of public duty, under the guidance of the national conscience, Sir Roundell Palmer may differ from Lord Gladstone, and Mr. Gladstone, again, may arrive at another conclusion than that of Mr. Bright or Lord Russell.¹ On the application of the educational endowments of England and Wales, Mr. Lowe may entertain opinions founded on a broader generalisation, and lead to proposals different from those of the Schools Inquiry Commission; and on the Charterhouse School, Mr. Ayrton may reasonably dispute the propriety of converting a great metropolitan endowment into a boarding school for young gentlemen at Godalming, even though

(1) On the debated subject of the extent or measure of endowment to be left with the Protestant Church in Ireland, it should be some satisfaction to those who may consider it much or too little, or that its uses or dogmatic applications are not defined with sufficient completeness or rigidity—that the disposition is not unalterable; that it still remains the category of public property; and that the Parliament of 1869 cannot bind that of 1900. This inevitable condition surely demonstrates the absurdity of the argument that before disendowment Parliament ought to be prepared to say how the fund—which may accrue twenty or a hundred years hence—shall be hereafter employed! It is the absurd and irrational affectation of a prescience which is not in human wisdom.

be sanctioned by a board of governors, among whom are experienced statesmen. All that can be required of any one is, that he shall take pains to form a correct and impartial, as well as a conscientious, judgment of what is best for the general good, and act upon it.

No one who has seen the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission¹ can fail to see how great is the task which the Legislature must undertake in dealing with endowments. If regard be had to the simplest principles of justice as well as policy, it is evident that in England they require almost an entire change of direction and administration. Instead of favoured classes and favoured localities, there should not be a village or a family in the kingdom without the means of good elementary education, together with that opportunity which the endowments would afford, to pass on to the higher education the poorest child for whom such an education is suited. If endowments cannot be thus equally and fairly bestowed upon the people at large, wherever they may dwell, and whatever their condition in life, it would be better to deal with them as Mr. Lowe advises,² than that they should continue to relieve any members of society from a performance of the duties they owe to themselves, their families, and the public; or be employed as a means for artificially preserving the children of the upper or middle classes from falling back to a lower grade in the social scale than that of their parents. The latter object is one for which the living members of the class may provide by subscriptions from their own purses, if they think proper; but endowments preserved by the State should be applied in assisting the lowest and most destitute, who have the least of the advantages of civilisation, and in giving them an equal chance of rising to an equality in moral and intellectual condition with those who commence their career under more favourable circumstances. Endowments ought to diminish the inequalities of fortune by rendering the chances of success as far as possible the same, instead of aggravating those inequalities, as they now do, by weighting the poor, and giving to those who are already better placed, still greater facilities for outstripping them in the race. Not to educational endowments alone does this apply. The department which superintends the administration of the poor-law, in its thirty years' experience, will have learnt enough to confirm the observations of the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834, that "the places intended to be favoured by large charities attract a population who, in the hope of trifling benefits to be obtained without labour, linger on in spots most unfavourable to industry, and poverty is thus collected and

(1) Parl. Paper, 1868. See also the Report on Popular Education. Printed 1861.

(2) Endowment or Free Trade, by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P. Published by Bush. London, 1868.

created in the neighbourhood whence the founders expected to see it disappear." Instead of narrowing the sphere of labour and creating nurseries of pauperism, something may at length be done to convert this property rather into means of opening for every one an enlarged field of effort, and an encouragement to providence and self-dependence, instead of the contrary.

Again, on the mere administration of these estates, before we come to the question of dealing with the income or rent, there is a vast and wholly unopened field for improvement, in which poorer classes are directly concerned. The real property in England and Wales belonging to charitable foundations, and therefore falling within the division of public property, comprises much of the land of populous cities and suburbs, and probably a million acres in agriculture. The value of the estates both in town and country must depend, of course, upon the labour which is employed upon them. The town estates are capable of incalculable improvement both in their material value and in their moral effect on the poor. They comprise, in the metropolis alone, a very large area, perhaps a fourth or fifth, of its whole area, where the demand for better dwellings for the working classes is of the most pressing character. It is a demand which, if the obstacles created by the present state of the law and the administration of charities be got out of the way, might be supplied by the co-operative labour of artisan and working classes in the building trades, and connected with it. Much of the ground is covered with houses of mean description, affording but little accommodation, and of the poorest kind. It is for the most part held on building leases of more or less duration, some of which are constantly terminating, and of others a surrender could be obtained on easy terms. The public, as owners of the fee, might offer to co-operative unions advantageous leases of such property, on which improvements might be made in the shape of commodious dwellings, work-rooms, and, where they would be useful, club and reading rooms, and other accessories of modern comfort and civilisation, adapted to the abode and convenience of large numbers within a limited space.¹ In such constructions, the skill acquired in technical schools may be brought into exercise;² and the value of the work would be promoted by the personal interest of every artisan and labourer employed on it, as well as that sense of common interest which in many trades-unions has been found to take a less wholesome direction. This organ-

(1) See Observations on this use of Charity Estates, "Usque ad Caelum." See Low, Son & Co., 1862. pp. 28, 35.

(2) One, and probably in some respects the best, practical suggestion, with regard to the erection of dwellings in London, for artisans and labourers, has proceeded from a workman. See "A Letter to Lord Derby on National Separate Dwellings, &c James Mortimer. Tweedie, 1867.

tion, aided by such an application of public estates, might at no distant period go far to change the whole appearance of our populous cities, and widen the sympathies and raise the scale of well-being of the great masses of the population.

In the country districts the public estates might be let as farms to co-operative unions of agricultural labourers, on a plan similar to, or perhaps an improvement on, that of the Suffolk experiment of Mr. Gurdon. If the State were once induced to hold out this hand of encouragement to the poorer classes of its people, it would not be long before the capital for the various works, and the leaders in the movements for accomplishing them, would be found. But for any improvement of public value, new administrative and legislative machinery must be provided. Departments for Public Instruction, for the Poor Laws, and possibly for other divisions of national administration, should be charged with the duty of laying periodically before Parliament, either schemes of amendment, or reports showing the working and satisfactory results of the existing endowments.¹

A new Parliament now enters upon its trial. Notwithstanding the profuse charity of the wealthy in this country, it has been doubted whether there can be, unless in rare exceptions, any thorough sympathy with poverty in an assembly of rich men. If this doubt be well founded, a proposal to render the estates which have been dedicated to public uses a power in the hands of the poor, which may help to place them on a higher starting point, whence they may begin the struggle of life with smaller disadvantages, and under more equal conditions, can expect little favour. It will be well as an initiative step, and a simple test of ingenuous purpose, that Parliament should be moved to require returns of the actual extent and amount of the public property in the kingdom. The departments which have the means of gathering information of the situation and extent of all estates belonging to ecclesiastical, collegiate, municipal, and charitable bodies may be called upon to collect it, together with the duration of the leases, and other tenancies, upon which it has been demised or let. It will not be difficult for the officers conducting the Ordnance Survey to prepare maps on which the public estates shall be marked by a uniform colouring. These will be further and valuable additions to the general appreciation and knowledge of the distinction between public and private property, and their respective boundaries.

THOMAS HARE.

(1) On this subject detail is less necessary, as several methods are referred to in the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission, vol. i. p. 471.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH PLANS ARE DERANGED.

MR. EVELYN had sat too long in the evening air, and he was coughing when he joined his daughter the next day at breakfast. However, the cough got easier after he had eaten something, and then he asked her what she thought of their company of the day before.

"Oh, Mr. Woodville did so amuse me," she answered, "with his oddities, and his globules, and his endless wraps, and the extraordinary old things he had under them, which he thought I did not see; and all the queer organs he seems to have—a great many more, papa, than you have got, although you are pretty well off, too. What a droll place his studio must be, or his surgery; I presume it's something between the two. At the same time, I don't deny that he is clever and agreeable, and though I laugh at him I like him."

"And what do you say of the lawyer?"

"Well, papa, he is very inferior to his friend in point of organs; there is nothing to laugh at about him at all; no nonsense of any kind; he is no adventurer, I am sure, but if he was he would push his way in the world, wouldn't he?"

"A sort of Quentin Durward in a wig; I think you measure them both very correctly. They are both clever young men in their several ways, and much to be liked."

"Certainly, sir; but I must now tell you what I don't like."

"What's that, Fatima?"

"Well, then, I don't like your going on as you do sometimes—as you did last night, for instance—diverting people, and especially strangers, with my bookkeeping and arithmetic. You don't intend it, but you put it in a ludicrous way which doesn't make me feel proud of myself, I assure you. If I had not stopped you in time you would have told those strange gentlemen of my little speculations and dabbling in the funds."

"No, Fatima, I should never have told them a word about that."

"I am not at all sure of it, and even that I once burnt my fingers. All true, no doubt; but people would only see the ridiculous side of it."

The good, vain father was very sorry for what he had done, and promised to be better behaved in future.

"After all," she said, "what signifies it? They did not laugh at me, and if they did,—but I am thinking of myself when I ought to be only thinking of you and the cold you have caught. What is to be done if you are laid up? Oh! how I wish there was somebody to do your business for you."

"There is no use in talking of that, my love."

"I suppose not; so you must only take great care of yourself."

Meanwhile, the two young men were at breakfast, talking of the Evelyns, as the Evelyns had been talking of them, and laughing over the little incidents of the day before.

"A very determined young lady," said Woodville. "She makes everybody do just what she likes. She imposed the labours of a galley-slave on you without the least ceremony. And how soon she put a spoke in the old gentleman's wheel when he began to be too communicative."

"What a prodigious talker he is; all 'tongue, with a garnish of brains.' By-the-bye, I never could see the propriety of that expression applied to Burke, whose brains were surely not inferior to his tongue, as I suspect Mr. Evelyn's are."

"He would prove a bore on longer acquaintance, I am satisfied. We proceed to-morrow, eh? There is nothing more to be done here?"

"By all means. I hope the old gentleman has suffered from the night air as little as I have."

"We ought to call on them in the course of the morning and inquire," said the other.

"It would be the right thing, I suppose," said the artist.

Alexander wrote letters and Woodville sketched for an hour or two, and then they went to pay their visit. Mr. Evelyn was coughing as they entered his apartment. 'Things were disposed pretty much as they had been the previous day, only that Mr. Evelyn had the bundle of papers now lying open before him, and he appeared to be wading through them. Miss Evelyn was reading.

The old gentleman pushed away the papers with the alacrity of a man engaged in some intricate matter not at all to his taste, and which he willingly takes advantage of any excuse to throw aside.

Alexander said he feared they had dropped in at an inopportune moment.

"Not at all," said Mr. Evelyn, "we are only too glad to be so agreeably interrupted."

"I am afraid, sir," said Woodville, "you sat too long *à la belle étoile* last evening."

"Indeed, he did," said his daughter; "and I was to blame in allowing it, particularly with his engagements. When once he takes cold, he is in no hurry to get rid of it."

"Oh, yes, my dear," said Mr. Evelyn, "I shall get rid of it in time, depend upon it."

"*Nous verrons*," said the lady, drily, as if she was still of her own opinion, and then, addressing Alexander, she added—

"You visit Turin, I presume, before you leave the north of Italy?"

"It was not in our programme," he replied.

"Oh, you ought surely to see Turin,—ought they not, papa?"

"It is worth a visit certainly," said Mr. Evelyn, "if you have time to spare;—and, by-the-bye, you would be within easy reach of the Vaudois country, and a few days there would be well spent."

"Indeed, they would," said Miss Evelyn, "both for its natural attractions and its historical interest. What the dear little Ota wants is a tale of heroism interwoven with its beauties. You really ought not to leave Italy without seeing our Valleys."

"But you must know," said Woodville, smiling, "that my friend here is a great stickler for his plans; when he has made his programme, he insists on abiding by it. It is a point of conscience with him."

"Is your conscience so very punctilious?" said Miss Evelyn, addressing the young man of the law, with her peculiar look through her half-closed eyelids, the expression of which was so hard to define.

"Well, Mr. Woodville colours highly," he replied. "I am for adhering to resolutions, but not, I hope, pedantically."

"Just so," said the young lady. "Papa, what was it the Duke of Wellington said of his plans in the Peninsular war? I remember you thought it so wise."

"Something to this effect," said the old gentleman, "that the best plans were those which were rather elastic and admitted of being most easily modified according to circumstances."

"Yes, and it was that which gave his plans the advantage over those of the French generals."

"You see, she has great examples to enforce her arguments," said the proud father.

"Great indeed," said Alexander; "so as I see no reason why we should not go to Turin, and the Valleys, except that we did not originally propose it, I leave it to my friend to decide whether we shall be rigid like Marshal Soult, or elastic like the Duke of Wellington."

"Leave it to me!" exclaimed Woodville; "why I have been the advocate for elasticity ever since we set out on our travels; and I think I may add the martyr of the opposite system sometimes."

"*Teste* Monterone and the donkey," said Mr. Evelyn, laughing.

"You will find the inns rude," said Miss Evelyn, assuming the

age of plans to be a settled thing, "but the pastors are hospitable rangers, and we will give you letters to our friends."

Mr. Evelyn began to cough again, so the young men thought it time to take leave.

"I hope we shall see you once more before you go," said the lady, graciously, as they withdrew. "Perhaps you will drop in at time?"

They were no sooner out of the room, than the artist struck the palm of his left hand with his right, and exclaimed—

"She has a design in sending us off to those Valleys of hers, as if my name is Woodville."

Alexander laughed heartily.

"How she settled it all! if they did not settle it between them."

"I not tell you she was the girl to make everybody do her bidding—sure—even you, whom I thought as firm as a rock. She has her secrets: remember my words."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, what objects could she possibly have?"

"Why really, Alexander, you are sometimes as blind as a bat—you see? She knows her father will not be able to travel, and he is determined not to allow him; he will not go to Turin, so it must."

"But why, my sharp-sighted friend?"

"To transact his business for him, whatever it is."

Alexander laughed again till he was obliged to hold his sides.

What Woodville was not much out in his conjecture. If the young lady had not suggested and urged the departure from the plans on the tourists with the distinct purpose of which Woodville suspected her, she was certainly not long without perceiving it might be turned to her father's advantage.

He returned, still coughing, to his papers, and coughed and groaned and groaned over them. It was pitiable to see Mr. Evelyn pore over those papers. He turned them over and over, now read a portion, then dropped it as if in despair, then took it up again and marked it with a pencil, then tried another; then tied them in a bundle in order, then untied them and changed the arrangement, sighing and groaning, and groaning and coughing. It was pitiable. At last the coughing became a fit; he gave a deeper groan than ever, and then his daughter ran over to him, gathered the papers up, tied them together doggedly, as if she was resolved they should never get loose, and vowed he should not open or look at them again until he was well.

"Very well, my love; I acquiesce," he said, as the cough ceased, raising his voice so feeble that it was scarcely audible.

When he got a little better, his daughter sat down beside him, and said—

"Now papa, listen to me. I have got an idea. Mr. Alexan has decided to go to Turin; he is a lawyer, or has been educated one; he is very obliging, you see, and I am positive he is just the man who may be depended upon to do anything he undertakes. Now why not ask him to act for you, and put all those papers into his hands?"

Mr. Evelyn shuffled in his chair, took his spectacles from his nose, and stared at her.

"Why, Fatima, I never heard anything so monstrous in my life. Here is a young man on a vacation tour, relaxing himself no doubt after hard work, and perhaps preparing for harder, and you want me to saddle him with a troublesome piece of business like this. He would have a pleasant time of it with those papers to study. Besides, my dear, they would actually suspect us, and with a good reason, of persuading them to change their plans for our selfish purposes."

"Pooh, pooh, as to their plans," said Miss Evelyn, curtly, looking vexed at her father's opposition. "There is nothing in that. What other plan had they but the old stupid cockney dog-trot tour of the lakes? They ought to be greatly obliged to us for giving them something better to do."

"Fatima, the thing is not to be thought of; say no more about it."

"Very well, sir, so be it; but positively you shall not make yourself ill with business, whatever comes of it. What would you think of going to bed? I think it would be the best thing you could do."

"I will," said Mr. Evelyn.

Towards evening, just as the hour of tea arrived, Alexander received a little note from Miss Evelyn, a note with three corners to it, in every one of which Woodville, as he eyed it, saw craft and diplomacy. She was unable to receive him and his friend; his father's cold was worse, he was a little feverish, and keeping his room. In the morning she promised the letters to the Valleys, and hoped to bid them good-bye before they went. The note was only remarkable for being couched in the fewest possible words, and written in a yet not unfeminine hand, as legible as printing, the letters were distinctly formed.

There was nothing very deep or crooked in it, at all events. His troubles were near at hand, and little poor Woodville dreamed that the blow was to fall on himself first.

He was at his toilette the next morning, shaving, when someone came tapping at his door. When he opened it, behold it was Henriette to say her mistress would be greatly obliged to him if he would allow her to see him for a few moments.

"Of course," replied the artist, in a flutter, "with much pleasure as soon as I am dressed."

What could she possibly have to say to him? Why did she not apply to Alexander if she was in any difficulty? It was only when Hannah was going away that he thought of asking how the old gentleman was.

"I am afraid he is seriously ill, sir."

"Has a doctor been sent for?"

"I think, sir, my mistress wishes to consult you first."

If Woodville was flurried before, he was twice as flurried now. He cut short some of his operations, and almost cut his chin, shuffled off his old dressing-gown, huddled on the first decent clothes that came to his hand, and obeyed the lady's summons with as much composure as he could muster.

He found her sitting coolly at her breakfast. While she agitated others, she was composed enough herself. It never occurred to him that the most loving and devoted of daughters must have her breakfast, even with the author of her being in bed with a cold. He thought her a monster,—but he was not very long under that impression.

When she rose to receive him, which she did with warmth, thanking him cordially for coming to her, he observed that her face was pale, her eye solicitous, and he inferred from her *deshabillé*, and the hasty arrangement of her hair, that the monster of the moment before had probably been sitting up during the night with her father.

"I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Woodville," she said, "but I am in a very great difficulty. It is most unfortunate that my father should be taken ill in this out-of-the-way place."

"I am very much concerned indeed,—very sorry," said Woodville, his trepidation for himself rapidly giving way to interest in the lady; "but surely the place is important enough to have a physician?"

"No doubt it has, but you must know that both my father and I have the greatest horror of the Italian doctors; they always bleed."

"They certainly do," murmured Woodville, his uneasiness reviving, but unable to dispute the fact.

"And my father is not a subject for bleeding, sir—should you say that he was?"

"I certainly should not," said Woodville, conscientiously forced to acquiesce in premiss after premiss, though dreading the conclusion to be drawn from them; "but why should you allow the doctor to bleed?"

To that she had a ready answer.

"We know something of the doctor here, Mr. Woodville, and he can do nothing but bleed; if there is a Sangrado in Italy, he is one; so, under these circumstances, it occurred to my father, or to me,—I

hardly know which of us thought of it first,"—"I have no doubt you did," thought Woodville)—"that as you are not very strong yourself, and have probably a few simple medicines with you, you might have something that would give him temporary relief, and give us time to send to Milan for a doctor whom we know there."

This was letting him off very easily indeed. With this weight taken off his mind Woodville brightened up so suddenly that the lady very naturally thought he was flattered by her application; he placed all his treasury of remedies heartily at her disposal, mentioned one or two things which might possibly be of use, and was hastening to his room for them, when Miss Evelyn, thanking him with great feeling, made a rapid little supplementary request in the form of a suggestion that perhaps he would be kind enough to see her father. He consented, for he was no longer on the defensive, and it was only as he unlocked his medicine-chest that he felt himself already playing the part of "*le médecin malgré lui*."

He saw Mr. Evelyn, felt his pulse, and, finding it low, returned to his daughter with so long a face that he alarmed her very unnecessarily. He tried to undo the effect by repeated assurances that there was no manner of danger, but she placed less faith in what he said than in the signs of uncertainty and agitation which his countenance exhibited.

"You go to-day," she said anxiously,—"you *must* go to-day?"

It was easy to embarrass poor Woodville, but nothing embarrassed him so much as a question put to him point-blank as to his intentions in a given set of circumstances.

"Well," he replied,—"if I thought—really—I hardly know what to say."

That was just the truth; he did not know what to say, and what he did say further on that occasion he could never distinctly remember; only it ended in his promising to stay until the arrival of the doctor. Whether the offer originated with himself or was suggested by Miss Evelyn, he was never perfectly certain, but that was a point of no consequence. He promised to remain, and Miss Evelyn's gratitude knew no bounds.

"It is so kind, so very kind," she said; "and my father will be so obliged. I must let him know at once how kind you are."

And she ran to her father's room.

Woodville ran to look for Alexander, who had been out for a long walk, and was now vigorously eating his breakfast, wondering what had become of his friend.

Woodville rushed in, dashing his hands through his hair, and pale as if he had just seen a spectre. He flung himself down on a sofa.

"What on earth is the matter, my dear fellow?"

"Everything's the matter,—I'm in for it—that's all. If you go

to-day, you must go alone,—at all events I must stay—there's no help for it."

"But why? pray tell me why."

"Because the old gentleman has taken it into his head to be ill, and he won't see the doctors of the place, and Miss Evelyn saw me taking that confounded globule in the boat, and thinks I am a doctor in disguise, or at least an apothecary. She began by asking me for something to relieve him, then she asked me to see him, then—I really don't well know how the rest of it came about, but ere I am planted, heaven knows for how long, until some physician or another arrives from Naples or Milan, or God knows where."

"Is he dangerously ill?"

"No, not dangerously,—but I would give just a thousand guineas to be back again in my quiet attic."

"Calm yourself, old fellow, and try to eat your breakfast. Everything will come right if you only take things quietly."

"What will *you* do?"

"Exactly what I intended to do, when I got up this morning. I have ordered a calèche and packed my portmanteau. Miss Evelyn does not want me."

"Not here."

"Nor anywhere else. At all events I will be before her, and volunteer whatever services I can render. What else can I do, after the example you have set me?"

"You are a bold fellow."

"Well, do you eat your breakfast while I go and take leave of this terrible young lady, and know the worst."

Woodville was now getting calm, and beginning to sip his coffee. As Alexander was leaving the room he called him back.

"Though I abuse her," he said, "she interests me in spite of myself. Say all you can to encourage her: tell her from me that there is no danger whatever in her father's situation; there will be ample time to get the best advice; and impress upon her also, my dear fellow, that it is only on condition of not being held at all responsible that I consent to stay."

"Yes, yes—I shall explain everything as well as you could yourself."

"Much better, I hope," said the artist.

CHAPTER VI.

IMPOSITIONS AND EXACTIONS.

ALEXANDER was the very ambassador to send to a damsel in distress. He had spirits enough to cheer a bevy of ladies in tribulation. Though he had studied hard, there was no sign of the desk or a trace of bookishness about him; you might have fancied he was bred in deer-forest, or brought up for a dragoon. He was too free from foppery to suggest the idea of a lady's man, but in competition for a lady's favour he would have been a formidable antagonist to nine tenths of the finest gentlemen in Mayfair.

It need hardly be said that Miss Evelyn had interested, if not fascinated him, too, as well as Woodville; indeed much more, for Woodville was chiefly touched by her distress and filial affection, but Alexander was attracted also by the stronger traits of her character. Then, as he had none of his friend's oddities or weaknesses, her piercing eye had no terrors for him; he could meet undaunted the penetrating glances before which the sensitive Woodville quailed. She might look through and through him, if she thought it worth the trouble.

He certainly decided right when he decided to take the bull by the horns, and it had the advantage of making him doubly agreeable in the lady's eyes, for it saved her from the difficulty she really felt in daring as she was, about placing that big bundle of papers in his hands. It was lying on Mr. Evelyn's table, nicely tied up, when Alexander entered, and the red tape caught his professional eye immediately.

The first thing he did was to repeat the encouraging message which Woodville had given him, and Alexander's voice was as cheery as his countenance; his voice and smile together were like a merry marriage-bell on a bright May morning. In a moment he made Miss Evelyn feel that she had no reason to be so dejected as she visibly was.

"I have really been very uneasy," she said, "and I cannot tell you how deeply indebted I feel to your friend."

"He is very happy," said Alexander, with a little exaggeration, "to be able to be of any use to your father by remaining here; and not to be behind him, I hope, Miss Evelyn, you will believe that I will make me equally happy to be of any service in my power to him at Turin or elsewhere. I hope you will be perfectly frank with me."

Whether stars can sing or not, eyes can dance; at least, Miss Evelyn's certainly did at this cordial speech. At the same time she

blushed slightly, hesitated a little, looked thoughtful, and smiled again brighter than ever before she answered.

"I will be frank with you, Mr. Alexander—so frank as even to confess, what, perhaps, I ought to be ashamed to confess, that I had intended to tax your kindness before you proffered it; but I do hope you will impute it all to my anxiety about my father, I am sure you will. I dare say you have observed how little fit he is for business, even when he is in health; his tastes don't lie in that way at all; business crushes him, and when there are papers to be read, and studied, and digested, they make him positively ill."

"I am not at all surprised at it," said Alexander; "a man with your father's tastes would digest the Bodleian library easier than those few documents which I see lying on the table."

"Those few documents!" cried Miss Evelyn, her eyes dancing again. "Oh, but I am so glad to hear you call them so, for they are the very papers I refer to; I was so afraid they would frighten you—they are not so few, I assure you, but, at all events, they are a mountain to my poor father."

"Can you give me a general idea of the nature of the mountain?" said Alexander.

"Well, indeed, I think I can; at least I will try."

Then she told him a short story of a matter (in itself of no importance to our narrative) which had long been in dispute between one of the Vaudois pastors and the Piedmontese Government about a site for a school; it had long been the subject of litigation, but though the law was found to be in favour of the pastor, there were still difficulties with the Government. The English minister at Turin was as friendly as possible, but indeed she fancied he was not much more given to papers than her father; at least year after year had passed, and interview after interview, papers and letters always multiplying, and nothing done. This year a fresh crop of documents had turned up, and Mr. Evelyn was to have another interview with the envoy, about the result of which he was sanguine; but he no sooner resumed the study of the papers, to refresh his memory and put them in order, than he caught that provoking cold, and the case was in imminent danger of lying over for another twelvemonth.

"But remember," she added, "you must see Mr. Eglamour, the minister, himself; it won't do to see any of the attachés; when once a thing gets into the chancery of a legation, there is an end of it."

"Or rather, perhaps, no end of it," said Alexander, "as in another Chancery with which I am better acquainted. The minister, you say, is friendly?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly; and he is a cleverish man enough, only not paperish, any more than my father. He would rather read one of

Mademoiselle Scuderi's folio romances than a protocol or a page of a blue-book."

"The matter ought not to be very unmanageable, as the legal obstacles have been got rid of."

"Do you know, Mr. Alexander, I often think it would be clear enough—only for the papers."

"Highly probable," said Alexander, laughing.

"When do you go?"

"On the instant."

"This is parting very soon," she said, placing the documents in his hands; "but indeed we shall never forget your kindness. You will return here, I presume, to rejoin Mr. Woodville?"

"I wish I could promise myself that pleasure, but I doubt if it will be possible. My friend has arranged to meet me at Turin."

"Return if you can; if not, I must only trust that we may meet again. I have written a few letters for you to our friends in the Valleys; one is to the pastor of Bobbio, a fine old man, and a great friend of ours. I do hope you will go there, and if you do, you will be sure to see a charming boy in whom we are greatly interested, an orphan, and namesake of the famous Arnaud, whom you heard my father speak of. He is a noble little fellow; and if you see him, you won't forget to give him my love. Thank you, Mr. Alexander—thank you again and again."

She gave him her hand cordially, not the least sentimentally, and cordially, not sentimentally, Alexander returned its warm pressure. While her hand was still in his, though it was but for an instant, she looked thoughtful, as if she had something still to say, and scrupled to say it.

"Is there anything more, Miss Evelyn? Be frank with me to the last."

"I will," she replied resolutely; "there is something more, but indeed it is not much. At one of the inns which you will probably stop at, my stupid maid left a little book behind her—you won't laugh at me?—an account book, in green leather, labelled with the word Bobbio. Pray inquire for it, and send it to me by the post, if you find it."

They parted, to meet again, but not for a long, long time, and under greatly altered circumstances.

Alexander returned to his own apartment to say adieu to Woodville.

"Good heavens!" cried the artist, with both arms raised, like Dominic Samson uttering his familiar exclamation, when he saw in his friend's hands the bundle of papers and letters.

"It out-herod's Herod, does it not?" said Alexander, diverted

beyond measure at his friend's horror. "But I'm off; take care of the old gentleman, study the young lady, find out all about them, and take her likeness for me, if not for yourself."

"Deuce take me if I do," cried Woodville, knocking the table when his friend was gone. "I hope Miss Evelyn has found out by this time that it was well she had not the Leone d'Oro all to herself."

But his friend's composure was contagious; the artist got calmer presently. Poor Woodville, when his fits of irritability were over, was painfully conscious of his infirmity, and greatly envied Alexander that happier temperament of his which takes life, like a bride, for better, for worse, surmounts obstacles by facing them with a light heart, and on which responsibilities sit as lightly as on a railway director.

As he saw very little now of the lady—she spent so much of her time in her father's room—the artist's opportunities of studying her character were slight in proportion, and the little occurrences of the day seemed always to be throwing cross-lights upon it. One of these accidents might easily have led to something unpleasant, if not an actual rupture, if, fortunately, Hannah had not acted the part of a sufferer and borne the brunt of the collision.

The young lady, being very exact herself, had already been provoked by Woodville's medical directions, thinking them much too vague, but she had taken care not to let him see how his loose practice displeased her. The night, however, before the doctor came, Mr. Evelyn was to take a few drops of some sedative tincture or another to compose him to sleep, if sleep refused to come of itself. On this occasion Morpheus was obstinate and would not come, so Miss Evelyn sent her maid to Woodville's room to know how many drops were to be taken.

"Four, or five, or six, according to circumstances," replied Woodville, through the door; for he was just stepping into bed. In a minute Hannah was back again. Her mistress begged to know how many drops exactly.

"Five, then," cried Woodville impatiently, as he was in the act of putting his candle out; "five, in a glass of water."

He had scarcely laid his head on his pillow, when there was another tapping, to know what sort of glass he meant.

He now bounced out of bed, and it was only a wonder in his excitement he did not open the door and complete his orders in his night-gear, but he had just calmness enough left to spare Hannah's bashfulness so severe a trial. His commotion was only apparent in the tone with which he answered—

"Five drops in a wine-glass of water—five in a wine-glass—I hope you understand that?"

"Yes, sir, *now* I do," replied Hannah, as she ran away.

"Impertinent hussey!" he growled, as he groped his way back to bed, which he did not effect without upsetting his table with the candlestick and everything else that was on it. But it was with the mistress he was enraged, and he was profane enough to call her a pert minx and a presumptuous chit of a girl twenty times over before he fell asleep.

The next morning the young lady had the good feeling to apologise—but it was for her maid!

"What a cunning little thing you are!" thought Woodville, but he was not the less disarmed, and obliged to refrain from the rub he had resolved to give her.

Perhaps something in his face told her that he had been offended, for she quickly added—

"I know you take me, Mr. Woodville, for a very dry, precise matter-of-fact, methodical sort of a person; and indeed perhaps I am but my father is partly to blame, for he is just the reverse, he has no notion of order or regularity, so I have to do all the precision, as Mrs. Thrale had to do all the politeness when she travelled with Dr Johnson; and then, you must know, I was actually educated for an old maid, by a worthy aunt of mine, who was one herself, and nothing less than a piece of clock-work in petticoats. My father used to say that her heart was a pendulum, and he was sure if her hands were measured, one would be found long, and the other short, like the hands of a watch. It was the same excellent woman who taught me figures, the accomplishment you heard my father joking about the other night."

"And a very valuable one it is," said Woodville.

"It ought to be," she replied, "when it is the only accomplishment a poor girl has. But do you know, Mr. Woodville, I believe I have a grain of romance in me, after all."

"I am sure you have," said the artist, and he was really sincere saying it.

"At least I have my dreams and fancies like other people, and should be so glad to tell you one of them, if you will take me out the water for an hour; my father is disposed to sleep, and I want a little fresh air."

"You do indeed," said Woodville feelingly, for he saw she was looking pale and worn with the confinement and anxiety. "An hour on the water will do you good."

She ran away to put on her things, but was back in a moment, and said in her prettiest, winningest way—

"Would it be taxing you too much to ask you to make a sketch for me—ever so rough a one?"

It was not a very heavy taxation. Woodville promised to do his

Best, and went for his sketch-book while she was putting on her things, and in a few minutes they were paddling on the lake.

"You must know," said the lady, beginning the conversation, "I have a fancy of old standing, at least as old as my acquaintance with Orta; I might almost call it a plan. My fancy is to build myself some day or another, when I get tired of the world, a cottage, or a chalet, or a house of some kind or other, on this dear little lake, and I want you to sketch the spot for me from the water, for I have actually made up my mind where it is to be."

The artist smiled, and Miss Evelyn directed the boatman to the proper point of view.

"Salvator himself could not have chosen better," said Woodville, when they reached it.

"And the view it commands is no less fine, I assure you; that is the great point."

Woodville did a thing of this kind rapidly. The sketch was made in twenty minutes, and he promised to put in the details and do the colouring before he left Orta.

"And pray consider for me," she said, "what sort of a house it ought to be, to suit the scenery."

"Does your romance really go to the length of a cottage?" said Woodville.

She laughed, and replied, "Well, indeed, perhaps it had better be a villa."

"I thought so," said the artist to himself, and then told her that he thought a villa would be the correct thing, as they were on the Italian side of the Alps.

Without his pencil he would have been badly off during the many solitary hours he had now on his hands. Notwithstanding his peevish vow, after finishing the sketch for Miss Evelyn and putting in the villa, he took her likeness, as his friend had requested, but without troubling her to sit for it.

As in the case of his way-side picture, it was not so much a sketch of what she then was, as of what he imagined she would be in the lapse of time sufficient to develop the opening girl into the full-blown woman. He speculated on the changes which ten or a dozen years would probably make; he made the nose more commanding, he rounded, solidified, and doubled the chin, he amplified the bust, and the result was a fair and portly lady, stately and independent rather than haughty, and fit to be the centre of life and activity to a goodly family, or a large estate. If he dwelt more lovingly on one detail than another, and painted it with more care, it was her hair. Had he been painting Ceres, he would have given the goddess just such locks. The eyes were his great embarrassment, and if he could with propriety have made one sentimental,

and the other cool and calculating, he would have done it. As it was, he could only compromise between a sparkle of romance and a shrewd eye to the main chance. A touch here and a touch there made the poetical or the speculative expression alternately prevail. It was wonderful what changes of character Miss Evelyn's countenance underwent according to the artist's mood, often influenced by his last interview with her. In fact, the expression of the eyes was still unsettled when, to his inexpressible relief, the doctor from Milan came.

To increase his satisfaction, he found in him an old acquaintance, whom he had quite forgotten, of his medical-student days. They agreed to dine together, and Woodville had now the opportunity he so much desired of learning something of Mr. Evelyn's history.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"AND you actually don't know who our patient is?" said Dr. Laurence.

They had dined, and were now smoking a cigar together, after Laurence had seen the old gentleman, and pronounced that he had turned the corner, thanks (as it was at least only courtesy to say) to Mr. Woodville's judicious treatment.

"And you don't know his history?"

"No, though his name was quite familiar to me."

"You never heard in Paris of Evelyn Pacha, or Evelyn Effendi?"

"Evelyn Effendi! you are surely joking."

"Not at all, I assure you; he was well known by that appellation ten or a dozen years ago."

"And how did he come by such an odd nickname?"

"In the most natural way in the world: he resided for years Smyrna, where he was connected with a house in the Turkey trade and being a reading man, without any fixed opinions, he took studying the Koran, and actually turned Mahomedan."

"You don't say so!"

"Whether he was ever actually a pacha, or was raised to any other Turkish dignity, I can't say, but he certainly deserted the Cross for the Crescent, and even wrote a book or a pamphlet giving his reasons for preferring the prophet of Arabia to the prophet of Nazareth."

"But he is surely not a Mahomedan at present; his interest in the Vaudois proves that."

"No, no, he is a good Christian enough now, I believe, and probably at this time of his life he will change no more—especially his daughter's account."

"Was she a Mahommedan also?"

No, though the name of Fatima smacks of the 'Arabian Nights;' her father's connection with the Turkey trade explains that. She was brought up from a child by an aunt, and to this day hardly knows, I believe, to what extravagant lengths her father went when he was in the East, for his family and friends did everything to hush the matter up, and it would probably have been forgotten before it was only for the unhappy consequences of his folly."

It is easy to see that he is a weak, impulsive man, with more feeling than judgment, but still I am amazed at what you tell me."

Oh, he paid dearly for his freak; his apostasy cost him a son."

How was that?"

It is a singular story. You must know he has been twice married; Miss Evelyn is his child by his first wife. At Smyrna he married the second, an English girl, who had been brought up upon the strictest evangelical principles, and by her he had the son I speak of. Now came the misfortune, indeed I might say the tragedy. I remember this is all between ten and fifteen years ago. It was about the time of the son's birth that the father embraced Islamism, and he made no secret of his intention to bring up the child a Mahommedan too. It is said, but I never could bring myself to believe it, that the day was even fixed for performing the rite of circumcision; but certain it is that his poor wife fled from his house, carrying off the child, got on board a merchant ship about to sail for the coast of land, and abandoned him. The ship was lost in a storm on the coast of Naples or Sicily, and the unfortunate Mrs. Evelyn, with most of the people on board, perished."

And the boy?"

Was saved by a poor Italian, one of the passengers."

But at first you spoke of the son having been lost."

He was saved only to be lost again; at least from that day to this the father has never recovered him."

How very strange! how did it happen?"

The little I know I will tell you. There happened to be a young Englishman on board, who went by the name of Hardy; he was returning from Smyrna, in consequence of some knavish transaction in which he was involved; and he was among the few saved. From the British Consul learned the child's parentage, and he wrote to inform Mr. Evelyn of its safety. Meanwhile, naturally enough, the Consul allowed the infant to remain in the care of the man who had saved its life, as he happened to have a wife at Naples, and they were decent people. But it turned out most unfortunately, for before an answer came from Mr. Evelyn, the Italian, his wife, and the child disappeared, and though they were traced as far as Turin, they were never traced farther."

"How strange!"

"The only possible way to account for it was that the Italian he learned from Hardy the cause of the mother's flight from Smyrn and that either he, or his wife, under the influence of strong fanatic feelings, carried off the child to save its soul from its father as Mahomet."

"Is Mr. Evelyn a man of large property?"

"Pretty well, I believe; he has a nice estate, I think, in Devonshire or Cornwall. He was driven to distraction by the consequences of his folly."

"Tore his beard and his turban, and renounced the Prophet, hope. But of course he took all the right steps to recover his child."

"Ay, and wrong steps too. Among other things he had the incredible simplicity to employ the scamp Hardy at a salary of two hundred pounds a year to prosecute the inquiry. The fellow induced him to believe that it was only a question of time, that if every nook and corner of Piedmont and the Italian cantons was effectually searched, the boy would certainly turn up;—how likely that was to happen, when two hundred a year depended upon it not happening! I leave you to judge."

"And is he still paying the subsidy?"

"No, about a year ago he discontinued it. I suspect his daughter made him see his folly."

"I can readily believe it," said Woodville.

"Oh, she has all the shrewd sense her father wants; but they have not rid of Hardy yet; he has the audacity to pretend that the sum he has received has not covered half his expenses. He persecutes the poor old gentleman both in England and on the Continent, making the most extortionate demands on his purse, accompanied latterly by threats of publishing a full account of the business at Smyrna with the details of which he is unfortunately too well acquainted. I am told the fellow was lately seen at Milan, very much out of his elbow, and I have no doubt he is dogging Mr. Evelyn at the moment."

"If he yields an inch to a rogue like that he will be certain to take an ell," said Woodville. "I trust he won't find the English gentleman out while he is in his present state of health."

"If he should come here before you leave, be sure, Woodville, to kick him down-stairs," said Laurence.

"He would be much more likely to play that trick upon me," said Woodville, laughing; "but tell me, did you ever see our friend the Effendi's pamphlet?"

"Never. I believe only a hundred copies were printed, and probably only half of these found their way to France or England. When his misfortune brought him to his senses, he spared no expens-

or pains to search for them and buy them up; he employed Hardy on that service also, and no doubt paid extravagantly for every copy he got possession of."

"Another thing, Laurence. Miss Evelyn ought to be very unworldly to be excessively anxious to recover her lost brother, eh?"

"You mean that she had an eye to her own interest in breaking off the arrangement with Hardy? Well, I can't speak positively of the moral side of Miss Evelyn's character, but in that case she certainly only did what common sense dictated, and I shall give her credit for right feeling also, until I see better reason for withholding it."

Laurence went away the next morning; Woodville fixed his departure for the day following, and then put it off again, just for want of energy to pack his portmanteau. In this interval of dawdling, he resumed his sketch of Miss Evelyn, and was still balancing between the two expressions when there was a rush of muslin in the corridor, followed by a hurried tapping at his door. When he went to it, he found it was the lady herself; but the cause of her emotion will be best explained after we have followed the steps of Mr. Alexander and related his adventures.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.

ALEXANDER would have advanced on his solitary journey more rapidly had it not been his bounden duty to stop at all the places the Evelyns were in the habit of stopping at, in order to recover the little green account-book. His first halting-place was Ivrea, where he arrived late in the day, but there was no book of that or any other kind in the poor inn where he put up, so he had no resource when he had dined, but to sit down and study the case which he had undertaken, with more courage (as he sometimes could not help thinking) than modesty or discretion. There is a device on an Etruscan vase in the British Museum of an imp with a pen in one hand and a flask of wine in the other, and the young lawyer, between his bundle of papers and his unfinished bottle of Barolo, presented a similar picture, especially in the dim light of a low and smoky *salle-à-manger*.

A solicitor's son, he had perhaps an hereditary talent for dealing with masses of documents; at all events, he must have had the gift, from the methodical way in which he set about the first serious matter of business he ever had on his hands. Possibly

adced, there was a degree of inspiration in it, for a man may be said to be inspired who devotes himself to an enterprise with all his heart and soul, with the fair form before his mind's eye of one whose smiles he hopes to win. As he untied the papers, he observed that it was not red tape, as he thought at first, but an end of pink ribbon they were bound with, and no doubt this little touch of feminine grace did not lessen the ardour with which he went to work.

He first arranged the papers according to their dates, then he read them carefully over, making marginal notes of their contents as he went along, then he divided them into groups, saying to one group, "Irrelevancy—lie there!" to another, "Surplusage—lie there!" to a third, "Mere formality—lie there!" This winnowing process reduced the bulk to nearly a fourth, which fourth, having read over with the closest attention, he marshalled in the order he thought best for presenting the subject most intelligibly to another mind, perhaps not so quick as his own.

When all was done, he threw himself back on his chair, filled himself out a bumper, and laughed to think what a good hit Miss Evelyn had made when she said the case was chiefly darkened by the papers.

Then he tied them up again with the pink ribbon, handling it more delicately, you will easily believe, than if it had been the tape of his father's office, finished his flask, called for a candle, and went to his bed, musing on diplomatic delays and legal prolixities, with other things doubtless on which at twenty-five it is still more natural to muse.

The next morning, up with the lark, and away to Chiavasso. "Eureka!" The little book with the odd name turned up at Chiavasso. This was success the first, and omen of successes to come. Alexander's face beamed with delight when the landlord produced the missing treasure directly he was questioned about it.

Alexander then inquired when the post went out, as he must send the book by it.

The landlord having informed him, he took a large sheet of paper out of his writing-case, wrapped the book in it in the usual way, sealed and directed the packet, and having done all this, left the *salle-à-manger* for a few moments to go to his bed-room. When he returned, he found a stranger sitting at the table where he left the packet, engaged in the gentlemanly occupation of examining it so closely as even to pry between the leaves of the little book as far as the cover permitted.

He was a man of the middle size, and so strikingly like his father's partner in business, a gentleman named Moffat, that at the first glance Alexander actually thought he was the very man. His head was round, his hair sandy and close-cropped, no whiskers, nose short and lumpish, complexion to match the hair, and eyes small,

twinkling, furtive, and unsettled—the sort of eye, that without anything bashful in it, never looks you straight in the face. He was travelling, and that no doubt explained the dust on his hat and clothes, but it did not so well account for their seedy condition, which the removal of the dust would only have made more evident. A man has a right to be negligent in his dress, but the stranger rather abused the privilege, so that, whether a gentleman or not, he was probably not at the present moment in flourishing financial circumstances. Alexander, however, formed his opinion of him neither from his shabby attire nor the expression of his countenance, but from the meanness in which he detected him, and still more from the hurried way in which he dropped the parcel when his examination of it was interrupted.

But the stranger's embarrassment was only momentary, for he coolly observed, as Alexander approached the table—

"You write a fine bold hand, sir, a capital hand."

"I hope you found it legible," replied Alexander, with sarcastic emphasis on the word.

"Perfectly; that's the beauty of it," said the seedy stranger, as coolly as before, just as if Alexander had been serious.

Receiving no answer to this last remark, complimentary as it was, the stranger, instead of being offended, grew more obliging; Orta, he said, was the very place he was going to, and he would be happy to be the bearer of the parcel. It would be much safer, in his opinion, than sending it through the post.

"Thank you very much," said our cautious young friend, without more courtesy than was absolutely necessary; "but I won't trouble you."

The shabby man was not in the least embarrassed by the curt rejection of his offer, for he proceeded to say, "I know the Evelyns very well."

"Oh," was Alexander's laconic reply, and never was a monosyllable uttered in a tone better adapted to cut short a dialogue; but it had not the desired effect.

"I know more about Mr. Evelyn's history than anybody living," persisted his companion; "much more than he would like the world to know. Oh, if I wished to injure the old gentleman, I could do it; but nobody has done him such good service as I have, though he has not behaved handsomely to me, or honourably either. Honour, sir, before everything; don't you think so?"

While the stranger ran on in this way, Alexander, who had made up his mind that he was some discarded courier, or a butler discharged for drunkenness or dishonesty, had taken up an old newspaper, and affected to be so absorbed as not to hear the question addressed to him. He hoped this determined attitude would compel

the fellow to hold his tongue; but, after a short interval, he made one more attempt to establish a conversation.

"Possibly, sir, you don't know Mr. Evelyn's story? If you like I'll tell it to you."

Alexander's patience was now exhausted.

"I do not like it," he said, in the most peremptory tone of voice he could assume. "I am reading, as you see, and I beg you will interrupt me no more."

"That's enough, sir," said the fellow, with the same cocky effrontery; "I'm not the man to talk to any gentleman who does not like to be talked to."

It was late in the day. Alexander posted the green book, and returned to the inn to dine. There was a *table-d'hôte*, but he ordered his dinner apart, to guard against the chance of a renewal of the stranger's impertinence. The likeness to Moffat, his father's partner, struck him more every time he looked at him. Moffat, he knew, had a brother, of whom he had not heard much, but the little he had heard of him was not to his advantage, and this tallied remarkably well with the conclusion he was forced to come to as to the stranger's character. At the same time he could with difficulty bring himself to believe that the brother of a man of the high position and respectability of the Moffat he knew could be either of so low stamp or in such apparently needy circumstances; and this impression was much strengthened by what occurred before he left the place next morning. Alexander was taking an early breakfast as the coach he was to travel by started early, when he observed unusual commotion in the house, landlord and landlady, waiters and chambermaids, running to and fro in excitement, with a variety of exclamations—those of the landlord particularly vehement and incoherent. The cause of the hubbub was simply that the seedy gentleman had decamped at cock-crow without either going through the ceremony of paying his bill or availing himself of the usual way of leaving an inn, having preferred the window of his bedroom, which was not much above the ground.

"Has he left no luggage behind him?" inquired Alexander.

"Only a rascally old trunk," said the dejected landlord.

"Oh, if he has left a trunk, he will be sure to return."

"I doubt if all its contents would pay me," said the landlord; but the doubt became a certainty the next moment, when his agitated wife rushed in with the decisive information that she had broken open the box, and found nothing but some old newspapers, an old coat and trousers covered with dust—no doubt those he had worn the day before—with a couple of good round paving-stones, to add the weight that every respectable portmanteau ought to have.

Alexander could only sympathise with the plundered innkeeper,

he honestly paid his own little bill, and went his way, mentally obligising to Mr. Moffat for having for a moment identified his other with the swindler.

The next day he was in Turin.

It was just as Miss Evelyn had foreseen. The attaché, or whatever he was, whom Alexander found in the ante-room of the British Legation, shook his head when Alexander requested an interview with the chief, and said he was afraid it was quite impossible. But the young lawyer being firm, the subordinate begged to know his business, and said he would see what could be done. He took Alexander's card, and after a short absence returned, and said that the minister would see him presently for a few moments.

One of the rules Mr. Alexander observed through the whole of his professional life, was, never to transact business with subordinates when the superior powers were accessible, and he always acknowledged himself indebted to Miss Evelyn for the lesson.

No sooner was he in the presence of the bland and courteous gentleman who at that period represented the English Government at the court of Savoy, and had stated in whose behalf he was acting, than he perceived at a glance that the quick ministerial eye recognised the bundle of papers in his hand, and he saw also, through the ease and politeness of the diplomatist's manner, that he devoutly wished the documents, if not the bearer also, at the bottom of the Mediterranean or the Po.

He was evidently painfully familiar with the bundle, though his error manifested itself only in the air and attitude of calm indignation with which, folding his hands and throwing himself back in his chair, he prepared for the dreaded and inevitable collision. Alexander could see also that his youth did not escape the educated eye of the minister; he fancied there was an expression in it as if he thought Mr. Evelyn would have shown more sagacity in choosing an instrument of maturer years.

No sooner, however, did Mr. Eglamour observe that his youthful countryman placed the bulk of the papers aside, and that he obviously meant only to torture him with a select few, than his features grew a little brighter; and when he found that Alexander was not even going to inflict these upon him in detail, but confined himself to a succinct statement of the application founded on them, referring to them only to elucidate and support his case, his manner was altered altogether, and he began not only to listen with attention, but with a lively satisfaction, visible both in his posture and his countenance.

Even before Alexander had said all he had to say, Mr. Eglamour interrupted him with animation, and, smiling, said—

"I will frankly tell you, sir, never in all my life did I receive

a gentleman on official business more unwillingly than I received you to-day ; but I can assure you, with equal truth, that I am as grateful to you now as if you had intentionally done me a most important service."

Alexander blushed and bowed. The minister rose from his chair advanced cordially towards his visitor, and briskly resumed—

"The fact is, that although poor Mr. Evelyn has been bringing this matter before me every year, for the last three, I never understood it till now. There is no worthier man in existence, or a man for whom I entertain a sincerer respect, but for the transaction business,—oh ! Probably my alarm at the sight of these papers did not altogether escape your notice. It was well founded, believe me. I think I see our venerable friend fumbling them over at that table without regard to chronological order, or order of any kind, insisting on reading every line, important or not, and either without a clear idea of the upshot of his application, or without the power of conveying it ; but he would still go on, and go backwards and forwards, puzzling both me and himself, until at last he would gather them all up again, and escape into a burst of eloquent generalities on the cause of the Waldenses and civil and religious liberty all over the world. Really, what I have suffered in this way in the interests of the Vaudois is hardly to be matched by the persecutions of that gallant people themselves. Now, thanks to you, sir, my martyrdom is at an end ; I see my way distinctly, and I make no doubt I shall be able to arrange the matter without any further difficulty. Is this your first diplomatic transaction ?"

Without waiting for an answer, which indeed the young man's heightened complexion rendered unnecessary, the minister added—

"The oddest thing about Mr. Evelyn is this : though so hopelessly embarrassed and prolix in conversation, on paper he is just the reverse : when he writes to me, as he sometimes does on other subjects,—by-the-bye, his letters are always in a female hand,—they are concise and perspicuous ; I sometimes find it hard to believe that my correspondent is the same person."

A natural solution of the envoy's difficulty immediately occurred to Alexander, who, his business having now been so happily concluded, bundled up his documents almost with as much agitation as Mr. Evelyn, and was making his bow, when the great man took his hand with cordiality, and said he was extremely glad to have made his acquaintance.

"To be frank with you, sir," said Alexander smiling, "I got hint to transact this little affair with yourself alone."

"Ha !" cried the minister, laughing, "you were warned against the Chancery. The truth is, Mr. Alexander, I would sometime willingly give a good deal to keep an affair out of the Chancery myself. Are you in the public service ?"

Alexander mentioned his profession, and the minister, having requested to have his address in London, shook him again cordially by the hand, and accompanied him to the door of the apartment.

As he was going down-stairs, he heard a bell tinkle, and before he was out of the house the same attaché was at his heels to say that his chief would thank him to step back again for a moment.

"Do you make any stay in Turin?"

"A very short one; I am going for a day or two into the Valleys, at Mr. Evelyn's suggestion."

"Most opportune! It is the very excursion I was about to suggest. You have represented Mr. Evelyn so ably, that perhaps you will be kind enough to be my proxy in a little affair which I find myself unable to attend to in person."

"I could not undertake to represent you, sir," replied Alexander modestly, "with anything like the same confidence, if, indeed, without actual presumption."

"You are far better qualified," said the minister laughing, "for the duty in question than I have been, alas! for some dozen years—*beu fugaces!* I want a representative at a rural wedding—to dance with the bride, make a little speech to her on my part; and, by Jove! Mr. Alexander, I should not wonder if to kiss her will not prove to be one of your duties. I see by your eye you accept my commission. You will really confer a great favour on me, and believe me I should not ask it if I did not feel sure that the wedding festivities, which will give you an opportunity of witnessing the curious hymeneal customs of the country, will help to make a day or two pass agreeably among those simple people."

Alexander returned a graceful and pleasant answer, and went away highly pleased with the minister, and perhaps—was it unreasonable?—a little with himself.

In the evening his credentials were sent to him at his hotel, with a box containing a present for the bride; and the following evening, as the sun was dropping behind the snowy summits of the Cottian Alps, the enterprising young lawyer jumped out of his calèche at the Bear, in the little town of La Tour.

MARMION SAVAGE.

RELIGIOUS TESTS, AND THE NATIONALISING OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

If ever so important an event in the history of the Universities should come to pass, as that every college should be free to elect to a fellowship any one on whom it desired to confer that honour, apart from all other conditions or restrictions whatever; and if such election should be made solely in regard to merit, and with the single desire that the fame of the elected should reflect glory on the electing body, results might be expected to follow, and almost inevitably would follow, which at the present crisis of affairs it may be well to bring into serious consideration. The issue is a momentous one; and though like all great changes, this too might bring with it for a time, at least some minor disadvantages (we put this, however, only hypothetically) and without any belief or expectation that such would really follow, still one great end would almost certainly be attained—the Universities would rise from a position of intellectual mediocrity, to a position of them generally, and as a whole, to become the national seat of national learning in the widest sense of the word; they would no longer hold, in the eyes of a large part of the nation, the invidious position of sectarian corporations, absolutely closed, so far as fellowships and professorships are concerned, to half the population of the country; they would do that which at present they do not and cannot do—they would soon begin to lead, and ultimately would represent the thought and the progress of the age, and thus become worthy of the object for which they were founded, and which the nation expects that they should never forget—the promotion of knowledge, learning, and the extension of the benefits of it to the whole community, without any reservation whatever.

There are, at the two English Universities, between seven and eight hundred fellowships, of the annual value, on the average, of about £300. Besides these, there are nearly a hundred masterships, colleges and professorships, mostly of very much higher value. Attached to these some duties, though by no means of an onerous nature, attend the fellowships, however, are all avowedly sinecures, since all collegiate offices held along with them, such as tutorships and lectureships have extra salaries attached. The whole of these appointments is strictly limited to members (real, nominal, or professed) of the Established Church. A twentieth wrangler at Cambridge may become fellow of his college, if he makes no formal objection or protest to the national creed; a senior wrangler, who happens to be a conscientious and consistent Baptist or Independent, is rigidly excluded.

ter may be as much superior morally as he is intellectually to the other. He may be a sincere Christian and a really religious man ; it then he is a Christian of the wrong sort. The former may be only in name a Christian at all ; but then he has the negative merit of not being one of the wrong sort. Consequently, he may get his fellowship, and hold it, too, whatever views he may afterwards adopt, provided only they have a rationalistic, and not a "dissenting" tendency.

The present system of admitting men of all creeds or no creed to fellowships, and even to scholarships, is obviously not enough. As the matter at present stands, it is simply an inconsistency. That is a concession made, not, perhaps, altogether freely, and with good-will, but at all events with the full hope and intention of serving to the Church party the real usufruct of the collegiate incomes, revenues, and estates. For there is no comparison at all to be made between a scholarship which supplies an undergraduate with from forty to seventy pounds a year (more or less) during his three years of residence, and an income of from three to five hundred a year, enjoyable for life. The same restrictions, of course, will attend a plan which I myself regard, not indeed with disfavour, but still only as another compromise, the "University Extension" scheme for non-collegiate members. The true object of this also is in some degree to satisfy the public demands for really national Universities, without conceding the main point, the impartial disposal of the revenues. Participation in the principal emoluments, and membership with the governing body, are privileges which will be still denied to all but professed adherents to the Established Church. And yet, if these are held out as the motives and the rewards of turning, it is an injustice, almost amounting to an insult, to offer prizes, but to withhold the emoluments ; in other words, to expect the same mental energies from all, but to reserve the great prizes for the few. "Quid enim velocis gloria plantæ præstat ?"

It may be objected, that the mere *permission* to elect any one to fellowship will not in fact induce the colleges to sacrifice their private friendships and local partialities, or to elect strangers over the heads of their own deserving, if not eminent, students. Though such a result would, morally speaking, not set the colleges in a very favourable light in the eyes of the nation, which has already begun to regard them with some feelings of jealousy, still it is impossible to predict that it might not occur, and that any statutory change in this direction would be rendered nugatory. It is a question, therefore, if the evil of the system does not really lie in the preferment being vested wholly and absolutely in each college, and in the master and fellows for the time being. The enormous aggregate rental of the estates of Oxford and Cambridge may fairly be thought to require

some better system of disposal than this. It appears to the writer that the right of nominating to a certain proportion of the fellowships should be vested in the crown, or in some hands not ecclesiastical, which would make such appointments from time to time, as might be satisfactory to the nation generally, as well as be really beneficial to the Universities themselves.

Of course, there are very serious difficulties in the way of such a proposal; and by far the greatest is, the generally clerical constitution of the Universities. It is a plain truth, and therefore it should be fearlessly stated, that the clerical mind, as a rule, is not highly friendly to unfettered inquiry, although it accepts the conclusions of science as a kind of necessity from which there is no escape. To secularise the Universities would probably be the first step towards rendering them really eminent. Without doubt, there are many who, from educational bias, can regard the Universities only as "Church institutions," and who would therefore oppose all departure from, and any modification of, their generally clerical character and presumed distinctive religious teaching. But there are, we know, many others who disapprove entirely of the present system of imposing religious tests; first, as immoral, or tending to immorality, by holding out a premium to insincerity; secondly, as unjust, since one man has as much a right to his own convictions as another; thirdly, as injurious to that character for pure learning which the Universities should possess, by mixing with it an extraneous and coercive theological element; fourthly, as absurd, by assuming that a particular form of belief, which is held by a small minority of the Christian world, and by only about half of the nation in which it is established, is the only right belief. But this last is a position which, in the abstract, no thinker can really hold, and no logician can maintain, except indeed on the Protagorean doctrine,¹ *οἷα ἂν ἐκάστη πόλις δίκαια καὶ καλὰ δοκῇ ταῦτα καὶ εἶναι αὐτῇ ἕως ἂν αὐτὰ νομίζῃ*. There is something in the remark of Aristotle, that we cannot attain to a better test of truth than the opinion of the majority of the *σπουδαῖοι*, viz., of sober, competent, well-informed men. The verdict of that majority, right or wrongly, is, we all know, by the world at large given with overwhelming preponderance against the particular Anglican form of belief which is the necessary title to a fellowship.

If there are any persons who believe that the present system of fellowships answers, on the whole, so well, or is so satisfactory in its results, as to be likely long to endure unchanged; if they are completely contented with an institution of the middle ages, by which both an income and a maintenance—it may be, if the holder chooses for his whole life—are secured to a not inconsiderable number of unattached celibate clergy, and unemployed, or not necessarily

(1) Plato, *Theætet.*, p. 167, c.

employed, or even resident, laymen—all of whom, without exception, are elected simply for a certain amount of success in very limited examinations, but not for eminence in learning, or for literary or scientific fame already achieved; in fact, not rarely through mere good luck—if there are any who really hold these opinions, they are either very confident in the merits or utility of the system itself, or they have a marvellous faith in the “inviolable rights” of property, or they greatly overrate the favour with which the nation in general regards the institution itself.

The plain case, then, is this—that the number of fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge is at least ten times greater than the number of really competent men who can be found among the very limited roll of students in the Universities themselves to fill them. Nor is this statement an invidious one; for it is a statistical law, such as we may see fulfilled in all large public schools, that hardly half a dozen youths of real genius or aptitude for learning are to be found in a body of as many hundreds. If, however, the institution of fellowships is to continue, there would be little or no difficulty in finding eminent men to hold them, if once we could break through that inveterate tradition of both Universities, that the fellowships are simply held in trust as prizes for the best degrees taken by their own students. The great error of this theory is, that it assigns a reward infinitely too high for the somewhat mediocre merits on which it is apt to be conferred. Once break through this narrow and self-interested notion, and look into the world without—not for classical and mathematical men only—we have enough and too many of them already; but for men conspicuous throughout Europe for their science—the Huxleys, the Darwins, the Murchisons, the Owens, the Lyells, the Tyndalls, the Carpenters, the Hookers of the age—once elect into the vacant fellowships a certain proportion (and it should be a considerable one) of men of this class, and everything is changed. Oxford and Cambridge become at once the true seats of national greatness; ideas are interchanged; science finds a congenial home; men of letters come together—their presence, their conversation, their teaching, direct and indirect, are felt; progress is represented; the labour of a life devoted to science or literature is justly and nobly rewarded; we no longer meet, in the streets of the Universities themselves, grey-haired men of real note who are *not* fellows, because they happen to be married, or “superannuated,” or possibly because they do not exactly approve of the wording of this or that article of the Prayer-book, or because they are laymen, and the statutes of such-and-such a college require that the fellows should be in orders. It is too late now to lament that so eminent a man as the late Mr. Hopkins was allowed to pass away unrewarded by the University to which he had devoted the services of a long life; but others equally eminent in science are still

excluded. The best course for all parties would be to sweep away absolutely and for ever all such impediments to the holding of fellowships as celibacy, religious tests, superannuation, academical status or even membership—they are only so many impediments to the spread of true learning; to look *only* at the question whether a man is, or even promises to be, sufficiently eminent in any branch of learning or science to make his presence in the academic body desirable; and if so, to invite him to reside, by giving him a substantial motive for doing so. And by “any branch” I mean to include every department of physics, geology, botany, comparative anatomy, chemistry—even music, poetry, history, architecture, modern languages—Oriental, Anglo-Saxon, or Celtic literature and antiquities, the fine arts—all should be represented. How different a body a University would then be it requires no very vivid imagination to depict. I would indeed become a community of illustrious men, commanding the respect not of England only, but of the world.

“Yes,” we hear it now said from a hundred voices on all sides, some of them very loud ones, “and a very nice sort of Babel we should have of it! Why, the college chapels would be closed, all ‘sound learning and religious education’ would vanish; free-thinking would come in like a deluge and swamp us; the character and use of Universities as ‘nurseries of the Church’ would be entirely destroyed; parents would never consent to send their sons to such hot-beds of infidelity,” and so forth.

Now, one cannot *answer* a clamour, for clamourers never reason. If they did, they would calmly and dispassionately argue thus. The Universities, by accepting the principles of the Reformation, virtually accepted along with it that which is not, as some fondly dream, an accident, but was from the first a logical necessity of the change, a considerable and constantly increasing amount both of disunion and of latitude in religious opinions. We have long ago found out, if we are honest enough to confess it, that acts of uniformity, and religious penalties, and the signing of tests, are powerless for producing any real union.

Consequently, if the present system necessarily implies so much of sufferance and toleration as on the one hand to secure respect for the opinions of all, and on the other, to make dogmatic theological teaching neither desirable nor even possible (which is notoriously the case), then those who claim and exercise the greatest latitude under their own formulas are bound to extend an equal amount of it to all without the pale of those formulas. College Fellows do not now really agree on all points of doctrine; their unity is only external and apparent; some may be even disposed to speculative views of truth, or what is invidiously called “free-thinking.” But these men meet daily at a common table, and as gentlemen and scholars

do not interfere with or cavil at the private opinions, or even the openly expressed convictions, of those who may be sitting on the opposite side of it. Therefore it is simply ridiculous and very small-minded to anticipate any, even the least, disturbance of social harmony from the larger range and scope of mind and learning which we have advocated. That the nation will, sooner or later, adopt these views, appears as certain as that there is a sun in the sky. We ought, accordingly, not only to concede with good grace to a reasonable demand, but even for our own sakes, to join with one voice in demanding the Magna Charta of academic freedom. *Let every College be at full liberty to elect to a fellowship for any given term of years or for life any person whatever whom it may judge worthy of it.*

It may be predicted, with the greatest confidence, that a freer intercourse between the rival sects and parties of professing Christians, so far from increasing, would do more than anything to remove, under the kindly and humanising influences of a common education, those mutual jealousies, dislikes, and misrepresentations, which are at once a scandal to and a satire on Christianity itself. At present, the little theological reading there is in the Universities is rigidly Anglican, and, of course, wholly one-sided. These go forth into the world, supposed to be educated and to teach with authority, but in reality ignorant of every phase of controversy, every aspect of ecclesiastical antiquity, except that of their own party, which they are taught to call the orthodox view. If, on the other hand, in these days of advancing knowledge and (it is to be hoped) more genuine love of truth for its own sake, men have the courage to read and the power to think for themselves, their sense of honesty is almost sure to be sorely tried. The conflict between interest and conviction practically has but one issue; conviction is stifled and interest prevails. There ought to be no such motives for dishonesty as fellowships; and there would not be, if no other qualification for them were recognised, except literary merit.

At present it is a fact that a large proportion of these ancient and important national endowments are held by young curates or schoolmasters in the country; men of no note whatever, but who have successfully "read-up" a certain amount of book-work; men who do not even reside at all, and who simply draw revenues, for which their colleges get no return from them. It is perfectly obvious, and it is vain to deny, that men of this kind, viz., rather of industry than genius, will never tend to throw any lustre on a University, or to make it nationally great. And yet it is of such as these that the majority at least of the governing body is composed. It is not wonderful, therefore, that on almost all occasions they give votes against any scheme for enlarging and extending the usefulness of the Universities.

It may safely be asserted that all high-class learning, all science that advances truth by new and original discoveries, is pursued *for its own sake, and not for the hope of reward*; at all events, of any mere pecuniary or mercenary reward. On the other hand, there is a kind of learning, though generally more or less barren in its results, which is pursued in the first instance for an end other than itself, and, almost as a matter of course, is relaxed, or set aside when that end has been attained. No doubt, even such learning as this is better than no learning; and the utmost perhaps that can be said of college fellowships under the present system is, that if the stimulus which they supply were withdrawn, the learning of the average or second-rate sort would be proportionally low. The fear is that *sublati studiorum pretiis etiam studia peritura*.¹ In this obvious truth we find an explanation of the fact, which is so often made a just matter of complaint, or, at least, of regret, that out of so many hundreds of Fellows at Oxford and Cambridge in any given generation, it is difficult to name even a dozen who have a fair claim to the title of *eminent men*. England is not naturally, like Germany, a learned country; our society is not a learned society, our conversations are seldom on literature or science, even in those places which, like the Universities, are supposed to foster and promote both the studies themselves, and a habit of mind congenial thereto. As a general rule, a man who by industry, or in some few cases, almost by good fortune, has attained a sufficiently high place in the final examinations to entitle him to a fellowship, is disposed to rest satisfied with the attainment of his *τελος*. It is a great chance if he carries his classics or his mathematics any further, although as a college lecturer, perhaps, or a private tutor, he may keep them up to a certain mark, which however is short of much intellectual exertion, and, consequently, of much original research.

It appears quite obvious that in any large college, having fifty or sixty fellowships, such as Trinity at Cambridge, and Magdalene at Oxford, not to mention others, the admixture of from six to ten Fellows from without, *i.e.*, selected and elected from the *non-academic* eminent men of the age, and bound by the very tenure of the fellowship to be in residence for one term, or eight weeks in the year at the least, would impart a new tone and new traditions to the whole academic system, and go far to remove the reproach of *inertness* which we now have to endure.

Unfortunately, even the sort of learning that is taught and perpetuated by the traditions of the place is just that which the nation now sets no very high value upon. This is proved conclusively by the fact that hardly one gentleman of fortune in

(1) Tac. Ann., xi. 7.

thousand thinks of sending his son to Oxford or Cambridge. Why should he? Surely not to learn boating and the art of spending money. But a body of Fellows who have proved themselves, not by local examination in early youth, but by their works, their discoveries, or their wide and accurate information, to be conversant with those sciences and that philosophy which really do represent human progress and all the great social questions of the day—such a body of men, rewarded by fellowships, and occasionally resident with the rest of the academic body, would leaven the whole mass, and put to shame by the very contrast the indolent life into which, it cannot be denied, a Fellow is but too apt to fall. By the term “indolent,” it is not, of course, meant that Fellows are positively “lazy;” it is used to describe the *ῥαστώνη*, and the *ἀργία*, and the *τὸ ἀπρακτεῖν*, which produce such small fruits either literary or scientific, and through which what is in the ideal view a *βίος θεωρητικός*, has become little better than a *βίος ἀπολαυστικός*. To represent the nation to any marked or conspicuous degree, Oxford and Cambridge ought to have at least ten times the number of students that they now attract. Were this the case, and if the fellowships were administered as we have suggested above, we doubt if any objection on the part of the nation would, or fairly could, be raised against them. Reform, if it is generally the case, would be the safeguard of the institution itself. But the notion that the Universities are essentially “Church institutions,” and thus little better than clerical monopolies, must be signed as untenable now. They were so, as a matter of course, when England was one in religious belief. Nationality must now take the place of lost unity. Justice demands that it should, and the issue appears to us to be inevitable.

Indeed, regarded as places of education for a clerical life, it is very difficult to conceive any schools less fitted in every respect than Oxford and Cambridge. If such an education, of a special kind, be desirable, it must be sought for in diocesan or other colleges devoted to that special end. Nothing can be clearer, than that the only pursuit in which the mass of undergraduates take any real or heartfelt interest, is boating or other athletic exercises. We cannot wonder that the gentry, who will flock by hundreds of thousands to see a boat-race on the Thames, show so little inclination to send the rising generation under their own control to Cambridge or Oxford, to learn the same chivalrous, but not eminently useful, accomplishment. Yet this is the characteristic—nay, the absorbing amusement, of what are still called “Church Universities;” and more strange still, clergy, and even bishops, are to be found who support this monstrous anomaly—this substitution of strength for intellect. To those without, perhaps, this bent and bias of “young Oxford and Cambridge” may seem as healthy as it is natural. To those within

it is but too well known how large a part of the thoughts, the interests, the time, the energy, even the means of the mis-called students, it engrosses. Athletic sports are becoming more and more a part of the academic course of education, and the honours they are supposed to confer are beginning to be accepted as such both within the Universities and without. They are recorded in the daily papers, and applauded in Senate-house and Theatre.

Every thinker, and, indeed, every honest man, must feel that the moral claims of the Universities to be exclusive Church institutions rest on a mere sophistry. They were founded, it is said, by "English churchmen" for "Church purposes;" English churchmen, therefore, and none others, have a right to them now. And this is seriously pleaded, either because men, in the view of their own interests, have come to believe it, or because it is necessary in defence of their position that they should seem to believe it. This assumption of the identity of Churches is both unfair and unreal; unfair because the old founders certainly would not have granted it, as their representatives, the Roman Catholics of to-day, do not grant it; unreal, because as a matter of fact the two Churches are antagonistic, and have no pretensions to be one. The English communion has thrown off allegiance to the faith of the old founders, stigmatised it by an invidious *ism*, as if it were a mere local sect, and then, conscious of its weakness in not representing the whole nation, the faith of the founders undeniably did, defends its own right to the Universities on the weakest of all grounds, the theological. It would be far more reasonable to fall back on the plea that all corporation property is State property, and that at present the State has willed that the Universities shall be held as one of the privileges of the established national religion. That is a sound argument; but it is looked at with dislike, because the same State which wrongly gave it to a part, can rightfully give it to the whole of the nation.

It is needless to add, that the very name "University" is now a misnomer that bears witness to the real objects for which such institutions were meant. There must be something wrong about mediæval endowments which deny by their present application the very meaning and purport of their origin. And, on the other hand, any view is, *primâ facie*, deserving of attention which would restore a character that has been lost by circumstances not perhaps at first contemplated, but rendered inevitable by the development of certain principles and the natural course of events.

F. A. PALEY.

ON "THE RING AND THE BOOK."¹

WHEN the first volume of Mr. Browning's new poem came before the critical tribunals, public and private, recognised or irresponsible, there was much lamentation even in quarters where a manlier humour might have been expected, over the poet's choice of a subject. With facile largeness of censure, it was pronounced a murky subject, sordid, unlovely, morally sterile, an ugly leaf out of some seventeenth-century Italian Newgate Calendar. One hinted in vain that wisdom is justified of her children, that the poet must be trusted to judge of the capacity of his own theme, and that it is his conception and treatment of it which ultimately justify or discredit his choice. Now that the entire work is before the world, this is vain, and it is admitted. When the second volume, containing *Giuseppe Caponsacchi*, appeared, men no longer found it sordid or ugly; the third, with *Pompilia*, convinced them that the subject was not, after all, so incurably unlovely; and the fourth, with *The Pope*, and the passage from the Friar's sermon, may well persuade those who needed persuasion, that moral fruitfulness depends on the master, his eye and hand, his vision and grasp, more than on the subject and that of the transaction which has taken possession of his imagination.

The truth is, we have this long while been so debilitated by pastorals, by graceful presentation of the Arthurian legend for drawing-rooms, by idylls, not robust and Theocritean, but such little pictures as might adorn a ladies' school, by verse directly didactic, that a rude inburst of air from the outside welter of human realities is apt to spread a shock, which might show in what simpleton's paradise we have been living. The little ethics of the rectory parlour set to sweet music, the respectable aspirations of the sentimental curate married to exquisite verse, the everlasting glorification of domestic sentiment in blameless princes and others, as if that were the poet's single province and the divinely-appointed end of all art, as if domestic sentiment included and summed up the whole throng of passions, emotions, strife, and desire; all this would seem to be turning us into flat valetudinarians. Our public is beginning to measure the right and possible in art, by the superficial probabilities of life and manners within a ten-mile radius of Charing Cross. Is it likely, asks the critic, that Duke Silva would have done this, that Fedalma would have done that? Who shall

(1) *The Ring and the Book*. By ROBERT BROWNING. 4 Vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868-9. 30s.

suppose it possible that Caponsacchi acted thus, that Count Guido was possessed by devils so? The poser is triumphant, because the critic is tacitly appealing to the normal standard of probabilities at Bayswater or Clapham; as a man who, having never thought of anything mightier or more turbulent than the village brook or horse-pond, would most effectively disparage all stories of wreck and storm on the great main. In the tragedy of *Pompilia* we are taken far from the serene and homely region in which some of our teachers would fain have it that the whole moral universe can be snugly pent up. We see the black passions of man at their blackest hate, so fierce, undiluted, implacable, passionate, as to be hard of conception by our simpler northern natures; cruelty, so vindictive, subtle, persistent, deadly, as to fill us with a pain almost too great for true art to produce; greediness, lust, craft, penetrating a whole stock and breed, even down to the ancient mother of "that fell ho of hate,"—

The gaunt grey nightmare in the furthest smoke,
The hag that gave these three abortions birth,
Unmotherly mother and unwomanly
Woman, that near turns motherhood to shame,
Womanliness to loathing: no one word,
No gesture to curb cruelty a whit
More than the she-pard thwarts her playsome whelps
Trying their milk-teeth on the soft o' the throat
O' the first fawn, flung, with those beseeching eyes,
Flat in the covert! How should she but couch,
Lick the dry lips, unsheathe the blunted claw,
Catch 'twixt her placid eyewinks at what chance
Old bloody half-forgotten dream may flit,
Born when herself was novice to the taste,
The while she lets youth take its pleasure.—(iv. 40.)

But, then, if the poet has lighted up for us these grim and appalling depths, he has not failed to raise us too into the presence of proportionate loftiness and purity.

Tantum vertice in auras
Aetherias quantum radice in Tartara tendit.

Like the gloomy and umbrageous grove of which the Sibyl speaks to the pious Æneas, the poem conceals a golden branch and golden leaves. In the second volume, Guido, servile and false, is followed by Caponsacchi, as noble alike in conception and execution as anything that Mr. Browning has achieved. In the third volume, the austere pathos of *Pompilia's* tale relieves the too oppressive jollity of Don Giacinto, and the flowery rhetoric of Bottini; while in the fourth, the deep wisdom, justice, and righteous mind of the Pope, reconcile us to endure the sulphurous whiff from the pit in the confession of Guido, now desperate, satanic, and naked. From

hat at first was sheer murk, there comes out a long procession of human figures, infinitely various in form and thought, in character and act; a group of men and women, eager, passionate, indifferent; tender and ravenous, mean and noble, humorous and profound, jovial with prosperity or half-dumb with misery, skirting the central tragedy, or plunged deep into the thick of it, passers-by who put themselves off with a glance at the surface of a thing, and another or two who dive to the heart of it. And they all come out with a certain Shakesperian fulness, vividness, directness. Above all, they are very one of them frankly men and women, with free play of human life in limb and feature, as in an antique sculpture. So much of modern art, in poetry as in painting, runs to mere drapery. "I am," said Lessing, "that there is also a beauty in drapery, but can be compared with that of the human form? And shall he who can attain to the greater, rest content with the less? I much fear that the most perfect master in drapery shows by that very talent wherein weakness lies." This was spoken of plastic art, but it has a yet deeper meaning in poetic criticism. There too, the master is he who presents the natural shape, the curves, the thews of men, and does not labour and seek praise for faithful reproduction of the mere external drapery of the hour, this or another; who gives you Hercules at strife with Antæus, Laocoon writhing in the coils of the divine serpents, the wrestler with circumstance or passion, with outward beauty or inner character, in the free outlines of nature and reality, and not in the outlines of a dress-coat, either of Victorian or Georgian time. The capacity which it has for this presentation, so once so varied and so direct, is one reason why the dramatic form looks as the highest expression and measure of the creative power of the poet; and the extraordinary grasp with which Mr. Browning has availed himself of this double capacity, is one reason why we should reckon the *Ring and the Book* as his masterpiece.

One may say this, and still not be blind to the faults of the poem. Many persons agree that they find it too long, and if they find it so, even for them it is too long. There were probably some among the Greeks who could find nothing to remark about Phidias's famous statue of Zeus at Olympia, except that it was monstrous that a statue could be sixty feet high. Others, who cannot resist the critic's temptation of believing that a remark must be true if it only looks true and specific, vow that the disclosure in the first volume of the whole plan and plot vitiates subsequent artistic merit. If one cannot enjoy what comes, for knowing beforehand what is coming, this objection may be allowed to have a root in human nature; but then two things might perhaps be urged on the other side, first, that the interest of the poem lies in the development and presentation of character, on the one hand, and in the many sides which a single

transaction offered to as many minds, on the other; and therefore that this true interest could not be marred by the bare statement what the transaction was or, baldly looked at, seemed to be; and, second, that the poem was meant to find its reader in a mood of mental repose, ready to receive the poet's impressions, undisturbed by an agitating curiosity as to plot or final outcome. A more valid accusation touches the many verbal perversities, in which a poet has less right than another to indulge. The compound Latin and English of Don Giacinto, notwithstanding the fun of the piece, still grows burden to the flesh. Then there are harsh and formless lines, bursts of metrical chaos, from which a writer's dignity and self-respect ought surely to be enough to preserve him. Again, there are passages marked by a coarse violence of expression that is nothing short of barbarous (for instance, ii. 190, or 245). The only thing to be said is, that all countrymen of Shakespeare have had to learn to forgive terrible uncouthnesses, blunt outrages on form and beauty, to fine creative genius. If only one could be sure that readers, unschooled as too many are to love the simple and elevated beauty of such form as Sophocles or Corneille gives, would not think the worst fault the chief virtue, and confound the poet's uncouthnesses with his admirable originality. It is certain that in Shakespeare's case, his defects are constantly fastened upon, by critics who have never seriously studied the forms of dramatic art except in the literature of England, and extolled instances of his characteristic mightiness. It may well be, therefore, that the grotesque caprices which Mr. Browning unfortunately permits to himself may find misguided admirers, or, what is worse, even imitators. It would be most unjust, however, while making due mention of these things, to pass over the dignity and splendour of the verse in a great number of places, where the intensity of the writer's mood finds worthy embodiment in a sustained gravity and vigour and finish of diction not to be surpassed. The concluding lines of the *Caponsacchi* (comprising the last page of the second volume), the appeal of the Greek poet in *The Pope*, one or two passages in the first *Guido* (e. g. vol. ii., p. 156, from line 1,957), and the close of the *Pompilia*, ought to be referred to when one wishes to know what power over the instrument of his art Mr. Browning might have achieved, if he had chosen to discipline himself in instrumentation.

When all is said that can be said about the violences which from time to time invade the poem, it remains true that the complete work affects the reader most powerfully with that wide unity of impression which it is the highest aim of dramatic art, and perhaps of all art, to produce. After we have listened to all the whimsical dogmatism about beauty, to all the odious cant about morbid anatomy, to all the well-deserved reproach for unforgivable perversities

f phrase and outrages on rhythm, there is left to us the consciousness that a striking human transaction has been seized by a vigorous and profound imagination, that its many diverse threads have been wrought into a single rich and many-coloured web of art, in which we may see traced for us the labyrinths of passion and indifference, stupidity and craft, prejudice and chance, along which truth and justice have to find a devious and doubtful way. The transaction itself, lurid and fuliginous, is secondary to the manner of its handling and presentment. We do not derive our sense of unity from the ingleness and completeness of the horrid tragedy, so much as from the power with which its own circumstances as they happened, the rumours which clustered about it from the minds of men without, the many moods, fancies, dispositions, which it for the moment brought out into light, playing round the fact, the half-sportive flights with which lawyers, judges, quidnuncs of the street, darted at conviction and snatched hap-hazard at truth, are all wrought together into one self-sufficient and compacted shape.

But this shape is not beautiful, and the end of art is beauty? Verbal fanaticism is always perplexing, and, rubbing my eyes, I ask whether then beauty means anything more than such an arrangement and disposition of the parts of the work as, first kindling a great variety of dispersed emotions and thoughts in the mind of the spectator, finally concentrates them in a single mood of joyous, calm, meditative, or interested delight. The sculptor, the painter, and the musician, have each their special means of producing this calm and superlative impression; each is bound by the strictly limited capability in this direction and in that of the medium in which he works. In poetry it is because they do not perceive how much more manifold and varied are the means of reaching the end than in the other expressions of art, that people insist each upon some particular quiddity which, entering into composition, alone constitutes it genuinely poetic, beautiful, or artistic. Pressing for definition, you never get much further than that each given quiddity means a certain Whatness. This is why poetical criticism is usually so little catholic. A man remembers that a poem in one style has filled him with consciousness of beauty and delight. Why conclude that this style constitutes the one access to the same impression? Why not rather perceive that, to take contemporaries, the beauty of *Thyrsis* is mainly produced by a fine suffusion of delicately-toned emotion; that of *Atalanta* by splendid and barely rivalled music of verse; of *In Memoriam* by its ordered and harmonious presentation of a sacred mood; of the *Spanish Gypsy*, in the parts where it reaches beauty, by a sublime ethical passion; of the *Earthly Paradise*, by sweet and simple reproduction of the spirit of the younger-hearted times? There are poems by Mr. Browning in which it is

difficult, or, let us frankly say, impossible, for most of us at all events and as yet, to discover the beauty, or shape. But if beauty may not be denied to a work which, abounding in many-coloured scenes and diverse characters, in vivid image and frank portraiture, wide reflection and multiform emotion, does further, by a broad thread of thought running under all, bind these impressions into one supreme and elevated conviction, then assuredly, whatever we may think of this passage or that, that episode or the other, the first volume or the third, we may not deny that the *Ring and the Book*, in its perfection and integrity, fully satisfies the conditions of artistic triumph. Are we to ignore the grandeur of a colossal statue, and the nobility of the human conceptions which it embodies, because here and there we notice a flaw in the marble, a blemish in its colour, a jagged slip of the chisel? "It is not force of intellect," a fine writer has said, "which causes ready repulsion from the aberrations and eccentricities of greatness, any more than it is force of vision that causes the eye to explore the warts in a face bright with human expression; it is simply the negation of high sensibilities."

Then, it is asked by persons of another and differently rigorous temper, whether, as the world goes, the subject, or its treatment either, justifies us in reading some twenty-one thousand and seven hundred and five lines, which do not seem to have any direct tendency to make us better or to improve mankind. This objection is an old enemy with a new face, and need not detain us, though perhaps the crude and incessant application of a narrowly moral standard, thoroughly misunderstood, is one of the intellectual dangers of our time. You may now and again hear a man of really masculine character confess that though he loves Shakespeare and takes habitual delight in his works, he cannot see that he was a particularly moral writer. That is to say, Shakespeare is never directly didactic; you can no more get a system of morals out of his writings, than you can get such a system out of the writings of the ever-searching Plato. But, if we must be quantitative, one great creative poet probably exerts a nobler, deeper, more permanent ethical influence than a dozen generations of professed moral teachers, including under the latter head such poets, too, as forgetful of their earlier skill, now strum dolefully forth the tracts in polished verse of blameless Arthurs and prodigious Enochs. It is a commonplace to the wise, and an everlasting puzzle to the foolish, that direct inculcation of morals should invariably prove so powerless an instrument, so futile a method. As though one should wonder why flower-stems stuck into the casual earth must droop and perish. The truth is that nothing can be more powerfully efficacious from the moral point of view than the exercise of an exalted creative art, stirring within the intelligence of the spectator active thought and curiosity about many types

character and many changeful issues of conduct and fortune, at once enlarging and elevating the range of his reflections on mankind, ever kindling his sympathies into the warm and continuous glow which purifies and strengthens nature, and fills men with that love of humanity which is the best inspirer of virtue. Is not this why music, too, is to be counted supreme among moral agents, soothing disorderly passion by diving down into the hidden deeps of character where there is no disorder, and touching the diviner mind? Given a certain rectitude as well as vigour of intelligence, then whatever stimulates the fancy, expands the imagination, enlivens meditation upon the great human drama, is essentially moral. Shakespeare does all this, as if sent Iris-like from the immortal gods, and the *Ring and the Book* has a measure of the same incomparable quality.

There is a profound and moving irony in the structure of the poem. Any other human transaction that ever was, tragic or comic or plain prosaic, may be looked at in a like spirit. As the world's talk bubbled around the dumb anguish of Pompilia, the cruelty and hate of Guido, so it does around the hourly tragedies of all times and places.

"The instinctive theorizing whence a fact
Looks to the eye as the eye likes the look."—

"Vibrations in the general mind
At depth of deed already out of reach."—

"Live fact deadened down,
Talked over, bruited abroad, whispered away :"—

if we reflect that these are the conditions which have marked the formation of all the judgments that we hold by, and which are vivid in operation and effect at this hour, the deep irony and the impressive meaning of the poem are both obvious :—

So learn one lesson hence
Of many which whatever lives should teach,
This lesson that our human speech is naught,
Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation words and wind.—(iv. 234).

It is characteristic of Mr. Browning that he thus casts the moral of his piece in an essentially intellectual rather than an emotional form, appealing to hard judgment rather than to imaginative sensibility. Another living poet of original genius, of whom we have much right to complain that he gives us so little, ends a poem in two or three lines which are worth quoting here for the illustration they afford of what has just been said about Mr. Browning :—

Ah, what dusty answer gets the soul,
When hot for certainties in this our life !—
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore ?¹

(1) Mr. George Meredith's *Modern Love*.

This is imaginative and sympathetic in thought as well as expression, and the truth and the image enter the writer's mind together the one by the other. The lines convey poetic sentiment rather than reasoned truth; while Mr. Browning's close would be no epilogue to a scientific essay on history, or a treatise on the error of the human understanding and the inaccuracy of human opinion and judgment. This is the common note of his highest work; his thought and reason illustrating themselves in dramatic circumstances, and the thought and reason are not wholly fused, but exist separately and irradiate with far-shooting beams the moral confusion of tragedy. This is, at any rate, emphatically true of *The Ring and the Book*. The fulness and variety of creation, the amplitude of play and shifting of characters and motive and mood, are absolutely unforced, absolutely uninterfered with by the artificial exigencies of ethical or philosophic purpose. There is the purpose, full and clear in outline, unmistakeable in significance. But the just proprieties of place and season are rigorously observed, because Browning, like every other poet of his quality, has exuberant adequate delight in mere creation, simple presentment, and refrains to bethink him of the meaning of it all only by-and-by. His pictures of Guido, of Pompilia, of Caponsacchi, of Dominus Bencinthus de Archangelis, of Pope Innocent, are each of them simple and adequate, as conceptions of character in active manifestation apart from the truth which the whole composition is meant to illustrate, and which clothes itself in this most excellent drama.

The scientific attitude of the intelligence is almost as markedly visible in Mr. Browning as the strength of his creative power. The lesson of *The Ring and the Book* is perhaps as nearly positive as anything poetic can be. It is true that ultimately the drama ends in a vindication of what are called the ways of God to man, if indeed people are willing to put themselves off with a form of omnipotent justice which is simply a partial retribution inflicted on the monster, where torture and butchery fall upon victims more or less absolutely blameless. As if the fact of punishment at length overtaking the guilty Franceschini were any vindication of the justice of that assumed providence which had for so long a time awarded punishment more harsh to the innocent Pompilia. So far as you can be content with the vindication of a justice of this less than equivocal quality the sight of the monster brought to the

Close fetid cell,
Where the hot vapour of an agony,
Struck into drops on the cold wall, runs down
Horrible worms made out of sweat and tears,—

may in a sense prove satisfactory enough. But a man must be very dull who in reading the poem does not perceive that the very sp

of it points to the thousand hazards which even this thrum and fragment of justice had to run in saving itself and bringing about such partially righteous consummation as destiny permits. True opinion fares yet more perilously. *Half-Rome*, the *Other Half-Rome*, the *Tertium Quid*, which is perhaps most masterly and finished of the three, show us how ill truth sifts itself, to how many it never comes at all, how blurred, confused, next door to false, it is figured even to those who seize it by the hem of the garment. We may, perhaps, yawn over the intermingled Latin and law of Arcangeli, in spite of the humour of parts of it, and over the vapid floweriness of his rival; but for all that, we are touched keenly by the irony of the methods by which the two professional truth-sifters are made to darken counsel with words, and make skilful sport of life and fact. The whole poem is a parable of the feeble and half-hopeless struggle which truth has to make against the ways of the world. That in this particular case truth and justice did win some pale sort of victory does not weaken the force of the lesson. The victory was such and so won as to stir in us awful thoughts of fatal risks and certain defeats, of falsehood a thousand times clasped for truth, of fact a thousand times banished for fancy:—

Because Pompilia's purity prevails,
Conclude you, all truth triumphs in the end ?
So might those old inhabitants of the ark,
Witnessing haply their dove's safe return,
Pronounce there was no danger all the while
O' the deluge, to the creature's counterparts,
Aught that beat wing i' the world, was white or soft,—
And that the lark, the thrush, the culver too,
Might equally have traversed air, found earth,
And brought back olive-branch in unharmed bill.
Methinks I hear the Patriarch's warning voice—
' Though this one breast, by miracle, return,
No wave rolls by, in all the waste, but bears
Within it some dead dove-like thing as dear,
Beauty made blank and harmlessness destroyed ! '—(iv. 218.)

Or, to take another simile from the same magnificent passage, in which the fine dignity of the verse fitly matches the deep truth of the preacher's monitions:—

Romans ! An elder race possessed your land
Long ago, and a false faith lingered still,
As shades do, though the morning-star be out.
Doubtless, some pagan of the twilight day
Has often pointed to a cavern-mouth,
Obnoxious to beholders, hard by Rome,
And said,—nor he a bad man, no, nor fool,—
Only a man, so, blind like all his mates,—
' Here skulk in safety, lurk, defying law,
The devotees to execrable creed,
Adoring—with what culture . . . Jove, avert
Thy vengeance from us worshippers of thee ! . .

What rites obscene—their idol-god, an Ass !'
 So went the word forth, so acceptance found,
 So century re-echoed century,
 Cursed the accursed,—and so, from sire to son,
 You Romans cried 'The offscourings of our race
 Corrupt within the depths there : fitly, fiends
 Perform a temple-service o'er the dead :
 Child, gather garment round thee, pass nor pry !'
 So groaned your generations : till the time
 Grew ripe, and lightning hath revealed, belike,—
 Thro' crevice peeped into by curious fear,—
 Some object even fear could recognize
 I' the place of spectres ; on the illumined wall,
 To-wit, some nook, tradition talks about,
 Narrow and short, a corpse's length, no more :
 And by it, in the due receptacle,
 The little rude brown lamp of earthenware,
 The cruse was meant for flowers, but held the blood,
 The rough-scratched palm-branch, and the legend left
Pro Christo. Then the mystery lay clear :
 The abhorred one was a martyr all the time,
 A saint whereof earth was not worthy. What ?
 Do you continue in the old belief ?
 Where blackness bides unbroke, must devils be ?
 Is it so certain, not another cell
 O' the myriad that make up the catacomb,
 Contains some saint a second flash would show ?
 Will you ascend into the light of day
 And, having recognized a martyr's shrine,
 Go join the votaries that gape around
 Each vulgar god that awes the market-place ?—(iv. 219).

With less impetuosity and a more weightily reasoned argument the Pope confronts the long perplexity and entanglement of circumstances with the fatuous optimism which insists that somehow justice and virtue do rule in the world. Consider all the doings at Arezzo, before and after the consummation of the tragedy. What of the Aretine archbishop, to whom Pompilia cried "Protect me from the fiend!"—

"No, for thy Guido is one heady, strong,
 Dangerous to disquiet : let him bide !
 He needs some bone to mumble, help amuse
 The darkness of his den with : so, the fawn
 Which limps up bleeding to my foot and lies,
 —Come to me, daughter,—thus I throw him back !"

Then the monk to whom she went, imploring him to write Rome :—

He meets the first cold sprinkle of the world
 And shudders to the marrow, 'Save this child ?
 Oh, my superiors, oh, the Archbishop here !
 Who was it dared lay hand upon the ark
 His betters saw fall nor put finger forth ?'

Worst of all, the Convent of the Convertites, women to whom she was consigned for help,

They do help ; they are prompt to testify
 To her pure life and saintly dying days.
 She dies, and lo, who seemed so poor, proves rich !

What does the body that lives through helpfulness
 To women for Christ's sake? The kiss turns bite,
 The dove's note changes to the crow's cry: judge!
 'Seeing that this our Convent claims of right
 What goods belong to those we succour, be
 The same proved women of dishonest life,—
 And seeing that this Trial made appear
 Pompilia was in such predicament,—
 The Convent hereupon pretends to said
 Succession of Pompilia, issues writ,
 And takes possession by the Fisc's advice.'
 Such is their attestation to the cause
 Of Christ, who had one saint at least, they hoped:
 But, is a title-deed to filch, a corpse
 To slander, and an infant-heir to cheat?
 Christ must give up his gains then! They unsay
 All the fine speeches,—who was saint is whore.

How wonderful if his review of all the mean and dolorous circumstances of this cycle of wrong brings the Pope face to face with the terrible problem for the Christian believer, the keystone of the arch of religious doubt and despair, through which the courageous needs pass to creeds of reason and life. Where is "the decisive change, the immeasurable metamorphosis" in which that should in some sort justify the consummate price been paid for man these seventeen hundred years before?

Had a mere adept of the Rosy Cross
 Spent his life to consummate the Great Work,
 Would not we start to see the stuff it touched
 Yield not a grain more than the vulgar got
 By the old smelting-process years ago?
 If this were sad to see in just the sage
 Who should profess so much, perform no more,
 What is it when suspected in that Power
 Who undertook to make and made the world,
 Devised and did effect man, body and soul,
 Ordained salvation for them both, and yet . . .
 Well, is the thing we see, salvation?

And in that by whatever other deficiencies it may be marked the *Book* is blameless for the most characteristic of all the faults of contemporary verse, a grievous sterility of thought. ? Because sterility of thought is the blight struck into the minds of men by timorous and halt-footed scepticism, by a half-read of what chill thing the truth might prove itself, by reluctance or moral incapacity to carry the faculty of poetic vision over the whole field; and because Mr. Browning's intelligence, in his hand, is masculine and courageous, moving cheerfully to the hard earth of an articulate and defined conviction, and careful to keep its realities from the conception of the great drama, merely unsightly to the too fastidious eye, or jarring in the ear, or only perplexing to faith or understanding. It is this resolute power and grip of fact which is at the root of his distinguishing

fruitfulness of thought, and it is exuberance of thought, spontaneous well-marked, and sapid, that keeps him out of poetical preaching, on the one hand, and mere making of music, on the other. Regret as we may the fantastic rudeness and unscrupulous barbarisms into which Mr Browning's art too often falls, and find what fault we may with his method, let us ever remember how much he has to say, and how effectively he communicates the shock of new thought which was first imparted to him by the vivid conception of a large and far-reaching story. The value of the thought, indeed, is not to be measured by poetic tests; but still the thought has poetic value, too, for it is this which has stirred in the writer that keen yet impersonal interest in the actors of his story and in its situations which is one of the most certain notes of true dramatic feeling, and which therefore gives the most unfailing stimulus to the interest of the appreciative reader.

At first sight the *Ring and the Book* appears to be absolutely wanting in that grandeur which, in a composition of such enormous length, criticism must pronounce to be a fundamental and indispensable element. In an ordinary way this effect of grandeur is produced either by some heroic action surrounded by circumstances worthy stateliness, as in the finest of the Greek plays; or as in *Paradise Lost* by the presence of personages of majestic sublimity bearing and association; or as in *Faust* or *Hamlet* by the stupendous moral abysses which the poet discloses fitfully on this side and that. None of these things are to be found in the *Ring and the Book*. The action of Caponsacchi, though noble and disinterested, is hardly heroic in the highest dramatic sense, for it is not much more than the lofty defiance of a conventionality, the contemplated penalty being only small; not, for example, as if life or ascertained happiness had been the fixed or even probable price of his magnanimous enterprise. There was no marching to the stake, no deliberate encountering of the mightier risks, no voluntary submission to lifelong endurance. True, this came in the end, but it was an unforeseen, and one, therefore, not to be associated with the first conception of the original act. Besides, Guido is so saturated with hateful and ignoble motive as to fill the surrounding air with influences that preclude heroic association. It has been said of the great men to whom the Byzantine empire once or twice gave birth that even their fame has a curiously tarnished air, as if that too had been touched by the evil breath of the times. And in like manner we may say of Guido Franceschini that he was such that even to have touched him in the way of resistance detracts from pure heroism. Perhaps the same consideration explains the comparative disappointment which most people seem to have felt with *Pompilia* in the third volume. Again, there is nothing which can be rightly called majestic of character visible in one personage or another. There is high

devotion in Caponsacchi, a large-minded and free sagacity in Pope Innocent, and around Pompilia the tragic pathos of an incurable woe, which by its intensity might raise her to grandeur if it sprang from some more solemn source than the mere malignity and baseness of an unworthy oppressor. Lastly, there is nothing in the *Ring and the Book* of that "certain incommensurableness" which Goethe found in his own *Faust*. The poem is kept closely concrete and strictly commensurable by the very framework of its story:—

pure crude fact,
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries since.

It moves from none of the supernatural agencies which give the impulse to our interest in *Faust*, nor from the sublimer passions and yearning after things unspeakable in *Faust*, and in *Hamlet* as well.

Yet, notwithstanding its lack of the accustomed elements of grandeur, there is a profound impressiveness about the *Ring and the Book* which must arise from the presence of some other fine compensating or equivalent quality. Perhaps one may say that this equivalent for grandeur is a certain simple touching of our sense of human kinship, of the large identity of the conditions of the human lot, of the piteous fatalities which bring the lives of the great multitude of men to be little more than "grains of sand to be blown by the wind." This old woe, the poet says, now in the fulness of the days again lives,

If precious be the soul of man to man.

This is the deeply implanted sentiment to which his poem makes successful appeal. Nor is it mocked by mere outpouring of scorn on the blind and fortuitous groping of men and societies of men after truth and justice and traces of the watchfulness of "the unlidde eye of God." Rather it is this inability to see beyond the facts of our condition to some diviner, ever-present law, which helps to knit us to our kind, our brethren "whom we have seen."

Clouds obscure—
But for which obscuration all were bright?
Too hastily concluded! Sun-suffused,
A cloud may soothe the eye made blind by blaze,—
Better the very clarity of heaven:
The soft streaks are the beautiful and dear.
What but the weakness in a faith supplies
The incentive to humanity, no strength
Absolute, irresistible, comports?
How can man love but what he yearns to help?
And that which men think weakness within strength
But angels know for strength and stronger get—
What were it else but the first things made new,
But repetition of the miracle,
The divine instance of self-sacrifice
That never ends and aye begins for man?

EDITOR.

THE SOCIAL FUTURE OF THE WORKING CLASS.

A LECTURE DELIVERED TO A MEETING OF TRADES UNIONISTS, MAY 7, 1868.¹

WE live in a day when social questions are for the first time contesting precedence with political questions. In the first French revolution the distinction was not apparent; at all events it was not recognised even by sharp-sighted observers, though we, looking back to those times, can detect the signs of it. During the reign of Louis Philippe—from 1830, that is, to 1848—the distinction became every year more marked. It is the fashion to speak of the revolution of 1848 as a very small affair—as a feeble imitation of the old revolution. If looked at from a political point of view, in the narrowest sense of that term, it certainly was a much smaller affair than the old revolution. But to those who have realised in their minds that there has been in truth but one revolution, which began in 1789 and has been going on ever since, and that the year 1848 marks a transition from the purely political to the social phase,—to such persons, I say, the last epoch will seem even more momentous than the first. The attempt of 1848 was a failure, no doubt. But the history of the French revolution was not closed in 1848, as most of us here present will live to see.

In England we have travelled the same path, though hitherto without such violent shocks. We are all of us, French and English alike, moving rapidly towards the most fundamental revolution Europe has yet undergone; a revolution in comparison with which the great political changes in the time of our grandfathers, and even the great religious changes three centuries ago, were, I had almost said, insignificant. I will not pretend to say how far workmen may have clearly realised to themselves this prospect. I am inclined to think that not many of them have more than a vague conception of it, although they are instinctively working towards it. But the middle class have no conception of it at all. I am not speaking of the stupidly ignorant part of that body, but of its more enlightened and active members. They sincerely believe that the series of political changes which they commenced in England forty years ago is nearly completed. When they shall have abolished the State Church, reduced taxation somewhat, obtained the ballot and equal electoral districts or something like it, they think reform will be completed, and that England will enter upon a sort of golden age.

(1) This lecture was the last of a series of three delivered last spring, by request of the London Trades' Council, to meetings convoked by that body. The first two were by Dr. Congreve and Mr. Frederic Harrison.

They do not contemplate any serious change, either political or industrial. Politically, we are still to be governed by Parliament. In **i**ndustry we are to have the reign of unlimited competition.

Now we can all of us understand that some men, either from education or mental constitution, do not believe in progress at all. **They** think that all change is for the worse, unless it is a change backwards; and they are convinced that nothing but firmness is wanting to resist change. There always have been such men, and we can understand them. But what is less easy to understand is that there should be men who believe heartily in progress, and yet shut their eyes deliberately to the goal whither we are tending. The truth is that their belief in progress does not rest on any reasonable basis. It is nothing better than a superstitious optimism, a lazy semi-religious idea that the world must have a natural tendency to get better. As for what getting better means, that they settle by their own likes and dislikes. Consequently the middle-class man interprets it to mean a reign of unlimited competition and individual freedom; while the workman understands it to be a more equal division of the products of industry. Although the workman's circumstances have led him to a truer conception of progress, perhaps he has not arrived at it on much more reasonable grounds than those on which the middle-class man has arrived at his. For, after all, it does not follow because we long for a certain state of society that therefore we are tending towards it.

The lot of the poor is a hard lot; there is no denying that. With a very large number of them life is absolute misery from birth to death. Though they may not actually starve, they are more or less hungry from one week's end to another; their dull round of toil occupies the whole day; their homes are squalid and frightful, seldom free from disease, and the heartrending incidents of disease, when aggravated by poverty. For them life is joyless, changeless, hopeless. "They wait for death, but it cometh not; they rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave." Those who have mixed with the very poor, and have been startled by the strange calmness with which they contemplate and speak of death, whether of themselves or their relatives, will not say that this picture is much over-drawn. But it is not of this poorest class that I now wish to speak. I say that the lot of the skilled artizan earning his 30s. or 35s. a week (when he is not out of employment) is a hard lot. Perhaps it may seldom or never happen to him to go for a-day with his hunger only half satisfied. But his position compared with that of a non-workman is one of great discomfort. People often seem to forget this. It is not uncommon for rich men, when addressing an audience of workmen to say, "My friends, *I* am a working man. I have been a working man all my life. I have been working with

my brain as you have with your hands." Yes, but there is just that difference. The one man has risen, say, at eight in the morning from a comfortable bed, has come down-stairs to a comfortable breakfast, read his newspaper, reached his place of business toward eleven o'clock, and then worked perhaps hard enough for some hours but in a comfortable office, and with interest in his work so intense that he perhaps prefers it to any amusement, and then back to his comfortable dinner and bed. The other man has risen perhaps before daylight, has toiled ten or twelve hours, it may be under a broiling sun, or a chilling rain, or under other conditions equally disagreeable, and at work which cannot have very much interest for him, first, because it is monotonous, secondly, because the product will not be his when he has produced it. He has snatched his coarse food at intervals during the day, and has returned at night to an uncomfortable home. I think rich people are too apt to forget that though habit counts for much, a poor man's muscles, lungs, and stomach, are, after all, not very unlike their own, and that no amount of custom makes such a life otherwise than disagreeable and even painful to him; and that the main question for him in reference to civilisation will be, how it alleviates his condition. How are we to answer that question? Everyone is familiar with the hymns of triumph that are raised from time to time on the platform and in the press. We need not enter into particulars, because no one disputes that, so far as they go, they do point to progress of a certain kind. No one disputes that the production and accumulation of wealth is an element of progress; but it is only one element, and even this is confined to a comparatively small section of the community, it must be admitted either that society as a whole is progressing, or that its progress must be proved by somewhat better evidence than the statistics paraded in budget speeches and newspaper articles.

There is no question about the material progress of the non-workman class. There are many thousands of houses in London infinitely more commodious and luxurious than the palaces of Plantagenet kings. But there is very great question whether the workmen generally have made any real progress in comfort. Some of them have, no doubt. The skilled artisan in London gets enough to eat. He is perhaps no better lodged than his forefathers, but he dresses better, and he has greater opportunities of enjoying himself and moving about to better himself. But among the agricultural labourers what state of things do we find? In many parts of England they are positively worse off than they were a hundred years ago. In the Eastern Counties, where agriculture is carried on by the newest lights of science, the horrible gang-system has come into existence within the present century. Nor is such misery confined

to agricultural labourers. It has been proved in official reports that the workmen in such extensive trades as shoe-making, silk-weaving, and stocking-weaving, are on an average worse fed than the Lancashire operatives were during the cotton famine.¹

Now, wretchedness of this terrible kind does not exist even among barbarous nations and savage tribes. The child of the North American Indian, or the Caffre, or the Esquimaux, does not begin to work in a mill or in an agricultural gang almost as soon as it can walk. It gets better food than the English child, and leads a healthier and more enjoyable life. The West Indian negro has been treated as an irreclaimable savage because he will not toil like an English labourer, and the reason assigned is that he has plenty to eat and drink without working hard for it. I fancy most English labourers wish they could say the same. Really, if progress and civilisation mean nothing but an increase of wealth, irrespective of its distribution, Rousseau had much reason to prefer the state of nature. It is childish to remind the poor man that his ancestor under the Plantagenet kings had no chimney to his hut, no glass in his windows, no paper on his walls, no cheap calico, no parliamentary trains, no penny newspapers. He was no worse off in these respects than the Plantagenet king himself, who was equally without chimneys, glass windows, calico, railways, and penny newspapers. There are parts of the world now where the labourer is still in that condition. But he gets sound and healthy sleep out of the straw spread on the floor of his windowless hut, which is more than three or four families huddled together in a single room in St. Giles's can do, though they may have a glazed window and a chimney. A poor Englishman might be ashamed to walk about in a good stout sheepskin; but he is often clad in garments much less warm and durable. What sort of progress is this, in which the larger part of the community remains as miserable, if not more miserable, than in a state of barbarism? If progress is necessarily so one-sided, it were better—I say it deliberately—it were better it ceased. It were better that all were poor together than that this frightful contrast should exist to shake men's faith in the eternal principles of justice.

Happily, we are not shut up to so discouraging a conclusion. If we look at the whole history of our race in Western Europe, instead of studying one short chapter of it alone, we shall soon see what its progress has been. The labouring class have steadily advanced in dignity and influence. Once they were slaves, with no more rights than horses and oxen. Then they were serfs, with certain rights, but still subject to grievous oppression and indignities. Then they became free hired labourers, nominally equal with the upper class before the law, but in practice treated as an inferior race, and them-

(1) Public Health; Sixth Report, for 1863, pp. 13, 14.

selves looking on the rich with much deference and awe. *Now* have come to a time when the workmen are almost everywhere standing on their rights, and resisting what they deem unfair and oppressive. They have learnt the secret of combination. Where freedom and dignity has come confidence—confidence in each other. They have grasped the idea that the main object of government and industrial organisation should be *their* comfort and happiness. What is more, everybody is beginning to hold the same language. Every proposal publicly made, whether to destroy or to create, is represented as for the good of the lower classes. The very employers who are trying to destroy your trade societies profess to be doing it out of pure love for you. How astonishing and incomprehensible would this have been—I do not say to the ancient slave-owner, or to the mediæval baron—but to the wealthy men of the last century. Is not this progress? What if a minority only of the workmen has as yet derived any benefit from the increased production of wealth? Is it nothing that the arms are being forged with which all shall lengthen get their share? Material improvement has always begun and always will begin, not with those who need it most, but with those who need it least; and the higher classes of workmen are now making the experiment which the lowest will repeat after them.

Once firmly grasped, this truth throws a flood of light on history and makes clear what at first sight is so obscure—the unbroken continuous progress of society. We see that even in the so-called dark ages, when the splendour of Roman civilisation appeared to be extinguished by the barbarian—when science, art, and literature were lost and forgotten, and the world seemed to have retrograded ten centuries—even then, in that dark hour, our race was accomplishing the most decided step forward that it has ever made. When the philosophers and poets and artists of Greece were lavishing their immortal works on small communities of free men—when the warriors and statesmen of Rome were building up the most splendid political fabric that the world has seen—the masses were sunk in a state of brutal slavery. But when savage tribes, with uncouth names and rude manners, had poured over Europe, when a squalid barbarism had superseded the elegance and luxury of ancient society—when kings could not read, and priests could not write, when trade and commerce had relapsed into Oriental simplicity, when men thought that the end of a decayed and dying world was surely near—then were the masses, the working men, accomplishing what we noticed their first great step from slavery to serfdom.

What I have already said amounts to this: that the improvement of the condition of the working class is the most important element of human progress—so important that even if we were to make

the sole object and test of our public life we could not justly be said to be taking a one-sided view of political and social questions. I shall endeavour presently to draw a picture of the workman's life, as it ought to be, and, as I believe, it will be in the future. But I must first examine some of the means by which the transition is being effected.

I will put aside the various schemes of Socialists and Communists, which have found so many supporters on the Continent. Widely as they differ from one another, I believe they all agree in demanding that the State shall intervene, more or less, in the direction of industry. Now that opinion has never found much favour in England, nor is there at the present time any large body of workmen who support it. In France the first idea of every reformer or innovator is to act through the Government. This tendency arises partly from the jealousy with which all Governments in that country have repressed voluntary association, but partly also from the logical and orderly character of the French mind, which abhors anything partial or patchy either in thought or action. But in England, where there has always been considerable facility for private and associated action, it is our way rather to depend upon ourselves than to wait till we have a Government of our way of thinking. Hence the only two methods which have any serious pretensions to promote the elevation of workmen in England have both of them sprung, not from the brains of philosophers, but from the practical efforts of workmen themselves. This is shown by the very language we employ to describe them. In France the labour question has meant the discussion of the rival schools, the Economic School, the school of Fourier, the school of Proudhon, the school of Louis Blanc, of Cabet, of Pierre Leroux, and so on. In England we do not talk of schools, but of Unionism and Co-operation, which began in a practical form, and have continued practical. There can be no doubt that all workmen who care for the future of their class are looking to one of these two methods for the realisation of their hopes. Here, as on the Continent, there is no lack of thinkers with elaborate schemes which, in the opinion of their authors, would ensure universal happiness. But whereas the French philosophers, whom I have mentioned, had each his thousands of ardent disciples among the workmen, our theorists cannot count their disciples by dozens, and are therefore not worth taking into account. But Co-operation and Unionism are real forces, and to pass them over in silence would be to deprive this lecture of all practical value and interest for such an audience as I am addressing.

The first thing to be noticed about Co-operation is that the word is used for two very different things. There is the theory, and there is the practice. The theory, as you know, is that there should be no

employer-class, that the workmen should divide the profits of production amongst themselves, and that whatever management is necessary should be done by salaried officers and committees. Co-operation, however, in that sense, does not get beyond a theory. The noble-minded men who founded the celebrated mill at Rochdale did indeed for some years manage to put their principles in practice; but even their own society at length fell away from them, and began to employ workmen who were not shareholders at the market-rate of wages, and I believe there is not in England, at the present moment, a single co-operative society in which workmen divide the profits irrespective of their being shareholders. Co-operation, in this sense, then, may be dismissed from consideration with as little ceremony as the Socialist and Communist theories before alluded to. In them it supposes a degree of unselfishness and devotion which we do not find in average men, and it does not attempt to create the necessary qualities, or supply their place by the only influence that can keep societies of men for any length of time to a high standard of morality, the influence of an organised religion.

The Co-operation which actually exists, and is an important feature of modern industry, is something very different. We must strip it mercilessly of the credit it borrows from its name, and its supposed connection with the theory above described. It is nothing more than an extension of the joint-stock principle. In what respect does the Rochdale mill differ from any other joint-stock company? A considerable number of its shares are already held by persons who do not work in it, and it is very possible that in course of time all, or many of the workmen employed in it, will be earning simply the market-rate of wages. A certain number of men, by the exercise of industry, prudence, and frugality, will have risen from the working class into the class above. How is the working class the better for this? What sort of solution is that for the industrial problem? We set ourselves with the inquiry how the working class was to be improved, not how a few persons, or even many persons, were to be enabled to get out of it. We want to discover how workmen may obtain a larger share of the profits of production, and the Rochdale Co-operative Mill, which pays workmen the market-rate, has certainly not made the discovery. The world is not to be regenerated by the old dogma of the economic man masquerading in Socialist dress.

The history of Co-operation is this. The noble-minded men who first preached the theory in its purity, were deeply impressed with the immoral and mischievous way in which capital is too often employed by its possessors, and instead of inquiring how more influence might be brought to bear on capitalists, they leaped to the conclusion that capitalists as a separate class ought not to exist. In making this assumption they overlooked the distinction between the

accidental and the permanent conditions of industry. Collective activity among men has had two types—the military and the industrial, the latter of which has gradually almost superseded the former. Military organisation has undergone many and great changes, from the earliest shape in which we find it among savage tribes down to its most elaborate form in our own time. But its one leading characteristic has remained unchanged. There has never been a time when armies were not commanded by generals with great power and great responsibility. Wherever there has been the slightest attempt to weaken that power and diminish that responsibility, there it is admitted that the army has suffered and the work has been so much less efficiently done. Whether the soldiers were mere slaves as in Eastern countries, or free citizens as in the republics of Greece and Rome and America, or mercenaries fighting for hire as has often been the case in modern Europe, the principle of management has always been the same. Discipline was as sharp among the citizen soldiers of Grant and Sherman as among the conscripts of Frederick and Napoleon. Such a thing as the co-operative management of an army has never been heard of.

Now in the other type of collective activity—the industrial—a similar organisation has constantly prevailed. The analogy is striking, and it is not accidental, for the conditions are fundamentally the same. Fighting and working are the two great forms of activity, and if you have to organise them on a large scale, it is not strange that the same method should be found best for both. And workmen will do well to notice this analogy, and insist on pressing it home to the utmost of their power; for the more logically it is carried out, the more striking and overwhelming are the arguments it supplies for their side of the labour controversy. There is not a phase of that controversy which it does not illustrate, and invariably to their advantage. As one instance out of many, I may mention the sanction afforded by military practice for a uniform rate of wages to the rank-and-file of labour—an argument which was put by one of the Trades' Union Inquiry Commissioners to the Secretary of the Master Builders' Association, and which completely shut his mouth on that question. But it is for another purpose that I am now referring to this analogy. Special skill and training, unity of purpose, promptitude, and, occasionally, even secrecy, are necessary for a successful direction of industry just as much as of war. "A council of war never fights" is a maxim which has passed into a proverb, as stamping the worthlessness of such councils. Yet councils of war are not composed of private soldiers, but of skilful and experienced officers. They are more analogous to our boards of railway directors, whose incapacity, I must admit, does not take exactly that form. Whether the efficiency of our railway management would be improved

by an infusion of stokers and plate-layers into the direction, I will leave it to the advocates of Co-operation to say.

Another no less important advantage of the old industrial system over Co-operation is that it transfers the risk from the workman to the employer. Capital is the reserved fund which enables the employer to carry on his business with due enterprise, and to give a steady rate of wages to the workman. Great as have been the changes through which industry has passed—slavery, serfdom, and free labour—this fundamental characteristic has remained unaltered. In all ages of the world, since industry began to be organised at all, the accumulated savings which we call capital have been in the hands of comparatively few persons, who have provided subsistence for the labourer while engaged in production. The employer has borne the risk and taken the profits. The labourer has had no risk and no share of the profits. Though in modern times there appears to be some desire on the part of the master to make the workman share the risk, he will soon come to see that such a policy destroys the only justification of capital, and thus strikes at the root of property itself. The workmen will help him to see this by their combinations, if he shows any indisposition to open his eyes. It is one of the many ways in which they will teach him in spite of himself what is for his own good. In point of fact, in the best organised trade—that of the engineers—the rate of wages is subject to little or any fluctuation.

The separation, then, between employers and employed, between capitalist and labourer, is a natural and fundamental condition of our society, characteristic of its normal state, no less than its preparatory stages. We may alter many things, but we shall not alter this. We may change our forms of government, our religions, our language, our fashion of dress, our cooking, but the relation between employer and employed is no more likely to be superseded in the future by Communism in any of its shapes, than is another institution much menaced at the present time—that of husband and wife. It suits human nature in a civilised state. Its aptitude to supply the wants of man is such that nothing can compete with it. There may be fifty ways of getting from Temple Bar to Charing Cross, but the natural route is by the Strand; and along the Strand the bulk of the traffic will always lie. And so, though we may have trifling exceptions, the great mass of workmen will always be employed by capitalists.

Now this was what the founders of Co-operation refused to see and in their enthusiasm they fancied they could establish societies the shareholders of which would voluntarily surrender to non-shareholders a large part of the profits which their capital would naturally command. But the shareholders were most of them only average

; they were not enthusiastic, or their enthusiasm cooled as the money-making habit crept over them. The co-operative theory was bound up with any religious system, or supported by any spiritual discipline; and they soon fell into the vulgar practice of making the most of their capital. What is the lesson to be learnt? Whatever was of good in the movement belonged not to the industrial system, but to the social spirit of the men who started it. If those who had been employers, or if any employers had had their spirit, workmen would have reaped the same advantages without any machinery of co-operation. Therefore we must look for improvement, not to this or that new-fangled industrial system, but to the creation of a moral and religious influence which may bend all influence to duty. When we have created such an influence, we shall find that it will act more certainly and effectually on a small group of capitalists than it would on a loose multitudinous mob of co-operative shareholders.

Before leaving the subject of Co-operation, let me say that, while I do not recognise its claims to be the true solution of the industrial question, I heartily acknowledge the many important services it may render to the working class. Even as applied to production, in which I contend it can never play an important part, it will do good at a time by throwing light on the profits of business. As applied to distribution in the shape, that is to say, of co-operative stores, its services can hardly be exaggerated. It not only increases the comfort of workmen, by furnishing them with genuine goods and enabling their money to go further, but it gives them dignity and independence by emancipating them from a degrading load of debt. Moreover, it sets free, for the purpose of reproduction, a large amount of labour and capital which had before been wasted in a badly arranged system of distribution.

If we turn now to the other agency by which the labouring class in this country is being elevated, I mean Trades Unions, we shall find more enlightened ideas combined with greater practical utility. Socialism distinctly recognises the great cardinal truth which Co-operation shirks—namely, that workmen must be benefited as workmen, not as something else. It does not offer to any of them opportunities for raising themselves into little capitalists, but it offers to all an amelioration of their position. Co-operation is a fine thing for men who are naturally indefatigable, thrifty, and ambitious; but not always the finest type of character, be it observed in passing—it does nothing for the less energetic, for the men who take life easily, and are content to live and die in the station in which they are born. Yet these are just the men we want to elevate, for they form the bulk of the working class. They are in very bad odour with the preachers of the Manchester school, the apostles of self-help.

To my mind there is not a more degrading cant than that which incessantly pours from the lips and pens of these wretched instructors. Men professing to be Christians, and very strict Christians too—Protestant Christians who have cleansed their faith of all mediaeval corruptions and restored it according to the primitive model of apostolic times, when, we are told, “all that believed were together and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men, as every man had need”—these teachers I say, are not ashamed to talk of making money and getting on in the world, as if it were the whole duty of a working man. Thus it comes to pass, that while they are bitter opponents and calumniators of Unionism,¹ they patronise Co-operation, because it enables the model workman to raise himself, as Lord Shaftesbury expressed not long ago, “into a good and even affluent citizen,” a moral elevation to which it is clear a primitive Christian never attained. But you who are workmen, and have a little practical experience of the thing, you do not want me or anyone else to tell you that the men who raise themselves from the ranks are very often not distinguished by fine dispositions or even by great abilities. What is wanted for success of that sort is industry, perseverance, and a certain sharpness often of a low kind. I am far from saying that those who raise themselves are not often admirable men; but you know very well that they are sometimes very much the reverse—that they are morally very inferior to the average workman who is content with his position, and only desires that his work may be regular and his wages fair. Now the merit of Unionism is that it meets the case of the average workman. Instead of addressing itself to the sharp, shiftless men, who are pretty certain to take care of themselves in any case, it undertakes to do the best that can be done for the average man. And not only so, but it attends to the man below the average: industry and worthiness: it finds him work, and insists on his working; it fortifies his good resolutions; it strengthens him against temptation; it binds him to his fellows;—in short, regulates him generally, and looks after him. Nor is even this the full extent of the difference in this respect between Co-operation and Unionism. While the benefits of the former are exclusively reaped by shareholders, the union wins its victories in the interest of non-unionists just as much as of its own members..

I noticed as a fatal error of Co-operation that it regards the relation of employer and employed as a transient and temporary arrangement which may and will be superseded, whereas it is permanent, as

(1) “God grant that the work-people may be emancipated from the tightest thralldom they have ever yet endured. All the single despots, and all the aristocracies that ever were or will be, are as puffs of wind compared with those tornadoes of Trades Unions. But I have small hope. The masses seem to me to have less common-sense than they had a year ago.”—*Letter of Lord Shaftesbury to Colonel Maudslayi*.

destined to survive all attacks. It is an eminent merit of Unionism that it recognises this important truth. The practical good sense of workmen has here shown itself superior to all the cleverness of philosophers. They have instinctively grasped the maxim that we shall best serve the cause of progress, whether political or social, by striving not to displace the actual possessors of power, but to teach them to use their power for the interests of society.¹ And there is this further advantage of a practical kind, that Unionism is not obliged, like the schemes of the philosophers, to hover impotently in the air, as a mere speculative phantom, till such time as it can command the assistance of the State to get itself tried in practice. A few dozen men can commence the application of it in their own trade any day they please. Nor is it a cut-and-dried scheme in which every detail is settled beforehand with mathematical exactness; it is of infinite elasticity, and can adapt itself spontaneously to the circumstances of each case.

It is desirable that the workman's wages should be good, but it is still more desirable that they should be steady. A fluctuating income in any station of life is, as everyone knows, one of the most demoralising influences to which a man can be exposed. When an outcry is raised against the unions because they maintain that wages ought not to fall with every temporary depression of trade, it always seems to me that in so doing they are discharging precisely their most useful function. I have already alluded to the duty of the capitalist in this respect, and Unionism supplies exactly the machinery required for keeping him up to his duty, until a religious influence shall have been organised which will produce the same result in a more healthy and normal way. No doubt unions might offend deplorably on their side against this principle of a steady rate of wages. It is conceivable that they might screw out of the employer every year or every month wages to such an amount as would leave him only the bare profit which would make it worth his while to continue in business. It is manifest that on those terms he could not amass such a reserve fund as would enable him to tide over temporary depression without reducing wages. Every fluctuation in trade would cause a corresponding fluctuation in wages, which would vary from month to month. If Trades Unions were to act in this way they would lose their principal justification. They are charged with doing so now, but the charge is perfectly groundless. Probably in no case do they extract from the employer anything like the wages he could afford to give if he was disposed. I do not believe that unions, extend them as you will, will ever be strong enough to put such a pressure on the employers. I believe that an organised religious influence will hereafter induce employers to concede to their men, voluntarily, a larger

(1) Comte Pol. Pos. i. 163 (p. 173 of the translation by Dr. Bridges).

share of their profits than any Trades Union could extort from them. An additional security that unions will never go too far in this direction is to be found in the fact that some masters, whether from large capital, greater business ability, or higher reputation, make much larger profits than others. But unions do not pretend to exact higher wages from such masters. The tariff, therefore, is evidently ruled by the profits of the least successful employers.

It might have been supposed at first sight that employers would have looked with more favour on Unionism, which leaves them in full possession of their capital, their authority, and their responsibility than on Co-operation, which proposes to supersede them altogether. But, as you all know, the contrary is the case; and there could not be a more instructive test of the relative efficiency of the two methods. Unionism maintains that capital has its duties, and must be used for a social purpose. Co-operation shrinks from asserting a doctrine so distasteful to the propertied classes, and seeks to evade the necessity for it by the shallow fallacy that everyone is to become a capitalist. Although everyone will not become a capitalist, no doubt some will, and the net result of the co-operative movement will be that the army of capitalists will be considerably reinforced in its lower ranks. Will that army so reinforced be more easy to deal with? An exaggerated and superstitious reverence for the rights of property and an indifference to its duties, is the chief obstacle to the elevation of the working class. The fewer the possessors in whose hands capital is concentrated, the more easy will it be to educate, discipline, and, if need be, gently coerce them. But when the larger capitalists have at their back an army of little capitalists, men who have seen the co-operative workman in the co-operative shareholder, men who have invested their three or four hundred pounds in the concern, and are employing their less fortunate fellow-workmen at the market rate of wages, why, it stands to reason that the capital of the country will be less amenable to discipline than ever. A striking example is to be seen in France at the present time. You know that the immediate effect of the old revolution was to put the cultivators in possession of the soil. A vast number of small proprietors were created. Doubtless many advantages resulted from that change. France got rid of her aristocracy once and for good. The cultivators identified themselves with the revolution which had given them the soil, and defended it fiercely against the banded sovereigns of Europe. If the people had not been bribed with the land, the revolution might have been crushed. But there has been another result from it, of more doubtful advantage. The whole of this class of small proprietors is fanatically devoted to the idea of property; and in their fear that property should be attacked they have thrown their weight on the side of conservatism, and against further political and social progress. The wealthy

middle class plays on their ignorance and timidity. All who desire to initiate the smallest social reform, who express any opinion adverse to the tyrannical power exercised by capital, are denounced as Communists and apostles of confiscation. The small proprietors are worked up into a frenzy of apprehension, and fling themselves into the arms of any crafty impostor who talks big words about saving society. Thus the artizans and small proprietors, men whose interests must be essentially the same, for they are all alike workmen living by the sweat of their brow and the labour of their hands, are pitted against one another, and the middle class alone profits by the dissension. If the manufactures of this country were to get into the hands of a number of small shareholders, simple workmen would soon find the rein tighter and the load heavier. Their demand for the repeal of unjust laws would encounter a more stubborn resistance; the progress they have been making towards comfort and dignity would be abruptly checked. Fortunately, as I have already endeavoured to show, there is no likelihood that so-called Co-operation will ever drive the capitalist employer out of the field.

Such are the reasons for which I hold Unionism to be by far the **most** efficient of all the agencies that have as yet been largely **advocated** or put in practice for the purpose of elevating the working **class**, and preparing it for its future destinies. The French workmen **have** much to teach us; but I think in this matter they might take **a lesson** from our men with advantage. I hope they will signalise **their** next revolution—for which, by the way, I am getting rather **impatient**—by abolishing all those laws which so iniquitously obstruct **their** right to combine. Indeed, Unionism cannot be said to have **had** a fair trial in England until it is established in the other **countries** of Europe also.

It remains to consider what the destinies are for which our workmen are thus preparing themselves, and to picture to ourselves what **their** condition will be when society shall approximate more nearly to its normal state. We may do so without indulging in Utopias or **extravagant** estimates of our capacity to shape the course of human development, because we are not postulating springs of action in individuals, which, as a matter of fact, do not exist, or do not exist in sufficient strength—we are not spinning theories out of *a priori* notions of what society ought to be, but we are feeling our way by an examination, on the one hand, of the permanent facts of our nature, and the conditions imposed upon us by the external world; and, on the other hand, of the steady, continuous progress of society in the past. And if it has occurred to anyone that I have been a long time coming to what professed to be the subject of this lecture—namely, “the future of the working class”—I must plead, in justi-

fiction, that I have in effect been dealing with it all along, and that nothing now remains but to give some practical illustrations of the conclusions already arrived at.

That the position of the workman will ever be as desirable as that of the wealthier classes seems, as far as we can see, highly improbable. Some people are shocked when such a proposition is plainly enunciated. They have a sort of hazy idea that the external conditions of our existence cannot be inconsistent with the perfection and happiness of man. They have been taught that this is a world where only *man* is vile, and it sounds to them immoral to talk as if there was any insurmountable obstacle to an ideal state of society except what they are accustomed to term our fallen nature. The fact is, however, that this is very far from being the best of all possible worlds, and we must look that fact in the face. Human society might arrive much nearer perfection, both moral and material, if there was not so much hard work to be done. It *must* be done by some; and those to whom it falls to do it will inevitably have a less pleasant life than others. But though to annul or entirely alter the influences of the world external to ourselves is beyond our human powers, we can generally either modify them to some extent, or what comes to the same thing, modify ourselves to suit them, if only successive generations of men address themselves wisely to the task just as an individual may by care preserve his health in a pestilential climate, though he can do little or nothing to alter the climate. And so, though there will probably always be much to regret in the workman's lot, we may look forward to improvements which will give him a considerable amount of comfort and happiness. I now enumerate some of these which we may reasonably expect will be reached when present struggles are over, and when employers and workmen alike have learnt to shape their lives and conduct by the precepts of a rational religion.

Employers, though exercising their own judgment and free action in their industrial enterprises, will never forget that their first concern must be, not the acquisition of an enormous fortune, but the well-being and comfort of the labourers dependent on them. Hence there will be an end of that reckless speculation which sports with the happiness, and even the life, of workmen and their families—displacing them here, massing them there, treating them, in short, as mere food for powder in the reckless conflicts of industrial competition. We shall no longer see periods of spasmodic energy and frantic over-production first in one trade, then in another, followed by glutted markets, commercial depression, and cessation of employment. For capital being concentrated in comparatively few hands it will be possible to employ it with wisdom and foresight for the general good; which is quite out of the question while the chieftain

of industry are a disorganised multitude, swaying to and fro in the markets of the world as blindly and irrationally as a street-mob at a fire. Thus the workman will be able to count on what is more precious to him than anything else—steady employment, and an income which, whether large or small, is, at all events, liable to little fluctuation. The demoralising effects of uncertainty in this respect can hardly be overrated. Large numbers of workmen at present, from no fault of their own, lead as feverish and reckless an existence as the gambler. When this state of things ceases, we may look forward with confidence to a remarkable development of social and domestic virtue among the working class.

To give the workman due independence, he ought to be the owner of his abode, or, at all events, to have a lease of it. In some instances at present we find men living in houses belonging to their employers, from which they can be ejected at a week's notice. This is often the case among colliers and agricultural labourers, and what grinding tyranny results from it, I need not tell you. It is not desirable in a healthy, industrial society that labour should be migratory. Ordinarily, the workman will continue in the same place, and with the same employer, for long periods, just as is the habit with other classes. Fixity of abode will naturally accompany fixity of wages and employment. Here, again, we may expect an admirable reaction on social and domestic morality.

A diminution of the hours of work is felt by all the best workmen to be even more desirable than an increase of wages. All of you, I am sure, have so thoroughly considered this question in all its bearings, that I am dispensed from dwelling on it at length. I merely mention it that it may not be supposed I undervalue it. If the working day could be fixed at eight hours for six days in the week, and a complete holiday on the seventh, the workman would have time to educate himself, to enjoy himself, and above all to see more of his family.

Let us next consider how far the State can intervene to render the position of the workman more tolerable. That ought to be the first and highest object of the State, and therefore we need have no scruple about taxing the other classes of the community to any extent for this purpose, provided we can really accomplish it.¹ But of course it must be borne in mind that by injudicious action in this direction

(1) As I have had some experience of the criticism (always anonymous) which seizes detached passage and draws from it inferences directly excluded by the context, I anticipate by anticipation to protest against any quotation of the above sentence apart from at least the three which immediately succeed it. Taken by itself (although even so it is guarded by a strictly adequate proviso) it might be misunderstood. In the context the proviso is carefully and fully expanded into an argument on social grounds against excessive taxation of the rich. Arguments from the individualist point of view I entirely reject, as I trust my audience did.

we might easily defeat our own benevolent intentions. For instance, it is conceivable that such taxation might become so heavy as to approximate in effect to the establishment of Communism, and the springs of industry and frugality, in other words the creation of capital, would be proportionately affected. Again, the State must not afford help to workmen in such shape as directly or indirectly to encourage on the one hand idleness, and on the other a reckless increase of the population. For example, it must not interfere to lower the price of food or houses; because common sense and experience alike show us that such interference would rapidly pauperise the class it was intended to benefit. But there are, I believe, many ways in which it may add most materially to the comfort and happiness of the poor without at all relieving them from the necessity of exercising prudence and industry. As regards their physical comfort, it may carry out sanitary regulations on a scale hitherto not dreamt of. It may furnish them in London, and other large towns, with a copious supply of good water free of expense. It may provide medical assistance much more liberally than at present. I would add, it may exercise a close supervision over the weights and measures of the shopkeepers and the quality of the goods they supply, did I not hope that the spread of co-operative stores may render such supervision unnecessary. The State may also do much to make the lives of the poor brighter and happier. It may place education within their reach; it may furnish an adequate supply of free libraries, museums, and picture galleries; it may provide plenty of excellent music in the parks and other public places on Sundays and summer evenings.

I think that a London workman in steady employment, earning such wages as he does now, working eight hours a day, living in his own house, and with such means of instruction and amusement as I have described gratuitously afforded him, would not have an intolerable lot. His position would, it is true, be less brilliant than that of his employer. But it does not follow that the lot of the latter would be so very much more desirable. His income, of course, will be lessened in proportion as his workmen receive a larger share of the profits of production. He will live in greater luxury and elegance than they do, but within limits; for public opinion, guided by religious discipline, will not tolerate the insolent display of magnificence which at present lends an additional bitterness to the misery of the poor. His chief pleasure will consist, like that of the statesman, in the noble satisfaction of administering the interests of the industrial group over which he presides. But the responsibilities of this position will be so heavy, the anxiety and the strain on the mind so severe, that incompetent men will generally be glad to take the advice that will be freely given them, namely, to retire from it to some humbler occupation. The workmen, on the other hand,

lead a tranquil life, exempt from all serious anxiety; and though their position will be less splendid than that of the employers, it will not be less dignified. For in that future to which I look forward, the pressure of public opinion, directed, as I have several times said, by an organised religion, will not tolerate any idle man living by the sweat of others, and affecting to look down on all who have to gain their own bread. Every man, whether he is rich or poor, will be obliged to work regularly and steadily in some way other as a duty to society; and when all work, the false shame which the industrious now feel in the presence of the idle will disappear for ever. I am addressing an audience, which, whether it be itself Republican or not, has, I am sure, a thoroughly Republican spirit, and a keen sense of the insolent contempt with which labour is regarded by those whose circumstances exempt them from reforming it. You will therefore agree with me that of all the changes in the workman's condition which I have enumerated as likely to be realised in the future, this is by far the most precious—that his function will be invested with as much dignity as that of any other citizen who is doing his duty to society.

There are some men who are inclined to be impatient when they are asked to contemplate a state of things which confessedly will not be of immediate realisation. They are burning for an immediate reformation of all wrong in their own time. They think it very poor work to talk of a golden age which is to bless the world long after they are dead, buried, and forgotten. They are even inclined to reject any attempt to interest them in it, as though dictated by a concealed desire to divert them from practical exertions. "Tell us," they say, "how we may taste some happiness. Why should we labour in the cause of progress if the fruits are to be reaped only by a distant generation?"

I do not wish to speak harshly of workmen who have this feeling. There has been too much of such hypocritical preaching in times past, and it is not strange if they have become suspicious of exhortations to fix their eyes on a remote future rather than on the present. So conspicuously unjust is their treatment by the more powerful classes, so hard and painful is the monotonous round of their daily life, that the wonder is, not that some men should rebel against it, but that most should bear it with calmness and resignation. Nevertheless, it is necessary to say firmly, and never to cease saying, that the language as I have alluded to belongs to a low morality. In itself, it defeats its own object. For whatever may be the case with individuals, the people will not be stimulated to united action by appeals addressed to its selfishness. The people can only be aroused to enthusiasm by an appeal to elevated sentiments. If leaders

of the worst causes find it necessary to invest them with some delusion of virtue that may touch the popular heart, shall we have put our hand to the sacred task of helping and accelerating social progress, shall we deal in cynical sophisms and play on passions? We owe it to our race that we should leave this world a better state than we found it. We must labour for posterity because our ancestors laboured for us. What sacrifices have we made compared with some that have been made for us? We are not called on to go to the gallows with John Brown and George William Gordon, the latest martyrs in the cause of labour; to mount barricades, like the workmen who flung away their lives in Paris twenty years ago next month. Is their spirit extinct? Are they men of different mould from us? Or did they enter upon this terrible struggle on some calculation of their personal advantage? No! but so short a time had wrought them up to an heroic enthusiasm which made it seem a light thing to pour out their blood that they might inaugurate a happier future for their class. And we who live in times less stormy, but not less critical for the cause of labour, shall we complain if the fruits of such small sacrifices we may make are reserved for another generation?

The worst of this unworthy spirit is, that the exhibition of it is an excuse to the self-indulgent and frivolous for their neglect of serious thought and vigorous action. One is sometimes ready to despair of any good coming out of a populace which can fill so many public-houses and low music-halls; which demands such dull and vulgar rubbish in its newspapers; which devours the latest news from Newmarket, and stakes its shillings and pots of beer as eagerly as a duke or marquis puts on his thousands. This multitude, frivolous and gross in its tastes, will not be regenerated by pleading it with fierce declamation against the existing order of society. It will more easily move it by appealing to its purer feelings, obscured but not extinct, than by taunting it with a base submission to social injustice. The man whose ideas of happiness do not go much beyond his pipe and glass and comic song, knows that the sour and envious agitator will never be a bit the better off for all the trouble he gives himself; and he sees nothing to gain by following in his steps. There are few men so gross as not to be capable of feeling the beauty of devotion to the good of others, even when they are morally weak to put it in practice. And though a man may lead an unsatisfactory life, it is something if, so far as his voice contributes to the formation of public opinion, it is heard on the right side. This is the ground we must take if we wish to raise the tone of working-class political and social action—the good of those who are to come.

us. We must hold out no prospect of individual advantage or reward other than the approval of their own consciences.

Those who complain most bitterly of the slow rate of progress towards an improved industrial state, would sometimes do well to reflect whether their own conduct does not contribute to retard it. The selfish spirit follows us even into our labours for others, and takes the form of vanity and ambition. Probably all of us have had frequent occasion to observe how the cause of labour has suffered from ignoble jealousies and personal rivalries. Yet it is the greatest spirits who are invariably most ready to take the subordinate position and to accept obscurity with a noble satisfaction. The finest type of theocratic government, the lawgiver of the Hebrew nation, was ready to be blotted out of God's book, so that the humblest and lowest, the rank-and-file of his people, might enter the promised land. The greatest of the apostles wished that he himself might be accursed from Christ, if at that price he might purchase salvation for an obscure mob of Jews. "Reputation," said the hero of the French revolution, "what is that? Blighted be my name, but let France be free." So speaks a Moses, a Paul, or a Danton, while petty ambitions are stickling for precedence, and posturing before the gaze of their contemporaries. Devotion, forgetfulness of self, a readiness to obey rather than an eagerness to command—if a man has not these qualities he is but common clay, he is not fit to lead his fellows. Let us school ourselves into a readiness not merely to storm the breach, but to lie down in the trench, that others may pass over our bodies as over a bridge to victory. It is a spirit which has never been found wanting whenever there has been a great cause to call it forth; and a greater cause than that of the workmen of Europe advancing to their final emancipation, this world is not likely to see again.

EDWARD SPENCER BEESLY.

AN INTERNATIONAL MONEY QUESTION.

IN many cases people of the present day seem to understand perfectly well the value of new forces. Patents, prohibitions on exportation, secrets which States make of a needle-gun or a chassepot, show it sufficiently. But in many other instances, through an inconsistency the explanation of which would be far from flattering, it seems not to be understood, and especially as regards railways. The miracles performed by that colossal motor of contemporary life seem to have blinded people to the true nature of the advantages railways give to the civilised part of the world over that part whose civilisation has still to be perfected. Not satisfied with providing, when asked for, materials for constructing railways in other countries, England encourages those constructions — her advice, her precepts, and, what is still more efficacious, her money.

To lay down small lines in Asia, Africa, or Australia, which, while accustoming the natives to that kind of communication, form means of traffic between the coast and some centre of commerce, is a policy easily understood. But to construct, almost at its own risk and peril, as England is doing in Russia, a net of railways in an immense country, which constantly frightens Europe, proves clearly that a people, priding itself in being the most practical, can easily be led to conduct that may have every possible merit, save that of being practical.

The projects for invasion of Turkey, Asia, and the Slavonian countries which, rightly or wrongly, are attributed to the Czar's government, are the constant bugbear of all Europe. The Press speaks of them daily; nearly as often diplomatic writings respecting them are interchanged; and millions of soldiers are on that account kept under arms. All this costs vast sums of money; and after spending all this money, in attempting to avert the evil or in preparing to meet it, still larger sums are lent to Russia, to enable her to organise, as quickly as possible, such a system of communication as will give her an opportunity of carrying out her plans with greater facility. Notwithstanding the enormous number of her troops, Russia is completely powerless at present. All who are acquainted with the country know perfectly well that not a single plan that the Russian Government might entertain could be realised in the present, not only of a common action, but even of a simple agreement on the part of two or three European Powers. Russia, properly speaking, consists only of a few central provinces, surrounded on every side by foreign nationalities, all equally oppressed, and all equally ready to rise at the first suitable moment. The Finlanders, the Poles, the Estonians, the Livonians, and the Lithuanians, the Tartars of the south and of the east, the Armenians, the Georgians, the Jews — none of these are Russians. They must be guarded, for they all, with the single exception of the Jews, perhaps, wish more or less to attain an independent existence, and, consequently, require troops to keep them as they are. Concentration, in such circumstances, of an army of three or four hundred thousand men at a given point, cannot be obtained but to the detriment of several other points of the country, a little less vulnerable perhaps, but far from being strong

as long as there have been no railways, the removal of troops, always requiring me and enormous sums, was often completely impracticable.

The best way of serving the Russian Government in such a case was to construct its railways. Troops, which formerly must be marching several months reach a given point, would cross the same space in a few days, and Europe could have the satisfaction of seeing an army of half a million of men at the Austrian or Turkish frontiers, as easily as at the *étapes* on the road which Russia is now making herself to India.

This is not all. The corn and raw materials that constitute the whole wealth

Russia, and are now worth in ports of exportation (Petersburg, Odessa, and *Aganrog*) four or five times their value at the place of their production, where, want of means of communication and money, they are often left to decay, all, once the railways are made, be sold for a good price at the European market. This will enrich the producer, enable him to pay much heavier taxation, and, consequently, enable his Government to maintain an army much more powerful.

The consequences of all this are as clear as the sun at noon-day. If the whole nation contributed to the realisation of such enterprises, one might suppose there existed an interest more or less well understood. But in the present instance the matter is carried on by three or four bankers, anxious to add at 12 and 15 per cent. the money they borrow at 3 and 4 per cent. from the savings of private individuals. Like a big bag, out of which there come

draw a few German brokers, whose whole merit consists in the capacity of sinuating themselves wherever one of their countrymen can be found, the *princes* cover at a single stroke a subscription for the construction of a railway in a country of which they have hardly the slightest knowledge, order the few shares to be quoted for some weeks at the Royal Exchange, sell them at a premium, and take no further trouble,—fully confident of having done a satisfactory stroke. A series more or less lengthy of such satisfactory strokes will be followed by covering Russia with railways, giving a herculean strength to her Government, and enabling it to take towards Europe an attitude far more threatening than she can take now.

Up to the present time the Russian Government has been able to construct, by its own means, only a single line of any importance, the "Nicholas" line (Moscow-Petersburg), constructed in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, very badly made, though at a fabulous expense, and lately sold as the last resource of a ruined Government. All the rest are small lines, due to private efforts, with the exception of the two great lines belonging to the Grande Société of Russian Railways, an exclusively French company, established by means of French capital, and worked by the French. They are the lines of Petersburg-Warsaw (with a branch to the Prussian frontiers) and Moscow-Ni-Novgorod.

England took formerly very little interest in the movements of funds of Russian railways. There were here and there, in London, a few obligations of the Grande Société, and a few shares of the small Riga-Dunaburg railways. But at the present moment, though these two papers seem to have disappeared from England, to make up, you may daily see in the *Times*' columns under the heading of "Foreign Shares and Obligations," five or six companies which seem to be of an entirely English origin, for the nominal value of their papers is fixed neither in francs nor roubles, but in pounds sterling. Two or

three of these enterprises (as Kharkof-Azov and Orel-Witebsk), besides being of a high commercial importance to the country, may easily receive a more serious strategic importance.

If it has been the intention of English capitalists to favour, by means of the gold, the plans attributed to the Russian Cabinet, those five or six companies are not a strong enough weapon. It would be necessary to organise ten or twelve other lines in different parts of the immense empire. If, what is more probable, such was not their intention, they ought not to have given a single farthing for the construction of railways in Russia.

It might be supposed, perhaps, that in all we have said here we are guided by a feeling of animosity against Russia. Far from it. Let the progress of civilisation show itself in Russia or China, in the Sandwich Islands or in Iceland, in France or England, it can be but a source of sincere satisfaction to every sound-thinking man. Moreover, the information we have as regards the aim of Young Russia in these days is such as cannot but make us feel the warmest sympathy for the progress of that country. The selfish tendencies of another nation ought not to be brought into play in such matters as we are dealing with, if the question were of helping the Russian people—a people intelligent, sociable, almost as quiet as the Italian people, when not interfered with, and meddling far less with European affairs than Europe meddles with theirs. So inoffensive a neighbour is always very pleasant, and sometimes may be useful. It would therefore be right to help such a people. Unfortunately, in the present instance, the help is not given to the Russian people, but to the Russian Government—a Government far less treacherous and cunning than is supposed in Europe, but ignorant, bigoted, and as despotically cruel, becoming much more dangerous since it began to take the forms of European politeness; a Government keeping in its code an article declaring the law to be the supreme arbiter of men's actions, and, at the same time, saying that every law may be changed according to the pleasure of Imperial will. To strengthen such a Government, no matter how, is the most senseless and criminal act that can be committed. It is helping despotism to prolong all the wrongs despotism has done to humanity.

It may be said that railways are means of civilisation, that a people enriched and possessing greater facilities of intercourse with Europe will become enlightened, and will crush despotism. This objection must be treated as untrue in the present. As a general view in the distant future, when people shall enjoy that which can be brought by rail, it may be correct; but at present railways serve despotism and capital far more than labour and intellect. If the new form has lent some aid to the weak, it has lent it far more to the powerful. It is perhaps doubtful if we should ever have seen the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December had not railways taken so powerful and spontaneous a start in France at the close of the February revolution. Can we suppose that progress would have stopped in Russia, and the country have remained without railways, had English capitalists not lent her their money? To say this would be to mistrust the laws of progress and the force we speak of. A people who do not wish to remain in company with Asia, who want to be ranged by the side of European peoples, and even to compete with them, cannot live without railways.

What would then happen in the absence of foreign capital? The coun-

would be forced to construct her railways at her own expense. Unable to tax its people sufficiently for such a purpose, the Government would be obliged either to give greater play to private initiative in public affairs, or to borrow money anew from those of its subjects who possessed it. These, well aware of the insolvency of the indebted Government, would now lend only on good security, which might be found in the property of the Church and monasteries, the domains of the Crown, the appendages of the Court, a budget discussed by the people's representatives and the decrease of military expenses, which devour at the present time the greater part of the taxes.

The laying down of the lines would be slower perhaps, but the progress of the country in many other respects might not, on that account, be less rapid and sure. The peasant, who now thinks that Father-Czar gives money as well as orders for such or such a line to be laid for the benefit of his beloved subjects, and that the thing would go on much better were it not for foreigners who come and turn the country to their own profit, would then know the real value of railways and their real owners. In discussing questions of home economy he would learn what the ways of communication cost him and bring him. He would turn them to a use very different from their present employment of taking his son as a recruit to the neighbouring town, or his last sack of corn to the nearest market, to give up the first to the enlisting sergeant, and the price of the second to the tax-gatherer, to be carried to the War Department.

But in speaking of such matters we have unconsciously fallen upon considerations which often have but a secondary validity in financial affairs. Practical questions of this kind require, in the eyes of many readers, a narrower support. Men of business are not satisfied in being told they are wrong in general; they must have proofs that they are not right in particular, respecting their own interest, and such proofs we shall endeavour now to present.

European capitalists, in lending their money to Russia, ask securities from the Russian Government. A glance at the state of finances in that country, from the year 1863 to the year 1869, will show us how far obligations and securities taken by that Government can be looked upon as serious.

The data we put before the reader are borrowed from the official budgets of the Imperial Government, published for the first time in 1863.

GENERAL RECEIPTS OF THE EMPIRE.		GENERAL EXPENSES OF THE EMPIRE.	
1863	318,830,644 rouble.	1863	334,558,413 rouble.
1864	346,241,813 „	1864	355,346,966 „
1865	349,945,044 „	1865	372,343,150 „
1866	349,680,816 „	1866	371,264,748 „
1867	387,092,535 „	1867	402,298,830 „
1868	410,467,702 „	1868	422,929,839 „

Before proceeding with a comparison of these columns, we must remark:—

(1) That the slight increase of receipts during the six years is owing, not to the development of commerce or industry, but exclusively to the increase of direct taxes, and chiefly to the poll-tax, which only affects the rural population.

(2) That the greater increase of receipts in 1867 and 1868 is explained by the junctions of the finances of Poland (until then separate) with those of the empire. The kingdom of Poland must be valued at 25,000,000 roubles in the column of receipts, as well as in that of expenses.

Making now the comparison of both columns, we find that the difference shows an annual deficiency running thus:—

In 1863	15,707,769 rouble.
1864	9,105,153 „
1865	22,398,106 „
1866	21,583,931 „
1867	15,206,294 „
1868	12,462,136 „

These annual deficits are balanced in the respective budgets by equivalent columns bearing the somewhat original title of “*Extraordinary resources*,” which are only, as it may be supposed, loans. The total sum of those deficits, during the six years, amounts to 96,463,389 roubles, or about £14,000,000.¹

It is, then, perfectly clear that the amount of the Russian Government debt must, on account of that alone, have increased in six years at least £14,000,000, plus interest. But as the budgets bear only expected expenses as the unexpected and extraordinary ones are always enormous, and depend only on the will of the Czar, and as the arrears in the proposed receipts are always increasing, the debt of the Government of Petersburg increases in a far more imposing manner.

Until 1819 Russia had never contracted a loan, properly speaking. All debts consisted of paper-money. It is true that, according to the agreement of May 17, 1815, she had undertaken to pay, in common with England and the Netherlands, the expenses of Napoleon's war,—a sum of nearly 100,000,000 florins, of which she bore the half alone. But this first foreign debt, of which at the present time there still remains to pay nearly 25,000,000 florins, is not numbered in the catalogue of loans, which date only from 1819, and reach now the sum of 1,262,483,689 roubles, or more than £180,000,000.

Adding to the above the value of 700,000,000 roubles paper-money which circulate in the country without being ever changed for cash, we shall have an enormous total of the Russian Government's debt 1,962,483,689 roubles, more than £280,000,000, of which nearly a fifth was contracted between 1819 and 1868. This lately contracted portion comprises the two Anglo-Dutch loans (of April 1864 and November 1866), the two lottery loans, the bank notes 5 per cent., the new series of notes of the Treasury, and the metalliques. It will not be uninteresting to know that the Anglo-Dutch loan of 1866 (amounting to 31,357,000 florins and £3,342,000) was made in order to cover “*payments abroad, and especially on expiring obligations*.” We quote here the terms of the Imperial decree concerning the loan, and presume that if the state of finances of a Government force it to borrow anew to be able to pay the interest of old debts, the securities asked for, and given so willingly, can hardly be looked upon as of much validity.

Bearing in mind the avowal and the amount of the deficits showed by the above columns, we have been unable fully to understand the appearance of the following telegraphic despatch in the *Times* of the 14th of January of the present year:—

“*St. Petersburg, Jan. 13.*—It is said that the budget for 1869 amounts to 482,000,000 roubles. The excess of expenditure is 15,000,000, which will be covered by the surpluses of 1866 and 1867. It will not be necessary to have recourse to extraordinary resources.”

(1) We omit everywhere the copecks, and in transferring the sums in pounds sterling take the average rate of 33½ pence, or about 7 roubles, for £1 sterling.

The "surpluses of 1866 and 1867" being, as shown by these columns, nothing more than a deficit of $(21,583,931 + 15,206,294 =) 36,790,225$ roubles, it seemed to us very fortunate that this despatch began with the words: *it is said*. But on January 21st appeared another despatch, more explicit and more positive.

"St. Petersburg, Jan. 20.—The Budget of the Empire for 1869 amounts to 182,000,000 roubles. In the revenue accounts figure a surplus of 4,000,000 roubles from the Budget of 1867, and a surplus of 10,000,000 roubles from the Budget of 1868, these amounts serving to cover the increase of 13,000,000 roubles in expenditure." . . . "The Minister of Finance ascribes the increase in the revenue to a more than usually satisfactory harvest and the stimulus given to commerce by the extension of the railway system. . . ."

The years which are said to have given the surplus are altered in this second despatch: the first despatch speaks of 1866 and 1867, the second of 1867 and 1868. According to our information the years 1867 and 1868 have returned a deficit of $15,206,294 + 12,462,136 = 27,668,430$ roubles, or about £4,000,000 sterling. According to the second despatch they returned 14,000,000 roubles (or £2,000,000 sterling) surplus. It is *perhaps* possible that the Russian Government has at the present moment such a sum at its disposal, but it can be nothing more than the remains of some loans or of the sale of the "Nicholas" Railway, and can, by no means, be justly called surplus of the two last financial years. If there should exist an excess of receipts over the expenditure, it would be shown in the respective budgets of the two years, and would consequently be brought into our columns which, we repeat, are perfectly authentic. Moreover, the pretended surplus is quite improbable in itself, as we know that the year 1867—1868 was a year of famine in Russia. The surplus really existing, it would also be unnecessary to sell the "Nicholas" Railway—an operation performed just at the same time with great loss and great difficulty.

The increase of the receipts of 1869 seems indeed to be great—from 410 million roubles in 1868 to 482 million roubles in 1869 (a difference of about £10,000,000 sterling). But the explanation of this increase cannot be made before the whole budget is published.¹ And, as notwithstanding such an increase, the final result is an avowed deficit of 13,000,000 roubles, the position cannot be considered as a very flourishing one.

In no case can the pretended improvement of the Russian finances be explained by the reasons put forward by the Minister. The harvest of the last year was only a better one than that of 1867, which was a very barren year, and the consequences of which are still felt by the whole of the tax-payers. As regards the second argument, "the stimulus given to commerce by the extension of the railway system"—its validity will be duly appreciated if we remember that this extension is merely projected, the new lines being still unfinished and the majority of them only at the very beginning of their construction.²

But as all things in the world have their true explanation, so the pretended improvement of the Russian finances and the appearance of these two despatches have theirs also, which is this.

The comparatively satisfactory financial results attained by the French

(1) This is generally done in April or May.

(2) See for details the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, Vol. III. (new series), Mr. Giffen's "Russian Railways."

Government, and published on New Year's Day of 1869, have produced a great sensation in Europe. The Government of Alexander II. has presumed that it would be below its dignity to remain in this respect behind the Government of Napoleon III. In these days of probable war the whole peace relation between the three great continental powers consist in telling one another that they are equally ready for war. The military forces of France and Russia being nearly on the same level, the Russian Cabinet has presumed that it would be useful to inform France through the medium of the *Times* that Russian finances are quite as flourishing as those of France. The Russian Government gives this assertion so much *sans façon*, because it is sure that verifications of the asserted facts are likely to be made in the present state of Russian publicity and Russian administrative forms.

As the total amounts of the English and American debts are each of them far greater than the total amount of the Russian debt, this last would seem less desperate if the march of affairs in the country afforded any ground for supposing that the money borrowed from the natives and foreigners is employed in more or less productive manner. But this is not the case. Education, commerce, industry—all fall off in the country. Every year the Government shortens the budget of public instruction under pretence of economy, and increases the stipend of the officers, the clergy, the court favourites, and innumerable descendants of the Romanoff dynasty. The permanent troop amount at present to 1,350,000 men, and cost the country more than 150,000,000 roubles, whilst the duty on commerce brought very high and talked of in the budget of 1866 as amounting to 10,095,500 roubles, hardly returned 8,347,900 roubles.

Last year the appropriation of the receipts of the State for several branches included 29½ per cent. of the total receipts to the war ministry (besides extraordinary expenses), and only 5 per cent. to the means of communication, 2 per cent. to public instruction, and 2 per cent. to justice! All these, we presume, are sufficiently eloquent facts.

Now, as great money questions are not governed by considerations of international policy, but chiefly by the law of supply and demand, and as obedience to the present action of this law the excess of ready money in the rest of Europe may find its way to Russia, what is desirable in our case is that such transactions should bear an exclusively private character. This, however, in the present instance, is by no means the case. All the railway companies quoted in the *Times*, with a single exception, are guaranteed by the Government and built under its patronage, consequently with the single view of serving its own purposes. It is well known what those purposes are outside as well as inside of the frontiers of the Russian Empire, and we have seen here the validity of the guarantees. On the other hand, private lines, projected out to meet the true commercial wants of the country, must pay themselves in Russia perhaps better than in some other countries, as the materials to be transported are very heavy in their nature, very abundant in quantity and in constant demand throughout Europe.

All these considerations warrant us in saying that if it may be in many respects of international benefit to assist the Russian people, it is in all respects fraught with the greatest harm to the rest of Europe to assist the Russian Government.

NATHANIEL TARAI.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

CULTURE AND ANARCHY: AN ESSAY IN POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CRITICISM.
By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London, Smith, Elder, & Co. 1869. 10s. 6d.

THERE is so much truth, and of just now the most necessary kind for us, in what Mr. Matthew Arnold has written—moreover, his style has so severe a grace, his satire is so quiet and yet so incisive—that his readers can scarcely fail to be either fascinated or enraged by him. That we are far enough from “sweetness and light,” even “the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*” would scarcely deny; and it is an evil omen that we can even boast of our Philistinism. There may possibly enough be something better for mankind than culture, but that something better is assuredly not the contempt of culture. For when we allow Mr. Matthew Arnold, as he may fairly expect from us, to define his own terms, we find that *the culture in which he believes* is not “a smattering of Greek and Latin,” much less “a turn for small fault-finding,” or the faculty of criticising new books. It has for its object on the intellectual side, “to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent;” and on the practical side, “to make reason and the will of God prevail.” It aims at the perfection of the individual and the perfection also of society, and at a perfection of the individual which is impossible without the perfection of society. Hence the objection that “the man of culture is in politics one of the poorest mortals alive,” is no more than a contradiction in terms when urged against Mr. Matthew Arnold’s culture. For his culture *includes* politics. On this point nothing can be plainer than Mr. Arnold’s own words:—

“Culture, or the study of perfection, leads us to conceive of no perfection as being real which is not a *general* perfection, embracing all our fellow-men with whom we have to do . . . Individual perfection is impossible so long as the rest of mankind are not perfected along with us . . . So all our fellow-men, in the east of London and elsewhere, we must take along with us in the progress towards perfection, if we ourselves really, as we profess, want to be perfect.”

Nor can anybody reasonably complain that Mr. Matthew Arnold desires that “*reason and the will of God* should prevail” instead of selfishness and ignorance. Neither an individual nor a nation can afford to take many “leaps in the dark;” nor, again, are admitted evils to be removed on such principles as would themselves produce a pestilent swarm of new and perhaps more fatal evils. Few politicians, even devoid of culture, would disestablish the Irish Church by an Act of Parliament affirming in its preamble that the Christian religion itself was an impudent delusion; or render legal the marriage of a deceased wife’s sister by an Act affirming the right of every Englishman to cohabit in whatever manner he might think fit with whomsoever he might choose.

It may be admitted, too, that if Mr. M. Arnold’s teachings and warnings be somewhat one-sided and extravagant—therein furnishing a melancholy proof of an almost universal degeneracy, in that he himself has not attained to a perfect εἰρήνη—he warns us with excessive vehemence against the dangers which are most pressing to that enormous majority of Englishmen who are not yet the loyal servants of culture. There is scarcely a single department of public life in which action is not terribly in advance of knowledge. What satisfactory basis of legislation is there as yet in knowledge and science in a matter where,

nevertheless, legislation is imminent and perhaps inevitable—the settlement of the long-standing and mischievous quarrel between employers and employed? Even state education is scarcely better than guess-work—a series of doubtful experiments where failure may not only waste the present generation, but corrupt the next.

Nevertheless, Mr. Arnold's Culture could scarcely fail to produce Anarchy; because it not only aims at perfection, which is good, but seems incapable of acting at all, even for the removal of admitted wrongs, *until perfection is attained*, which is mischievous and anarchic. Until we are quite certain not only that we have light—be it only such glimmer as may lead us on to the perfect day—but that we have the very noon flooding every path, we may not stir a single step. The very examples which Mr. Arnold gives us of great movements which he, for his part, must keep aloof from until the noon of culture shall have come, are exactly of a kind to convince us that his culture, as a practical force, making reason and the will of God prevail, is little better than the mocking prophet of an impossible perfection. Even the examples themselves are far better illustrations of his incisive sarcasm than of his political sagacity. To represent the endeavour to obtain a repeal of the law forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister as a great liberal movement at all closely resembling the movements for free trade and the disestablishment of the Irish Church is—at least I should think so if the misrepresentation were not Mr. Arnold's—so exceedingly silly as to be scarcely honest. Yet even against this poor attempt to obtain a very paltry power Mr. Arnold has very little to urge:—

"I was lucky enough," he says, "to be present when Mr. Chambers, I think, brought forward in the House of Commons his Bill for enabling a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, and I heard the speech which Mr. Chambers then made in support of his Bill. His first point was that God's law—the name he always gave to the book of Leviticus—did not really forbid a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. God's law not forbidding it, the Liberal maxim that a man's prime right and happiness is do as he likes, ought at once to come into force, and to annul any such check upon the assertion of personal liberty as the prohibition to marry one's deceased wife's sister. A distinguished Liberal supporter of Mr. Chambers, in the debate which followed the introduction of the Bill, produced a formula of much beauty and neatness for conveying in brief the Liberal notions on this head: 'Liberty,' said he, 'is the law of human life.' And therefore the moment it is ascertained that God's law, the Book of Leviticus, does not stop the way, man's law, the law of liberty, asserts its right, and makes us free to marry our deceased wife's sister. And this exactly falls in with what Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who may almost be called the Colenso of love and marriage,—such a revolution does he make in our ideas on these matters, just as Dr. Colenso does in our ideas on religion,—tells us of the notions and proceedings of our kinsmen in America."

This is surely a very remarkable piece of writing for an apostle of culture. What revolution has Dr. Colenso made in our ideas on religion? He has affirmed precisely what Mr. Arnold means by his rather unfair sarcasm, when he says of Mr. Chambers, "he always gave the name, God's law, to the Book of Leviticus." Dr. Colenso, like Mr. Arnold, protests against "Hebraizing" to the extent of regarding the Old Testament as for all peoples and times, the law of God, the whole of that law, and nothing but that law. And why were the English people shocked that Dr. Colenso could so far "Hellenize"? Precisely because he is a bishop of the Established Church. Dr. Pusey was horrified, indeed, but not surprised, by Dr. Davidson's "Introduction to the

Testament," because Dr. Davidson was a Dissenter. Mr. Arnold ridicules the notion of taking our law of marriage from a people whose wisest king had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines; but when Dr. Colenso does the same thing, in a much better way, he is the Hepworth Dixon, I suppose, of religion; and, nevertheless, the Church which, apart from dissent, would long since have burnt Colenso for being so like Mr. Arnold, is the great focus and instrument of *culture*. On what principle did, and do, the clergy oppose the law of divorce? Because the clergy of the Established Church, unlike the "provincial" Dissenters, are exactly like Mr. Chambers in their estimate of Leviticus and the Bible.

Having been taught by the *Established Church* that Leviticus is the law of God, Mr. Chambers was bound to obey it, and to take good heed that no Bill he introduced into Parliament should be in opposition to this Divine law. But no such opposition being apparent to him in the matter of deceased wives' sisters, why should not "the right and happiness of a man to do as he likes" come into play? Unhappiness is in itself an evil. The natural desires are never wholly misleading; and the burden of justifying itself rests not upon indulgence, but upon restraint. Possibly Adam may have been εὐφής, but a horrid chasm yawns between such an Adam and all the rest of mankind. Within the whole space of history men have had to seek culture by the rough road of "liberty." What a man ought to like can only be ascertained by a vast multitude of experiments, whereof the most will be foolish. Mr. Arnold sees clearly enough that for free intercourse and for culture a good high road is needful; and that to set out on a long journey without so much as seeing your road is idiotic. Therefore, before anything else can be done a road must be made; and for this purpose there must be fitting tools and waggons for the conveyance of material and construction of the road. With due "play of consciousness" Mr. Arnold gets ready his tools and waggons, and—waits till somebody else makes a road for his road-constructing waggons to travel along. Mr. Arnold is himself an exquisite result of infinite mistakes, and looks down with a half-divine contempt upon the very elements of which he himself is constructed. WM. KIRKUS.

THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEGH. Two Vols. By EDWARD EDWARDS.
London: Macmillan & Co. 1868. 32s. 6d.

ONLY a few months ago a notice of a life of Raleigh, by Mr. St. John, appeared in this REVIEW, and Mr. Edwards is the author of a new work twice the size of that of his latest predecessor. A comparison of the two works leads one to suppose that Mr. St. John's biography will be the most popular, while Mr. Edwards' life will be best appreciated by the student and by the antiquarian.

Mr. Edwards has done wisely in not attempting to delineate the great national transactions of the period. The life of Raleigh presents a number of disputed points sufficient to deter the biographer from straying from the straight path of biography into the broader fields of history. But the author has, perhaps, made a mistake in severing the text of the letters from the body of the narrative. This could not perhaps be avoided in a work which professed to give the whole of Raleigh's letters hitherto discovered; but the letters being printed separately in the second volume, lose the interest which they would have possessed if used to illustrate the different points of Raleigh's history by his own words. This method has the further disadvantage, that it renders necessary the repetition of the substance of their contents in the biography.

Mr. Edwards' appreciation of Raleigh's character is just and impartial; he has added some new facts hitherto unknown, and has corrected some errors which other writers have made. Raleigh's ancestry and pedigree have been traced with much care and industry. Every one knows what influenced the earliest impressions of Sir Walter's boyhood seem to have had on his future career; and Mr. Edwards has dwelt on the scenes which surrounded the youthful Raleigh, and on the effects which his parentage appears to have exercised over him. But, after all, none of the materials recently discovered have enabled either Mr. St. John or Mr. Edwards to throw much light either on the earlier parts of Raleigh's life, or on that mysterious period which immediately preceded the close of his career. Mr. Edwards has shown that Raleigh was no mere adventurer seeking for plunder and wealth by his foreign expeditions; but that, thoroughly imbued with hatred of Spain, he sought only to defeat her power in Europe, but by founding colonies in the New World to raise up a barrier against her dominion in America. To bring the far distant lands of the New World into union with the civilisation of the Old was the worthy aim of an elevated mind.

Mr. Edwards has been less happy in describing the relations of Elizabeth and Raleigh. He has without proof set them before the reader in an unfavourable light; and from his account it might be imagined that the Queen in a fit of jealousy had sent Raleigh to the Tower only for having secretly married Elizabeth Throgmorton, whereas the real reason must be sought in Raleigh's behaviour previous to his marriage. Mr. St. John has shown a truer appreciation of Elizabeth's character and Raleigh's conduct. He stigmatises Raleigh's "seduction and desertion" of Elizabeth Throgmorton, and is supported by Camden's words, "*honoraria reginae virgine vitiatâ (quam postea uxorem duxit),*" which clearly point to the cause of punishment. Raleigh seems to have regarded the Queen with unswerving friendship, and to have cherished her reputation more sedulously than his own. He did not love her with the passion of a lover, but with the admiration and respect of a faithful friend. His intimacy with Spenser forms one of the most agreeable episodes of his life. Mr. Edwards has illustrated this part of his history with apt passages from Spenser's poet's work, passages which Raleigh's adventures had inspired. The author has described the last scenes of Raleigh's life ably. He has not, it is true, been able to raise the veil of mystery which hangs over the so-called "Raleigh Plot," but he has entered fully into all the particulars of Raleigh's trial and execution, which, urged on as they were by Spanish hatred and by Spanish greed, have earned for James the unmitigated censure of posterity.

The second volume contains 166 letters, of which so many as 125 are printed from the originals. Many are now printed for the first time, and many of those best known have never been printed correctly. The fine collection of letters of the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield has contributed a large number of the originals. The majority are addressed to one or other of the Cecils, and only one addressed to the Queen has been preserved. Mr. Edwards has had no small task in attempting to determine the date and order of the correspondence. Raleigh's almost invariable practice was to date his letters "this Wednesday" or "this 6th of October," but without any mark of the year. Mr. Edwards has had to discover this from the intrinsic evidence, and has performed the task with much skill. An excellent index is appended to the work.

AMERIC MARBURY

NOTES ON HOUSEHOLD TASTE IN FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY, AND OTHER DETAILS. By CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, Architect. London: Longmans.

MR. EASTLAKE has opened a subject, the thorough discussion of which might be quite as conducive to domestic comfort as larger and more important reforms. To most men furnishing is an affliction—to all but men of considerable means it is a source of perpetual disgust. Nothing can exceed the ugliness of modern furniture, unless it be the houses into which we are obliged to put it. With bricklayers for architects, house-painters for decorators, and upholsterers for designers, how shall an ordinary man house himself in a place which shall be the home, not only of his social affections, but of his æsthetic feelings? Most of us have to take such houses as we can get, and to buy such furniture as is found in the shops; and as the choice is merely between various forms of ugliness, all that we can do is to avoid vulgarity, and even that is difficult. As to attaining anything like beauty or picturesqueness in furniture, one must be either very rich, or very much at leisure, or very familiar with the arts of decoration, to have a chance of attempting it. The upholsterer supplies what is fashionable, and as pretentious vulgarity seems always to set the fashion, the only chance left is to go in for severity; to avoid all ornament, and to buy the plainest, most quaker-like, and most old-fashioned furniture that can be got. Your rooms may then give you little satisfaction, but they will, at least, give you no annoyance. But why should we not get real satisfaction from the appearance of a furnished room? Why should there not be as much rest for the eye as for the limbs, for the sense of colour, harmony, and beauty, as for the other senses? Why there so rarely is this sense of repose is obvious. In an ordinary drawing-room, furnished by the upholsterer's notion of what is the fashion, every piece of furniture asserts itself against every other piece, and the discord is horrible. In vain the voices of the household are "ever soft, gentle, and low"—that "excellent thing in woman;" in vain the sweet sounds of gentle music "lap you in soft Lydian airs;" the colours on the carpet are loud, the ornaments on the furniture are self-asserting, the very picture-frames are noisy, and there is everywhere conflict, effort, strife, obtrusiveness—there is no repose in anything. All is overdone. Each article pushes itself forward, and there is no subordination anywhere. Yet without such subordination there is neither peace, satisfaction, nor repose. Even supposing that, by a miracle, each article is in itself tolerable, their concurrence is fortuitous, and their ensemble inharmonious. No attempt is made to give them unity of design and impression, yet such unity is the elementary requirement of art. The furniture of a room should be designed as a whole; from floor to ceiling every object should stand in its due relation to all other objects, and every individual effect, whether of form or colour, should be subordinate to the general result. But how can people of ordinary means have this evidence of design in the furniture of their rooms till the decorator, and the cabinet-maker, and the upholsterer have gone to school to the artist, and the artist has not thought it to be beneath the dignity of his vocation to give them lessons.

It is for this reason that one feels under an obligation to Mr. Eastlake for using his architectural knowledge and his artistic culture to give us some hints on household taste, and to show his readers "how they may furnish their houses with a sense of the picturesque, which shall not interfere with modern notions of comfort and convenience." Unfortunately, however, Mr. Eastlake

has not been able to do this at all fully. His book is no more than its title indicates—Hints; and those hints rather unsystematically put together. A careful reading of the book leaves one almost entirely at a loss how to set to work to furnish a drawing-room. There are too many generalities, and too few practical details. Probably Mr. Eastlake felt that the most needful thing was to open the eyes of his readers to the ugliness around them, and he is most likely right. The public taste is vitiated, and has more to unlearn than to learn. It is very hard to convince people of half cultivated taste that a thing which may be pretty in itself is not pretty everywhere. A group of flowers makes a pretty picture—hence it must be beautiful for the seat of a chair or the carpet on the floor. The green walls of an ivy-mantled summer-house, or an arbour covered with honeysuckle, are beautiful—what, then, can be better than to paper your rooms with wreaths and festoons of flowers. A lion's foreleg is a beautiful object in nature—what, then, can be better as the support of a wash-stand or the leg of a chair. People who have no imagination, and no sense of congruity, cannot be convinced that a bunch of flowers is a horrible thing to sit on, and worse still to tread upon, or that a solid wall papered to look like an arbour-trellis is a hideous sham. Their idea of art is—pretence. Make everything in the likeness of what it is not, and you have arrived at the highest ideal of popular upholstery. Round off every angle into a "graceful" curve; glue sprouts of gilded plaster round your mirrors, and load the fronts of sideboards and chiffoniers with piles of tortured wood, and you have that massive and showy effect in which multitudes delight.

Unfortunately, Mr. Eastlake illustrates in this book one of the obstacles which stand in the way of art revival. Begin to talk about taste, and you get transported back to the middle ages. Mr. Eastlake talks, as most artists do, about mediæval examples, and approves or disapproves by a rule which he calls the "spirit of ancient art." He protests against the foolish imitativeness which dominates our manufactures, yet proposes only to substitute one system of imitation for another. Has modern art no original power? Must it always look backwards? Has it not the courage to approve of anything on which antiquity has not set its seal? Then it will always remain, and deserve to remain, a voice crying in the wilderness. Mr. Eastlake sketches some mediæval furniture and ornaments, some of which are picturesque without being useful, and some of which are as ugly as any nineteenth century invention. Yet his own designs, when he leaves authority and dares to be original, are exceedingly beautiful. His sketches of suggestions for furniture are so admirable that one longs for more of them. His strong point seems to be the bed-room furniture. His bedstead and hangings, chest of drawers, and the washstand, though they are evidently not intended to go into the same room together, are thoroughly picturesque and beautiful objects. The dining-room and library furniture, and the drawing-room are more doubtful in design. But what is much wanted is more of drawings, with some few measurements and specifications, so that an artist can give the thing to a carpenter and get it made without having to be by the carpenter's judgment. A book of such drawings would be a boon to the public. May one venture to hope that the success of the present may induce Mr. Eastlake to give us so necessary a supplement?

P. W. CL

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXVIII. NEW SERIES.—APRIL 1, 1869.

ENDOWMENTS.

A FEW years ago, the question which required to be argued on the subject of endowments, was the right of the State to interfere with them: not merely the right to bring them back to their original purpose when by the corruption or negligence of the managers it had been departed from, but the right to change altogether the application designed by the founder. This question now scarcely needs further argument. Discussion, and the progress of political thought, have done their work. We have well-nigh seen the last of the superstition which allowed the man who owned a piece of land or a sum of money five hundred years ago, to make a binding disposition determining what should be done with it as long as time or the British nation should last; which, after limiting an owner's power to tie up his property in favour of individuals to the term of a single generation, thinks it spoliation to disobey his orders after the lapse of centuries, when their apparent purpose is connected with religion or charity. These prejudices had nearly ceased to be formidable, even before they received their death-blow from the triumphant passage through the House of Commons of the proposal for disendowing the Irish Protestant Church. Whoever voted, or would vote, for that great measure of justice and common sense, indicates his opinion that the jurisdiction of the State over Endowments extends, if need be, to an entire alteration of their purposes; and even those whose political or ecclesiastical partisanship ranges them on the other side, find it consistent with their principles to propose alternative plans, as subversive as disendowment itself of the legal rights vested by the endowment in collective or fictitious public persons. There is, as on all other great questions, a minority behind the age; which is as natural as that there should be minorities in advance of it. But with the bulk of the nation the indefeasibility of endowments is a

chimera of the past; so much so, that those who fought hardest against this superstition when it was alive, are now likely to find themselves under the obligation, not of re-arguing a gained cause, but rather of checking the reaction to a contrary extreme, which so generally succeeds the defeat of an old error, when the conflict has been long.

Such a reaction, in fact, is already commencing. Some of the most effective and valuable champions of State authority over Endowments are claiming assent to doctrines which go far beyond providing for the due application to public uses of funds given for the public benefit. Some go the length of maintaining that endowments, or certain great classes of them at least, even when their purposes have not ceased to be useful, are altogether an evil, as the purposes would be better attained without them. Others stop short of this, but recommend that it should be unlawful to make endowments for any public purpose, except through the medium, and subject to the discretion, of the Government for the time being, or of an authority responsible to Parliament, and to those by whom parliaments and governments are made. In a paper in all other respects deserving of high eulogium, Mr. Fitch—one of the men whose personal investigations have more largely contributed to make known the abuses of endowments—not content with calling on statesmen to “estimate the enormous mischief which is done in England under the name of benevolence, and to “see the need of a more energetic and organised supervision of all public charities,” but urges them “to go a step farther, and while permitting the free exercise of testamentary rights *as between persons and persons*, make it illegal to devote any money to public objects except through the agency of some recognised body, which is amenable to public control. Is it too much to expect,” asks Mr. Fitch, “that we shall soon see the wisdom of restraining the power of private persons to tamper with any one of those great national interests such as education and the relief of the poor, which demand organisation and fixed principles, and which still more imperatively demand complete readjustment from time to time, in accordance with the supreme intelligence and will of the nation, as represented in Parliament?”

It would be both unfair and unreasonable to impute to Mr. Fitch, as a settled conviction, the doctrine here incidentally thrown out—a doctrine breathing the very spirit, and expressed in almost the words, of the apologies made in the over-centralised governments of the Continent for not permitting any one to perform the smallest act connected with public interests without the leave of the Government. But when such a maxim finds its way to the public under such auspices, it is time to enter a protest in behalf of those “private

(1) “Educational Endowments,” *Fraser's Magazine*, for January, 1869, p. 11.

persons" whose power of public usefulness Mr. Fitch estimates so lightly, but whose liberty of making themselves useful in their own way, without requiring the consent of any public authority, has mainly contributed to make England the free country she is; and whose well-directed public spirit is covering America with the very institutions which her state of society most needs, and was least likely in any other manner to get—institutions for the careful cultivation of the higher studies. Whether endowments for educational purposes are a good or an evil is a fair question for argument, and shall be argued presently. But the reason by which Mr. Fitch supports his doctrine—namely, that as education and the relief of the poor require organisation and fixed principles, no tampering with them by private persons should be allowed—would avail equally against allowing any private person to set up and support a school, or to expend money in his lifetime on any plan for the benefit of the poor. Such doctrines lead straight to making education and beneficence an absolute monopoly in the hands of, at the best, a parliamentary majority; that is, of an executive government making itself habitually the organ of the prevalent opinion in the country, but liable to spasmodic fits of interference by the country's more direct representatives. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Fitch cannot intend this; but it is those who do not intend a bad principle, but only a particular consequence of it, that usually do the work of naturalising the principle, and making it one of the moving forces in society and government.

While there are few things more true, under due limitations, there are few which in the present day it does more mischief to speak unguardedly about, than the "organisation" and "fixed principles" required in everything which aims at producing a public benefit. It is desirable that every particular enterprise for education or other public objects should be organised; that is, its conductors should act together for a known object, on a definite plan, without waste of strength or resources. But it is far from desirable that all such enterprises should be organised exactly alike; that they all should use the same means for the attainment of exactly the same immediate ends. And Mr. Fitch himself, as we saw, reinforces his argument drawn from the necessity of "fixed principles," by another grounded on the importance of unfixing those fixed principles from time to time.

The truth needs reasserting, and needs it every day more and more, that what the improvement of mankind and of all their works most imperatively demands is variety, not uniformity. What is called tampering by private persons with great public interests, as if it meant obstructing the Government in what it thinks fit to do for public uses with the funds at its disposal, means trying to do with

money of their own something that shall promote the same object better. It is tampering as those tamper with the religion of a country who build nonconformist chapels. It is healthy rivalry. If the law duly protects these private establishments against interested misappropriation of their funds, many of them will probably do better in some respects, some perhaps better on the whole, than institutions held to "fixed principles" laid down by an Act of Parliament, or by the opinion of the majority. At all events, whether they do or not, they are necessary for the just protection of minorities whose portion in the public interest deserves the attention of majorities equally with their own, but is far less likely to obtain it.

All this, though its importance is seldom adequately felt but those who are directly interested in it, is not likely to be called in question, so far as it affects men's employment of their property during their own lifetime. But there is no reason why respect for the free agency of individuals should stop there, unless the power bequest itself is a nuisance, and ought to be abated. If it is right that people should be suffered to employ what is lawfully their own in acts of beneficence to individuals taking effect after their death, why not to the public? There is good reason against allowing them to do this in favour of an unborn individual whom they cannot know or a public purpose beyond the probable limits of human foresight. But within those limits, the more scope that is given to the variety of human individuality, the better. Since trial alone can decide whether any particular experiment is successful, latitude should be given for carrying on the experiment until the trial is complete. In the length of time, therefore, which individual foresight can reasonably be supposed to cover, and during which circumstances are most likely to have so totally changed as to make the effect of the gift entirely different from what the giver intended, there is an obvious propriety in abiding by his dispositions. To set them aside, under the command of a still higher principle, is an offence both against liberty and against property. And all that the higher principle requires is, that a term, not too distant, should be fixed—I will decide that it should be half a century or a century, or even whether it should be the same for all descriptions of endowments—but at the expiration of which their appropriation should come under the control of the State, to be modified, or entirely changed, at its discretion; provided that the new purpose to which they may be diverted shall be of a permanent character, to remove the temptation of laying hands on such funds for current expenses in times of financial difficulty.

I am not contending that there should be no limit to the right of making endowments, except a limit of time. There are strong reasons against permitting them to be so made as to tie up land for

alienation. It is a matter of course that they should not be permitted for any purpose definitely illegal. I say "definitely," because the English common law has a number of vague formulæ under cover of which almost anything of which the judge disapproves may be declared unlawful. But there are also employments of money which have so mischievous an effect, that they would most likely be prohibited, if it could be done without improper interference with individual liberty; and such an application of funds, though the State may be obliged to tolerate, it may be right that it should abstain from enforcing, on the mandate of the owner, after his death. Of this sort are most of the so-called doles; indiscriminate distributions of sums of money among the poor of a particular place or class, the effect of which may be to pauperise and demoralise a whole neighbourhood. In such cases, until the expiration of the term during which testamentary directions in general may be allowed to be valid, the intention of the testator should be respected so far as it is not mischievous; the departure from it being limited to the choice of an unobjectionable mode of doing good to the persons, or the sort of persons, whom he intended to benefit; as, for instance, by appropriating to a school for children what was destined for alms. And it is important that even this minor degree of interference should be exercised with great reserve. The State is not entitled to consider, so long as the fixed term is unexpired, what mode of employing the money would be most useful, or whether it is more wanted for other purposes. No doubt this would often be the case; but the money was not given to the State, nor for general uses. Nothing ought to be regarded as a warrant for setting the donor's dispositions prematurely aside, but that to permit their execution would be a clear and positive public mischief.

What tempts people to see with complacency a testator's dispositions invalidated, is the case of what are called eccentric wills—bequests determined by motives, and destined for purposes, with which they do not sympathise. And this propensity to count the wishes of the owner of the property for little or nothing, when they are unlike those which we think we should ourselves have had in his place, does not stop at public endowments, but extends to any large bequest in favour of an individual, which departs ever so little from the common practice of the common world. But does not this genuine intolerance of the majority respecting other people's disposal of their property after death, show how great is the necessity for protection to the rights of those who do not make resemblance to the majority their rule of life? A case of bequest which has been much noticed in the newspapers, and of which it is still uncertain whether it will be allowed to take effect, strikingly exemplifies this need. A person left a sum of money by will to found an hospital for the treatment

of the diseases of the lower animals, particularly birds and quadrupeds. He made the mistake of appointing as trustee for the purposes of the endowment, the University of London—a body constituted for specific objects, and which could not with propriety undertake a duty so remote from the ends of its appointment. But can it be pretended that an hospital such as was designed by the testator, would not be a highly useful institution? Even if no regard were due to the animals themselves, is not the mere value of many of them to man and the light which a better study of their physiology and pathology cannot fail to throw on the laws of animal life and the diseases of the human species, sufficient to make an institution for that study not merely useful, but important? When one thinks of this, and then considers that no such institution has ever been established in Europe; that a person willing to employ part of his superfluities in that way, is not born once in several centuries; and that, now when one has been found, the use he makes of what is lawfully his own is a subject of contemptuous jeering, and an example held up to show the absurdities of testators, and the folly of endowments; can one desire a more conclusive evidence of what would happen if donations for public purposes were only valid when the purposes are consonant to the opinion of the majority? Who knows if even the University, with its “eccentric” provision that every student attending the University must work bodily for his living, would at present have been more than a project, if its realisation had depended on the will of the Government, or of an authority accountable to the majority?

Because an endowment is a public nuisance when there is nobody to prevent its funds from being jobbed away for the gain of irresponsible administrators; because it may become worse than useless, irrevocably tied up to a destination fixed by somebody who died five hundred years ago; we ought not on that account to forget that endowments protected against malversation, and secured to their original purpose for no more than two or three generations, would be a precious safeguard for uncustomary modes of thought and practice, against the repression, sometimes amounting to suppression to which they are even more exposed as society in other respects grows more civilised. The fifty or hundred years of inviolability which I claim for them, would often suffice, if the opinion or practice is good, to change it from an uncustomary to a customary one, leaving the endowment fairly disposable for another use. Even when the idea embodied in the endowment is not an improvement, those who think it so are entitled to the opportunity of bringing it to a practical test. The presence of such attempts to promote the general welfare by means diverging from the common standard, keeps discussion alive, and obliges the prevailing opinions and customs to seek support

from their own merits, and not from a blind acceptance of existing facts.

Some further observations require to be made on educational endowments, which are in some respects a peculiar case. Of these it cannot be said, in the present day at least, that they provide what, but for them, would not be provided at all. Education there would still be, and the real question is one of quality. Neither, again, has the argument, so important in other cases, of the protection due to uncustomary opinions, more than a limited application here. A very small minority is able to support a private school suitable to its requirements; and it might even seem that minorities are never in so much danger of being left out, as in the case of endowed institutions for education, which are usually more or less bound to opinions widely prevalent, and which, when the time has come for bringing them under the control of the State, fall into the power of the majority. This danger is very serious, when State institutions, or endowments under State superintendence, have a monopoly of education, or when those who are there educated have, as they have usually had, legal preferences or advantages over other people. But if endowed institutions, originally of a national character, or which have become so by the expiration of the term of inviolability, are open to all alike; and open in the only true sense, that is, with full liberty to refuse one part of the teaching while accepting another part; minorities would enjoy all the benefits that the endowments could give, while retaining the full power of providing, at their own cost, any education which they may consider preferable.

The question of educational endowments resolves itself into this: Is education one of those marketable commodities which the interest of rival dealers can be depended on for providing, in the quantity and of the quality required? Is education a public want which is sufficiently met by the ordinary promptings of the principle of trade? I should be the last to speak with sentimental disparagement of trade or its achievements, or to imagine that the motives which govern it can safely be dispensed with in any great department of the service of mankind. But the question is not quite fairly stated in the disjunctive programme, "Endowment or Free-Trade." Endowment and Free-Trade is the thing contended for. That there should be free competition in education; that law, or the State, when it prescribes anything on the subject, should fix what knowledge should be required, but not from whom it shall be procured, is essential to civil and political freedom. But will this indispensable free-trade in education provide what is wanted, better without than with the help, example, and stimulus of education aided by endowments?

There are many things which free-trade does passably. There are none which it does absolutely well; for competition is as rife in

the career of fraudulent pretence as in that of real excellence. Free-trade is not upheld, by any one who knows human life, from any very lofty estimate of its worth, but because the evils of exclusive privilege are still greater, and what is worse, more incorrigible. But the capacity of free-trade to produce even the humblest article of a sufficient degree of goodness, depends on three conditions: First, the consumer must have the means of paying for it; secondly, he must care sufficiently for it; thirdly, he must be a sufficient judge of it. All three conditions are signally wanting in the case of national education. The first case, that of inability to pay, now, happily, requires only a passing notice. That those who are too poor to pay for elementary instruction, should have it paid for by others for them, has, after a battle of above half a century, taken its place in opinion among admitted national necessities. But the concession of this is the concession of all the rest, at least in principle; for, if those whom poverty disables from obtaining instruction by themselves ought to be helped to it by others, either because it is the interest or the duty of those others to take care that they have it, why not also those in whose case the obstacle is not the poverty, but the ignorance or selfishness of parents? With respect to the other two requisites—that the customer should care for the commodity, and that he should be able to judge of it—the tale is soon told. As a general rule, subject to exceptions, the wishes of parents in regard to the instruction of their children are determined by two considerations. First, what will bring in a direct pecuniary profit. Of this they think themselves judges, though most of them judge even of this very incompetently, being unable to see how any studies, except the direct practice of a business, can conduce to business success. Of other kinds of instruction they neither are, nor consider themselves to be judges; and on these their rule of action is that by which they are guided in most other things of which they are personally ignorant—the custom of their class of society. If we desire, therefore, that the education of those who are above poverty, but who are not, for their own bane and that of others, predestined to idleness, should have any better guide than an extremely narrow conception of the exigencies of a business life, we must apply ourselves to the other two levers by which those we seek to act upon can be moved—we must introduce a better custom. It must be made the fashion to receive a really good education. But how can this fashion be so except by offering models of good education in schools and colleges within easy reach of all parts of the country? And who is able to do this but such as can afford to postpone all considerations of pecuniary profit, and consider only the quality of the education either because, like the English Universities, they are certain sufficient customers, or because they have the means of waiting man

years till the time comes which shall show that the pupils they have **trained** are more than ordinarily fitted for all the uses of life? The **funds** for doing this can only be derived from taxation or from **endowments**; which of the two is preferable? Independently of the **pecuniary** question, schools and universities governed by the **State** are liable to a multitude of objections which those that are **merely** watched, and, in case of need, controlled by it, are wholly **free** from; especially that most fatal one of tending to be all alike; to **form** the same unvarying habits of mind and turn of character.

The abuses of endowments are flagrant, monstrous, and wholly **inexcusable**. But what funds, public or private, would not be a **prey** to malversation if the law took no notice of it; or if, though the law was what it ought to be, there was no individual whose **interest** and no public officer whose duty it was to put the law in **force**? There is surely nothing visionary in imagining these things **remedied**. It cannot be impossible, where there is the will, to **prevent** public funds from being diverted to private pockets. Nor **can** it be doubted that the variety of endowed institutions, and the **influence** of the State exerted within its proper limits, would ensure **adequate** provision for including in the course of education (either **everywhere** or only somewhere, according to the necessities of the **case**) whatever has any just claim to form a part of it. What is **feared** is, that the teacher's duty will be idly and inefficiently **performed** if his remuneration is certain, and not dependent on pupils and their payments. The apprehension is well grounded. But **where** is the necessity that the teacher's pay should bear no relation to the number and proficiency of his pupils? In the case of an **ordinary** schoolmaster, the fees of pupils would always be a part, and **should** generally be the greatest part, of his remuneration. In an **university**, or a great public school, even if the fees go to the **collective** body, it is not a law of nature that every tutor or professor **should** be paid neither more nor less than a fixed sum. Could any-**thing** be easier than to make the whole, or a large part, of his remuneration proportional to the number of those who attended his **teaching** during an entire term, or during a year? And would it **be** impossible that he should receive an extra sum for each of his **pupils** who passes a creditable examination, on leaving the institu-**tion**, in his particular department? The real principle of efficiency in **teaching**, payment by results, is easily applied to public teaching, **but** wholly inapplicable to private school speculations, even were they subject to a general system of public examinations; unless by **special** agreement between schoolmasters and parents, which also is **a thing** we have no chance of seeing until the fashion can be set.

And is there any one so blind to the realities of life as to imagine **that** the emoluments of a private schoolmaster have in general any

substantial connection with the merit and efficiency of his teaching? In the first place, he has a direct pecuniary interest in neglecting all studies not cared for by the general public, or by the section of it from whom he hopes for patronage. In those which they do care for, a little trouble goes much farther in aiming at a mere appearance of proficiency, than at the reality. The persons whom he has to satisfy are not experienced examiners, who take pains to find out how much the pupil knows, and are judges of it; but parents, most of whom know little of what is taught at schools, or have forgotten what they knew; many of whom do not test their child's knowledge by a single question, it being enough for them that he has been at what is called a respectable school—and who desire no better than to take for granted that all is right, and that the certificates or prizes which the children bring home from the master are the earnings of desert, not bribes for the good word of parents. These are not the mere abuses, but the natural fruits, of the trading principle in education; accordingly, the disclosures of the Schools Enquiry Commission have been as damning to the character of the private, as to that of the endowed, schools. When the pupil himself reflects, too late, that his schooling has done him no good, the impression left upon him, if he is one of the common herd, is not that he was sent to a bad when he ought to have been sent to a good school, but that a school altogether is a stupid and useless thing, and schoolmasters a set of contemptible impostors. It is difficult to see, in the operation of the trading principle, any tendency to make these things better. When the customer's ignorance is great, the trading motive acts much more powerfully in the direction of vying with one another in the arts of quackery and self-advertisement than in merit. Those parents who desire for their children something better than what the private schools afford, and do not find that something better in the endowed schools as at present conducted, sometimes combine to form the subscription schools commonly called proprietary. This private election, as it were, of a schoolmaster, by a rate-paying qualification is an improvement, as far as it goes, for those who take part in it; but as it is only had recourse to by parents who have some perception of the badness of the private schools, it makes the case of the last, if anything, rather worse than before, by withdrawing the small portion of parental influence which would really be exercised and probably exercised beneficially. And the worth even of the Proprietary Schools depends on that of the high public institutions which are the trainers of schoolmasters, and whose certificates and honours are the chief evidence, often the only tolerable evidence available, to guide the proprietors in their choice.

Those who make the vices of mere trading education an argument for supplementing it by something else, are charged with ignorance

the tendency which schools have, in common with other things, to improve with the general progress of human affairs. But human affairs are seldom improving in all directions at once, and it is doubtful if much of the improvement that is now going on is taking the direction of trade morality. Even in commerce properly so called—the legitimate province of self-interest—where it is enough if the ruling motive is limited by simple honesty, things do not look at present as if there were an increasing tendency towards high-minded honour, conscientious abhorrence of dishonest arts, and contempt of quackery. Even there the vastness of the field, the greatness of the stakes now played for, and the increasing difficulty to the public in judging rightly of transactions or of character, are making the principle of competition bring forth a kind of effects, the cure of which will have to be sought somewhere else than in the corrective influence of competition itself. There is more hope, doubtless, on the side of the parents. An increasing number of them are probably acquiring somewhat better notions of what education is, and a somewhat greater value for it. But experience proves that, of all the modes of human improvement, this particular one is about the slowest. The progress of the bulk of mankind is not in any great degree a spontaneous thing. In a few of the best and ablest it is spontaneous, and the others follow in their wake. Where society must move all together, as in legislation and government, the slowest get dragged on, at the price of a deplorable slackening in the pace of the quickest movers; but where each has to act individually, as in sending his children to school, and the power of the more advanced is only that of their opinion and their example, the general mass may long remain sadly behind.

However this may be, those cannot be accused of ignoring the improbability of private schools, who propose the means by which their improvement may most effectually be accelerated. Schools on the trading principle will not be improved unless the parents insist on their improvement, nor even then if, all other schools that are accessible being equally bad, the dissatisfaction can have no practical effect. To make those parents dissatisfied who care but little for good schooling, or are bad judges, and at the same time to make it a necessity for schoolmasters to pay regard to their dissatisfaction, there is but one way; and this is, to give to those who cannot judge of the thing itself, an external criterion to judge by; such as would be afforded by the existence of a certain number of places of education with the *prestige* of public sanction, giving, on a large and comprehensive scale, the best teaching which it is found possible to provide.

But it is objected—and this is almost the staple of Mr. Lowe's vigorous pamphlet—that injustice is done to private schools, and

their improvement impeded, by subsidising their competitors bribing parents by the pecuniary advantages of endowments, & enabling the endowed schools to undersell the unendowed. There would be a great deal in this if the endowed schools were sufficiently multiplied to supply the whole demand for schooling. But a practical economist need scarcely be reminded that the price of a commodity is determined by that portion of the quantity required which is produced and brought to market under the least favourable circumstances. So long as private schools are wanted in addition to public ones, there is no more fear of their being undersold by the public ones than there is lest the owners and occupiers of the most fertile soil should undersell those of the less productive. It may be true that under the present abuses of endowments, parents are sometimes bribed to accept a bad education gratis; but the reformers of the institutions do not propose that their funds should be employed in giving gratuitous instruction to the children of the well-off class or in enabling those who can pay for a good education to obtain it at less than its value. Such, certainly, are not the intentions of the Schools Enquiry Commissioners, who propose a far other application of the funds of endowments than that of artificially cheapening education to those who are able, and whose duty it is, to pay its full price.

The endowments destined by the founders for purely elementary education were not within the scope of the Commission: as to respecting these there is no difficulty, as they evidently ought to be applied in aid of that general plan for making elementary instruction universal, which statesmen and the public almost unanimously agree that it has become a duty to provide. The endowments with which the Commissioners were concerned were those that were intended to give an instruction superior to the elementary. These they propose should be taken, large and small together, to form, not indeed a common fund, but funds common to each of the districts into which the country is divided for registration purposes; each of these funds to be managed as a whole, and made to go as far as it can in establishing good and large schools for that district. This is a judicious proposal in accordance with one of the great educational principles with which Mr. Chadwick has so perseveringly identified himself—that there cannot be good teaching at a moderate expense in small schools. In a small school the same master is obliged to teach too many things, and to teach the same thing simultaneously to scholars differing too much in their degree of advancement; to the detriment necessarily of some, and generally of all. The schools proposed by the Commissioners are of three different grades, adapted not to adventitious differences in the quarter from whence the pupils come, but to the number of years which their parents are able

willing to spare for their instruction before they enter into active life. But the most important of all the Commission's recommendations, showing an appreciation of the duties of society in the matter of education, the most enlightened that ever yet proceeded from any public authority in the United Kingdom, is that of which I have now to speak. The State does not owe gratuitous education to those who can pay for it. The State owes no more than elementary education to the entire body of those who cannot pay for it. But the superior education which it does not owe to the whole of the poorer population, it owes to the *élite* of them—to those who have earned the preference by labour, and have shown by the results that they have capacities worth securing for the higher departments of intellectual work, never supplied in due proportion to the demand. It is therefore proposed by the Commissioners that the principal use made of the endowments should be to pay for the higher education of those who, in the course of their elementary instruction, have proved themselves to be of the sort on whom a higher education is worth bestowing, but whose parents are not in a condition to pay the price. The fruits of such a proposal, under any tolerable arrangements for carrying it into effect, would be almost beyond human power to estimate. The gain to society, by making available for its most difficult work, not those alone who can afford to qualify themselves, but all those who would qualify themselves if they could afford it, would be but a part of the benefit. I believe there is no single thing which would go so far to heal class differences, and diminish the just dissatisfaction which the best of the poorer classes of the nation feel with their position in it. The real hardship of social inequalities to the poor, as the reasonable among them can be brought to see, is not that men are unequal, but that they are born so; not that those who are born poor do not obtain the great objects of human desire unearned, but that the circumstances of their birth preclude their earning them; that the higher positions in life, including all which confer power or dignity, can not only be obtained by the rich without taking the trouble to be qualified for them, but that even were this corrected (to which there is an increasing tendency), none, as a rule, except the rich, have it in their power to make themselves qualified. By the proposal of the Commissioners, every child of poor parents (for, of course, girls must sooner or later be included), would have that power opened to him, if he passed with real distinction through the course of instruction provided for all; and the feelings which give rise to Socialism would be in a great measure disarmed, in as much of them as is unreasonable or exaggerated, by this just concession to that in them which is rational and legitimate.

It is not with this express purpose that the Commissioners have

made the recommendation; it is because they believe that in it would be the greatest improvement in national education to which the endowments provided for the superior departments of instruction could possibly be applied. The work would be further carried on by the endowments of the Universities; which are already expended in scholarships, to aid the maintenance of those who have shown themselves worthy, but would not otherwise be able, to pursue the studies of the University. There are other important studies which need not here be discussed, to which University endowments may be, and to some extent are, very suitably applied: for instance the maintenance of professors, and in some cases the encouragement of students, in kinds of knowledge never likely to be sought by more than a few, but which it is of importance to mankind that those who should have the means of finding; such as those ancient languages which are chiefly valuable philologically; comparative philology itself, which has of late years yielded such a harvest of interesting and valuable knowledge; historical erudition in many of its departments; and, it may be added, the highest branches of almost all sciences, even physical: for the speculative researches which lead to the grandest results in science are not those by which money can be made in the general market.

One more point is too important to be omitted. Common justice requires, and the Commissioners have urged—though their proposals in this respect are far short of what they themselves would probably desire—that in the employment of the endowments a provision should be made for the education of both sexes. Many of the original endowments were for girls as well as boys; in the progress of abuse the boys have very often had their rights filched from them, the girls almost always. In one of the great endowed establishments of which the efficiency has been least impaired by neglect or mismanagement, Christ's Hospital, the foundation was for both sexes; at present those who benefit by it are eighteen girls and twelve boys. Considering that, in the eyes of the law and of the State, one girl ought to count for exactly as much as one boy, and that, as members of society, the good education of women is almost more important than even that of men, it is an essential part of any just scheme for the use of the means provided for education that the benefit of them should be given alike to girls and to boys, without preference or partiality.

J. S. MILL

ON THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS.

PUELLE.

Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou ?
Abide, abide ! longer the shadows grow ;
What hopest thou the dark to thee will show ?

Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Why should I name the land across the sea
Wherein I first took hold on misery ?
Why should I name the land that flees from me ?

Let me depart since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

What wilt thou do within the desert place
Whereto thou turnest now thy careful face ?
Stay but a while to tell us of thy case.

Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

What, nigh the journey's end shall I abide,
When in the waste mine own love wanders wide,
When from all men for me she still doth hide ?

Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

Nay, nay ; but rather she forgetteth thee,
To sit upon the shore of some warm sea,
Or in green gardens where sweet fountains be.

Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Will ye then keep me from the wilderness,
Where I at least, alone with my distress,
The quiet land of changing dreams may bless ?

Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLÆ.

Forget the false forgetter, and be wise,
And 'mid these clinging hands and loving eyes,
Dream not in vain thou knowest paradise.

Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Ah ! with your sweet eyes shorten not the day,
Nor let your gentle hands my journey stay !
Perchance love is not wholly cast away.

Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLÆ.

Pluck love away, as thou wouldst pluck a thorn
From out thy flesh ; for why shouldst thou be born
To bear a life so wasted and forlorn ?

Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Yea, why then was I born, since hope is pain,
And life a lingering death, and faith but vain,
And love the loss of all I seemed to gain ?

Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLÆ.

Dost thou believe that this shall ever be,
That in our land no face thou e'er shalt see,
No voice thou e'er shalt hear to gladden thee ?

Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

No longer do I know of good or bad,
I have forgotten that I once was glad ;
I do but chase a dream that I have had.

Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

Stay ! take one image for thy dreamful night ;
Come look at her, who in the world's despite
Weeps for delaying love and lost delight.

Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Mock me not till to-morrow. Mock the dead—
They will not heed it, or turn round the head,
To note who faithless are, and who are wed.

Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

We mock thee not. Hast thou not heard of those
Whose faithful love the loved heart holds so close,
That death must wait till one word lets it loose.

Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

I hear you not : the wind from off the waste
Sighs like a song that bids me make good haste
The wave of sweet forgetfulness to taste.

Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

Come back ! like such a singer is the wind,
As to a sad tune sings fair words and kind,
That he with happy tears all eyes may blind.

Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

ON THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS.

AMANS.

Did I not hear her sweet voice cry from far,
 That o'er the lonely waste fair fields there are,
 Fair days that know not any change or care?
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLÆ.

Oh no, not far thou heardest her, but nigh—
 Nigh, 'twixt the waste's edge and the darkling sky.
 Turn back again, too soon it is to die.
 Abide! a little while be happy here.

AMANS.

How with the lapse of lone years could I strive,
 And can I die now that thou biddest live?
 What joy this space 'twixt birth and death can give.
 Can we depart, who are so happy here?

WILLIAM MORRIS.

RUSSIAN POPULAR LEGENDS.¹

When the autumn has passed away, and the long winter evenings begin to draw near, the younger inhabitants of every Russian village begin to organise a series of social gatherings. During the fine weather they are in the habit of meeting out of doors for the strange mixture of a dance with wailing song, styled the *Khorovod*; but when the days become short and the air grows chill, they exchange that diversion for the livelier entertainment of the *Posidyelka*. In this all the young men and maidens of the village share, meeting together in each of the cottages by turns, nominally for the purpose of carrying on a description of handiwork, but really by way of passing a pleasant evening. Married people are excluded from it as dull and unbecomingly so, and the young folks devote their energies to it, so that the hours fly fast, passing the time in singing, dancing, and telling. The Russian peasant seldom indulges in very demonstrative gaiety; but there is no lack of merriment within the cottages where these *Posidyelki* are held, poor as they generally are, and dimly lighted by pine splinters, and depressing as is the scene outside when the landscape, far as the eye can see on every side, is one of a waste of level snow, and the only sound which breaks the silence of the night is the melancholy howling of the wolves.

Such meetings as these the *Skazka*, or tale, is in great request, and by the proverbs, riddles, and sage sayings of which the Russian peoples possess so rich a store. Of these tales several collections have been made, which possess no slight interest, especially for students of folk-lore. The stories told at the winter evening gatherings of the young people are for the most part, as might naturally be expected, of a light and lively cast; but those which exist in the memories of their seniors are of a more varied nature, and serve to amuse many a point in the Russian peasant's career, many a turn of mind, and way of thinking. And in no country have greater pains been taken than in Russia to collect and preserve these fragments of popular fiction, many of them highly valuable relics of a past age, where research has proved more successful. Some of the collectors, such as MM. Maksimof, Yakushkin, Bezsonof, and others, carried their enthusiasm so far as to go wandering about the country in the guise of pedlars or of peasants, in order that they might gain the confidence of the common people, and induce them

ARODNAYA RUSSKIYA LEGENDY. (Popular Russian Legends, collected by A. N. f.) Moscow, 1859.

unreservedly to produce their hoarded treasures of legend and song. For the Russian moujik is of a somewhat suspicious nature and he is little inclined to open his heart to strangers who do not belong to his own class.

From the stories in prose and in verse thus gathered together several distinct collections have been made and published.

One of the *Builini*, or historic poems, alone fills five large volumes. Another, also in several volumes, is devoted to the songs of the mendicant minstrels who wander about the country, singing along the high roads, and in the peasants' huts, and especially at church doors, where they congregate on Sundays and saints' days when the services are over. This work is the more interesting inasmuch as it contains the music of many of the songs, and faithful portions of some of the singers. And of the *Skazki*, or prose tales, a collection in eight parts has been published by M. Afanasef, one of the most zealous among the students of this branch of Russian literature.

On the *builina* we do not propose to dwell at present, the subject being one which is chiefly interesting to antiquarians; and of the *skazka* it is not necessary to say much, as it has already been to some extent represented in our literature. Some years ago a number of *skazki* were translated into German by M. Anton Dietrich, an English work, for which Jacob Grimm wrote an introduction, soon after appeared in an English dress.¹ But there is another class of prose tales, that devoted to subjects in some way connected with religion, and it is to this that we now propose to call the reader's attention.

The *skazka*, or tale, and the *piesna*, or song, date from prehistoric and heathenish times, but the *legenda*, or serious legend, and the *stikh*, or religious poem, have, in most cases, been composed since the introduction of Christianity into Russia. Sometimes, however, the influence of the older form of belief is clearly perceptible in them, their incongruous nature showing that they were made or modified during that period in which the Russians were regarded by their old annalist as a "two-faithed" people. In accordance with the teaching of the Church, the pagan *skazka* sometimes passes into the Christian *legenda*, and the *piesna* into the *stikh*; but the utterances of these proselytes were not always either as orthodox or as edifying as might have been desired. For a specimen of the confused and contradictory legends they inculcated with respect to sacred history, we may refer to the legend of Just Noah.

Originally, it says, the garden of Eden was placed under the charge of a blind man and a man without hands. But the Devil came and induced them to rob the apple-tree which was there, telling the lame man to shake it, and the blind man to feel about for the fruit. Then the Lord came and turned them both out of Paradise.

(1) Russian Popular Tales, from the German version of Anton Dietrich. Colburn and Hall. 1857.

and afterwards created Just Noah, "that there might be justice in the world." And the Dog was set to watch over Noah, and to prevent anyone from seeing him. But the Devil came and insisted on looking at Noah, saying to the Dog, which had been created without hair, "I will give you a warm coat; the winters will come, the frost will set in, but you will not then want a house to live in." So the Dog received its coat, and let the Devil look at Noah. Then the Devil spat over Noah, who became "blue, and green, and miserable—a sight to look at." On that account the Dog was cursed, and forbidden ever to enter a church—a prohibition which holds good to the present day. The legend goes on to relate how Eve was created from one of Noah's ribs, and how she induced him to taste forbidden fruit, and how he and she were in consequence driven out of Paradise; how, afterwards, the Lord told Noah that in three years a great flood would take place, and commanded him to make an ark. Noah obeyed, and worked hard for two years and a half, at the end of which time the ark was finished. The Devil was completely puzzled, but at last he went to Eve, who was also very curious to know what her husband was doing, and told her how to act. So when Noah came back from his work, and asked for something to drink, she gave him strong kwass, and he became garrulous, and told her what he was engaged upon. The next morning, when he went to look at his work, he found that the Devil had knocked it to pieces. So he had to begin all over again. When it was finished the flood came, and the Devil was very anxious to get into the ark. This he knew he could not do unless Noah should happen to swear. So he again enlisted Eve's services, and induced her to be so late in embarking, that Noah lost his temper, and swore. Immediately the Devil jumped on board, in the form of a Mouse. Getting into a dark corner he gnawed and gnawed until he had made a hole in the timbers. The ark must have foundered, had it not been for the Hedgehog, which stuffed up the leak with its head—on which account it is honoured by the people in Russia to this day—and ultimately the whole party, the Devil included, came safely to dry land.

If the whole of M. Afanasef's collection had been of as little edifying a nature as this legend, the opposition offered in some quarters to its publication might not have been unreasonable. But the legends included in it seldom deal with sacred history, and they generally convey a tolerably respectable moral. The duty on which they lay most stress is that of being charitable, and their favourite topic is the different manner in which Providence deals with benevolence and churlishness. As a good specimen of the stories of this class, that of The Poor Widow may be selected, one which is thoroughly in earnest, and shows no traces of the humorous spirit that pervades many of its companions. According to popular

Slavonic tradition, Christ still visits the earth from time to time in human form. Sometimes alone, at other times accompanied by some of the Apostles, but always clad in the dress of a beggar, he wanders about the world, punishing the proud and hard of heart, and assisting the poor and afflicted. It is especially between Easter and Ascension day that these wanderings take place. During one of them, in the story in question, Christ and the twelve Apostles arrive one night at a village, and ask for shelter at the home of a rich peasant. But he refuses, telling them to go to the cottage over the way. "There is a widow living there who takes beggars in; go to her." So they go, and ask her for a night's lodging. Now the widow is very poor, having nothing in the world but a morsel of bread and a handful of flour, and a cow which gives no milk, for it has not yet calved. But she cheerfully admits the applicants, and sets before them the morsel of bread; and they eat and are satisfied, and there remain over so many fragments. The next morning the old woman sends for the handful of flour to make pancakes of, and it also becomes miraculously increased. Her guests thank her, and take leave. As they go along a wolf comes to meet them, and begs for something to eat. "Go to the widow's house," says the Saviour; "kill her cow and eat." Then the Apostles wonder and remonstrate, saying, "She received and fed us so kindly; she was looking forward with such pleasure to having a calf from her cow; she would have had milk enough to support the whole family." But Christ replies, "So must be;" and the wolf breaks into the widow's barn and kills the cow. And when the old woman hears what has happened, she humbles herself and says, "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be His will." The seeming beggars go a little farther on and find a bag full of money. Christ orders it to be rolled into the rich peasant's farmyard. Again the Apostles remonstrate, saying it would be better to send the money to the poor widow. But again they are told that "it must be so;" and the bag rolls to the feet of the churlish peasant, who stores it away with a discontented look, thinking "the Lord might just as well have sent a couple of them." Towards midday the Apostles grow thirsty, and ask for water. The Master directs them to a neighbouring spring, but when they come to it they find it swarming with frogs and toads and snakes, and the waters foul and fetid. So they come back without slaking their thirst. A little farther on Christ points out another spring to them, and this they find full of pure water, cool and sweet, and around it grow wondrous trees, on which heavenly birds are singing. When they return, they are asked why they have tarried so long. "We have only been away three minutes," is their reply. Then the Lord says, "Not three minutes, but three whole years, have we spent there. As it was in the first spring, so will it be ill for

rich peasant in the next world ; and as it was in the second, so will it be well in the next world for the poor widow."

Another striking story relating to the life to come is that of Christ's Brother, which tells how a young man, who had a very close-fisted mother, went to church one Easter Sunday with a supply of Easter eggs for the beggars. But after he had given away all his eggs he found that there still remained one beggar to whom he had made no present, so he invited him home to dinner. But his mother was angry, and refused to sit down to table with the beggar, so he and his guest had to dine alone. After dinner they lay down to rest, and the young man saw that the beggar wore a cross which burnt like fire. So he asked his guest to exchange crosses with him, and to accept him as a "brother of the cross." This the beggar did, and then invited his entertainer to dine with him two days after. Accordingly, on the Tuesday the young man set out on his journey, going on till he came to a certain cross-road, and there, in accordance with the beggar's instructions, asking for the blessing of God. On that a path opened before him, which eventually led him to Paradise. Before he had followed it far he heard the voices of many children calling to him, and they said, "O Christ's brother, say to Christ for us—have we to suffer long?" A little farther on he saw a band of girls pouring water from one well into another, and they, too, addressed him in the same words. Lastly, he saw a fence, and supporting it were a number of old men, all covered with slime and ooze, and they also cried to him, "O Christ's brother, say to Christ for us—have we long to suffer?" Soon after that he met the old beggar-man who had invited him. "And then only did the peasant perceive that it was the Lord Jesus Christ himself. 'Why, Lord, do the children suffer?' 'Their mothers cursed them while they were in the womb; it is impossible for them to come into Paradise.' 'And the girls?' 'They used to sell milk, and they put water into the milk; now they will have to draw water for ever.' 'And the old men?' 'When they lived in the white world, they used to say, "Only let us live well in this world, and no matter about the world to come; even if we prop a fence." And now they will have to support that fence for ever.' Then Christ led the young man into Paradise, where a place had been prepared for him, and the peasant did not want to go away." But some time afterwards he saw his mother sitting in hell, and he implored that she might be pardoned. So he was told to make a rope out of hemp dust, and when he had gone on making it for thirty years, Christ told him he had worked enough for his mother, and might now take her out of hell. "So the son let down the rope to his mother, who was sitting in boiling pitch. The rope didn't burn, so God willed! The son pulled his mother quite out, and had

already got hold of her by the head, when she screamed out at him, 'You hound, you've completely choked me!' Thereupon the rope broke, and the sinner fell back into the boiling pitch. 'She was not willing,' said Christ, 'even here to restrain her temper; let her sit in hell for ever and ever.'"

Great stress is always laid in these stories on the necessity of observing the fasts and feasts of the Church. Out of a number of tales bearing on this subject, the following may be selected, being rendered especially noteworthy by the strange impersonation of a day which occurs in it. There was a peasant woman "who did not pay honour to Mother Friday," but used to spin as usual upon that day. Once when she had gone to sleep after dinner the door opened and Mother Friday came into the cottage, dressed in a long white gown, and looking terribly angry. And she took a handful of the dust of flax from the floor, poured it into the sleeper's eyes, and then went away without saying a word. When the woman awoke she could not see. Then the other women came and told her all that had happened. So she began to pray, saying, "Mother Friday! forgive me! have pity on me, sinner that I am! I will offer you a candle, and will not let anyone offend you, my mother!" And that night "Mother Friday came back and took the dust out of that woman's eyes." The story ends with the remark, "It is a great sin to offend Mother Friday."

The drunkenness to which the Russian peasant is so sadly addicted naturally forms the theme of many of his popular stories. One of them tells how a certain man was in the habit of becoming intoxicated, and how one night when he was coming back from a tavern he fell into a river and was drowned. Some time after this his son Petrusha was going to church one Easter Sunday, when he heard a peasant woman, who had stumbled over a stone, exclaim, "Why did the Devil put you under my feet." Whereon he rebuked her for using such bad language on her way to church. This pleased the Devil, who considered that the woman had unnecessarily taken his name in vain, so he appeared to Petrusha in the form of a young man, stated frankly who he was, and invited him to dinner the next day, giving him full directions as to which road he must take. Petrusha accepted the invitation, and set out on the morrow, travelling for three days till he found himself in a dark and dreary wood in the middle of which stood a rich palace. Before he entered it he met a girl who had been carried off thither from her village, and she told him that it was the abode of devils, and that his father was kept there in the shape of a wretched old horse used for carrying wood and water. Having learnt from her what he must do, he entered the palace, and was hospitably received and feasted there. At the end of the banquet the Devil offered him much gold and silver, but he refused to take anything except the old horse which was his father.

ng obtained it he went his way, and on his arrival at home, still wing the friendly girl's instructions, he took off the leaden cross ore, waved it three times round the horse, and then hung it d the neck of the animal, which immediately became a man. usha recognised his father and led him into the cottage. The an lived happily after that for many years, but never to his dying would he touch so much as a drop of brandy.

ie feeling with which Russian peasants regard the Devil is a uge compound of horror and something approaching sympathy. r believe in him religiously, but the terrible idea they ought to of him appears to have been considerably modified by their ral kindness and their keen sense of humour. Now and then an almost friendly sentiment may be traced in the allusions to contained in the popular legends. In one of them, for instance, the devil robs a peasant of the bread he had intended for his er. Coming to the spot where he had left the loaf the peasant it has vanished. "Here's a wonder!" says the moujik, "I've nobody, and yet someone has taken my bread. Well, good luck m! I dare say I shall not starve." The little devil goes and Satan, who feels uncomfortable at the idea of a man having been ed who not only does not curse the thief, but even wishes him . luck. So he tells the inferior demon to go back and work for peasant so as to recompense him for the loss of his bread. The on returns and manages so well that the peasant becomes a perous agriculturist. From such stories as these it seems as if Devil was supposed sometimes to assist the honest and sober, but as the character of being always on the look out for drunkards ever ready to do them a bad turn. In one of the stories a man scribed as being so poor that he is driven to take to sorcery.

brings him much into contact with devils, and he becomes on friendly terms with them. Eventually he seeks a wife for his son agst them, and they offer him a young female drunkard whom have carried off to live with them. He accepts the proposal, at the wedding feast he hears Satan condemn a disobedient . to the "gossip's bedstead." "What is that?" inquires the ant. "It's a bedstead," is the reply, "intended for us devils and ll who have anything to do with us. It's all on fire, and it goes ing round and round on wheels." On hearing this the peasant s pious on the spot, and repents him of his unholy practices.

ut perhaps the most curious of the stories of this class is that of Blacksmith and the Devil. There was once a blacksmith who was tly struck by the figure of the Devil,—jet black, with horns and —as it appeared in the picture of the Last Judgment which hung he village church. So he hired an artist to paint just such vil for him on the doors of his smithy; and every day, before

beginning his work, he used to look at it and say "Good day, fello countryman!" At the end of ten years he died and was succeeded by his son, who never would say a civil word to the Devil. On the contrary, he branded the image on the door every morning, and spit in its face on every church festival. The Devil bore this for a long time, but at the end of three years he could stand it no more. So he took the form of a youth and offered himself as a journeyman to the blacksmith, who accepted his services and soon found them invaluable. A month passed by, and one day the journeyman found himself alone in the smithy, just as an old lady came by in her carriage. Immediately he began crying aloud in the street, "There is a new business set up here; old people can be made young." The next moment the old lady was in the smithy asking how much the process cost. "Two hundred roubles," was the reply. "There, take the money, and make me young again." So the Devil took the money and sent the old lady's coachman in quest of a bath of milk. Meanwhile he seized the old lady by the feet with iron pincers, and dropped her into the furnace where she was burnt so that only her bones remained. These he threw into the milk when it arrived, and three minutes afterwards the old lady emerged from the bath—alive, and young, and beautiful. The first thing she did on arriving at home was to send her husband to be made young also. The old gentleman went to the smithy and found the proprietor there alone, for the journeyman had disappeared. The blacksmith was naturally astonished at being desired to make the seigneur young again, but when the process employed by his journeyman had been explained to him, he thought he might as well subject the old gentleman to it, especially as he was threatened with punishment if he refused to do so. So he placed him on the fire and consumed all but his bones, and these he flung into the bath of milk. But nothing came of these proceedings; the milk remained untroubled, and no old gentleman made his appearance either old or young. Down came the lady in her carriage after a time to ask, "Will my husband soon be ready?" When she heard what had taken place, she ordered her husband's murderer to be hanged at once. Immediately a gibbet was prepared and the blacksmith was on his way to execution, when the journeyman suddenly reappeared. Going up to his unfortunate master he made known who he really was, and then offered to set everything right again if the blacksmith would promise to treat him respectfully in the future. A bargain was struck on the spot. The journeyman performed some mystical ceremonies over the milk, and the old seigneur was immediately restored to life, youth, and beauty. The lady was satisfied, and the smith was released. From that day forward he never ventured to maltreat the Devil's picture in any way whatever.

One of the strangest characteristics of the Russian peasant is that, while he has the profoundest reverence for his religion, he very often has but little for its ministers. He is ready enough to bow down to the ground before a priest, but it is the office he reveres, and not the man. The ordinary Greek pope possesses little of the personal influence which the Roman priest generally enjoys, and even the prelates of his church do not always strike any great awe into the mind of the moujik, devout as he really is, and ever delighted to receive their benediction. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising to find ecclesiastics described in very uncomplimentary terms in the stories which best please the common people in Russia. Here is a good specimen of the satires on priests, one which was found current, with slight variations, in different provinces. A certain pope served St. Nicholas for many years, but at last he found himself on the brink of starvation. So he tied all the church keys together, and soundly thumped his patron's picture with them. Then he left the church, and wandered away where chance led him. After a time he met an old man, and agreed to become his companion. When they halted at night, it appeared that the pope had some biscuits with him, and the old man had two consecrated loaves. So the pope proposed they should first eat the loaves and then the biscuits. The old man consented, but it turned out that the loaves were miraculous, for they did not diminish, although the two companions supped heartily off them. This greatly astonished the pope, and in the middle of the night he got up and stole them. When the old man awoke and found his loaves had gone, he accused the pope of stealing them; but the thief denied any knowledge of the theft, and the old man put up quietly with his loss. The two companions continued their journey, and eventually came to a country where the king had a daughter who was so ill that he had promised great riches to any one who could cure her. The old man went with the pope to the king, said that he and his friend were foreign doctors, and undertook to cure the princess. So the invalid was handed over to him, and he took a sharp knife and cut her into little pieces, apparently without hurting her, for she uttered no cry. Then he washed the fragments in water, and afterwards put them together and breathed on them. And after he had breathed on them three times, the princess came to life all safe and sound. The king was delighted, and offered the two doctors as much gold and silver as they liked. The old man took only a handful, but the pope stowed away as much as he could possibly carry. After a time the two companions came to another country in which the king's daughter lay ill. But this time the greedy pope thought he would perform the cure alone, and reap all the reward. So he went to the palace and obtained leave to operate on the princess. But when he began to cut her into little bits she screamed terribly, and continued to do so in spite of his remonstrances. At last, however, he succeeded in cutting her

up, but when he tried to bring her back to life he failed utterly. So when the king came to look for his daughter, and found her turned into minced meat, he ordered the impostor to be hanged. When on his way to the scaffold, the pope was met by the old man. "Help me, old man," he cried. "Who stole my loaves?" said the old man. "Not I, heaven help me!" replied the pope. When he was mounting the steps he was again asked by the old man, "Who stole my loaves?" "Not I, heaven help me!" was again his reply. As they put the noose round his neck, he a third time heard the question, "Who stole my loaves?" and he still replied, "Not I, heaven help me!" Then the old man besought the king to postpone the execution, promising to cure the princess himself. The king consented, and the old man soon produced the princess in perfect health, whereupon the king was so delighted that he not only pardoned the pope, but gave him much gold and silver. "Let us go and divide our money," said the old man. So they went away, and presently they stopped, and put all their gains together. These the old man divided into three portions. "Why so?" said the pope; "there are only two of us. For whom is the third heap?" "That is for him who stole my loaves," said the old man. "I stole them," instantly exclaimed the pope. "There are the two portions for you then, and take mine too. Go and serve faithfully in your parish; don't be greedy; and don't thump Nicholas with the keys." Thus spake the old man, and suddenly vanished.

It is generally St. Nicholas who comes to the aid of the distressed, sometimes assisting them even at the expense of a brother saint. In one of these legends, for instance, he is described as walking with the prophet Elijah through the fields of a peasant who held the saint in great reverence, but treated the prophet with marked disrespect. Elijah observes that he is going to punish the fellow soundly. So Nicholas privately warns the peasant, who, by the saint's advice, sells the crop as it stands to the priest of Elijah's church. A few days later Elijah points with glee to the peasant's ruined crop—Elijah, as the peasants are well aware, directs the storm, the sound of the thunder being caused by the rumble of his fiery chariot, and the lightning by its blaze. Then Nicholas tells him that it is his own priest who has suffered, not the peasant. Elijah is sorry, and says he will make the crop twice as good as before. Nicholas tells the peasant, who cancels the bargain with the priest, paying back half the purchase-money. Elijah soon after shows Nicholas with delight the waving crop on the peasant's land. Then Nicholas tells him that his priest has no longer any interest in the matter. Elijah is very angry, and threatens some terrible reprisals, the nature of which he will not disclose. Nicholas perceives the matter is becoming serious, so he advises the peasant to get reconciled with the angry prophet. The next day, as the holy companions

While walking along, they meet the peasant, who is carrying two candles—one very big, the other very small. "What have you got here?" asks Nicholas, pretending not to know. "Why, I've got a rouble candle for Elijah the prophet," says the peasant; he's been so good to me. The hail ruined my crop, but he has managed to make it twice as good as it was at first;—and I've got a kopeck candle, too, for Nicholas." This pleased Elijah so much that he gave up all idea of punishing the peasant, who, on his side, ever after honoured the prophet's day as well as the saint's.

We are approaching the limits of our allotted space, and several of the stories we had marked for extraction still remain unnoticed. One of the most striking of these is *The Soldier and Death*, which has many points in common with corresponding German traditions. A soldier, who had served for five-and-twenty years without getting his discharge, deserted. And as he went he met the Lord, whom he told his story. Then the Lord said, "As thou hast served faithfully for five-and-twenty years, enter into Paradise." So the soldier went into Paradise, and at first he was delighted, but after a time, "he went up to the Holy Fathers, and asked, 'Do they sell tobacco here?' 'How, soldier, tobacco? this is Paradise.' The soldier held his peace, and went back and walked about Paradise. When he returned the second time to the Holy Fathers, and asked, 'Is there any one near here who sells brandy?' 'Ah, soldier, soldier! how could there be brandy here? this is Paradise, the Kingdom of heaven.' 'What sort of Paradise is this! neither tobacco, nor brandy!' said the soldier, and walked out of Paradise." Then the Lord sent him into Hell, and as soon as he got there, he looked for brandy and tobacco. So the devils brought him a pipe and half a bottle of spirit of peppermint, and he smoked and drank and enjoyed himself, saying, "This is Paradise indeed!" But after a little time the devils began to annoy him terribly. So he made a magic wand, and began measuring first one way, and then the other. "What are you about, soldier?" asked the devils. "Can't you see? I am going to build a monastery." Then the prince of the devils was frightened, and desired to get rid of him, but didn't know how. At last, however, he seized a little devil, skinned him, and made a drum out of his skin. Then he stood just outside the gates of hell and beat the alarm on the drum. The soldier came running out at once, and the devils immediately slammed the doors to, and shut him out. So the soldier went back to the Lord, and obtained the post of a sentry. While he was on guard Death came to the gates, in quest of orders. The soldier went in to ask the Lord, and was told to command Death to go about killing the old people for three years. But the soldier thought of his aged parents, and told Death to go and kill the old trees for three years. Death went away to carry out this unexpected order, weeping bitterly. At the end

of the appointed time she returned, and was again tricked by the soldier, who sends her back to the forest. This occurred three times and when Death reappeared was so reduced that she could scarcely drag herself along. Then, at last, she obtained an interview with the Lord, who ordered the soldier to carry her for nine years on his shoulders. The story goes on to describe a number of other tricks played off on Death by the soldier before he succumbed to her himself.

One more story and we will conclude. A certain toper dies, and his soul flies up to Paradise, and begins knocking at the gates. Then the apostle Peter comes to see who is there, and orders the noisy applicant to be off, saying, that perpetual torments are reserved for drunkards like him. But the toper bids the saint remember how he had denied his Master, and adds, "If it hadn't been for your tears and repentance, you wouldn't be now in Paradise—but I always drank on all holydays, and at each gulp I blessed the name of the Lord, and never denied Him." So St. Peter retires disconcerted. The next day a similar scene takes place, only this time it is David who comes to the gate, and him the toper discomfits by bidding him remember how he had served Uriah. On the third day the toper returns to the gate and is met by St. John the Evangelist, who wishes to consign him to unquenchable fire. But the toper says, "O my Lord John the Evangelist, didn't you write in your Gospel that we should love one another, but now you hate me, and won't let me live in Paradise. Either deny your own handwriting, or else tear that leaf, which you wrote yourself, out of the book." On hearing this, St. John goes away and tells St. Peter to let that man enter into Paradise.

The specimens we have here given will be sufficient to convey some idea of the branch of folklore to which the Russian legends belong. Before very many years have elapsed they will probably, for the most part, have died out of the rustic mind, and will be treasured up only by the learned. The Russian peasant is still sufficiently superstitious, but he is beginning to evince a desire to emerge from that state of total ignorance which, in other days, favoured the growth of various strange forms of belief, generally grotesque, but sometimes dignified by a touch of poetry and pathos. With the progress of that enlightenment by which it is to be hoped that Russia is about to benefit, the unsubstantial figures in which certain morbid forms of faith found apparent embodiment, will naturally fade away and disappear. Then such stories as those we have quoted will possess an added interest, serving, as they will, to illustrate the state of popular belief in Russia in those dark ages of her history when her common people were little better than slaves, and the religion of the masses was a somewhat heathenish form of Christianity.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

MR. HUXLEY ON M. COMTE.

"In so far as my study of what specially characterises the Positive Philosophy has led me, find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as anything in ultramontane Catholicism. In fact, M. Comte's philosophy in practice might be compendiously described as Catholicism minus Christianity."

"A French writer of fifty years later date, in whose dreary and verbose pages we miss alike a vigour of thought and the exquisite clearness of style of the man whom I make bold to term a most acute thinker of the eighteenth century—even though that century produced Kant."—*DETROITLY REVIEW*, February, 1869, pp. 141—142.

THESE remarks of Professor Huxley appear to be a little fling on his art, *per sfogarsi*; a vent for a feeling of spleen; an utterance, which, subtlety, at the time, gave a pleasant sense of relief. Yet they are hardly worthy of their place, and would have come better from one of our *débonnaire* literary oracles than from a high scientific authority on whom rests a certain responsibility. Science claims much. We may claim that it teach patient and well-grounded judgment, even beyond its immediate sphere.

Mr. Huxley finds M. Comte's pages "dreary." I have no wish to challenge his judgment. A great deal depends on the interest in a subject. My own interest in political and social subjects is, perhaps, what makes me form a widely different estimate. Criticism of the mere form of directly philosophical works is, possibly, more wasted even than other criticism. To me all purely critical writing seems indefensible. Life is not long enough for such pastime. We have already more than sufficient occupation for our very moderate powers of work and thought.

"Verbose." If used in its ordinary meaning, the epithet is one which a student of M. Comte's works would hesitate to apply to them as a whole. Some might—I should not myself—term the *Philosophie* verbose. If applied to the style of the *Politique*, or of the *Synthèse Subjective*, it is ludicrously misapplied. "To term these works verbose," a friend observed to me, "is to say that you have not read them." Mr. Huxley allows for no such distinction between the works. I draw the inference, subject to correction, that his acquaintance with the writings he criticises is partial. I infer that his study has led him no farther than the *Philosophie*, and that he is condemning the rest in ignorance. Compare the matter with the expression, and this wholly apart from any judgment of the truth or falsehood of the matter, there is no writer, so far as I know, whose condensation, in parts of his works, is equal to M. Comte's. Let Mr. Huxley try his hand at a translation of a few pages of the *Politique*.

I draw a similar inference from the substance of the remark. That

M. Comte is inferior in vigour of thought to Hume, is a proposer which I am content to leave to the general judgment of the content in such matters. To me it seems rash in the extreme. The great beauty of Hume's style I admire as much as any one; but his style adequate for Hume's purposes, as a philosophical thinker and essayist, might not be adapted to M. Comte's, as a constructive philosopher. A wholly different task required a wholly different instrument. Kant, for instance, whom Mr. Huxley seems to admire, is a very different style from Hume. When the conditions were such that M. Comte could attend to the form and was not compelled to concentrate his whole effort on the matter of his work, an attentive consideration of his style will show that the clearness of M. Comte's thought has an appropriate vehicle in his language, and that the obscurity as there is lies in the difficulty of the subject, or the want of preparation in the reader, rather than in the expression of the writer.

There is, however, another more striking point in the passage "I make bold to term," says Mr. Huxley, as from a sense that he is venturing on a courageous expression of opinion—something original and daring. Yet, in vol. vi. of the *Philosophie Positive*, page 10, there is a recognition of Hume's merits which has the advantage of greater completeness than the one here given, and which an attentive audience might have recalled to their lecturer. Again, in the Preface to his *Catechism*, M. Comte gives an equally favourable judgment of the "immortal school of Hume and Diderot." Lastly, in the *Calendar of Positivism*, Mr. Huxley might find the position assigned to Hume to be that of the superior of Kant and the other philosophical thinkers who occupy the week over which Hume presides. His name is placed on a level with the greatest names of modern philosophy: he is made the equal of Aquinas, of Bacon, and of Leibnitz; he is, with them, subordinated only to Descartes. I find it difficult where there is such agreement between Mr. Huxley and M. Comte, to explain the absence of all mention of the agreement; and I infer, as before, that the silence is due to an imperfect acquaintance with the works assailed. Otherwise, I should have expected, from Mr. Huxley's candour, an acknowledgment that his judgment of Hume, bold as it might seem, he had long been anticipated by the French writer he was depreciating.

Were this all, however, I should have been silent. It is the other paragraph, the first of the two which stand at the head of this article which is my main object; and the previous remarks have been made as conducive to a right estimate of the value of this paragraph, by leading to a presumption that it rests on inadequate knowledge. Be that as it may, Mr. Huxley's recognised eminence in the scientific world makes his statement remarkable. It has already excited great attention.

It consists, so far as I deal with it, of the two sentences in the first extract. I suppress a previous sentence as merely irritative.

r. Of the two left, I am not careful to answer or examine the content of truth contained in the last. I have been long familiar with the loose judgment it expresses in such writers as Mr. Goldwin Smith. 1. *Valeat quantum*. It stands in juxtaposition rather than in consecutive connection with what precedes, and is, therefore, detached. If it throws any light at all, it is on the writer's attitude to the system he compendiously describes.

And yet, as it stands, the passage suggests a remark. Whatever advantage Mr. Huxley may have over me from his introduction of Christianity, I must leave him in possession of. Such are the conditions of discussion in England. But in reference to Catholicism, I may say that in our attitude to this we evidently differ. His language has no meaning unless he considers the imputation of Catholicism untrue. I, on the contrary, whilst I regard the identification of our faith with Catholicism, as the word is generally understood, as erroneous, one-sided, and misleading, yet have never shrunk from recognising, with satisfaction, the affinity between the two faiths, or settling the debt we, in common with the whole world, owe to the system of the medieval Church. Such resemblance as there is, is a ground for honour, not for reproach. I would, therefore, modify Mr. Huxley's description. I would suggest to him one word only compendious, but more accurate—one less purely negative, more useful as a guide to a right estimate of Positivism, though not so available for his purpose. Instead of "Catholicism *minus* Christianity," I recommend to his notice "Catholicism *plus* Science." There remains one sentence, and this I proceed to examine. Its analysis is not easy. It is not easy, in the first place, to assign its proper value to the saving clause, "so far as my study has led me." It implies an incomplete study, and yet the context shows that the scope of the writer ranges—however superficially—over the whole subject. This is obvious from the mention of Catholicism. Practically, the limitation will be disregarded, and the general conclusion will be that an eminent man of science finds no value in M. Comte's system; and as this conclusion chimes in with the popular wish, it will be acquiesced in; such acquiescence being, I presume, the result intended. Next, in what sense is the term Positive Philosophy used? It must stand as a short expression for M. Comte's whole system. For any limited, careful use of the term, no candid man could say that Positive Philosophy contained a great deal as thoroughly antagonistic to science as Catholicism. I may remark, *en passant*, that I do not see the force of the epithet "Ultramontane." I am not aware of any difference between Ultramontane and Cismontane Catholicism regarding their attitude towards science. Catholics may vary, but Catholicism and Positive Science must be essentially antagonistic. Positivism in any sense, religious or philosophical, is equally antagonistic, is, in my judgment, an unwarrantable statement. I

conceive it to have originated in the writer having present to his mind, not the philosophical or scientific works of M. Comte, but his religious and social system. It is the claim to control science in the name of man's social and moral interests, which, I doubt not, prompted, and which alone supports the remark in its actual form. In the mind of its author, it probably was directed against other and more special conclusions, which are looked upon as unscientific. If any such exist, they do not imply a thorough antagonism to the essence of science, but simply, *pro tanto*, an error either of method or inference.

The real aim, however, of Mr. Huxley's attack is the philosophical and scientific portion of M. Comte's works. It is this which he wishes to set aside himself, and to damage with his readers. And, as the most useful weapon ready to his hand, he has appealed to the popular prejudice against the political and religious system as a kind of revival of Catholicism. In all probability he, with the archbishop of whose address he speaks in terms of compliment, which form an odd contrast with his disrespect for M. Comte, thinks the religious side of Positivism so hopelessly unacceptable that no direct notice of it is required; but, unlike the archbishop, he avails himself of the disrepute of the religion as an indirect method of attack on the philosophy, which he is perfectly conscious holds a different place in public estimation.

Lastly, we have no clue to the meaning of the words "What specially characterises the Positive Philosophy." Mr. Huxley apparently had not leisure to give precision to his expression, and so to make it more intelligible.

In opposition to all this, enough for my present purpose, if I remind the reader that M. Comte's works contain, in the first place, a religious and political construction; a work belonging, that is, to the political art, and to be judged with reference to the requirements of that art; secondly, a philosophical system; lastly, subordinate to, and forming part of the latter, certain scientific treatises. These are mixed up in one indiscriminating estimate by Mr. Huxley; but in the examination of his attack it is important to keep them distinct, as the judgment of the writer has a very different presumptive value, according as it refers to one or the other. Once separated properly we can see which of them it is useful, which it is useless to discuss; and, looking at the tone of his language, I hold it useless to discuss with Mr. Huxley the political and religious construction of M. Comte, either in itself, or in reference to his rejection of it. On this ground and for the sake of clearness I put aside the whole theory of the future organisation of society as alien to the point immediately at issue.

Then comes the question of the Positive Philosophy, properly so called. The characteristic of that philosophy I have been accustomed to consider the co-ordination of all the abstract sciences by virtue of an uniform method into one consistent system, the synthesis of the

sciences hierarchically arranged. The ulterior end of such co-ordination I do not here touch on. What Mr. Huxley considers its special characteristic I have already said I cannot get from his language. I do not even infer that he has ever thought it worth his study as a philosophy, even so far as to master its leading conception, or to place clearly before himself its fundamental aim. Why should he? it may be said. Just so, there is perhaps no reason why he should; but, if he has not, it would be wiser, as it would be fairer, not to attack it.

In the uncertainty in which his present expressions leave me, and in order also to narrow my remarks to the one most definite issue between us, I will enter on no discussion of this second aspect of M. Comte's works, or on the discussion of the Positive Philosophy, properly so called. I will content myself with observing that a philosophical system may have great and permanent value, even though the scientific details which form, as it were, the material of it are insufficient, or, in many cases, even incorrect. For example, the encyclopedic construction of Aristotle marks an era in the intellectual progress of the race, though, scientifically speaking, modern inquiry may attach but little value to its details. Further, I would remark, that in the special sciences, and more especially in reference to biology, as a student for many years of that science, I have often had occasion to regret that its teachers availed themselves so little of the philosophical treatment it has received from M. Comte, and are so little imbued with the Positive spirit in which he handled

. Were they more familiar with it, we might be spared the weariness of listening to, or reading, the weak theological arguments which so often detract from the value of teaching in other respects; we might be spared also the constant introduction of the metaphysical fiction, Nature, which is even less respectable than the fictions of theology. And we should have, what we have not now, the use of pleasure in a historic treatment of the subject, a point of view which would at once facilitate, and give soundness to the position of any science. No really good teaching of any subject is possible without the introduction of historical considerations. This is true if we confine ourselves to mere intellectual considerations—more so if we take in moral. The ungrateful omission or stinted recognition of the successive efforts of previous labourers in the same is punished by the dulness thrown over the subject, and the frequent tedium felt by the learner. I cannot say how far Mr. Huxley's teaching is an exception. I should imagine that he keeps constantly clear of theology and metaphysics. But I should fear that he keeps equally clear of historical conceptions. But, in case, he might, I make no doubt, have learnt much from the teaching of the great master whom he throws aside so continuously. He might, at least, have learnt the moral lesson of respect for the contributions and services of others, in which in

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his instance he seems to me deficient; and the intellectual lesson of a true discrimination of the relative value of thinkers, a discrimination which would have kept him from committing himself to a distinct preference of Hume, as a thinker, to M. Comte.

But putting aside the political and philosophical parts of M. Comte's works, we come now to the third part, and, for my object, the most important. We have to deal with these works under their strictly scientific aspect. On this I join issue.

The Positive Philosophy is a co-ordination of the sciences, but this implies that you have the sciences to co-ordinate. Some of them M. Comte found, in a sense, ready to his hand; and with regard to these his work was one of revision and arrangement. Having, that is, sciences more or less constituted as materials on which to work, his work was to place in their due philosophical relation the scientific labours of previous thinkers, and to eliminate all non-positive elements. This is the work done in the three first volumes of the *Philosophie Positive*. In them M. Comte's attitude to the sciences which he reviews may be considered, for my present purpose, as purely philosophical. Any claim to scientific eminence he may derive from their treatment may be kept out of view, and the case for him, in the purely scientific aspect, may be made to rest, not upon them, but upon another foundation. For one of the sciences required for his system was not ready to his hand. His work in reference to it is not one of revision, but one of original construction. Let us look at his works. The first glance at them shows that the three last volumes of the *Philosophie*, and they are the largest, which constitute the *Politique*, two deal exclusively with the sciences devoted to one science; and that out of the four volumes which constitute the *Politique*, with that science under its statical, and other, the third, with that science under its dynamical aspect. The first, out of ten consecutive volumes five are upon one subject,—are, in the ordinary sense of the word, the creation of a science hitherto non-existing. This is a sufficient indication of the point I wish to establish, that the scientific reputation of M. Comte must be conclusively tested by his success or failure in regard to that particular science—that he must be scientifically judged in reference to sociology. The denial of his claims in other branches cannot invalidate them in this higher and perfectly independent department.

It is Mr. Huxley's judgment of M. Comte on the strictly scientific ground that I now proceed to examine. On that ground, *facie*, his opinion will have weight. His positive statement he finds little or nothing of any scientific value in M. Comte taken as a whole. I have shown reason for taking this legitimate extent of his decision, and this certainly will be a general inference from it. For he cannot but allow that the creation of a name generally respected in the scientific

unfavourable,—nay, a contemptuous judgment of M. Comte's scientific merits, with no expressed reference, no qualification, no allusion to this or that branch of science. He may have had only a prejudice in his view. I imagine that he had; but that does not alter the fact.

Now one would like to know what is Mr. Huxley's competence to pronounce so sweeping a judgment. How far is he qualified to judge of Comte's services, even in the lower sciences—mathematics, astronomy, and physics? I will assume that he is qualified in reference to chemistry and biology as sciences, nor do I deny for a moment his competence in the others mentioned; but, as far as I know, it is not proven; and, unfortunately, eminence in physiology does not of itself carry any presumption in favour of competence in the other branches. Even in the lower sciences, then, it may be that the lecturer's decision rests on insufficient ground.

But if in the lower sciences, for the reason above given, we require a certain evidence of competence in the biologist before we can attach much weight to his opinion, the case is far stronger when we come to the higher science of sociology. Many eminent biologists not only allow the value of the preliminary sciences, but seek themselves, and inculcate on others the duty of seeking, the benefits to be derived from them. With sociology, on the contrary, the case is different; its value, as reacting on the study of biology, is not allowed, is not generally suspected,—nay, I may go further,—it would be generally discredited. If I were to say, what I believe to be strictly true, that for a true study of biology, a study of its superior, sociology, is an essential condition, a condition the non-fulfilment of which vitiates but too seriously our biological conclusions, I should probably at the present time expect myself to ridicule; yet there are sound grounds for the assertion. For the present, however, it is sufficient to state that this attitude of the biologists constitutes a presumption—and, for my purpose, a presumption is all I need—that the science of sociology is one on which Mr. Huxley's opinion is of no value, as one which has not been studied. I do not here go further than the presumption, my statement is purely negative,—but the presumption cannot be carelessly kept in view.

The case, then, stands thus. One science is in a special sense associated with M. Comte's name. The most jealous scrutiny cannot deprive him a peculiar position as the creator of sociology—I use the word in the largest sense. In this, his own particular sphere, has Comte no scientific merit? Has he contributed nothing of any scientific value in sociology? This is the question I venture to put to Mr. Huxley. His answer, as it stands, is in the negative. Then arises the further question,—On what competence does this negative statement rest? A contemptuous treatment of the subject does not enable one to look for a high degree of competence.

Mr. Huxley must, I conceive, choose between one of the three

following alternatives. He may care little for sociology, set small store on any such science,—nay, deny its claim to the name of science. With him science may stop at biology, and the kindred branches of knowledge which are usually called sciences. All beyond may be to him merely empirical, and have no scientific value in the proper sense. In this view, naturally, he neglects M. Comte's writings. There is much in Mr. Huxley's language to favour this conclusion, yet I doubt whether, in the present state of opinion, he would deliberately avow it. It would be falling back too far from the van.

Is it, then, that whilst he allows social phenomena to be as truly the subject matter of a science as biological phenomena are of the science which deals with them, Mr. Huxley considers M. Comte not only to have wholly failed in his attempt to construct such a science, but to have made no valuable contribution towards it, and that he has come to this opinion on a careful study of the volumes devoted to this construction, namely, the three last volumes of the *Philosophie Positive*, and the second and third of the *Politique Positive*? I recur to these two volumes because they, and not the three volumes given to sociology in the *Philosophie*, are the definitive construction of the science; and he who has been content with the first work, and not studied the second, should be careful how he speaks of M. Comte's works in general. He has not studied them in their due connection. He is not competent to judge them. In the absence of a direct and deliberate statement from Mr. Huxley that his opinion has been so formed, I look on this second answer as improbable. It is to me inconceivable that any one who should have studied the volumes in question, whether he accepted or rejected them, should fail to see that they have a certain scientific value. Allowing, for the sake of argument, that they fail in their direct object, that they are unsuccessful, that is, in laying down correctly the lines of a new science, still, as the first solution of a great problem hitherto unattempted, a definite and comprehensive solution, they would have a scientific value independent of any absolute results. Modern biology has got beyond Aristotle's conception; but in the construction of biological science, not even the most unphilosophical biologist would fail to recognise the value of Aristotle's early, incomplete, and in a certain sense premature attempt. So for sociology. Subsequent sociologists may have, conceivably, to remodel the whole science, yet not the less will they recognise the merit of that first work which has facilitated their labours.

It is to me, then, inconceivable that a real student of those volumes should form the judgment Mr. Huxley has apparently formed. Still, it may be, that he adopts this second alternative. And should Mr. Huxley state that this is his deliberate conviction I should ask no more; I should acquiesce in the fact of his denial, and be content to feel that the position he occupies in this respect was fairly before the world. When I use the word deliberate, I mean it to bear the full sense

of an opinion formed on a sufficient study and mastery of the subject. And for the present argument, be it remembered, this implies not merely a knowledge of sociology, a knowledge of the conditions of man's existence as a social being, and a knowledge of the historical development of the human race,—this Mr. Huxley may have,—but it involves such a study and mastery of certain definite works in which that science is set forth, and on the value of which Mr. Huxley, *ex hypothesi*, pronounces a judgment.

The conclusion to which I ultimately come is that a third supposition is the true one, and that the remarks on which I am commenting do not really express a deliberate judgment in any true sense of the word. I judge them to be an impatient utterance based on a wholly imperfect and insufficient acquaintance with the subject of which Mr. Huxley is speaking. I judge them—I speak under correction—to be the opinion of one who has looked into the works of M. Comte mainly with reference to his own special subject, and who, not finding, as he thinks, anything to serve his purpose there, turns from the whole as useless, and in an unguarded moment publishes his condemnation. I look on them, in fact, as the judgment of a biologist penetrated with the importance of his own subject, and full of respect for the preliminary sciences, but bounding his horizon with his own science; either not allowing that there are higher sciences, or not caring for them.

I crave a more deliberate judgment from the Professor. If he cannot or will not give that, I would urge upon him abstinence from these side blows which have no appearance of calm reflection about them. He is well aware that in the present state of opinion they cannot claim the merit of courage. All are ready to use M. Comte and his disciples. They will not conciliate opponents; and though I should not like to charge Mr. Huxley with any such wish, they have an unpleasant look about them. What they certainly will do is to alienate those who in the struggle in which he is engaged might be useful to his cause; who sympathise with him within his own incomplete limits; and who, when he steps into a field of social discussion, as he has more than once nobly done, are ready to give all the support they can, and at least can offer a hearty admiration. For I cannot but remember that on more than one occasion Mr. Huxley has stood forward to protest against injustice, to share the odium of an unpopular cause, and to stem the tide of prejudice. Whilst doing my best, then, in the present instance against him, I could not be silent as to his social exertions. Even in this article there is a passage which, whatever my objections to it, testifies to his interest in social questions. On this passage I will briefly touch, as it illustrates his attitude towards sociology as a science. I hope I have not misunderstood it. I have tried hard to get at its real meaning.

In a “simple, unsystematic way” Mr. Huxley approaches the social

question. He speaks of a world full of ignorance and misery ; and he recognises, in language which, though it bear the stamp of poverty of conception inseparable from the doctrines of individualism, is yet manly and civic, the plain duty of each and all of us to struggle against that misery and that ignorance. Now what does he offer in the way of aid for the right discharge of this plain duty. He offers two beliefs,¹ and two only, as generally necessary. These may be all very well in their way, but are an unsatisfactory equipment for those who wish to know how to act. The latter of the two is one which I doubt whether any man who has ever acted has been without, whatever his theory might be. The former has long been fully possessed by the thinker and the statesman, nay, by all who have at any time consciously striven to improve the world, either by intellectual or practical effort. Yet experience shows that an *effectual* dealing with the ignorance and misery around us is still a desideratum. Would the physician—and the physician has to meet ignorance and misery, though it may be more especially from the physical point of view—feel as he visited the bed-side of his patients that he was effectually armed for his task, however full his possession of these two beliefs? And if Mr. Huxley, whilst he would ridicule such a preparation for the physician, thinks that it is adequate for the more difficult and complex problem of ignorance and misery, when approached from the more social point of view, he is but betraying the disadvantage at which he has placed himself by his unwise neglect of M. Comte's sociological system.

Still, as I said, the language is a simple and manly recognition of our social duty. It naturally leads us to think that he who uses it would sympathise with those who have endeavoured to discharge the duty it inculcates. Now he knows, or if he does not know he is blamable for not knowing, as he has chosen to write upon the subject, that M. Comte's life was one long unbroken effort to construct a philosophical and political system to meet the evils they both recognise. I will not do Mr. Huxley the injustice of supposing that his intellect been fairly brought to bear upon the examination of that system he would have failed to recognise, not its truth, I speak not of that, but its evident power and greatness as an intellectual exertion. On this point I speak with confidence, because, from various quarters, many the most unlikely, there comes a recognition of this point. Men opposed to M. Comte's conclusion as philosophers and statesmen, men again whose dearest faith as religious believers his doctrine threatens to supersede, agree in the acknowledgment that, however mistaken, M. Comte's effort was great and honourable. Why is it that a leader of science—speaking (as I am afraid I must

(1) For convenience I give the beliefs : "The first that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited ; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events." (*For. Rev.*, p. 145.)

w) in harmony with the general current of opinion prevalent amongst the men of science—is unable to separate his non-acceptance of the system from his estimate of its author's intellectual value, and rejects the whole with undisguised and unqualified contempt? Why is it but that those I have before alluded to can, as men and as citizens, feel a certain community of purpose, and, therefore, a certain sympathy and admiration for a powerful but, as they deem, misguided genius; whereas the men of science, forgetful of the true position of science as a minister to the social well-being of man, confront an attempt to recall them to the sense of its real function with impatient hostility, and view with alarm and hatred the spread of a doctrine which they instinctively feel is destined to put an end to their indiscipline? It seems to me that they might mitigate their stiltedness if they would calmly consider what Positivism, as a system, means in regard to science. They fear encroachment on, or any interfering with, their scientific independence, their pursuit of truth. Now there is a great distinction between a limitation of the choice of objects and a limitation or fettering of independent inquiry on the objects when chosen. The moral and social system known as Positivism claims to select the subjects which should be studied by those who cultivate science in any of its special branches, natural or human, not to dictate the special conclusions on these subjects. The scientific inquirer is left uncontrolled within a definite limit. This, we think, would find him an ample sphere for his faculties, avoid waste of time, promote the real acceptance of science, make its true value felt, and at the same time conduce to the real interests of the world. But I have little hope that any effort of conciliation on the part of the Positivist student of science will lessen the opposition of the non-Positivist; only let it be remembered that the value the world sets on science is as great as that which the latter attaches to it. The difference is simply one of direction and discipline. From one point of view I feel that they who are too much disposed to arrogate to themselves exclusively the title of men of science are unfortunate. Their attitude is an anachronism I suspect, and I feel the effects of this false position and are irritated by it. The interest of the world, broadly stated, is not merely that "the mystery" of science should take the place of disorderly, but, in an especial sense, social and political order should take the place of disorder. And the western world is dimly conscious of settling into a new order after more or less of disorder. It is also conscious that two faiths are contesting the direction of the world. One or other of the two must prevail, and the result will be an organisation which will grind down all recalcitrant elements. But the world judges roughly. It listens to the men of science and pays them the compliment, often undeserved, of thinking of them as beings with a social purpose, not mere advocates of

unlimited inquiry and discussion. It attributes to them, that *is*, a wish to aid in the reconstruction of society, not a mere pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. It sees the older faith fading under their solvent applications; and no longer recognising mere destruction as valuable, it considers them as partisans of the younger. It insists, that is, on ranging them with those whom, under the name of Positivists, it looks upon as the representatives of the new faith of which it has heard indistinct rumours. It yokes them to a service for which they feel the most utter repugnance; it identifies them with an organisation, and the very name is distasteful to them. Hence impatient disclaimers, such as the one here made by Mr. Huxley, and the disclaimers avail them not. The instinct of their opponents, whether learned or unlearned, is keen and, in the main, sound. It steadily identifies the guerilla chieftains with the regular forces of the opposition.

In fact, their disclaimers are only valid with the Positivists, who feel, and regret for the sake of their cause, the hostility of the savans. We cannot but acknowledge that it is a powerful obstacle in the way of social reorganisation; the most powerful probably, affording as it does an excuse to so many for not examining or for rejecting our system. We can but hope for better things, for the gradual disappearance of the singular bitterness with which the Positivist cause is regarded by too many of the scientific world—a bitterness not easily accounted for. Our natural allies are those who have, and feel that they have, a common end with us, however different our respective means; the large class which is seeking for a religious constitution of society. The new scientific clergy must act, as far as it is allowed, in unison with the clergy of the older faith.

One word more: M. Comte's life was not only a life of intellectual effort; it was a life of self-denial, of abstinence from all lower aims; a life of persistence—and that in the face of persecution, and danger, and neglect—in the endeavour to serve his kind. It was a life the beauty of which has now been recognised in many quarters which must have come under Mr. Huxley's observation, and by men whom he cannot but respect. Yet he has but words of contemptuous indifference, no word of recognition, much less of admiration for a life which, I challenge him to deny it, has a marked character of grandeur about it. His entire silence on these points, especially on the last, whatever the motive that prompted it, and irrespective of any and every estimate of the actual results attained by M. Comte's efforts, I cannot but deeply regret for Mr. Huxley's sake. I should be ill expressing my own feeling if I did not say in frankness, but not in disrespect, that it is not mere regret that I feel—that I look on such silence as discreditable injustice. It is this feeling which has led me to write.

RICHARD CONGREVE.

FERDINAND LASSALLE, THE GERMAN SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.¹

It is a subject of bitter complaint with our German cousins that England cares so little about Germany. One such—whose name is well known in England, as well as in his own country—in a letter which I have before me, speaks of this want of reciprocity of feeling as being, “in an increasing degree, a real international calamity.” We are, he declares, perfectly at sea as to German politics, and entirely ignorant of German social movements, and “We don’t care,” is our only reply to all attempts to correct or enlighten us. That there is a too large amount of truth in the complaint few will venture to deny, when they recollect that some years back a *Times* leader solemnly announced to an astonished world that Prussia had at last entered the Customs’ Union which she had founded. But pleas in extenuation we may also allege. German internal politics are still too involved to be interesting, except when the charged coil flashes fire in a Sadowa-battle. They are moreover at present in such an unstable, transitional phase, that thoughtful Germans confess they have lost their bearings, and must for a time withdraw from them altogether. And the confusions of politics react in turn upon social questions, which in themselves might be more interesting for us.

Yet there is one fact in the social condition of Germany, of which newspaper correspondents say but little, which official personages smile over, which calmer observers view with watchfulness, for the most part with no little of anxiety,—the existence and development, in a renewed form, throughout the whole, not only of treaty-Germany, but of all German-speaking lands on the Continent, of the so-called Social-Democratic party. The Social-Democrats of Germany are no longer the mere Reds of 1848, though they may be found acting with them on many occasions. It is now some six years since their movement received a new impulse from the meteor-like career of one by whose name the whole party is still almost as commonly designated as by its original one. And it is specially characterised among similar movements by what can hardly be termed by any other name than the worship of the man who thus transformed it,

(1) Enthüllungen über das tragische Lebensende Ferdinand Lassalle’s, auf Grund authentischer Belege, dargestellt von Bernhard Becker, dem testamentischen Nachfolger Lassalle’s; Schleiz, 1868.—Gartenlaube, 1867; Leipzig.—Baltische Monatschrift, 1866; Riga.—Geschichte der Social-politischen Parteien in Deutschland, von Jos. Edmund Joerg; Freiburg in Brissgau, 1867.—Die Geschichte der Social-Demokratischen Partei in Deutschland seit dem Tode Ferdinand Lassalle’s; Berlin, 1865.

and in whose honour solemn yearly commemorations (*tottenfeiern*) are held in all the chief towns of Germany,—unless indeed the further continuance of these performances be stopped by the publication of the “Revelations” of Bernhard Becker, the work which stands first quoted in the list prefixed to this article. And perhaps on examination it will be found that this curious nineteenth century of ours offers few more curious personages than the Jew Ferdinand Lassalle, of all modern demagogues probably the most accomplished at once and the most unprincipled; few stranger phenomena than the Lassallian worship of a godless Messiah,—for by no less solemn a title has the agitator been called.

Ferdinand, or to give him his full quota of names, Ferdinand ^{and} Johann Gottlieb Lassalle,¹ was born at Breslau, 11th April, 1825, of a strict Jewish family, his father being a rich wholesale merchant, and was bred up in the Hebrew faith; but the results of such teaching are absent to a singular degree from his after-life, and small seems to have been the amount of positive faith he at any time possessed. As a training for mercantile pursuits, he was sent to a commercial school at Leipzig; but made so little progress there that the headmaster advised his parents to take him away. He prepared himself at home under a private tutor for a university; studied philology, first in that of Breslau, then of Berlin, then gave himself to Hegel's philosophy, to which he remained devoted all his life. On leaving the university he betook himself to the Rhine-country, where he lived as a young “Gelehrter” of independent means. He paid a visit to Paris, and saw Heinrich Heine, who in a letter of 3rd January, 1846, recommended him again to Varnhagen von Ense, speaking of him as “a young man of the most distinguished gifts of mind; with the profoundest learning, the widest knowledge, the greatest acuteness” that had ever come before him, “uniting with the richest gifts of exposition an energy of the will and an *habileté* in action, which astounded” him. Such “a union of knowledge and power, of talent and character,” had been to him “a joyful apparition.” Heine goes on, however, in terms which from semi-satire reach the border of alarm, to say that Herr Lassalle is a true “son of the new time,” which knows nothing of the self-abnegation and modesty of the old; of a race which claims to enjoy and have its own openly. He compares himself and Varnhagen to the mere grave-diggers of the old time and midwives of the new, and to “the poor hen which has hatched ducks’ eggs, and sees with terror how the young brood throws itself into the water and swims delighted.” Lassalle says of himself at this period, apparently without exaggeration: “The foremost men of learning in Germany honoured me with their good-will; the most

(1) Lassal properly, the last syllable having been added by himself to Frenchify his name.

ted deemed me worthy of their friendship." It seems indeed that his position and prospects were alike most brilliant. A love-scandal, if I am correctly informed, made him leave Paris on that occasion; but he was to have returned thither in the autumn, and with letters from Alexander von Humboldt (who used to call him a "Wunderkind") to his colleagues of the Academy of Sciences, in order to prosecute his studies for a work which, begun in 1846, was only finished in 1855, on "The Philosophy of the Dark." But in the meanwhile he had got involved in a strange relation with Countess Sophie von Hatzfeldt, which, probably through several stages, only ended with his life.

Düsseldorf, Lassalle's head-quarters at this period, was the mansion of the Counts of Hatzfeldt, owners also of a castle in the Rhine and formed by the Sieg, with its surrounding domain. The Count of the day was married to his cousin, herself a born princess of Prussia; but although there were several children of the marriage, the Count and wife had lived apart for years. If we are to believe the Count himself, the count had begun to maltreat his wife almost immediately after his marriage; and this maltreatment had lasted twenty years in 1846. Whilst he sought to deprive the countess of her property, he had mistresses on whom he lavished large sums of money. He had taken his youngest daughter away from her mother, and was keeping her since the last nine years in a Vienna convent. In 1842 he had even written a letter to all the members of his family to say that he was perfectly unaware of his wife's then place of residence, and that he suspected she was hiding herself in order to palm off on him the child of another father; whilst at the time he knew that she was living in Paris, where a brother of his was attached to the Prussian embassy. He was now seeking to get away from the countess her youngest son, the last child who was left with her. The countess, on the other hand—who is spoken of as one who has evidently the bitterest aversion to her as "a stately woman, not precisely odious in appearance"—was a woman of many manners, fond of a cigar, and at all events not of taintless reputation.

Lassalle fell in with her—did he fall in love with her? The character of both parties—she, by common repute, light in years, many years older indeed than himself, but not beyond the limits of desire; he, young, handsome, unrestrained by any scruple, then as ever passionately addicted to women—almost without the supposition that their relations were innocent ones. At this time, Lassalle threw himself with fervour into her cause; applied himself, it would seem for the first time, to legal studies on her behalf; enlisted for her the sympathies and services of two other men, his seniors, but who seem to have acquiesced in the moral mastery which he exercised over those who came in contact

with him—one Offenheim, who fulfilled an inferior legal office, and an M.D. named Mendelssohn. And whatever may have been the exact nature of Lassalle's relations with the countess at this time, it seems certain that his first object was not to estrange her still further from her husband, but, on the contrary, to compel for her what she had been seeking for eight years—a restitution of conjugal rights. With this view, whilst Offenheim was to institute some unimportant law proceedings against the count by way of showing him that the countess was prepared for resistance, and Mendelssohn, on his way to Paris, where he was about to further prosecute his medical studies, was to collect evidence as to the count's prodigality, with a view if possible to an interdict against him, Lassalle himself, prior to his projected journey to France in the autumn of 1846, obtained a letter from Prince Frederick of Prussia to Count Hatzfeldt, in order to come to an agreement with him on the lady's behalf. But now occurred that incident which cast a shadow over all Lassalle's life, the so-called "robbery of the *cassette*."

The count's then mistress *en titre* was a certain Baroness von M., to whom the countess suddenly learnt that he had given an annuity bond for £1,000 a year. Accompanied by a clergyman, she called herself on the count, who, taken aback, it seems, promised everything—to cancel the bond, restore conjugal rights to the countess, recall her daughter from the convent. But on her presenting herself again at his residence, he was gone to the villa of an English friend, whence her letters were sent back, and where, on her making her appearance herself, she was forbidden the door by the host "with outstretched stick." The lady and her friend remained once more baffled.

One morning (20th August, 1846), the three young men were in the countess's drawing-room with herself and her youngest son, when the news came that Baroness M. had suddenly left Aix-la-Chapelle, where she was staying, for Cologne. The conclusion seemed to have been jumped to, that she was carrying away with her the count's annuity-bond. What happened now is not clear. According to the testimony of Hoppe—a valet of Lassalle, whom the latter asserted to have been bribed by the count—Lassalle directed Offenheim and Mendelssohn to start immediately, follow the baroness and endeavour to obtain possession, "by any means," of a certain deed-box—termed throughout the subsequent proceedings the *cassette*, and which shall henceforth be designated by that name—supposed to contain the bond and probably other papers likely to be of importance to the countess. At any rate, Offenheim and Mendelssohn did start, did follow the baroness, and coming up with her at Cologne just as she was leaving, Offenheim did get hold of the *cassette* and carry it to Mendelssohn's room. According to Lassalle

If, the act was one of sudden impulse; and he justly characterised it as one not only not corresponding to the end they had in but running counter to it. At any rate, the abstraction was averted; and Offenheim tried for it in 1846, but acquitted. The moral nature of the event, however, brought all the actors in great notoriety. The breach between the count and countess henceforth irrevocable. Lassalle became the avowed champion of the latter, directed her in a number of lawsuits, in which she succeeded in winning back a large portion of her fortune, and some which were still pending at his death; lived in the same house as her, and drew freely from her purse when his own became exhausted. On the other hand, the count and his friends, it would be said, bribed Lassalle's servants, and set spies to watch him. In May, 1848, they succeeded in bringing Mendelssohn to trial for obtaining his conviction. In August of that year they brought before the jury as the real instigator of the plot. He defended himself, and his defence, afterwards published as a pamphlet (Cologne, 1848), was the first thing which gave to the public the measure of his powers.

I am sorry that space will not allow me to dwell upon this speech. Considered in reference to Lassalle's severe philosophic training, to his acknowledged eloquence, it may strike the reader as deficient in variety of form, in true artistic treatment. There is in it no gradual evolution of thought, no broad massing of facts. But, especially when viewed as the production of a man of three-and-twenty, it is remarkably artful. The interweaving of bursts of seemingly unconnected rhetoric with subtle special pleading, or keen dissection of the case, is marvellously astute. The seemingly careless dropping and picking up again of this or that thread of argument is all calculated. The real end of the whole speech is to destroy the weight of one formidable adverse witness, Hoppe, his discharged valet; this is effected by first casting the slur of bribery upon him, and then exciting to the uttermost the sympathies of his hearers on behalf of the countess, as if in utter forgetfulness of self, coming upon Hoppe's worst charges to destroy them. At any rate, the ending was successful, and Lassalle won his acquittal. But the cry of the *cassette* was never forgotten against him.

He was at first equally fortunate a few months later. His trial in the Hatzfeldt affair, it will have been observed, fell in the feverish year 1848. There was a strong democratic and socialist party in the Rhineland, having for its organ the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, edited by Karl Marx. Lassalle had thrown himself into this party. When the conflict began in Berlin, and the Prussian deputies refused the supplies, he urged armed resistance in Düsseldorf; tried to divide the *bourgeoisie* and the working men, proposed placing the

seals on the Government treasury, took part with several Düsseldorfers of mark in planning an actual insurrection, appealed in print to the public for money and arms. But the Prussian Government had the upper hand; Düsseldorf was placed in a state of siege, and Lassalle, with Cantador, the head of the Burgher Guard, was arrested on a charge of having "excited the citizens to arm themselves against the royal power, and sought to provoke a civil war." Cantador was soon set free; but Lassalle, after nearly six months' imprisonment, was brought to trial on the 3rd of May, 1849.

Again he defended himself,¹ taking, it is said, the highest ground of any of the political prisoners of this period. He declared himself expressly "an adherent of the social-democratic republic." But he maintained that, after the refusal of supplies by the National Assembly, "the appeal to arms was the right and the duty of the country," and treated with the utmost bitterness the passive resistance policy adopted by the Parliament. "Passive resistance," he exclaimed, "is a contradiction in itself—it is the resistance which does not resist; it is 'like Lichtenberg's knife, without a blade, and wanting a handle; or like the fleece which one must wash without wetting; it is 'the mere inner ill-will without outward deed. The Crown confiscated the people's freedom, and the Prussian National Assembly, for the people's protection, decreed ill-will! It would be unintelligible how the commonest logic should have allowed a law-giving assembly to stain itself with such incomparable ridicule, if it were not too intelligible."

Sharp, bold words these, and which stamped the speaker at once as a revolutionary agitator of no common sort. Again he won acquittal from the jury. But he was now carried out of the reach of a popular verdict before a correctional tribunal, upon the minor charge of resistance to officers of the State, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He proved an awkward bird to cage; would not submit to prison rules; gave orders to turnkeys. He was rich and managed to want for nothing. Learning that his sister had solicited his pardon from the king, he wrote an instant disclaimer to the latter.

On coming out of prison he withdrew for awhile into study and comparative obscurity, not, however, giving up his position as a member of the democratic party. He gave shelter and succour to political fugitives. He was especially intimate with a Düsseldorf working man named Kichniawy, who used to come to him every day after work hours, read and talk with him over social questions, and who was able to render him many little services. He was living meanwhile in the same house with Countess Hatzfeldt, who exercised

(1) His defence has been printed; but I only know it through the account and extracts in B. Becker's "Enthüllungen."

over him, we are told, such influence that he could not put on a shirt-stud or breast-pin but what she liked. A hard student, he used nevertheless to take long walks, practised *turner* exercises, shooting and fencing, and became an admirable shot.

In 1855 he terminated his great work, begun in 1846, on "*Hera-leitus the Dark*," though it was only published in 1858 (Berlin). I do not pretend to have done more than handle and look into these two finely-printed volumes. But it is impossible to read a page of them without seeing that Lassalle's learning on the subject is wide and real; whilst the subject itself is one of great interest in the history of philosophy. Lassalle shared his master Hegel's admiration for the old Ionian sage, and his object seems to be to try to represent the latter as a sort of primitive, *ur*-Hegel. The work has attracted particular attention amongst the Italians—usually keen critics of philosophy—and has been, I believe, translated or abridged in Italian. Lassalle seems to have studied with equal care the era of the German Reformation; but, unfortunately, the only outcome of this study is a historical tragedy—"Franz von Sickingen"—composed in Düsseldorf in 1857-8, and printed at Berlin in 1859, but of which even his admirers admit the dulness. He gave lectures (not printed) on the French Revolution. Lastly, he studied, for the second of his two great works, the "*System of Acquired Rights—a reconciliation of positive law with the philosophy of law*"—which appeared in 1861 (Leipzig), dedicated, "in love and thankfulness, to his father, on his seventieth birthday." These, again, are volumes which it would be unfitting to criticise on slender acquaintance. I cannot help saying, however, that the work appears to me one which will preserve its place in the annals of jurisprudence, and will have, sooner or later, to be translated into all the leading European languages. Nor is its philosophical value less than its juridical. There is, for instance, deep interest, as well as large and varied erudition, in the forty-first chapter of the Second Part, on "*The Essence of the Roman and German Right of Inheritance*," in which Lassalle traces up the origin of the Roman law of testaments to the worship of the *Manes* and *Lares*.

I cannot say for certain whether the publication of this last work preceded or followed the opening of the next great period of his life—that of his residence at Berlin, in the days of the Manteuffel policy (relaxed since then by Bismarck), forbidding sojourn to all democratic politicians of any mark. Lassalle in vain sought permission to proceed to the capital. But he was not a man to accept denial. He entered the city disguised as a waggoner, sought out his old patron Alexander von Humboldt, and obtained through him, from the king himself, leave to reside at Berlin without let or hindrance. The countess followed him; and although they no longer inhabited the same house, their intimacy continued, much to Lassalle's pre-

judice. On the strength of his literary works he was, however, received freely into the most cultivated circles; admitted, without ballot, in honour of his "Heracleitus the Dark," into the Berlin Philosophical Society; selected to deliver the oration at the Fiedler Commemoration, 19th May, 1862. The oration was printed (Berlin) but seems to have been too deep and abstract for his audience.

If the Fichte lecture was a seeming failure through too great severity of form and thought, Lassalle soon recovered his lost ground. There was—alas! there is—a certain Julian Schmidt, whose "History of German Literature" has passed through five editions. Him Lassalle fell foul of, and, for all human bipeds with brains in their skulls, annihilated. It would not be easy to find a richer piece of literary satire than his "Observations by a Compositor on Herr Julius Schmidt, the literary historian" (Berlin, 1862). He proves in due time that Schmidt knows neither ancient history nor modern; that he attributes to the Seven Sages of Greece, with their almost puritanic wisdom, the elaborate theories of later Greek philosophy; that (misled in all likelihood by the mere title of a piece of Heine) he mistakes a well-known middle-age law-book, the "Sachsenspiegel" or, "Mirror of Saxony" (the title of which was imitated in several other countries), for a romantic poem. He exposes Schmidt's grotesque self-sufficiency in criticising such men as Göthe, Fichte, & his empty phrases, his faults of grammar. He declares that he has read eight times over, with the most concentrated attention, a series of Schmidt's positions, in order to discover the thought that ran through them, and could not; like Harlequin vainly trying to set Clown on his legs, he endeavours three or four times over to translate a particular sentence into sense, and fails each time. "Divine to man," Schmidt oracularly writes, "is originally that which he does not understand." "Ah! but," replies Lassalle, "it is not so now, Herr Schmidt; if then the whole of German literature would be divine for you, Herr Schmidt speaks elsewhere of 'the overpowering momentum of the Accidental.'" "Alas!" retorts the commentator, "Herr Schmidt believe me, there is nothing altogether accidental. Even you new men are so! Even you root with a certain necessity in the period of decomposition in which we live." At the last, however, he drops his satire, and warns his countrymen that if they will bear to see the glory of their greatest men thus trampled on, a nation that can endure this must be nigh to the last stage of decay.

Known henceforth as a learned philosopher and jurist,—as a formidable literary critic,—Lassalle now plunged once more into politics. The prevailing party in the Prussian Parliament was the Fortschritt party, or party of progress, acting then generally with the Liberals (or say Whigs); essentially a middle-class party, stronger in words and in wealth than in deeds, gr

always upon "enlightenment" and "civilisation," prone to treat all religious faith as fanaticism, generally upon terms of very distant civility with the name of God. Most of Lassalle's natural affinities, as a middle-class man by birth, a well-to-do and distinguished Gelehrter who had quite outgrown all faith, would have been with this party. But it is certain that it opened no sufficient career to his boundless ambition. Its foremost ranks were crowded already, in part even by his own brethren in the flesh. There might be more to be won by attacking than by following it.

"Lassalle," we are told by a writer who was not one of his partisans,¹ "was a man, as it were, created for a political agitator; as deeply cultivated as he was experienced in life; of brilliant eloquence, full of confidence in himself and his cause, not very choice as to the means to be employed; cool blooded, yet filled with fiery consuming energy; always ready to accept a battle, wherever and in whatever manner it might be offered to him." As a politician, he had indeed already recalled public attention to himself in 1859 by means of a pamphlet on "The Italian War, and the Task of Prussia," which has been bitterly found fault with by his democratic friends, as declaring that the monarchical movement was the natural mode of development for Italy; that autonomy towards the outer world is for a country the true basis of democracy within, so that unity must precede freedom; and that Prussia in Germany must follow the example of Savoy in Italy—expel Austria, and absorb all else: views perhaps put forth as a feeler for Government favours, and which Count Bismarck has, at all events, to a great extent since translated into fact. But now this pamphlet was followed by a series of three, which sufficiently showed that a new spirit of political agitation was abroad: "On the Essence of a Constitution," Berlin, 1862; "What Next," Zürich, 1863; and "Might and Right," Zürich, 1863. Lassalle's leading view in these (which may indeed be discerned already in his defence before the Jury at Cologne in November, 1848) is that constitutional questions are questions, not of right, but of might. The subsisting practical relations of power in a country are its constitution. A written constitution has only then worth and duration when it exactly expresses these. The show of constitutionalism is a lie, a comedy. The Prussian Chambers, when they had refused the supplies, should have broken up till the Government was no longer able to levy them. And he complained bitterly of the Prussian voting-system, with its three categories of voters, devised to increase the power of the few and restrict that of the many, as well as of the Herrenhaus, and claimed as indispensable the establishment of direct universal suffrage.

Great was the wrath of the Fortschritt party over this provo-

(1) W. G. Rosser in the "Baltische Monatschrift" for 1866.

cation,—for such it really was. The mere word *Schein-constitutionalismus* expressed at once the hollowness of a state of things : which a Parliament could meet year after year to rule, legislate speechify, bully ministers within its hall, and be disobeyed throughout the country ; to refuse supplies, which it well knew the Government would levy regularly notwithstanding. Lassalle, the Fortschritt writers declared, placed might before right ; he was a mere Bismarckian. His reply was that his view was not conceived from an ethical, but from an historical stand-point. Right ought no doubt to go before might ; but, in fact, might always goes before right, till right has might enough to shatter unright. But indeed both parties had reason on their side in attacking each other. Lassalle was not wrong in saying that the right which does not seek to embody itself in action, but is content with idle words of self-assertion, is a mere sham. The Fortschritt men were not wrong in maintaining that the tendency of his reasoning was to place might before right, and led to mere Cæsarism.

These political pamphlets sufficed to make Lassalle's name prominent in the political world. But Lassalle could not remain satisfied with being a mere voice ; he must be a power. He might become one, if he succeeded in turning his quarrel with the Fortschritt men into a class warfare,—in enlisting the working classes on his behalf against middle-class liberalism. Such seems to be the clue to Lassalle's subsequent proceedings. His political feats of arms have been mere skirmishes. The real battle of his life lay elsewhere.

On the 12th October, 1862, he had delivered a lecture to the Artizans' Society of the Oranienburg suburb of Berlin, "On the Special Connection of the Present Historical Period with the Idea of the Working Classes as a Fourth Estate," published in 1863 under the title of "The Working Men's Programme" (*Arbeiterprogramm*). and, if I mistake not, after the publication of "What Now" and "Might and Right." The date of the delivery of the lecture at these events—before the violent attacks of the Fortschritt men upon Lassalle as a politician—must be borne in mind, in estimating the moderation of its tone, as compared with the violence which he was soon about to exhibit.

The purpose of this lecture is to prove that the working class, as mere majority, are entitled to control the State, and to become the object of its existence, and that the way to this end lies through direct universal suffrage. And although many of the ideas expressed in it are to be found in the "*Misère de la Philosophie*,"—Karl

(1) It seems impossible, having reference to the scope of the lecture, to translate the word "*Arbeiterstand*" otherwise than by a circumlocution. I shall, however, more readily render it hereafter by "working-class," merely cautioning the reader that the idea implied is that of an "estate" in the constitutional sense.

Marx's reply to Proudhon,—published so far back as 1847 (and indeed Lassalle is said to owe to Karl Marx the *whole* of his doctrines on social subjects), still, whether considered in reference to the high degree of intelligence and culture which it presupposed in Lassalle's audience, or to its matter in itself, this lecture is a remarkable work. Lassalle begins by warning his readers that he will treat his subject in a strictly scientific way, but that its scientific character will consist simply in perfect clearness of thought and freedom from prejudice. The former claim he thoroughly makes good; not so the latter.

He begins by an historical inquiry into the nature of the working class, the "Arbeiterstand." In the Middle Ages one estate—that of the landowners—was the ruling element; agriculture was the source of all wealth; all labour unconnected with the soil was despised and held shameful; so that even in a seemingly revolutionary movement like the Peasants' War of 1524, the holding of land was to be the condition of all participation in the government of the State—equality of right between the tenure of the peasant and of the noble was the claim of the former. The true revolutionary element at work in the sixteenth century was that of the progress of industry, the division of labour, and the growth thereby, in the hands of the *bourgeoisie*, of the wealth of capital. The complete change in social conditions which these involved was only finally proclaimed at the French Revolution, not created by it. Already, when it broke out, the heaping up of movable capital in the hands of the *bourgeoisie* had rendered the nobles dependent on it. Molière's marquises fawn on the *bourgeois*, whom they despise. Louis XIV. himself, at Versailles, took off his hat to the Jew, Samuel Bernard, in order to coax a loan out of him. The Regent became a shareholder in Law's joint-stock companies. Through a whole series of events—from the discovery of America and the passage of the Cape of Good Hope to the destruction of feudal strongholds and the suppression of the military power of the nobility, which drove their retainers back to the labour market—greater *débouchés* had been opened, the cost of production and transport had been cheapened; production on a large scale, for the world's market, had become possible, which in turn begets division of labour; all which group of workings must always react the one upon the other. In the early middle ages, through the high cost of transport, men produced only for the needs of a narrow circle of consumption, whose demand was, in the main, known and constant. Demand preceded supply; production was primarily a mere handiwork. The characteristics of such a period were poverty, or at least a limited amount of well-being; but, at the same time, a certain constancy and stability in all social relations. The character of the new era is one entirely opposite. Supply must now precede, seeks to enforce, demand. Men produce no longer for

a single locality, but for the world's market, for needs unknown, undeterminable beforehand. The only weapon of the product is cheapness. With this weapon it on the one side conquers the buyer, on the other drives all competitors out of the field. Under the system of free competition, every producer may hope, however gigantic may be the mass of his wares, to win a demand for all, if he can only, by this weapon of greater cheapness, put all his fellow-producers *hors de combat*. Such an era is characterised by great wealth, but also by a loosening of all relations, an almost constant uncertainty in the situation of individuals, united with a greatly varying distribution of the profits of production amongst those who share in the work.

But was the cause of the *bourgeoisie*, which formed the Third estate, of which Abbé Sieyès said that it was "nothing," and should be "all," really that of all mankind? Or did the Third estate bear within itself a Fourth estate yet? Already, in the constitution of 1791, a distinction was made between the "citoyen actif" and the "citoyen passif," of whom the former only had the right of voting. What constituted "active" citizenship was to be the payment of direct tax, reckoned at the value of three days' labour; but all "hired servants" were excluded from "active" citizenship. Thus the possession of capital became the condition of participating in the government of the State, as the possession of land had been in the middle ages. And this principle of the "cens electoral," of a taxation franchise, with the trifling and almost momentary exception of the French constitution of 1793, remained that of all constitutions which grew out of the French revolution, till, under Louis Philippe, the "pays légal" only consisted of 200,000 electors, out of a population of 30,000,000. Even the constitution of the second French Republic, in 1850, by requiring three years' domicile in one place, contained the same principle in a disguised form, since French working men can seldom remain so long in the same locality. So it was with the Prussian three-class constitution of 1849, under which the first category of 153,808 electors was made equivalent in voting power to the third of 2,691,950, or one rich man to seventeen poor; the disproportion being still more glaring in particular districts. Again, the ruling *bourgeoisie* of the present day had obtained to a great extent exemption from taxation—not, indeed, directly, as the nobility in former days—but by means of the system of indirect taxation. For, since no man, though 20 times, 50 times, 100 times as rich as another, could eat or drink 20, 50, 100 times as much salt, bread, meat, beer, wine, or need 20, 50, 100 times as much fuel as another, if the consumption of all was taxed alike, the burthen of indirect taxation must fall upon the poorer classes. Lassalle illustrated this from the Prussian budget of 1855, in which under

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he unhindered activity of his forces; it would limit the ends of
nment to the protection of person and property. But this is a
“night-watchman’s idea,” from which it would follow that,
re were no more robbers or thieves, the State itself would be
fluous. For the Fourth estate, the object of government is, by
rity of interests, to unfold and progressively develop man’s
into the full possession of freedom. A State which should
ce this principle would produce an upsoaring of the intellect,
of happiness, cultivation, well-being, freedom, beside which
ost celebrated periods of earlier times should be but as a fading
w-picture.

would be too long to attempt to unravel here the mingled truths
allacies of the above lecture. Though Lassalle disclaimed all
lice, one signal one pervades his work all through—the
rate ignoring of all religious influences. Sometimes this leads
sitive mis-statement; as when he asserts that in the Middle
all labour unconnected with the land was despised, the fact
that the Church sedulously maintained the worth of industrial
r, carrying on various branches of it in its monasteries and con-
stamping a religious character on every trading guild, uniting
n classes of artisans (builders, for instance) in religious frater-
. More astonishing, if possible, is Lassalle’s wholly preter-
ig the Reformation in his list of the influences which led to the
ocial state of the eighteenth century, when, to quote only the
of all instances, it is unquestionable that the reduction in
er of the “ferial days” of the Romish Calendar has been, and
l, an essential pre-requisite to the full development of industry.
e effect of the lecture was unfortunately enhanced by a prose-
l. Lassalle was brought up before the Berlin criminal court
charge of having publicly excited the non-possessing classes to
l and contempt of the possessing ones. He again defended

himself, and published his defence under the title of "Science and the Workmen." His plea (as indicated by the above title) was, that his lecture had been a work of science; and that, by the constitution, science and its teaching were declared to be free. It was the great calling of the age to bring science to the people; for himself, the alliance of science and of the workers, was the object to which he had resolved to consecrate his life. In March, April, May, 1848, Berlin was at the mercy of thoughtless agitators—men without knowledge, culture, insight—and the men of thought and science were dumb; why, but because a gulf lay open between the scientific thought, the very speech of the few, and the degree of culture of the crowd? Men who tried to fill up that gap should be nourished at the Prytaneum, not put in accusation. If he were condemned, he would indeed be no more disturbed than a chemist by the bursting of a retort, who, slightly frowning over the resistance of matter, would quietly continue his inquiries and labours. But for the sake of the nation and of its honour, of science and of its worth, of the country and its lawful freedom, for the sake of the remembrance which history would keep of their own names, he called upon the court to acquit him. He was condemned, nevertheless.

In the interval between these two pamphlets, however, Lassalle had published another of considerable importance, in the form of a reply to an invitation from a Central Committee which had been formed for calling a general Working-men's Congress at Leipzig. Not a word, it will have been observed, had been uttered in the "Arbeiterprogramm" as to the form in which the proposed supremacy of the working class was to take effect, when universal suffrage should have supplied the means of doing so. This new pamphlet professed to supply the void. A system of co-operative production by means of State aid was what Lassalle now advocated. But this brought him into collision with a man of whom it is impossible to speak without respect, and who is probably known by name at least to some of my readers—Schulze-Delitzsch, a prominent member of the Fortschritt party, and at the same time a man who has devoted his life to the promotion of the co-operative principle by means of friendly societies, mutual credit societies, societies for the purchase of raw materials in common, co-operative stores, — not forgetting (though Lassalle took care to forget) associations for co-operative production. Schulze enjoyed vast popularity with the German lower middle class, and the more well-to-do and thoughtful working men, in the handicrafts more especially; but he had always set his face emphatically against State-aid. In the present letter, whilst professing the utmost personal respect for Schulze, Lassalle declared that the organisations promoted by him neither helped nor could help the workers. The suppression of the employer's profit in

peacefullest, lawfullest, simplest way, through the self-organising the working class in free associations for self-employment, was only true, undelusive means of bettering the worker's condition. But how to do this? Cast a glance (he said) on railways, engineering, building-works, spinning mills, weaving mills; then cast another at your empty purses, and ask yourselves, where you could ever find the gigantic capitals needed for such undertakings? The thing is impossible, if you can only reckon on your own isolated individual efforts. Therefore is it the business and task of the State to take in hand this great business of the free individual association of the workers, to further and develop it.

Of course such associations as above spoken of can only by degrees comprehend the whole of the working class. They should begin in those branches of industry which are best fitted for the purpose, through the greater number of workmen employed, and in those districts and localities which, through the nature of their industrial activity, the thickness of their population, and its pre-disposition towards association, seem also the most suitable. As soon as a sufficient number of such associations are in existence, they will make it easy to associate all other branches of industry and localities, since State-helped associations would naturally enter into a mutual union, as well as into an insurance union against occasional losses. The State would be in no wise the dictator, but would only (!) give the establishment and approval of the rules, and a sufficient control of the business to secure its interests. Every week the ordinary wages of the trade and locality would be paid to the workers, and at the end of the year the profits shared amongst them. As a proof of the impossibility of really bettering the condition of the worker by free association without the intervention of the State, he instanced the indeed lamentable case of the Rochdale cotton mill—the most important offshoot from the Equitable Pioneers' Society, in which the bonus to labour originally given to shareholders and non-shareholders alike, was withdrawn in 1861 by a majority of eight-ninths of the shareholders. Almost all the so-called co-operative societies of the English manufacturing districts shared, in like manner, in loss on capital only. Small productive associations, then, only save the working class, by setting workmen against workmen, and we obtain that mere caricature,—a workman with a workman's ideas and an employer's mind. And lastly,—since in the Rochdale mill there were 1,600 working men shareholders, and only 500 workers employed, and the development of civilization consisted precisely in the substitution of natural for human forces, so that this ratio of about 1 to 3 must grow to 1 to 4, 1 to 5, to 6, to 8, to 20, and so on,—where could one expect to find, within the working class itself, the four-fold, five-fold, twenty-fold number of workmen share-

holders, who would be required to stand behind the actual workers. It was therefore a mathematical impossibility that the working class should enfranchise itself in this manner through the efforts of its members as mere individuals. Free individual association, rendered possible through the support and furtherance of the State, that was its only way out of the wilderness. And the only means thereto was that of direct universal suffrage. Let the people follow the example of England in the Anti-Corn-Law League agitation. Let them organise themselves in a General German Workmen's Union with a view to a legal, peaceful, but untiring, unceasing agitation for the introduction of direct universal suffrage into all German countries. Let them open funds to which every member of the Union must contribute. One silver groschen a week from 100,000 workers would make over 100,000 thalers a year. Let them with such funds establish newspapers, circulate pamphlets, pay agents to carry their ideas into every corner of the land, down to the last farm-servant. Let them be deaf to all that did not call itself direct universal suffrage, or was not connected with, or could not lead to it. When this appeal should have taken root (an affair of a few years) in the 89 to 96 per cent. of the population which was comprised in the poorer classes of society—when universal suffrage should be taken up as a hunger question—there was no power that could refuse it. In this sign must the worker conquer. There was none other for him.

So far our pamphleteer. Direct universal suffrage was then still the means; but co-operative production, by the aid of the State, was now the immediate object proposed by Lassalle to the working masses in place of the indirect universal suffrage already existing in Prussia, and of the varying franchises of other German States; the latter in place of any schemes of self-help which might have been promoted by Schulze-Delitzsch or others. But we must not overlook the fact, that direct universal suffrage was already advocated by Schulze-Delitzsch and other Fortschritt leaders, and that co-operative production was already recognised by the former as the highest reach of the co-operative principle; and that thus the chief difference between Lassalle and the former was that Lassalle not only advocated State-help for co-operation, which Schulze-Delitzsch repelled, but actually discouraged all efforts at co-operative self-help. Now I am as little disposed as any Lassallian to accept the "night-watchman idea of the State;" I believe that, amongst ourselves especially, the State is made far too much of a social bugbear. But the poisonous sting of Lassalle's teaching was this, that it proclaimed the impotency of self-help, turned away the efforts of the working class from practical undertakings to mere speechifying agitation. If indeed his plans as sketched out could be supposed

practice, they would be almost undistinguishable from those of Louis Blanc in his "Organisation du Travail,"—although he at least has never discouraged, but always applauded and promoted, every effort of the working man for his own self-elevation; so that even those whose views are most foreign to his own must acquit him of the Lassallian folly of preparing men for co-operation by hindering them from co-operating.

Yet Lassalle's tongue and pen produced effects which Schulze's many years of labour had never achieved. They woke up the German working-class at large. They gave a basis for the new agitation as wide as the domain of the German tongue; put forth a political claim which was one and the same for every German State; backed that political claim upon social needs which were rife in every one. The old Social-Democratic party, which had seemed crushed after the death or exile of its leaders in 1848-9, found itself suddenly re-born, with a cry, a purpose, and a leader. Lassalle's large plans of State support for co-operative production fascinated the enthusiastic. The proclamation that the end could not be compassed by individual self-sacrifice, that partial co-operative experiments could only lead to mischief, conciliated the idle. The declaration that, under working-class sway, self-interest itself would become hallowed, appealed to the greediest.

The formation of a "General German Working Men's Union,"—I shall call it for shortness the "Labour League,"—followed. Lassalle was, of course, the first President of the League, and, till his death, ruled it with undisputed sway. In his position towards the German masses there seems to have been considerable analogy to that of Feargus O'Connor, some twenty-five years ago, towards the English ones. It is only by degrees that a class, rising in the social scale, learns to find leaders within its own ranks, and to trust them; the first demagogues are almost invariably aristocrats. Taking into account the difference of national character between the German people and the English, Lassalle's reputation for profound learning, his handsome person and countenance, graceful movements, facile eloquence and melodious tones, were probably as well fitted to make him the idol of a German mob as Feargus O'Connor's long line of ancestry, his commanding stature, trumpet voice, and fiery rhetoric, to make him that of an English one. Both had that gift of free-handedness, of all virtues nearest to a vice,—both were addicted to that vice of profligacy, as winning for many almost as a virtue. And infinitely lower morally as was, I believe, Lassalle than Feargus O'Connor, and his Social-Democratic movement than our own Chartist one (through which as a stage in his development almost every middle-aged working-man of high purpose amongst us will be found at the present day to have passed), there was one necessity which was

common to both. Since for both leaders "I and the people" was the sole formula of their democratic self-devotion, the crushing of all rivalry to the "I" became the *sine qua non* of all popular happiness. Each movement must therefore mar and thwart every scheme of reform but its own. As the Chartist movement was for years the worst opponent of Anti-Corn-Law repeal, so was Lassallianism that of practical co-operation. As, some years ago, no public meeting could be held in London, in Lancashire, or elsewhere where Chartism had made any head, for any purpose of social amelioration whatever without the constant fear of Chartist intervention, and of an amendment for the Charter, so it was, so it is still too often in Germany with the Social-Democrats.

The two movements found, moreover, opposition and support respectively in much the same quarters. Both had for their opponents the bulk of the Liberal party; both found sympathy, more or less avowed in a portion of the Conservative party; but with this essential difference, that the latter was led in England by a Peel, in Germany by a Bismarck. To a political gambler like the latter, impervious to all moral considerations, engaged from year's end to year's end in a conflict with the Fortschritt leaders, all-predominant in the Lower House, the sharp scission of the Social-Democrats from the Fortschritt men could not fail to be welcome, whilst he must have recognised in Lassalle himself a dare-devil wrestler after his own heart. Whatever may have been the actual relations between the two men, it seems difficult to believe that the "Labour League" could have been allowed to spread over the whole surface of the country and establish branches in every town, without official countenance. On one occasion Bismarck personally authorised by telegram a lecture by Lassalle, which the local authorities had forbidden.

The Fortschritt men, on the other hand, attacked Lassalle from all sides with fresh violence. They declared that his plans were nothing but a *réchauffé* of Louis Blanc's national workshops, (which had so deplorably failed in 1848). Lassalle branded this latter lie,—for it is too late to give the assertion any other name, when it has been so abundantly proved by the testimony of Louis Blanc and his opponents themselves, that the Paris National Workshops were not only not his, but were set up in spite of him, and as a check upon his influence,—as it deserved, and his paper in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* on the subject, dated 24th August, 1863, and reprinted at the end of his "Bastiat-Schulze," is irrefutable. A man who stands aloof from all parties, though claiming to be a German High Tory, who has been the great literary promoter of German co-operation, and its main link with that of other countries, Professor Huber, in a pamphlet on "The Workers and their Counsellors" (Berlin, 1863), without personal bitterness, shows the dangers of Lassalle's recommendations. On the other hand

his views found, in whole or in part, some adherents of note and standing, one or two Professors, and a Prussian Minister of 1848. During the whole of the year (1863) Lassalle's life was one of feverish activity. Besides the organizing of the "Labour League" and its branches, he was involved in repeated prosecutions. Counting some already mentioned, eleven separate publications issued from his pen during the twelvemonth. Several of them, indeed, were speeches; all short and cheap. Since the days of Luther no instance of such restless activity in addressing the people had been seen in Germany. Lassalle was indeed hailed from many quarters as "the Social Luther." Yet the end of the year saw him already engaged on completing another work, the last of any length which was to issue from his pen.

Till the rise into new prominence under Lassalle's guidance of the Social-Democratic party, which had been deemed crushed for good in 1848, the Liberal party in general had looked with indifference, the whole specially plutonomic wing of it with actual dislike, on Schulze-Delitzsch's co-operative organisations. Placed face to face with the Lassallians, Schulze and his work found sudden favour. It was seen at once that his co-operative movement was the only link which could bind the working class to the fortunes of the party; that he was the only possible rival in popular favour to the Jewish agitator. It became all important that he should be brought into the field against Lassalle. The end was achieved. In a course of six lectures, delivered amidst circumstances of unusual *éclat*, before the Berlin Working Men's Union, and published about June, 1863, under the title of "Chapter for a German Working Men's Catechism," Schulze not only declared himself energetically against the principle of State help, and mercilessly dissected Lassalle's practical suggestions for co-operation, but attacked some of his economic positions, and spoke of his "half-knowledge" and "audacity."

Lassalle was stung to the quick. A reproach of "half-knowledge" was one of the most galling that could be to a man of his enormous intellectual vanity; and it was certainly out of place in the mouth of one whose intellectual powers, and the extent of whose learning, were far inferior to his own. Coming, moreover, from his only substantial rival in the affections of the working class, Lassalle took it, so to speak, as the challenge to a mortal combat, and in a work entitled "Herr Bastiat-Schulze von Delitzsch, the Economic Julian; or, Capital and Labour," (preface dated 16th Jan. 1864), professedly a companion piece to his "Herr Julian Schmidt," set about demolishing the "economic," as he had demolished the literary Julian—wholly overlooking the fact that what had carried the sympathies of the right-minded with him in the castigation of his literary victim of 1862, was that he had placed himself on the ground of the reverence due to great men insulted by a pedant's criticisms, whereas here

he was holding up to scorn one whose great qualities and service to the people he had himself recognised.

Space would fail me here to attempt an analysis of this work, Lassalle's largest production in reference to social questions (254 pp.). Besides the introduction and appendices, it comprises four chapters—I. "Labour;" II. "Capital;" III. "Exchange, Value, and Competition;" IV. "Objective Analysis of Capital; Productive Associations;" with a "Conclusion," and an "Epilogue." More than twenty pages, however, comprise all that relates to the positive feature of Lassallianism, productive associations. The rest is all negative, destructive. We see in it clearly the truth of what B. Becker himself says of his late leader—that Lassalle's function was that of "a breaker-down of walls." It turns mercilessly in and out more than one received doctrine of political economy. It mixes alike all Lassalle's gifts and all his faults. Acute, powerful, reasoning, stands side by side with clumsy pleasantries, tedious and drawn logic, fallacies now too gross not to be sincere, more often subtle for us possibly to believe them so. Bursts of well-deserved indignation against some of the current hypocrisies of popular plutonism—*e.g.*, those truly Pecksniffian laudations of the "abstinence" of the capitalist—lose their effect when we see the same indignation poured out on his opponent, in cases where the critic has simply misrepresented him. Lassalle shows, indeed, clearly enough, that almost all Schulze's economic learning is derived from Bastiat—which the former would probably never have cared to deny—and from this borrows the title of his pamphlet; and his exposure of that brilliant but (except respect to the one point of free trade) generally unsound and generally over-praised thinker, is searching and generally deserved. It is difficult for him to detect many a fallacious piece of reasoning, and a contradiction and confusion of ideas, in the theoretic lucubrations of Schulze himself, whose education and whose work have been so simply practical, and who is—*tranchons le mot*—but one of the worthiest of plutonomic Philistines. But there are, I should think, few unprejudiced readers whom the unmeasured virulence of Lassalle's criticisms, the nauseous flood of his insolence, would not dispose to sympathy with his victim, even if unaware of the difference in character between the assailed and the assailant. "Senseless" and "thoughtless," are the mildest words by which he qualifies his opponent, and they occur almost at every page. Lassalle tells his readers that he understands "nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing of all our economic circumstances;" later times, for which alone his toils and efforts will have their worth, will deem it his highest merit that he should have subjected himself to the self-degradation of criticising Schulze's "child's chatter." Encouraging himself in his own insolence, he tells Schulze that "he has lied full consciously," talks of branding his "hypocrisy," of the "sheer jugglery" by which he "systematically

cally" extirpates the reason of working men, of his "designed" deceiving and fooling of the masses. For himself, friend and foe will testify this alike of him, "I write every line which I write, armed with the whole culture of my century." And yet one is occasionally carried away in spite of oneself by the wit, the true comic power of the writer; as when, in the course of demolishing Bastiat's theory of "Service," as determining value, followed by the modern French school in opposition to our own English school, which refers value to labour, he undertakes to show Schulze all the "services" he has himself rendered to him, without creating a value towards him.

I should perhaps best characterise the book by saying that whilst full of suggestiveness to any independent mind, it is food of the most dangerous description for a weak and untrained one. It is designedly unfair, abounding in suppressions of the true and suggestions of the false. It degrades controversy into a squabble, reasoning into invective. It has indeed its lessons. It teaches what culture is worth without moral power. Ridiculous as was, as must be for any man of real learning, Lassalle's boast of being "armed with the whole culture" of his century—gross as were occasionally his blunders—he was unquestionably a man of very great culture. Yet all the various knowledge with which his mind was stored, all his brilliant and well-trained powers of mind, only serve to exhibit to us the most perfect type in modern times of the ancient sophist. And the real source of Lassalle's measureless violence against Schulze lies surely neither in the disgust of the clever man for the blunderer, nor in the antagonism between the demagogue and his rival in popularity, still less in a genuine revolt of conscience against any platonomic hypocrisies of which Schulze may have made himself the organ, but in this, that whilst Schulze, however narrow or mistaken, however contradictory even, may sometimes be his views, is yet always seeking some moral ground to stand on, some moral end to reach to, Lassalle, on the other hand, subject to no moral restraints whatever—utterly self-seeking, pulled only from side to side by the opposing impulses of boundless ambition and boundless self-indulgence,—cannot bear that any should start, as Schulze does, from moral responsibility as a principle, but must poison the working class with specious instances to show that under present economic conditions there is no individual responsibility for one's own actions, that every one has only to answer for the actions of others.

Power and success, then, had brought out, not the good of the man, but the evil. He now showed recklessly to the public what was in him, and truth was not there. Sidonia turned inside out proved but a Petticoat Lane bully.

But the end of this strange life was now at hand. For a few months more he continued with the same restless activity to organise

branches of the "Labour League," address meetings, keep up agitation. But he was disappointed with the immediate results of his efforts. He had expected to enrol 100,000 members in his Labour League; he saw himself with barely 10,000. He would complain bitterly to his friends that the whole burden of the agitation rested on himself alone,—that he must do everything, be always organising, leading. There were several prosecutions pending against him, some on appeal by himself from adverse sentences. Some of his friends had advised him, and he had himself thought for a moment, of taking refuge in Switzerland, which he used to visit every year, and where he had many friends and partisans. He was, moreover, weary and somewhat out of health; he had often said, jokingly, to his friends that he should not outlive his fortieth year, and he was now thirty-nine. Some longing for rest seems to have come over him, some vague presentiment of approaching evil. On the 11th of May, 1864, he handed over, in writing, to a Vice-president all his functions and powers as President of the Labour League (an act of autocracy which the German Social-Democrats do not seem to have resented), on the ground that he was going to take the waters for several months. On the 24th of May, in a speech at Ronsdorf (published as a pamphlet, under the title of "The Agitation of the General German Working Men's Union and the King of Prussia's Promise"), he talked of perishing in the struggle which he had undertaken. It may indeed be recollected that in his defence of his "Working men's Programme," he had declared that "the alliance of science and of the working men" was "the end to which, so long as health remained, he had resolved to consecrate his life." But he was about to throw it away for a very different purpose.

I have already spoken of his profligacy. "Constancy in love," says the writer who has given a sketch of his life in the *Gartenlaube*, "he did not know." Possessed in a high degree, says the same writer, of "the power to win over men, even such as came near him with outspoken prejudices against him," this power rose to a fascination with women. For these, indeed, his political executor, Bernhard Becker, says that he would forget everything, and his income—large for Germany—of over 5,000 thalers a year, was not sufficient to cover the cost of his pleasures. Some of his love adventures had been notorious. On one occasion, having been challenged in Berlin on account of one of them, and having refused a duel on alleged grounds of principle, he had been set upon in the Thiergarten by several persons, and had so bravely defended himself that the historian Förster had presented him with Robespierre's stick, which from henceforth he always carried with him. But having now reached the threshold of middle age, his mind had become set upon marriage. He was indeed already, we are told, desperately in love

with a Jewish lady; but this did not prevent him from proposing, towards the end of 1864 or beginning of 1865, to visit Vienna, in order to make the acquaintance of another to whom his sister, married in that city, wished to marry him.

But he had also, in the beginning of 1862, made the acquaintance, at her grandmother's house at Berlin, of the daughter of a Bavarian diplomat, baptised, indeed, into her father's faith, but Jewish also by her mother—Fraülein Helene von D.; and their relations had already given occasion to some scandal, and had been broken off on that account. Helene von D., by the account of the writer in the *Gartenlaube*, was "more piquante than beautiful, an accomplished mistress in the arts of the toilet, clever, and with an amount of culture beyond the sphere of women." She bore the character of being "somewhat eccentric, and inclined to the unwonted and adventurous." Add that she had golden¹ hair—a colour which had special charms for Lassalle (he used to call her the "golden fox")—and a fortune of some 70,000 thalers. A mutual friend of Lassalle, and of the D. family, Herr Holthoff, had offered at that time, in case Lassalle wished to marry the young lady, to introduce him to her family, but Lassalle had then declined. He would "buy no cat in a bag," and must know the young lady better before he would marry her. She had already had several love-adventures.

Had any relations been kept up between Lassalle and the young lady between 1862 and 1864? At any rate, Herr von D. was a Bavarian minister in Switzerland when, in 1864, Lassalle started on his journey thither. He spent most of the time with Countessatzfeldt; obtained at Düsseldorf, pleading his own cause, a reduction, on appeal, to six months of a sentence of one year's imprisonment pronounced against him by the Court below; appeared at Frankfurt at a general meeting of the local Branch of the Labour League, and spoke at length upon the Schleswig-Holstein question, which he treated, says B. Becker, who was present, from various points of view, without pronouncing for any; and, finally, leaving the Countess to proceed to Wildbad and take the waters there, went on himself alone to the Righi, a favourite spot of his, to go through the so-called "curd-cure."

I feel I must apologise to some extent to my readers for the length of the details which follow, as to the last few weeks of Lassalle's life. It is the only portion of that life on which we possess as yet full information. I think it will be found on perusal that it is the only one which can thoroughly reveal to us the man. The question at issue, it must be remembered, is not only that of Lassalle's heroship,

(1) B. Becker uses the word "roth," literally "red." But as from the earliest times gold has been "roth" for the Germans, which for us is yellow, it seems best to render the word by "golden."

but of his Messiahship; and the practice of a Messiah of the nineteenth century in reference to matrimony should deserve careful investigation.

Whatever they might have been in the past, Lassalle's relations the Countess were now, to all appearance, those of pure friendship familiar on her part, respectful, though imperious often, on his. But it would seem, on the one hand, that she was no friend to the idea of his marriage; on the other, that some meeting between him and Helene von D. had been planned by Holthoff to come off in the elder lady's absence. How it came off we learn from a letter of Lassalle himself, from the cold baths of the Righi, to the Countess, dated 27th July, in which, after speaking of various matters, with evident reluctance to come to the main object of his letter, and, amongst other things, hinting at some "great, very great, perhaps really weighty *coup*" which he must strike in Hamburg, but which he can only explain by word of mouth, he proceeds thus:—

"The day before yesterday I was sitting, in the most hideous weather, which here till now, without any intermission, has lasted day after day, only to-day is it a little bit better—in my room and wrote; I must here, alas! write again, day after day, uninterruptedly from morning till evening,—when a peasant-lad comes in and says, that on the terrace was a lady who wished to speak to me. I thought—no, I know no one whom I could think of! So I took hat and stick and hastened down. There stood, high on horseback, with an Englishwoman, an American (lady), and a Frenchman—who? Helene, the golden fox. She had learnt by letter from Holthoff that I was at Righi-Kaltbad, and had at once, with her friends, organised a party for the Righi, in order to take me up at the cold baths. Naturally I started at once with them for the summit, where we all spent the night. Unluckily, the Englishwoman's child (who lives in Berne) is recovering from scarlet fever, and the mother could not be moved, in spite of the most frightful weather, to stay a day longer. Poor Helene, ill and suffering from her chest, had (as well as we all) in the most fearful mist and rain, to come down again early the next morning at ten. At the cold baths we parted. But one courtesy deserves another, and I have promised Helene to be in Geneva between the 15th and 25th August.

Further on, after positively declining a proposal of the Countess's to go with her to the neighbourhood of Genoa, and suggesting their friend Herr Rüstow as a companion, he said that as he was living the life "not of a dog, but of three dogs," he had written to Helene to propose that they should take a tour of a few days together.

Not a word in the letter speaks of an engagement, although Lassalle evidently meant to prepare the Countess's mind for one. That he had only told part of the truth to her is evident from a letter of Helene von D. to him,¹ dated the very day after the meeting, in

(1) As the lady is, I believe, still living, I shall make the most sparing use possible of her letters, which are given at full length in B. Becker's pamphlet. Psychologically considered, they will be found exceedingly curious by those who can consult the original text, as will, indeed, be most of the other correspondence of the actors concerned in the affair.

high she declares that she "will and shall be his wife." She acknowledges, indeed, that, as he has told her, she is "willeless as a child. But this time, friend Satan, the child will show you that it is its devilish kinship, that your demonic neighbourhood has at last worked on it, that nature has woken out of her sleep, and that a drop of your Satanic blood has rolled into her veins, giving her strength and joy to live." She foresees opposition from her family, it trusts to overcome it; if they are inexorable, "Egypt"—*i.e.*, opposition—"remains." The hardest thing will be for her, "with a cold hand, to break a faithful heart, which is devoted to her with true love, with crass selfishness to annihilate a fair youthful dream, the fulfilment of which should have made the happiness, the life-happiness, of a noble man." In other words, Helene von D. was already betrothed, but was ready, though not without compunction, to break off her engagement.

Lassalle now fancied himself thoroughly in love; for in his next letter (July 28) to Countess Hatzfeldt, after writing at length to her about one of her own lawsuits, he breaks out into raptures about the changed weather, the beauty of the mountains. "All sorrows are most, as it were, washed away, and I am lusty and full of life, as if I had not for a moment, let alone ten days, sat here in heaviest rain and most impenetrable cold mist. Even my frightful scribbling for the League,—yesterday and to-day I have sent to Berlin documents and letters making up together seventy-six fine written pages" (a pamphlet, in the shape of a circular, for the exclusion of a secretary.) "I have now done with, and breathe freely once more." He then asks his correspondent to task for supposing that he cannot give up politics:—

"Ah! how little you are *au fait* with me! I wish for nothing better, than to be quit of all politics, in order to withdraw into science, friendship, and nature. I am weary and satiated with politics. I should indeed take fire for you as passionately as ever if events became serious, or if I had the power or saw means to conquer. . . . But for child's play I am too old and too great.

. . . It was on this account that I was most unwilling to accept the Presidency. I only yielded to you. . . . Were I free from it, now would be the moment when I should be resolved to go with you to Naples."

With the flattering falsehood of the last passage, however, Lassalle himself can hardly have expected the Countess to be deceived, for a few lines on—without yet telling the whole truth—he speaks of having received a "most serious letter" from Helene, declares that "can no longer draw back," and truly knows not why he should:—

"The woman is fair—by her individuality she is the only woman that suits me and is adapted for me, the only one whom you yourself would find adapted. I want then over the Rubicon; it leads to luck—for you also, good Countess, at least as much as for me. . . . The old strength is still there, the old luck is there also; I will carry everything to the most brilliant end."

Lassalle saw Helene on the 29th at a friend's house at Wabern, near Berne, and wrote again the following day to the Countess, telling her of Helene's friendly feelings towards her :—

"In short, this *enfant du diable* (as she is everywhere called in Geneva) has real inward sympathy for you. . . . Her only, but gigantic, fault is she has no will! not even the trace of one. . . . Were we man and wife, it would perhaps be no fault at all; for I have will enough for both, and she would be as the flute in the hand of the artist. But our union itself will thereby be greatly hindered. To-day indeed she is firmly resolved; but how long does such a state last against assaults in a being without a will?"

The Countess became anxious. She wrote to Lassalle that his passion for Helene could not be serious, since he was already desperately in love with another. Lassalle replied (August 2nd), telling her that all advice was now too late,—the thing was irrevocable. It was no small luck for him, at thirty-nine and a half, to have found a wife so handsome as Helene, so suited to him, who loved him so much, and finally, "what is for me an absolute necessity, who yielded wholly to my will." His fascination over Helene was indeed complete that he got her to write to the Countess, as his "adoring wife," begging of her "a little of the friendship which she had given to him in so rich and magnificent a measure."

The Countess saw it was too late to stop Lassalle. But she measured with shrewder sense the difficulties of his task; warned him that Helene's parents distrusted him, that he must not attempt to carry the thing with too high a hand; told him even that with women he had "no reason and no judgment." His reply this time was petulant, and ended with a threat.

Meanwhile Helene had returned to her family in Geneva (August 2nd), and had opened herself to her mother, asking permission to introduce Lassalle. Her sister was just then betrothed to a Countess Frau von D. declared that her daughter could not at such time ask her father to admit into the family a man of Lassalle's reputation,—the objection to him consisting, however, it would seem, not in his political views, but in the story of the *cassette*. And indeed Herr von D., when spoken to, declared that Helene should be no longer his daughter if she married Lassalle. These details were given (he had followed her to Geneva) in a letter from Helene herself, in tone perfectly heart-broken, addressing him as her "lord and god," speaking of herself as "his wife, his child, his adoring thing." He had not finished reading it when she appeared herself (August 3rd). We have two accounts of this interview: one, by the writer in the *Gartenlaube*, which describes several of Lassalle's friends as having been present; the other, B. Becker's, which does not indicate the presence of any third party. Whatever words Helene may or may not have used, there can be no question that the step she took indicated the highest degree of self-abandonment. The

result, however, was the last that could have been expected,—Lassalle took Fraülein von D. back to her mother.

The step was a fatal one. In the course of the same day he was sought out by Count K. and by a Dr. A., related to the D. family, and requested to give up the young lady and leave Geneva, with some threatening intimations as to the use which might be made against him of Herr von D.'s diplomatic position. Two letters to the latter, eliciting an interview, remained unanswered. On the next day we find Lassalle writing to Countess von Hatzfeldt, as "his best and only friend," that he was weeping for the first time since fifteen years, "devoured by the bite of conscience,"—which word, the narrator observes in a note, was not understood by Lassalle in a theological sense,—declaring that if he could not make good his "crime," he would shave his head and become a monk; now beseeching his correspondent to come at once, now begging her not to come yet; admitting in a P.S., in words that paint the man, that what crushed him far more, perhaps, than the loss of the girl, was his own doltishness." He wrote also to a friend at Zurich, Colonel Rüstow, military knight of Savoy, a former brigadier of Garibaldi's, beseeching him to come instantly if he had but a spark of friendship for him, since "he who had helped so many, for the first time in his life needed others' help." But in spite of what he had said in the early part of the last-quoted letter to the Countess, he telegraphed to her in most imperious terms (*e. g.* "Suivez mes vœux") not to come.

Things were indeed looking blacker and blacker. On the 4th of August, Count K. and Dr. A. called on Lassalle again,—the former with a few words in Helene's hand, stating that what her cousin was commissioned to say was fully conformable to the truth. And this was, that she gave Lassalle up; had expressed to her father her repentance over the past, and had already left Geneva. The last assertion (if made) was not exactly true, for on the 6th August, walking with Rüstow (who seems from henceforth to have given himself up to his friend's love affair with strange self-devotion), he met Helene in a carriage with another lady, going, in fact, to the station. He bowed to them, but they had not the sense to follow her. A letter of hers of the same date, written before her departure, to her friend, Madame Arson, of Wabern, shows that while still attached to her "beloved eagle" (*mon aigle aimé*), she had yet given him up. There was "no more consolation" for her; she was wretched and broken, but quite resigned." And indeed on the 9th he wrote from Bex to Holthoff, at Berlin, recalling all that she had ever told him as to her relation to Lassalle. Meanwhile her parents had very wisely sent to Berlin for her affianced, the young Wallonian Count J. von R.

Blinded, however, by his own vanity, Lassalle could not believe that a girl whom he had himself pronounced not to have "the trace" of a will,—after he had persuaded her to play false to another,—could play false to himself. He declared she must be under coercion; set spies on her father's house; tried to bribe her servants; lavished gold right and left. But a maid, to whom he had given 180 francs to deliver a letter to Helene, sold it in turn for 20 to her master, and Herr von D. applied to the police for protection, and solicited Lassalle's expulsion as an "*agent provocateur*," and "a tool of Bismarck's."

Lassalle's love-letters, of which B. Becker gives several, are the strangest ever written. He had taken into his head that Helene must have been influenced by being told (which would itself have been a mistake), that as a Bavarian she was still an infant at twenty-five, and half of each letter is devoted to enlightening her to her legal position, as being now under the Swiss law, which fixes the majority at twenty-one, and as to the legal bearings of the coercion exercised over her. The other half consists of the most solemn adjurations as to her duties towards himself: "Thou hast no right to break all the assurances which we had given so firmly to each other. Thou hast no right to repay the excess of respect and delicacy with which I gave thee back to thy mother, in a way so fearfully ungrateful, so shameful. Thou hast no right to compromise me," &c. &c. Yet the same letter (August 7th) which contains these strange appeals ends with the words: "Since Wednesday night [*i. e.* the night of her coming to him] I love thee to the point of madness,"—as if he had never loved her before! So little consciousness had he of the offensiveness of such an avowal, that three days later (August 10th), in a letter which simply copies much of the former, he states still more expressly: "In the night Wednesday to Thursday for the first time is my love to thee come to self-consciousness, as by a revelation." Still, in a third, he declares that his love for her "surpasses all that poetry and sagacity have ever sung of love!"

His special aim was to obtain a personal interview with Helene. Having in vain tried to do so through her family, he thought to reach his end by a roundabout way. Leaving Rüstow with a power of attorney in Geneva, whilst two other friends were commissioned to track out Helene, he proceeded to Munich in order to obtain their interference in his favour of Herr D.'s superior, the Bavarian Minister for Foreign Affairs. He took Carlsruhe by the way, and there met the Countess; and here occurs a truly comical incident in what was already assuming quasi-tragical proportions.

Lassalle, as has been said already, had no kind of religious principles whatsoever. He had engaged himself to Helene without even

ring to know if she had any, but fancied her a Roman Catholic. He now took it into his head that if he could but obtain the intercession of the Church, it might facilitate his suit. Now, the Bishop of Mainz, Baron Ketteler, had this very year published a work titled "The Labour Question and Christianity" (*Die Arbeiterfrage und das Christenthum*), strongly attacking the political economy of the Liberal party, and whilst dissenting from Lassalle's proposals, endorsing many of his criticisms; and Lassalle, in his Ronsdorf speech, had dwelt with great satisfaction on this testimony of a prince of the Church, "who on the Rhine passes most for a saint." Countess Hatzfeldt was herself nominally a Roman Catholic, and her high rank gave her access to one who belonged himself to the nobility. Lassalle commissioned her to write the Bishop on his behalf, and a letter of hers, of August 16, describes the interview. The Countess had now, by her own account at least, thrown herself heartily into Lassalle's plans, though despairing as to their success, and spoke amid floods of tears. The Bishop was courteous, complimentary, spoke in the highest terms of Lassalle's social work; could he do anything for a man "so indispensable to the common cause," he gladly would. Lassalle's conduct towards the young lady had certainly been highly honourable. Were she of her own accord to throw herself upon the Church for protection, intervention might be possible. But how to intervene for Lassalle, who was not a Catholic yet? In short, the Countess was, with the fairest words, dismissed, and a few days later Lassalle learned that Helene was a Protestant! Yet it is characteristic of the man, that the Bishop's piously subtle hint, that she was "not yet a Catholic," seems to have suggested to him the idea that both he and Helene should become such!

Lassalle had better success with Baron von Schrenk, the Bavarian Foreign Minister, and held a two hours' conversation with him, at the end of which he seems by his rhetoric to have so far persuaded the diplomat, that the latter declared he would not, under the circumstances, have refused his own daughter to Lassalle. The Baron had, however, the prudence to sleep over the matter, and eventually confined himself to sending back with Lassalle to Geneva an advocate named Hänle, bearing a letter to Herr von D., in which the Minister stated that Herr Hänle was commissioned, if possible, to settle the affair *à l'amiable*, or, if this could not be, then he requested that Helene should be produced before Lassalle, in presence of a notary, in order that, after such communications as he might have to make to her, she might freely declare her will as to marrying him or not.

Like a false light to drive him to shipwreck, Lassalle just now (August 17th) received from Madame Arson Helene's before-referred

to letter of August 6th, with one of the previous day, in a similar spirit, both tending to persuade him that she retained her love for him. He wrote to her now another letter (August 19th), in the same strain as the former one, entreating her to leave her father's house and go to Italy with him, where, in five days, they should both be baptized Catholics, and married by the first good priest! He would move heaven and hell to obtain her. He had "a giant powers," and "would multiply them a thousandfold to win her. Were she to perjure herself, "human nature would be dishonoured, one must despair of all truth, all faith; all that existed would be a lie." But Rüstow's telegrams, meanwhile, were of the gloomiest and spoke of a "bad letter" from Helene. Lassalle wrote to him (August 19th) in still wilder terms:—"If this woman leaves me for whom I suffer such nameless martyrdom, all that bears the name of man is put to shame! To tear asunder thus a rock of a heart like mine, so loving, so truly steadfast!" Still, dark visions began to cross his mind of the possibility of Helene's still saying "no" to him in the presence of a notary—a "fearful piece of ridicule." And he turned himself at last now in the most imploring tones to the Countess, beseeching her to see Helene before the interview, to influence her in his favour, and bring to bear on Helene all her "eloquence On your tongue, Countess, hangs my existence."

Meanwhile Rüstow's letters were worse than his despatches. He wrote on the 18th that he had seen Herr von D., who had positively refused, under any circumstances, to give his daughter to Lassalle, as his honour was pledged to fulfil the engagement with R., unless the latter should withdraw from it of his own accord. By Rüstow's request Helene was sent for, and after first giving him the "very bad" letter of which he had telegraphed,—a note addressed to Lassalle in terms of distant politeness, informing him that she was reconciled to her "affianced bridegroom, J. von R., had "won back his love and forgiveness," and was "firmly resolved" to devote to him "eternal love and faithfulness,"—received from him one of Lassalle's letters, on which he laid most stress, that of August 10th. She withdrew to peruse it, leaving Rüstow with her father, came back in half an hour, and bade him without the slightest sign of emotion, tell "Herr Lassalle" that she had read his letter, but that all was exactly as she had written in the note just delivered.

On receipt of Rüstow's telegram, announcing the ill result of the interview, Lassalle had written two letters (August 20th): one to Rüstow, bewailing Helene's treachery, and in terms which become ludicrous when we think of his own character, exclaiming: "Hav-

(1) Father Pantaleone, Garibaldi's chaplain, was, it is said, the person intended; but this seems to me little likely.

I deserved this, the truest heart on this earth?" the other, which, however, was never delivered to Helene herself, declaring that if he could not overcome her treachery, his "curse" would pursue her till her grave—"the curse of the truest of hearts, broken by her in sport." But the next day we find this broken-hearted man—if we dare to guess the meaning of certain blanks left by B. Becker in the letters which he transcribes, as relating to something "not in harmony with the customary views of pure love, besides that on account of the laws as to the press, it is not printable"—authorising the carrying out of the most infamous proposal ever made to, still less accepted by, a suitor.¹ At any rate, from this time the plan of the two confederates was to carry off Helene anyhow, if possible on the occasion of the personal interview which Lassalle still insisted on.

But everything went wrong. The intervention of Countess Hatzfeldt, against whom the D. family were strongly prejudiced, produced a really grotesque incident. Playing the card on her own account, which Lassalle had at last placed in her hand, she wrote to Helene, asking her to call on her, telling her that it was still more in her interest than in that of Lassalle that her relation with him should be closed "in the most respectable manner possible," and that through her alone (the Countess) this might, perhaps, still be done. The servant who took the letter brought back a mere acknowledgment in six words of French—"Reçu la lettre. Helene de D." Before a somewhat fuller reply came from Helene, referring to her last note to Lassalle in proof that all was ended, the Countess, taking the first acknowledgment as an insult, sent for Rüstow, and amid tears of rage constituted him her champion. The Colonel

(1) I need hardly say I should be most glad, for the sake even of Lassalle's own memory, and still more for that of Colonel Rüstow, as a former comrade and, it is said, friend of Garibaldi, to put a less revolting construction on the passages and omissions in question. Here they are in the original:—

Rüstow to Lassalle, Aug. 18 ("Enthüllungen," p. 92):—"Es wird Dir Nichts Anderes übrig bleiben, als dass du suchst, noch einmal mit Helenen zusammenzukommen, und dann—unbarmherzig Deine 'Sache' als Sache behandelst. Das ist das einzige. Mein Eindruck von heute ist der, das ich mir gar kein Gewissen daraus machen würde, wenn die Gelegenheit sich böte, auf Dein konto ebenso zu verfahren."

On which B. Becker notes:—"Siehe oben die Ermächtigung Lassalle's im Briefe an Rüstow vom 21 August (5 Kapitel), die wir durch eine mit Gedankenstrichen bezeichnete Anlassung angedeutet haben."

The passage referred to of Lassalle's letter to Rüstow of the 21st ("Enthüllungen," p. 86) runs as follows:—"Ich approbire Alles, wenn es nur sicher hilft. Entführung: mit List, mit Gewalt. Ja selbst, dass Du. . . Jedes Mittel, das sicher hilft, ist mir nicht nur recht, sondern auch absolut gleich."

And B. Becker's previous comment on the letter, partly translated above ("Enthüllungen," p. 86) is:—"An Rüstow sandte Lassalle noch einen Brief ab, aus dessen Eingange wir eine Stelle auslassen, durch die Rüstow, um in Lassalle's Namen von Helenen Besitz zu ergreifen, zu Etwas ermächtigt wird, das nicht mit den gewöhnlichen Ansichten von reiner Liebe im Einklange steht, ausserdem auch wegen des Pressgesetzes nicht druckfähig ist."

straightway fired off at Herr D. a most offensive letter. Herr D. replied by first placing himself at Colonel Rüstow's disposal, then explaining the circumstances under which, before answering the Countess's note, his daughter had thought it right to acknowledge it, but refusing on behalf of his wife and daughter to have anything to say to her. Rüstow, in very uncourteous terms, let the matter drop (August 24th).

Lassalle now returned from Munich to Geneva, with Dr. Hänle and applied, in unexceptionable terms, to Herr von D. for an interview. It was granted, and lasted several hours. Lassalle insisted that coercion or violence had been exercised on Helene. The father denied both positively, and a woman-cook, named by Lassalle as the source of the reports of violence, denied this equally. Herr von D. refused Lassalle's truly extravagant request that he might have a fortnight to visit her unhindered; but agreed that, if she would herself consent, Lassalle might speak with her alone, or in the presence of some third person, who should not hinder the freedom of their conversation, for two hours at least before the proposed notarial interview. The young lady was accordingly requested to do by Rüstow and Hänle, who drew up a formal minute of the conversation (August 26th). Were it not for its tragical sequel, the effect of this quasi-judicial winding-up of a love-affair would be that of broad farce. Helene appeared to them "perfectly free mentally" and "showed rather cold scorn and conventional cheerfulness than even the trace of any soul-struggle undergone or proceeding." When told of what Lassalle asked, she replied—"Why? I know what wants; I am sick of the thing." She was reminded of her oath—"Oaths! I didn't swear;" of her acts: "True, but that was only in the first moment." Rüstow told her she seemed afraid of conversation: she denied it, but said it would be "quite useless." Hänle observed (a delicious *naïveté*) that although Lassalle had asked for two hours' talk, if he found her in this mind he would himself break it off. She smiled, and said, "Lassalle speaks willingly as much; the two hours would scarcely be enough." Rüstow represented to her that she herself admitted having deeply wronged Lassalle, and that she therefore owed him a reparation. "To what vanity?" she again said with a smile; and she ended by telling Hänle that she would give him her reply in writing.

But Lassalle did not wait for it. On receiving Rüstow and Hänle's minute he flew into the most violent rage, "ran about the room like a wounded tiger, tore out his hair with both hands, declaring he must be revenged. Hänle at once hastily decamped, writing to Herr von D. that both his daughter's note and any further official action in the matter would henceforth be superfluous. Lassalle sent off a note to Herr von D., speaking in disgraceful terms—

his daughter as an abandoned ——, whom he could no longer think of dishonouring himself by marrying, and challenging him to give satisfaction to him for all the insults which he had received from him. He sent another note, with extracts of the most offensive passages of the former, to Count von R. (Be it remembered that he had been hitherto a hot opponent of duelling). The young man took up the challenge. The duel took place with pistols, on the 28th of August, 1864, near Carrouge, one of the suburbs of Geneva, at about half-past seven in the morning. Count von R. fired first, Lassalle immediately afterwards, but only to fall, shot through the bowels. The best doctors were called in, but could do nothing. His sufferings were dreadful, and 2½ grains of morphia in three hours gave no relief. On the 29th he re-executed his will. From the 29th to the 30th he still recognised his friends. He could not bear the Countess to be away, and must have her hand in his as he lay. He died on the 31st.

Had the circumstances of Lassalle's death been accurately known from the first, it seems difficult to believe that the utter selfishness of his last intrigue would not have greatly impaired his influence. But they were designedly kept secret. Upwards of four thousand persons were present at the funeral ceremonies at Geneva, distinguished "Reds" of many nations delivering orations. The body itself, embalmed, was carried away by Countess Hatzfeldt to Germany, who had funeral processions organised at the various stopping-places, and intended to have the body itself buried at Berlin. But at Cologne two Prussian police officers, in the name of the family of the deceased, took possession of it, in spite of the vehement protests of the Countess, and, under police charge, it was thereupon conveyed to Berlin, thence to Breslau, and there buried, without any ceremony, in the presence of a large police force, within the parish cemetery, where it lies now beneath a monument inscribed with an epitaph from the pen of Professor Böckh. Meanwhile a codicil to Lassalle's will had recommended the "Labour League" to elect B. Becker as his successor in the Presidency, which was done accordingly. And to prevent Lassalle's death from breaking up the party—it is B. Becker's own account—he instituted commemoration services (*tottenfeiern*) in Lassalle's honour, in order to kindle a sham religious fanaticism. The alternative was, he tells us, to let the whole results of the agitation fail, or to save them "by transferring it to the domain of faith." Other enlightened men of the party shared his view. At Hagen a speaker at one of these commemorations openly told his audience that the great bulk of mankind being accustomed from their youth up to "idol-worship," the Social-Democratic party itself needs for a time such a bond of union. The pious fraud took. At several of these celebrations words were heard, says B. Becker, which "very

strongly reminded one of the Christian myth of the crucifixion and resurrection of the Saviour." At Dresden a cigar-maker named Richter thus appealed to his audience:—"Lassalle came down from the highest height of knowledge; for us he endured hardship, scorn, and calumny; and would you hesitate to join our agitation for the salvation of yourselves and of your children?" In Augsburg the author of the Lassalle oration spoke of "the salvation of the people having been destined to a man of the seed of Judah." In Bremen another reminded his audience that Heinrich Heine had recognised in Lassalle at nineteen "the Messiah of the century." In prose and verse Ferdinand Lassalle continues to be exalted. He is the "mighty Titan" who "never dies," who "frees us from darkness and error, who has brought light into the wilderness of our times." His words proclaim as though from heaven—"Death never destroys my kingdom, so long as the earth revolves." When once the hour strikes, "then rises from the grave his mighty spirit, and bears victorious the free banner before us." Along the Rhine, we are assured, many a worker will not yet believe that Lassalle is dead, but only that he has withdrawn himself for a time, "to return again in new glory, and, after the manner of the Son of man, at the last day to judge the quick and the dead." For, indeed, as B. Becker drily remarks, many working men "believed that Lassalle had died for them." And it is in order to break up a "religious form" no longer suited to the growth of the Social-Democratic party that the former professes to have written his "Revelations."

I have no quarrel with either half, nor yet with the whole, of the designation "Social-Democrat."¹ I fully believe that the Social-Democratic party in Germany contains many sincere and earnest men. But it is surely a terrible curse to a party or a class when it has no better hero, still more Messiah, than a Ferdinand Lassalle—a man, to use the words of a German friend, "one of the cleverest and most interesting you can well imagine, but putrid to the core in selfish ambition and roudom." The history of the Social-Democratic party since his death is a sickening one. It has split into several fractions, the most important of them led by a man of learning and noble birth—Dr. Schweizer, otherwise Baron von Schweizer—of whom it is sufficient to say that he has been twice sentenced for infamous offences, which, indeed, the law of Germany seems to treat with singular mildness, since we only hear of a fortnight's imprisonment as the penalty inflicted for them. Yet, although

(1) Which term must not be considered as equivalent to "Socialist." Lassalle never called himself a Socialist, but always claimed to be a strict political economist; and though, for instance, differing from Ricardo, speaks of him as an adversary to whom he would stand "hat in hand." Like his teacher, Karl Marx, he seldom misses an opportunity of slighting Proudhon, with whom, as before observed, he has nevertheless many analogies and points of contact.

various fractions are at daggers-drawn with each other—although establishment of direct universal suffrage has had by no means effect which Lassalle predicted in handing the State over to the kingclass—still Dr. Schweizer and other leading Social-Democrats in the Parliament. Count Bismarck has more than once coquetted with the party, several of its chiefs are strongly suspected to be in pay; and the sixty thousand professed Lassallians give no idea of extent of sway of the views which Lassalle sought to propagate, which are held for gospel truth by too many honest working men. In the large manufacturing towns it is difficult for any but a Social-Democrat to obtain a hearing on questions intimately affecting interests of the class. In Austria the Social-Democratic party is but predominant. Lassallian principles are spreading from the German race to the Latin; they have been introduced amongst ourselves, chiefly through the agency of the man to whom indeed they in great measure be traced, Dr. Karl Marx. But our sturdy English habits of self-help will probably in the main hinder them from doing much mischief. In the face of our great amalgamated trade societies, even more than of our great co-operative stores, it seems a joke to tell our working men that they can do nothing to themselves, and must wait for State aid. Nor has England been so far away from all sense of right and wrong as to be persuaded to fall down and worship Messiah Lassalle.

J. M. LUDLOW.

SIR G. C. LEWIS AND LONGEVITY.

THE late Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, after waging war on Early Roman history, on the interpretation of hieroglyphics, on Phœnician voyages of discovery, and apparently on the antiquity of the human race, at length announced the opinion (shared, it is said, by one of the most eminent physicians now living) that no one, or hardly any one, ever reaches the age of 100. It may not be amiss to preface the following remarks on Longevity with a few words as to the reasons which led this great thinker to accept the general proposition, and as to how far he came to admit the existence of exceptions. His researches concerning this matter were chiefly confined to the last few months of his life; hence his opinions were still in their growth, and had not yet acquired the fixity of time. Their latest phase, therefore, even if there is little to be said about it, has a special value as compared with any earlier phases; and perhaps a brief notice of a conversation with him, that occurred a day or two before he left London for the last time, may have at any rate a biographical interest.

It may conduce to clearness, if we begin by stating the grounds of the anti-centenarian theory, repeating those grounds substantially as Sir G. Lewis expressed them, but throwing them into a fuller and more connected form than a mere report of the conversation would allow. That theory, as we need scarcely explain, rests in the main on the fact that the alleged instances of extreme age seem, like ghost stories, to fly the light. They occur chiefly among the lower classes, where it is not always easy to examine them. Such an examination may indeed in some instances be made by a reference to the register; but unfortunately at the time when persons now very old were in their infancy, nay, at all times previous to the year 1837, the registration was on a most unsatisfactory footing. Although the Act, that was in operation before that year, professed in its title to provide registers of birth as well as baptism, it really contemplated registers of baptism only—that is, of baptism according to the rites of the Established Church. Thus, even respecting Churchmen of great or of middle age, our information is insufficient; respecting Catholics and Dissenters, it is zero. Further, the testimony of registration must in some cases be received with caution; not so much through any risk of the registers having been tampered with, as through the occasional difficulty of identifying the persons, especially if the district be populous and the name common. In inquiries respecting persons in a better condition of life, the obstacles are less

ous. Such persons have generally been baptized very shortly after their birth, and can often tell in what parish; there is less chance of confusion as to their identity, in proportion as they are more likely to have either an uncommon surname, an uncommon Christian name, or a plurality of Christian names; they can, not unfrequently, appeal to documentary evidence, such as that of letters and deeds; and, if they confirm the assertions by repeating their early recollections, it is perhaps fair to give them credit for that comparative disinclination to lying which is attributed to the higher classes, even Mr. Mill. With regard to persons who belong to what, for want of a better name, we must call the aristocratic classes, the means of verification are yet more accessible. These persons have often a large correspondence; not a few of their letters may have been kept; and their whole life is, in a sense, before the world; in many cases, too, there is a short cut to the information required, through the Peerage or Baronetage. It might, therefore, be expected that the fact of extreme longevity would be most readily established by instances derived from the middle, and especially from the higher, classes. But it is certainly singular that, in the middle and higher classes, instances of this sort seem determined not to present themselves. There are doubtless occasions on which, from all classes alike, cases may seem to be adduced of undoubted authenticity, as they are said to be proved by an examination of the register. But, in fact, the register in question is often found to be the register, not of birth or baptism, but of death, and merely to contain the record of age which is derived from the friends of the deceased, and which will probably make its way unquestioned on to the tombstone. To such a record Sir George attached but little value. For experience has shown that statements as to the great antiquity of certain individuals are made with the same reckless audacity as statements respecting the great antiquity of historic families; and we might, in the phraseology of a certain school of thinkers, have inferred that this would be so, for reasons which, if not antecedent to such experience, are in a certain sense independent of it. Men of extreme age have their full share of the appetite for the marvellous; they have mostly, to a great extent, lost their memories, and their contemporaries, who might have corrected them, have either lost their memories also, or more probably have passed away; and, above all, the natural temptation of very old men is not to understate, but to exaggerate their age, as they find that they can thus furnish a better excuse for their growing infirmities and defects; and that, like old misers who never give up hoarding, they can by this means attract an interest at a time of life when in general to attract interest is not easy.

Having thus been compelled, with the view of exhibiting the grounds of the theory, to make a digression, and, in a manner, to

enlarge on the text of Sir G. Lewis's remarks, we may, in giving some illustrations, adhere to that text more literally. Several of the familiar instances of reputed longevity, such as Thomas Parr and Lady Desmond, were brought forward; but their evidence appeared to Sir George to be wholly inconclusive. He was also asked about Lady Blakiston, whose son, being himself an octogenarian, was said to have died of a cold caught at her funeral; on this example special stress was laid, as the chances of exaggeration were less, only a few months having elapsed since the circumstance had occurred. Sir George Lewis was of opinion, that Lady Blakiston had probably just reached the age of 100; but he remarked that even she seems to have exaggerated her age by a year; for the age that was claimed for her would not tally with the statement which she was in the habit of making, that she had been born in the same month with George IV.; and it was less likely that she should have been deceived about a coincidence of this sort than about the mere number of her years. There were, however, a few cases of centenarianism which seemed to him more thoroughly made out; there were especially one or two persons (women in Scotland, if we remember rightly), whom he believed to have attained to the age of 102 or 103. A case was further mentioned of a negress named Louisa Truxo, who is stated in an old number of the "Annual Register" to have been then alive at 175. The present writer added the case of another negress, whom two of his friends saw in Antigua in the year 1846, and whose age they variously report at 113 and 136; at any rate, the oldest persons in the place spoke of her then as having been old when they were children, and yet she seemed to be in good health, and, indeed, she had walked some distance on the occasion in question. Sir George said that he was aware that there were extraordinary stories about the age of negroes; but he attributed those stories to the backwardness of such persons in civilisation, and the difficulty of sifting the evidence concerning them; he thought it probable that people occasionally reached the age of 100, but that no one could possibly live to 110.

Such is a short and imperfect statement of the latest phase of Sir G. Lewis's speculations; he regarded something between 100 and 110 as the *ne plus ultra* of human life. We have heard such a calculation objected to as arbitrary, cutting short as it does man's capacity of living; if there are certainly cases of men reaching the age of 95 and 100, why (it is said) should we be so hard of belief respecting cases of 110 and 115? It is manifest, however, that such reasoning cannot be carried on *ad infinitum*, and that we cannot by insensible degrees be called upon to admit with readiness cases of (say) 130 or 140. In other words, Sir G. Lewis's limit may or may not be the right one; but a limit there must be somewhere. Indeed,

line, as ultimately drawn by him, is free from a sort of negative action, which may be applied to the line as drawn by some others. Few persons (among whom he, as we have seen, was at one time included) have regarded 100 years as the utmost boundary of human life; while others, comprising Haller, place the boundary at 200 years. Both these extreme opinions may excite suspicion, and that not only on account of their being extreme. A son at a public dinner, on proposing the health of his father, expressed a hope that he might live to 100. "Why limit me there?" interrupted the parent. Such an ejaculation was no doubt mainly prompted by the sort of reluctance that many of us feel to our lives being thus hedged in by an impassable barrier. But sentiments of the kind may sometimes be further connected with a doubt as to the grounds on which the most obvious of numbers should be chosen as the exact limit of life. A member of a small exclusive class may of course be the fittest man for the commonwealth to fill an important post; but somehow one is always disposed to scrutinise with jealousy the motives of such a selection. Just so, there is no reason whatever in the numbers themselves why either 100 years or 200 years should not exactly mark the most limit of our age; only, one is tempted to inquire whether it is the result of any determinate process of calculation that the preference is given, not to any ordinary number, whether a multiple or not, but to what may be called a very round number. The limit, as set by Sir G. Lewis at a few years above the century, is at present not liable to any criticism of this sort. Before quitting his calculations altogether, we will add, or rather repeat, a remark suggested by them as to the reputed instances of longevity to which most value is to be attached. In default of certain documentary evidence, the greatest credit, as we have seen, is due to the cases of persons who are near to us in time, space, and civilisation, who we can recall, not merely dates and numbers, but events, or whose social position may have been in any sense conspicuous. Bearing this in mind, we will pass in review a few alleged cases, drawn from various sources, and differing widely from each other as to the degree of their credibility.

We need hardly include in our list alleged cases which can be shown to be the result of either error or fraud. Two curious instances of this sort have lately been made known to the public.¹ One is at Ave Priory in Worcestershire, where the truly patriarchal age of 309 is recorded on a tombstone. It is said—on what authority we cannot guess—that the chiseller, with a simplicity which, one would not expect, must sometimes have brought him into trouble, imagined that (30 + 9) should be written 309. Various other conjectures might be made; as, that 30 was at first engraved instead of 39, and that

(1) *Quarterly Review*, No. 247, p. 181.

309 arose from the correction; or that, at a later period, some wag, espying an accidental interval in the inscription, availed himself of the blank space to make 309 out of 30 or 39. The second instance is of the last description, where some one, finding on a tombstone the great age of 107, added to the marvel by making it 207, just as with not less ease and effect he might have made it 1107. These examples, however, are scarcely relevant, unless it be as showing how easily error may arise in what Mr. Carlyle has called "tombstone information," and Pope has called "sepulchral lies." We will go on to other examples, where, even if the existence of exaggeration be scarcely less evident, the sources of it are less apparent. Some rather startling cases are cited on high authority.¹ It is said (and the instances are not quoted as fabulous) that "Buchanan informs us that one Lawrence arrived at the great age of 140 by force of temperance and labour; and Spotswood mentions one Kentigern afterwards called St. Mongah or Mungo, who lived to 185 by the same means." We have already referred to the case of Lady Desmond, for whose 140 years many persons think that there is evidence. It is remarkable that one hardly ever hears of Lady Eccleston who, during a considerable portion of her life, must have been Lady Desmond's contemporary,² who was also a countess, also an inhabitant of Ireland, and who is said to have reached the yet greater age of 143. The case of the two Irish countesses may excite the same kind of suspicion as is excited by the existence of the two sets of *trigemini* of about equal age, and with names very similar to each other, in the Roman and Alban armies. We cannot expend our space on a mere detail of the names of persons with marvellous ages, that occur in annual registers; such as Colonel Thomas Window (another Irishman), who, it is said, lived to 146; or James Bowels, who reached 152; or Margaret Forster and her daughter, who are reported to have been both alive in 1771, and of the ages respectively of 136 and 104. Agnes Milburne, it is stated, "after bringing up a numerous offspring, and being obliged, through extreme indigence, to pass the latter part of her life in St. Luke's workhouse, yet reached her 106th year in that sordid, unfriendly situation."³ "Elizabeth Alexander, who resided many years in Hanway Street, Tottenham Court Road, in the year 1810, when past the age of 108, would, when walking in the street, if looked after, quickly turn to observe if any part of her dress was in disorder, or accidentally soiled; and frequently has walked to Camden Town, a distance of nearly two miles, to visit some friends who resided there."⁴

About the same time Mrs. Heath, aged 119, is said to have died, an educated person, who recollected perfectly the landir

(1) "Encyclopædia Britannica," *sub voce* "Abstinence."

(2) She died in 1691; "Annual Register for 1786," part ii. p. 62.

(3) Page 65.

(4) Caulfield's "Remarkable Persons," vol. i. p. 14

William III. M. Flourens¹ assures us that an official document, published in Russia, mentions an old soldier, who, at the opening of this century, died at the age of 168. He remembered having fought at Pultowa in 1709—indeed, if his age is correctly given, he might have been expected to recall something earlier. He had four sons, ranging in age from 82 to 96, who lived in a small village, which had been given to the father by Catherine II. There is another instance given by M. Flourens, to which we are inclined to attach more importance. Delpauch, the oldest man in the French army, died several years ago at the age, as is reported, of 120. He fought at Fontenoy, where he and some of his companions bowed to the English, and requested them to fire first. The same inclination towards *infanterie* followed him through life. At 120 he expressed a desire to re-enter the army, rather to the surprise of the officer, who was in search of recruits less advanced in years. It is added that the *acte mortuaire* fully establishes Delpauch's age. One would be glad to know from what sources the *extrait mortuaire* is compiled. Must it be founded on evidence derived from a register of births? or may it, as one might suggest, be merely dependent on the memory or invention of the friends of the deceased? In any case, the recollection of Fontenoy is remarkable. Delpauch is said to have died some years before 1857; but, with whatever latitude we interpret the phrase, "some years" (*quelques années*), he must at his death have been a very old man, if he served as a soldier in 1745. The four centenarians of whom we have last spoken seem to have confirmed their statements as to their age, by appealing to their remembrance of events so long past.

Our next instance shall be one, concerning which no such appeal is recorded; but, on the other hand, it is drawn from a better class of society than most of the preceding cases, and, what is much more important, there appears to be documentary evidence respecting it. Marshal, like Delpauch, belonged to the French army. He was an officer under Louis XIII., and he received the cross of St. Louis from Louis XV. He became an officer in 1636, and died ninety years later, in 1726.³ It is not very clear, nor is it very important, whether his reputed age was 111 or 114. We will now mount yet higher in the social scale, by going from an officer to an archbishop.

"Annual Register" for 1786 speaks of Cardinal de Salis,

¹"De la Longévit  Humaine," p. 267.

(2) Ibid., p. 264.

The 90 years from the beginning of his service reminds us of the case of an old woman, who used to speak of herself as having been a housemaid at Raby, 90 or 95 years before. In connection with this case, we may mention that of Thomas H., who lies buried near Battle Abbey. He claimed to be 120. He was seen by us now living. It is asserted that he increased his family at little short of 100 years of age.

Archbishop of Seville, who recorded with some detail his diet and mode of life, and who said that, by being old when young, he found himself young when old. He had died very recently at the age of 110 years, 8 months, and 14 days. It certainly requires an effort to think that these figures, published as they were at the time, can have been merely given at random; for one is struck by their ambitious and rather pedantic minuteness, and one feels that they must then, if erroneous, have been liable to correction, owing to the prominent and public character of the Cardinal's position. Again, we understand that it is certain that, fifteen or twenty years ago, there was in the *noblesse* at Paris a lady who was unquestionably very old, and whose age was currently estimated at 115 years. Here there was no sort of ostentation, and therefore, it might be thought, no inclination to exaggerate. Still, the only direct evidence of which we are aware, in confirmation of what was announced, was that her husband had been *gentilhomme* to Louis XV. This would of itself prove very little, especially if there was much difference between his age and hers. Once more, we have been told that the late Lord Onslow (who died in 1827) had seen in his youth a very old pensioner, named D'Argenton, who had been a drummer boy present at the execution of Charles I.; and it is said to be ascertained that there was then a drummer boy of that name, and that he lived to the age of 106. What foundation there may be for this incident we cannot tell; but, as we have given it, it is certainly inexact, and so inexact that we hardly see how it can admit of correction. The late Lord Onslow, according to "Burke's Peerage," was born in 1754, 105 years after the king's execution. Unless, therefore, the drummer boy lived to upwards of 120, it is evident that Lord Onslow, being of an age to take notice and remember, could not possibly have seen him.

More conclusive in appearance, but not more conclusive in fact, are the statistics which have been collected at various times, and which purport to show what proportion of persons, living in certain districts, have attained to extreme old age. A census, to which Lord Bacon attaches some importance, was made, under Vespasian, of the inhabitants of the part of Italy between the Apennines and the river Po. It was affirmed that there were in that district 124 persons of the age of at least 100, including 70 persons of at least 110. It need, however, hardly be pointed out that in the Roman empire there were no registers of birth, so that the age of each centenarian had to be taken on his own *ipse dixit*. The same remark will probably to the full extent apply to a Russian census, which announced that there were at one time in the empire centenarians to the number of 1,063. But one might expect it to be otherwise, with such calculations as those in the Carlisle tables; in these, at any rate, one might look

facts resting on evidence of a substantial kind. According to those tables the age of 100 is reached by 9 persons out of every 1,000 that are born,¹ that is, by nearly 1 in 1,000. Whatever authority there may be for this calculation, it seems to have one feature in common with the others. It proves a great deal too much. At the present state of knowledge, even the most unflinching advocate of the centenarian theory would make a somewhat less liberal allowance. What one is really made to feel is the singular ease with which reports of this nature spring up; and less evidence is furnished of the extreme age of many old persons than of their extreme infirmity.

In the account² from which the above statistics of the Russian census are derived, a circumstance is mentioned significant in itself, and significant also in the feeling which it seems to excite. It is related, with something akin to surprise, that centenarians, abundant in other parts of the empire, are wanting in Moscow and St. Petersburg. In fact, the old and the new capital are probably the parts of Russia most civilised and most accessible to serious investigation; why then should we wonder at their atmosphere being unfavourable to very extreme old age? One might as well share in the *naïveté* with which Cicero comments on the prolonged silence of the oracles among his enlightened contemporaries; or in the embarrassment of certain spiritualists at the reluctance of the spirits to perform their tricks in broad daylight and in courts of justice; or in the regret of certain Catholics, that the present age, so prodigal of scientific revelations, should yet be so barren of miracles.

The newspapers have lately announced, that there is now on the American pension-list a single veteran of the War of Independence, and that he has voted at the election of every president from Washington to Grant; and, in contrast to this, it is added that there are on the same lists 888 widows of such veterans. Doubtless it may be true; but we own that we wish that this congregation of elders were on our side of the Atlantic. Even in England, pensioners have been known to continue beyond death a vicarious existence, and to live on by proxy; and it is said that favourite cats, which have been supported by bequests, have sometimes had more than their nine lives. But we must explain that it was the two parts of the statement respecting the American survivors that startled us; it was not so much the contrast between those parts. The apparent disproportion between the one man and the 888 women is, we think, little more than apparent. Fifteen or twenty years would make a great differ-

¹ It is fair to point out that in this case the question is not how many of 10,000 persons are actually 100 years old, but how many of 1,000 persons that are born will live to that age.

² Quoted in Flourens's "De la Longévité Humaine," p. 267.

ence; and very young women will often marry elderly men, especially when allured by a uniform or a pension. Also, the women in this case would not have been, like the men, worn out by military hardships; and women, in general, are apparently more long-lived than men, and are certainly not more accurate.

It will be seen that the above instances have been taken at random from various sources, and that no special reference has been made to any collection of instances, such as that in Bailey's "Records of Longevity." In this work, there is a promiscuous assemblage of examples of longevity, extending almost in each case to centenarianism, an assemblage which occupies 340 pages, there being sometimes more than fifteen cases in each page. We have felt some hesitation in availing ourselves much of this repertory of senile phenomena, not merely because in doing so we should only be retailing what is ready-made, and giving at second-hand what the book itself gives at first-hand; but also because there is, in parts of the collection, something concerning which we own that we feel misgivings. Very extraordinary incidents are related by dozens, and it is only very rarely that we can detect the faintest sign of incredulity. Nor does the revision of the work seem to us to indicate such extra pains as to make up for this excess of belief. For instance, we read in the introduction a remarkable circumstance relating to Fluellyn, Prince of Glamorgan (*sic*); nor is any light thrown on the date either of the prince or of the principalities. Further on, we hear of Fluellyn Pryce, of Glamorgan, aged 101; and it is hard to avoid a suspicion that the two may have been one and the same person. Still, the compilation of which we speak, however much open to criticism in parts, is the work of a medical man, and is, on all accounts, entitled to respect; and we will endeavour to select a few of the more remarkable cases, premising always that we do not vouch for their correctness. The Rev. Peter Alley, of Dunamony, in Ireland, died in 1763, aged 111; he did the duty of his church till within a few days of his death; and he was the father of thirty-three children. Joseph Budge lived to the age of 107; shortly before his death, he had a new set of nails and teeth. Mrs. Barrett died, aged 116; the winter before her death, she was on a ladder, mending the thatch of her cottage roof. Mr. and Mrs. Coterell died within a few hours of each other, at the ages of 120 and 115 respectively; they had been married (and without quarrelling) ninety-eight years. Owen Duffy lived to 122; at 116 he married a third wife, by whom he had a son and daughter; between his eldest and youngest son there was an interval of eighty-eight years. Francis Hongo, consul for the Venetians at Smyrna, d. 1702, aged 113. "He was five times married, and had forty children born to him. It is related that when about 100 years his white hair fell off, and was succeeded by a crop of its original colour, and that he cut two teeth at 112." Mary Jones lived to

ng only 2 feet 8 inches in height, and much deformed. Margaret asiowna, a Pole, married her third husband when she was 94; ton says that she bore this husband two sons and a daughter, the cumstance being proved by the parish register. Philip Laroque nt to bed intoxicated at least two nights every week, till he was 0 years old; at 92 he cut four new teeth. Margaret M'Dowal d aged 106; "she married and survived thirteen husbands." hn Rovin, a Hungarian, in 1741 died, aged 172, and his wife in e same year, aged 164. They had been man and wife 148 years; the time of their decease their youngest son was 116. Elspeth atson lived to 115, being only 2 feet 9 inches in height. Thomas hittington, who lived to 104, was a habitual drunkard; he "never k any other liquids, as liquids, into his stomach than ardent spirit London gin; of which compound, until within a fortnight of his ath, he took from a pint to a pint and a half daily." Zartan, a ungarian, lived to 189; he was apparently (and no wonder) born the same neighbourhood as Rovin.

We have set ourselves to the task of inquiring as to the evince concerning some reputed centenarians, who are now, or have ely been, alive in the United Kingdom; and we must own that r efforts have not been very successful. We heard, for example, me rather confident assertions as to the evidence respecting an old sman at Killesher, not far from Enniskillen, who is said to be 0. But we cannot make out that her age is proved by register; seems to rest on her authority, and on that of other old people, r juniors. We can, however, give a case respecting which there far better evidence, but which is instructive as showing how ch uncertainty there is touching most of these inquiries. There an old woman at Hardwicke, in Gloucestershire, who states her e to be 102. She thinks she was 30 when married. She proved to have been married in 1796, so this would make her e not 102, but 103. On the other hand, she was not baptized before '0. And, therefore, one has to choose between the supposition of e being only 98, and the supposition of her baptism having been tponed for two or three years after birth, a delay which we underd to have been not uncommon among the lower classes in that ghbourhood. Again, we are assured that at Cheadle, near Alton wers, there lived, some twenty or thirty years ago, a very old ther and sister, named Collis. Their cottages were a quarter of a e apart, hers at the top and his at the bottom of a hill; and he dged up the hill daily to pay her a visit. At last, one of them d, and the other, in grief, died shortly afterwards. According to ir own account, his ultimate age was 99 and hers 103. The ister being referred to, it was found that these numbers were rect; but that they had been given the wrong way, the brother ng in fact the elder. Such an examination of the register would n to place the narrative above suspicion. But it must be owned

that the mistake was a very odd one; and there is something about the whole story which makes us wish that the incident could have been somewhat more recent.

It is now time to dismiss doubtful cases, and to see whether there are not any, regarding which the certainty is absolute. Some few, though very few, such cases there probably are. We understand that there is, or was very lately, in the Chelsea or Greenwich Hospital, a pensioner who had passed the century by some years, and whose age was proved by the date of his entering the service. The well-known case of Miss Baillie (sister of the eminent Dr. Baillie) seems also to be beyond dispute. Another very well attested and satisfactory instance is that of Mr. Shulldham of Marthesham Hall, near Eye, who took the chair at the dinner given to his tenants on his 100th birthday, and who lived a year or two subsequently. Again, there is an old woman now living at Hawarden, who is proved to have been married in March, 1790. She feels confident that she was then 28, but of this there is no written proof. If she is not mistaken in this, she must be in her 107th or 108th year. In any case, however, she is over 102; for she was baptized on the 1st of March, 1767. Her maiden name was unfortunately Davies, one of the commonest in Wales. We think, however, that the chance of a mistake as to the person is exceedingly small; and, barring this chance, the case is of course conclusive. Lastly, we will rank among the centenarians a lady now living, who is (or was when we heard) only in her 100th year, but who has made up for the deficiency by being the mother of 22 children. *Maturos largimur honores.*

Having now disposed of our chief examples, past and present, certain, doubtful, and fabulous, we will revert to the general question. And first we will inquire as to some of the causes, rational or fanciful, to which from time to time length of days has been assigned. We remember reading an account of a popular delusion, regarding the cause of some malady: in that account it was remarked, how strong is the propensity, on the part of invalids, to single out some obvious circumstance in their condition, to which, in spite of all science and experience, they persist in referring their ailments. But, with a very different class of persons, there is a propensity yet stronger. In the case of those who have attained to an unusually great age, or who have enjoyed exceptionally good health in an unhealthy occupation, nothing is more natural than that they should take to their own wisdom the credit of their happy condition, and should urge their crotchets on all the world. Such persons are sure to have ready listeners. Indeed, so common and so eager is the wish to discover some general cause—or, in Bacon's phraseology, some *form*—for longevity, that speculations are not wanting concerning the traditional longevity of the patriarchs. Some of these speculations are curious. Lord Bacon himself seems to have thought that some art for prolonging life was known to the ancients, but has been lost and is

before recoverable. In the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on the other hand, it is suggested that the antediluvians kept restoring their powers by occasionally partaking of the tree of life, as the ætheric gods partook of ambrosia. Without stopping to inquire, according to this latter theory, the patriarchs ever came to die, may compare with it a no less ingenious theory of Buffon. That eminent naturalist was of opinion that, in early times, the earth was solid and compact than it now is, and that gravitation only partially operated: there was, therefore, not the same limit to man's increase in stature, and the consequent postponement of the period of maturity led to a postponement of the period of decay: as men were ever growing, they had also to be longer alive. One can hardly be wrong in applying to theorists of this sort the same criticism that Æschylus applies to certain theorists of his own time, who, being perplexed as to the sources and inundations of the Nile, took refuge in vague language about the unknown and distant ocean, and who, as he continues, "by reasoning into the invisible, become irretrievable."¹

But speculations as to the causes of the long life of ordinary men and women, if less curious than those that we have mentioned, are at least instructive, or are, at any rate, less manifestly uninformative. It is for instance, worth remembering that the late Lord Combermere attributed in great measure the excellent health that he enjoyed throughout the whole of his life, in the heat of India and elsewhere, to great moderation in the use, not merely of exciting drinks, but of food of all descriptions.² Indeed, moderation of all sorts is a sound, though rather obvious lesson, which is very often inculcated by, and the authority of, old people. We have spoken of St. Mongah or Mungo, whose abstinence is said to have kept him alive to the age of 185. Louis Carnaro, who, being born with a sickly constitution, died at a great age, seemed to carry his moderation very far. He succeeded in making the yolk of an egg suffice for a meal, and at last for two meals.³ All this is interesting in its way; but one feels that it would be more valuable, if there were rather fewer persons who lived to be very old, while acting in a manner the very reverse. It would be easy, if it were not invidious, to name persons whose lives in the land have been many, though they have been by no means moderate either in eating or in drinking. Without doing so, or going back to cases already referred to, we may quote the aphorism written on Brawn, a Cornish beggar:—

Among hypotheses of this class, we may include that of Cardan, who held that man, as a rule, live less long than animals, simply because they take no exercise; also, the view of Hermippus, that old age is to be attained by constantly inhaling the breath of a young man.

He also laid great stress on the fact that, even when quite a young man, he received the advice and example of the old Lord Scarsdale, in wearing a tight belt usually round his waist.

Flourens's "De la Longévité Humaine," p. 17.

“ Here Brawn the quondam beggar lies,
 Who counted by his tale
 Some sixscore winters, and above ;
 Such virtue is in ale.
 Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth,
 Ale did his death deprive :
 And could he still have drunk his ale,
 He had been still alive.”¹

It should be added that the Macrobian Æthiopians, whom the Father of History represents as living half as long again as the rest of the world, were by no means despisers of wine. Their own diet, indeed, was boiled meat and milk. They were not surprised that the Persians, eating such “ filth ” as bread, lived only to 80 years, instead of 120. But in wine they admitted that the Persians had the advantage : the life of the latter would, without wine, be even shorter than it was. In truth, the diversity of personal experience, like the disagreement of doctors, makes deciding difficult.² Talleyrand, during a considerable portion of his life, made it a point never to take meat more than once a day. Macklin,³ the centenarian actor, during the last sixty-seven years of his life, was careful, all medical rules notwithstanding, to eat whenever he felt the inclination, instead of taking regular meals. We further learn, from the “ Records of Longevity,” that, at the age of 80, in order to guard against rheumatism, he gave up the practice of sleeping in sheets, and ever after slept between blankets. The same work informs us that John Hussey, who lived to 116, took nothing for breakfast, during the last half century of his life, except balm tea sweetened with honey ; also, that Judith Banister, during her last sixty years, lived on biscuit, bread, and apples ; also, that the 130 years, to which John de la Somet lived, have been ascribed to his being an inveterate smoker ; also, that John Wilson, who attained the age of 116, attached great importance to his having for forty years supped off roasted turnips ; also, that Mrs. Lewson, who reached her 117th year, never washed, for fear of catching cold or some “ dreadful disorder,” but “ besmeared her face and neck all over with hogs’ lard, because that was soft and lubricating.” We have heard of a man who, alone amongst his colleagues, enjoyed the best possible health in an unhealthy manufacture, and who ascribed his good fortune to his daily practice of bathing in water as hot as he could bear it. It is needless to mention Parr’s pills ; they almost remind one of the pills which, according to Horace Walpole, when a large

(1) Caulfield’s “ Remarkable Persons,” vol. iv. p. 245. Not long ago an smuggler, said to be above 100, was asked by a certain peer to what he attributed great age. He replied, “ Really, my lord, I can’t tell. I used to get my feet wet every day, and was drunk nearly every night.”

(2) Doctors, who of all men should be most on their guard, are much too partial to hyperbolic forms of speech. One of the leading medical men of thirty years ago laid it down as a rule that “ taking soup before dinner, and fruit after, is enough to destroy the stomach of an ostrich.” Do not numbers who live to be old do this habitually ? Are men with ostrich’s stomachs so common ?

(3) *Quarterly Review*, No. 247, p. 191.

tion of London was in alarm at a prediction of an earthquake, a book offered for sale as a security against it.

Here is, in the general question of longevity, another point on which we must now say a few words, namely, the distribution of long life among rich and poor. In forming a judgment with regard to the entire population, Sir G. C. Lewis, as we have seen, took the members of the higher classes as samples and specimens. I think he would have been of opinion, that they are favourable specimens, and have more than the average of long life. The causes of their advantage lie on the surface. They are not in want of necessities, nor in the anxiety to which such want gives rise; their habits, the present state of public opinion, are, on the whole, both cleanly and temperate; they can command prompt medical attendance, so as to check their illnesses in the beginning; and many of them can avail themselves even of those most costly remedies, travelling, and permanent change of residence; they have abundance of fresh air, and are not so much constrained to follow any very unhealthy occupation; perhaps, wealth, so far as it brings education and self-restraint, may be in some degree a safeguard against the more glaring forms of imprudence. Against this must doubtless be set the evils that may accrue from unseasonable hours, from neglect of diet, whether in respect of quantity or quality, from excitement, and, in some cases, from want of physical and excess of mental labour. Still, after every deduction has been made, there can be no reasonable doubt—and indeed experience has proved—that the balance is on the side of wealth, or, at least, on the side of competence and ease. It would, however, be far that, through some remains of the old sentiment in favour of idleness, which is merely an excuse for the selfishness that does so much to relieve it, there is a general disinclination to give riches their due. Yet, that the richer classes are, on the whole, healthier, can be shown in many ways. It is, for example, an undoubted fact, by dint of constant care, and with the aid of the best medical advice, wealthy parents can often rear delicate children who could not possibly have been reared, if born to poverty. This circumstance of itself speaks volumes. It must, indeed, be admitted that the rearing of sickly children is not an unmixed boon to the community; for the death of a sickly child is the death of the prospective father of a sickly race. On the strength of this undoubted fact, it has been inferred, not, indeed, that sickly children should be disposed of in the summary way that Plato would have recommended, but, as a matter of fact, our forefathers were a hardier and healthier set of men than we are; inasmuch as in their rude condition it was the most part only the healthy—or, it should rather be said, the very unhealthy—who grew up and married.

This seems to us to be carrying the inference too far. The race of the future might in some respects gain by the natural and accidental

removal of unhealthy individuals, just as the races of horses and dogs are improved by the artificial removal of such individuals; but no such improvement is to be expected from privations common to the healthy and the unhealthy. Any hardships, natural or artificial (including even the singular test to which, according to the story all infants were subjected at Sparta), which, while falling on all alike, may seem to fortify the race by selection, will generally do more harm than good. Such hardships may destroy the weak; but they weaken the strong, or, at any rate, those who are only moderately strong; and the race, on the whole, is a loser.¹

In truth, if we are in search of a ready means of estimating the ordinary action of wealth on longevity, we have only to compare the average length of human life now with its average length some centuries ago. The interval, wide as it is, that divides us from our forefathers is wholly the result of wealth and civilisation; and we may say, with exactness enough for our present purpose, that modern England is old England, with each class lifted up many degrees in the social scale. It is, of course, true that the mediæval landlord and farmer had many luxuries which the modern labourer has not; but it is evident, on the other hand, that many comforts, and the results of much medical knowledge, which not long since were beyond the reach of barons and kings, are in the nineteenth century accessible to peasants. On the whole, therefore, we may make a rough guess at the relative condition of rich and poor in respect of long life by comparing society at large as it was and as it is. What, then, is the result of such a comparison? Respecting the average length of life under the Plantagenets and Tudors, we unfortunately know little or nothing. But Macaulay has laid before us some statistics of the latter days of the house of Stuart, which he has compared with statistics of our own day; and the extent of the change in mortality that has accompanied so comparatively slight a change in social conditions as that during the last two hundred years, may give some impression of the change that must have taken place since the Middle Ages. Macaulay was of opinion that the year 1685 was no more unhealthy than most years. In that year, one twenty-third of the population of London died. Now, or rather when he wrote he

(1) In saying this, we must not be understood to echo a remark that has sometimes been made on Mr. Darwin's celebrated theory of the "struggle for existence." It has been objected to that theory, that no such struggle can account for the improvement of races, since the stronger races, while ousting the weaker races, would themselves be weakened by the contest, and would by degrees tend to degenerate. The answer to this objection we conceive to lie in the fact, noticed by Mr. Darwin, that mutilations are not hereditary. So far as the contest between races is one of starving out, it is not unlike that, while the weaker races will die of famine, the stronger races may in some degree suffer from having been temporarily on short allowance. But, so far as the contest consists in the giving and the receiving of wounds, the stronger and higher races will not suffer much lasting damage; for, though the conquerors will individually sustain much hurt and loss, it is probable that no very serious or permanent injury will be transmitted to their descendants.

ry, this fraction was reduced to one-fortieth. He thought it probable that the decrease in the annual number of deaths was more marked in London than it would be in the country. But it should come in mind, on the other hand, that, the deaths spoken of having been in London, no part of the decrease can be due to the cessation of war. Some part of it may doubtless be referred to decrease of the number of deaths by ordinary acts of violence; a much larger part may be referred to the more careful nursing bringing up of children. It is thus probable that the tendency of wealth and civilisation is, so to speak, rather to prevent men from growing young than to make them live to be very old. The increase, during the last two centuries, of the number of persons of a very advanced age, in a given population, will hardly have been in proportion to the increase of the average duration of human life. But, in view of the greatness of the latter increase, must we not infer that there have been some increase in the proportion of centenarians to the whole population? and, this being granted, must we not conclude that centenarians will generally be proportionally more numerous in the higher social strata than in the lower?

We agree, then, with Sir G. Lewis, that, as regards longevity, the richer and more educated classes will probably be above par. But we cannot lay so much stress as he did, on the difficulty of proving the existence of more than 103 or 104 years old, either among those classes, or among the comparatively few other instances concerning which the records have been examined. We should as soon think of drawing an inference, if, in some winter of rather more than average coldness, the thermometer in England did not fall so low as zero, that therefore all the testimony was false, which declared that they had ever known to fall to that point. Persons of an extreme age are like the missing links in geology; it would be only after minutely examining a very large area, that we could be justified in proceeding against them. Men of 110 or 115 years of age may, for aught we know now, be as rare phenomena as men of seven feet in height. If a person of this stature is to be found among those, whose names are in the "Peerage" and "Clergy List," who would dream of doubting that such a giant has never been seen among men? We measure height; and thus the existence of giants has been established. But we cannot measure age; and ignorance, which so often deceives men believe too much, may in this instance have impelled one man to believe too little.

And now we must depart from a custom, that prevails among writers of articles, like the present. It is a common practice for writers on longevity to end with a homily on the evils of long life,—a homily which may tend to discourage a too eager pursuit of old age and to comfort those who have small expectation of reaching it. *Quæ ergo dies igitur quid contulit?* Why all this coil about a few extra

years of profitless labour and sorrow?"¹ The foundation of expressions of this sort will probably be the obvious one, namely, that old men have to sustain the loss both of friends and of faculties. As to the loss of friends, there can be no doubt that it must always be one of the greatest trials of long life. But, before condemning old age on the ground of the decay of faculties, we must point out a distinction. It is one thing to speak of this or that old person as having been fortunate, in that an accident or cold has preserved him from second childhood. But it is another thing to represent the lot of those who live to be very old as one to be pitied, rather than envied. Some mythical persons, indeed, there may have been—such as Tithonus and the Wandering Jew and Swift's Struldbugs—who, in the absence of health and vigour, were doomed to linger out a decrepit immortality; but we are not now speaking of such persons, nor of such persons in miniature. In the case of most men and women, it is by reason of strength that they live to fourscore or fivescore years; and surely such strength is, or has been, matter for congratulation. Persons who live to 90 or 100 have generally had better health at 50 than persons who die at 60 or 65. In fact, an old man must not be judged of by the fag-end of his career. Where we suppose a prolonged life, we must suppose also a prolonged youth.

Such, however, though undoubtedly a general, is not a universal rule. The strongest men will certainly, as a class, be the longest lived. But history furnishes numerous examples of persons (such as Augustus Cæsar, and Louis XV.) who, having been very delicate in youth, attained to an unexpected age; and many people, from the circle of their own acquaintances, could give examples more numerous still. Indeed, so great and so successful is the care that many valetudinarians bestow on their health, and also so conspicuous are the occasional recoveries of patients despaired of by the doctors, that various phrases have become current, which would seem to intimate that a delicate constitution is like a taper, which, for being less bright, burns all the longer; and almost that, by some law of compensation, sickly people in general have an immunity from early death. We sometimes, for instance, hear invalids spoken of as "never dying;" and we often hear special apprehension expressed at the "first illness" of a strong man. Is it not thought that the lot of robust persons, like the choice of Achilles, falls on a life, happy indeed, but short? Does not the current language imply that life is a sort of elastic string, which, when much drawn out, must part with breadth and thickness; or, to vary the metaphor, that it can only gain in extent of surface what it loses in fulness and depth? That there is such an opposition between Tennyson's two desiderata, between the

"More life and fuller that I want,"

(1) *Quarterly Review*, No. 247, p. 197.

be thought to be proved by the singular change in medical treatment, that has occurred during the last few generations. It is curious, though we live much longer than our ancestors, they seemed to be reducing, while we need strengthening; their remedies were bleeding and starving, while ours are port-wine and quinine. The obvious answer, so far as it goes, to this last consideration is, that our fathers adopted a wrong system, and paid the penalty of their lack of knowledge. Even during the last twenty or thirty years—a period so short for any perceptible change in the organisation of our race great steps have been taken, especially as regards children, towards the use of the strong remedies, that were once in vogue. Nor is there any likelihood of our going back to the old predilection for the lancet. The effect of copious and unseasonable bleeding, as still practised in our not distant country, the death of Cavour reminds us but too clearly. It is thus probable, that it was in great part through our fathers' efforts to reduce themselves that they were short-lived, that their imagined panacea was due, not to their diseases, but to their doctors. It is also probable, that, in the natural body, as in the body politic, what may be called the cry of weakness of the pre-erectile age is partly due to its increased sagacity. Crime has certainly diminished, but the skill of our detectives has brought to light some new forms of crime, which might before have lurked unnoticed. Just so, as life has certainly lengthened, the medical art may have discovered unsuspected causes of disease or weakness, and, by tracing them back to their remote consequences, may have made them seem more formidable. Still, however much weight we may attach to arguments of this kind, these, and however little to considerations founded on mere aphorism and rhetoric, some facts remain which it is difficult to get away from. It seems probable that of late years, in spite both of the advance of science and of the lengthening of life, the forms of debility, and especially of nervous debility, have increased. Again, one is sometimes told that a young man, emigrating to New Zealand or certain parts of Australia, may hope, up to the middle of his life, to enjoy better health than he would probably have enjoyed in his native land; but that, on his coming back to England, he must expect at fifty to be as much aged as an ordinary man of sixty. Here there seems to be another example of the difference between the state of present health, and those of prospective health, not being the same. But we should need to know much more, before regarding such an example as conclusive. Assuming the fact to be as stated, is it possible that our supposed emigrant may suffer through his inactivity, after his system has lost its adaptiveness, to a climate no longer congenial to him? Would he have become infirm so soon, had he remained with the antipodes? We have put these questions with the view, not of offering any answer to them, but merely of calling attention to the fact, that they

have remained unanswered so long. The relation, that exists between the intensity and the prolongation of bodily vigour, must be, comparatively speaking, an elementary inquiry; and, if even here our knowledge is at fault, should we not be most cautious in dealing with those more complicated problems, in which men feel a more personal interest? For example: unless we can tell how surely what contributes to early health will contribute also to longevity, how can we hope to have complete and satisfactory information, respecting the comparative health and longevity of the two sexes? Even this inquiry, however, important as it is, must yield, in the obviousness of its utility, to inquiries concerning conditions, that are more or less subject to control. Most men wish to know, and to know with certainty and precision, the comparative health and longevity in married and single life,—also with different modes of diet and degrees of bodily or mental exercise, in different climates, trades, professions? Is any of us satisfied with the rather contradictory answers that are given to questions of this sort? How far can answers ever be given to them, of universal applicability? It is only as leading up to inquiries of this nature, and as tending to throw light on them, that the inquiry about the *marimum* of human life can be more than a curious speculation. As it is, this inquiry is by no means unprofitable. People are brought face to face with some rather bold speculations; and they may learn, what the world is not very apt or even anxious to learn, to set oral testimony, when unverified, at no more than its right value. Again the apparatus, that is needed to satisfy their curiosity, may be applied to matters of vastly greater moment. Once let the registers be carefully filled up throughout all civilised countries, and let the range of inquiries be somewhat widened; and, by the time that persons, born under such a system, shall have grown old, a fortunate posterity will, within fair limits, ascertain, not merely how long they have a chance of living, but how they have the best chance of living long, and of being healthy and happy while they live.

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

(1) We learn from the *North British Review*, No. 94, p. 441, that Dr. Matthew Duncan has made some very important deductions even from so slender a basis of fact as that supplied by the registers of births in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1855. He much regrets that the schedule to be filled up has been altered on what he considers as very inadequate grounds. Are there not many forms of illness with regard to which a similar regret would not be unreasonable? Should not questions be oftener put for the benefit of science, as well as of the invalid? Surely, if it were a recognised part of the duty of the medical man, or other authorised person, to obtain (whether personally or otherwise) all the information of real value, the force of custom would speedily make itself felt; and, it being of course understood that only facts and figures (not names) would be published, all disinclination whatever, whether on the part of doctor or patient, would vanish before the wish to be useful.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER IX.

DOINGS IN THE VALLEYS.

was at Torre the ceremony was to come off at which Alexander was to act as proxy for the English minister; he found the whole village in a state of excitement and active preparation for the *fête*. It took a very short time to make a friend of the Evelyns, and the representative of Mr. Eglamour, acquainted with the leading rural capabilities; he was charmed with their simple manners and hospitality, and they were soon charmed with him in turn. As Mr. Eglamour was very popular, his absence was felt at first as a considerable disappointment, but the maidens, at least, soon plucked up their spirits when they saw the handsome young man who had come to his place. As Alexander walked through the little village conducted by the pastor, many a bright eye peeped at him from behind the shutter, many a virgin merry and wise, who trimmed the lamp of primitive Christianity in these famous mountains, panted for the chance in which he might possibly fall to her lot as a partner, and marvelled, had the Church of England many such comely sons.

How admirably Piety and Mirth would dwell together in this world, if only miserable men would permit their union! Juno's sons were not better paired, or more naturally harmonious. Of all things that are strange and unnatural, a sour and bleak religion ought to be the strangest, for in truth a dark light, a troubled peace, a dismal joy, is no greater paradox. No such monster, at least in these days, infested the Protestant villages, and if it had, such a sight as Alexander, armed from top to toe in a panoply of good humour, would soon have put it to flight. Though not a Scotchman, he knew something of devout austerities; though not a Low Churchman, he had some knowledge of Evangelical spleen; here for the first time he saw godliness and gaiety reigning together over a whole community, and of all the evidences that the poor Vaudois were indeed the inheritors of the pure and undefiled apostolic times, this was the one which made the deepest impression upon him.

Not forty Tartuffes, however, with the same power of Mawworms, and the concentrated spirit of Exeter Hall itself, collected in the month of May, not a hundred wet blankets, or their full equivalent in the mantle of the Dean of once merry Carlisle, could have made Torre a dull place on the present occasion. Old and young were fully bent upon festivity, and there was a vigour about all the

arrangements and preliminaries which was after Alexander's own heart. Often has he been heard to say, recalling this passage of his young days, that he never in his life went through so much hard work, as far as his legs were concerned, in the same space of time, as during the three or four days which he passed with the Vaudois. Prodigious walking to explore the valleys and visit all the spots sacred to the memories of heroes and martyrs; then dancing on the same scale until jocund day stood tip-toe on the top of Monte Viso; much, no doubt for the honour of his country, but quite as much, perhaps, to prove himself worthy of his friends at Orta and Turin. For the feasting and junketing it required the prowess of Hercules, when he ate Admetus out of house and home.

Frederika Bremer has in one of her works given such a lively account of a Vaudois wedding, that one could almost fancy she had taken it from Alexander's reminiscences. On the eve of the ceremony, the bride gave her parting feast to her young friends, and what a jovial feast it was! What dancing, what laughing, how the joke went round.

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."

The bottle went about as freely as if the Galilean miracle had been repeated, and every mountain rill had been changed into sparkling Asti. The oldest Barbes, as the pastors of the valleys are called, drank and chirped like grasshoppers. One of them, who had some black-letter lore, amused the company with the calculation of a German divine that the miraculous wine drunk at Cana amounted to ninety dozen. As to Alexander, he had double duty to do, now pledging the merry ministers, now treading a measure with every pretty Protestant in her turn, and thrice over with the lusty lass whom to-morrow he was to give away in holy wedlock. What a popular fellow he was before the night was half spent; and perhaps it was not arranged and settled in every corner, wherever two or three were gathered together, among seniors as well as juniors, that he was Miss Evelyn's accepted swain! But serious matters are not settled in so easy a way as they settle them on such occasions. Many things happen between cup and lip occasionally, even though the cup may be destined to reach the lip in the long run.

Wonderful it was that any force was left for the great day itself, which was but a continuation of the preceding revels. It began with the procession to the bride's house, consisting of the bridegroom, a comely farmer of Angrogna, accompanied by his kindred of the same valley. Alexander in the character of his godfather led the way, and knocked at the door, according to immemorial usage.

was the part of the maiden's father to affect surprise at the visit, to demand what his visitors wanted.

To beg one of your daughters in wedlock for my fair godson," cried Alexander, with all the gravity he could muster.

Never was an old swain so flattered; he goes in, and soon appears, leading one of his daughters by the hand.

Is this the one your godson fancies?"

This maiden," answers the sponsor, "would be sure to make him happy as the day is long; but, sir, she is not his choice."

On this the sire withdraws with the rejected, looking much cast down at her fate.

Then a second lass is produced.

Is this the young man's desire?"

She is charming too, but it is not she who has won my godson's heart."

Upon which the second retired likewise, but looking more indignant and sad, for such was her cue.

On the present occasion this pleasant litany was four times repeated, though the father had only two daughters, he had borrowed a number of buxom nieces to protract the fun, as the custom exacted, one of which, for all we know to the contrary, was observed eighteen hundred years ago, and possibly at the marriage of Cana itself.

At length the master of the house came forth with the true maid.

Yes, yes, she is the right one; she is the girl for my godson."

Good, I give her to you with honour and fair repute. *Que vous reserves de tort."*

Then did Alexander receive her plump rosy hand, which he ought to have placed in the bridegroom's to be devoutly kissed, instead of doing which he audaciously took the first-fruits himself, an innovation in the ceremonial to which neither the bride herself, nor anyone on her part, objected.

During this preliminary service the bride wore her ordinary daily dress, such as she wore hay-making, or picking mulberry leaves, but presently she came forth from her bower in full nuptial trim, which was the purest white, the gift of the minister, with a garland on her brows of the freshest flowers of the valleys. Her hands were full of bunches of roses to distribute among the young men, and Alexander's was big as a rose-bush.

The ceremony in the church ensued, after which took place the backward procession back to the bride's abode, stopping at all the villages, as they are called, or at every farm-house on the road, the old-wife appearing at every door, with the air of expecting no such thing, but praying them to step in notwithstanding, when by the next accident the table was found groaning and creaking under all sorts of rural dainties. When Alexander could do no more himself,

it rejoiced him to see how fast others disposed of the good things, not only eating and drinking their fill, but stuffing their pockets with fruit and confectionery—a proceeding he ought to have imitated, to be in the fashion of the Valleys.

And of this he was not left long in ignorance, for feeling some pressure behind him at the last of the hospitable stations, he turned quickly round, and discovered a strikingly handsome boy of eleven or twelve thrusting a handful of over-ripe peaches and figs into his coat-pocket, his face radiant with archness and glee.

Alexander no less playfully arrested his arm, and asked him his name.

"Henri Arnaud," said the boy.

"Arnaud!" cried Alexander; "what! are you Miss Evelyn's young friend, of Bobbio? If so, I have twenty loves for you from her. But she never told me you were capable of playing me such a prank."

"We play all sorts of pranks at a wedding," said Arnaud, with a little of foreign accent; indeed not only his voice but his features and complexion were much more English than Italian.

"Are your parents here?" asked Alexander, forgetting what Miss Evelyn had told him on that point.

The boy looked up at him with a sorrowful smile, and the pastor of Torre, who was standing by, answered for him.

"He is an orphan," he said, caressing with his hand the boy's glossy black hair; "if a child can be called an orphan who has God for both his father and his mother."

He then informed Alexander that little Arnaud was born in the south of Italy, although his parents were natives of these valleys; they died after their return to them, when their son was very young, and at their death he had been bequeathed to the care of the aged minister of Bobbio, his grand-uncle, by whom he had been carefully and lovingly brought up.

"I have got a letter for the pastor of Bobbio," said Alexander; "I am going there to-morrow."

"Oh, are you?" cried Henri. "Then I'll go back with you, and I will show you the famous places, and my goats, and the books Miss Evelyn gave me with her name in them, and the waterfalls,—oh, we only had one good right-down pouring wet day to make them beautiful as they sometimes are!"

"Perhaps the rain would not be quite so agreeable to Alexander, with a long walk before him," said the pastor.

"Rain is coming, and over much of it," said another of the bystanders, shaking his head, and pointing to a mass of dark clouds beginning to gather over the hills; "it may improve the waterfalls."

but it won't mend our roads, which are rough enough at the best."

"Oh," cried little Arnaud, grasping Alexander's hand, as if to hold him fast to his engagement, "you won't mind a shower, will you?—it will only be a shower, and as to the roads they are a great deal nicer than the stupid, smooth ones down in the plain; there is only a stream to be jumped here and there; and I'll show you the great jump Miss Evelyn took one day last summer."

CHAPTER X.

THE LAND-SLIP.

THAT night was not as merry as the last. The approaching change in the weather made many of the revellers anxious to get back to their mountain homes, and some took their departure at once lest the rain should stop them. The young people danced again, and initiated Alexander into many of their in-door sports and pastimes, but the elders were grave, and sat apart discussing the prospects of the morrow, and recounting their recollections of the various inundations they had witnessed in their time, and the destruction of houses and crops, and even whole hamlets, by the resistless force of the torrents swollen by great and sudden rains in the high mountains. Still no rain fell at Torre. Only the gathering masses of vapour, gradually involving hill after hill, and the growling of distant thunder presaged storm, and indicated that it had already commenced in the upper valleys. Even when the morning broke, the weather was not so very bad as to intimidate so bold a pedestrian as the young Englishman, much less to damp the ardour of little Arnaud, who was not only eager to get home, but delighted to think the cascades would be in their glory. It was in vain for the old women and grey-beards to remonstrate. Alexander set out with his companion rather late in the day, as there were still objects of curiosity to be visited at Torre, and it was as much as the good people could do to induce them to accept the loan of a couple of huge red umbrellas. There was a thick penetrating mist when they started, which soon changed into decided rain, and the road, rugged at the best, grew every moment heavier, more and more cut up by the rills that poured down from every height, to swell the roaring brook at the bottom of the vale. As long as there was any steady walking Alexander took advantage of it to ask Arnaud a hundred questions about himself, and his relations, and the Evelyns, and his studies, and what he intended to be when he was a man. The boy's replies interested him greatly. They proved him well-instructed for his age, unusually intelligent, overflowing with gratitude to his benefactors, eager for improvement,

enthusiastic and ambitious. He had been taught English partly by the Evelyns themselves, by Miss Evelyn chiefly; from the pastor of his native valley he had learned Latin, and had made progress enough in Greek to read a chapter of the Greek Testament.

"You will be a Barbe yourself, one of these days," said Alexander.

"No," said Arnaud, proudly, "I am going to be a missionary."

"A missionary!" repeated Alexander, "why a missionary?"

"Because I have read all about Henry Martyn and Joseph Wolff, and a great many more, and I want to be like them, and travel in strange countries, among savage people with tomahawks, and who live in wigwams or holes in the ground, and make them wiser and better and happier."

"Have you ever seriously thought of the risks and dangers of that kind of life? It is a noble career, but full of difficulties and trials."

"Oh, yes, I have thought of all that, but it does not discourage me. I am strong, and I shall be a great deal stronger and taller when I'm a man, and why should not I do what others have done?"

"But your good uncle, does he approve of your plan," said Alexander; "how will he like to be left alone in his old age?"

"Oh," cried Arnaud, "I wish he approved of it more than he does, but he doesn't oppose it now; he knows it would never do for me to lead the quiet life of a pastor, even in this country, wild as it is. Mr. Evelyn used to tell me that there are dangers enough in the path of a Vaudois minister to satisfy anybody, especially in winter, or even in summer in such weather as this."

"And really I think he told you true," said Alexander, suddenly finding himself on the edge of a gully, a yard and a half wide, right across the road, ploughed by a furious little stream, which the day before scarcely wetted the stones. The rude carriages of the country, had he taken one, could not have proceeded a step farther.

"Follow me!" shouted Arnaud, springing over the chasm in the greatest glee.

"It's nothing by daylight," he added, when they were on the other side, "but in the dark, when one of our ministers has to visit a sick person in such weather, he has to look before he leaps."

"I should think so," said Alexander. From this point, which was only a third of the way, their progress was slow, for there were not twenty yards of road that were not broken up more or less by the increasing floods. It was no longer walking, but incessant jumping from stone to stone exposed by the waters, or across channels, many of them deeper and wider than the first they came to. Now, too, the rain was coming down steadily; deep groans of thunder came from the direction of Bobbio, where they were going, and the main stream in the depths of the gorge at their right was rising rapidly over the hugest boulders in its bed, and bellowing like a

ter-devil. In a few moments they came to "Fatima's jump," as Arnaud called it.

"She could not jump it now," he said, looking gravely at the vice, "nor can I either."

Alexander himself thought it more discreet not to attempt it, so they scrambled over as best they could, up to their knees in the swirling water, Arnaud never thinking of himself, but only anxious to find the shallowest spots and safest footing for his companion. It was soon obvious, however, to Alexander that the little fellow was growing uneasy, though it was evidently not on his own account.

"This is a wonderful flood," he said, "to have come so suddenly; it goes on increasing, we shall find Bobbio in a bad way; no place in the Valleys is in such danger in floods. We are near it now. Do you hear a bell?"

Alexander listened attentively, but such was the noise of the rain, and the river tumbling below, and the streams dashing and rushing down on every side, that for some moments no other sound was distinguished. At length the bell was distinctly heard by them as a continual, unequal, excited, fitful ringing, of itself suggestive of alarm and distress. Its object, as the boy explained, was to collect the inhabitants of the little district together, at least as many as had their dwellings in exposed situations on the hill-side, and besides to muster as great a force of the peasantry as possible, both to keep the water-courses clear of obstructions and strengthen their embankments at the points where they might need support.

"They will want all our help, I can tell you," said Arnaud, "my uncle's house is the most exposed of all in case of a land-slip; the first thing they would do would be to remove him to one of the houses lower down in a protected situation, where everyone will go where there is real danger."

It was now hard to see anything, the sky was so black, and the rain fell in such torrents, like a water-spout, but in a moment or two they distinguished voices, and heroic little Arnaud dashed through thick and thin, over every obstacle, crying out that they were working at the embankments, and bidding Alexander follow.

When they came to the embankments, it was easy to see from the energy and anxiety of the peasantry working at it that they were in the greatest alarm, and the roaring of the waters seemed amply to justify it. They took no notice of the new comers—indeed they hardly observed them, the darkness was so great, for owing to the violence of the rain, they had not even the benefit of torchlight, though the sun had already gone down.

"We can do no good here," shouted the brave boy; "come on to the village, it is only a few steps farther—there where you see the lights; we are quite near, and yet we can hardly hear the bells."

After a few minutes' struggling through obstacles which they could not see, and wading up to their knees through the water and the mud, which seemed to be tumbling down from all the heights around, they gained the houses, and found the people in them (old women and children and the oldest men), paralysed with terror. All who could work were either at the embankments, or at other parts where there were lives to be saved. Arnaud ran into the first house he came to, thinking of nothing but his uncle's safety. Nobody could answer his questions; they could hardly hear his voice in the din, or distinguish his features by the few little glimmering lights they had. He rushed out again, still adjuring Alexander to follow him to the little inn. There was more light there, and though he knew him, but could tell him nothing of his uncle, except that some of the strongest of the peasants had gone to his rescue, and had not returned.

"This way, this way!" cried the distracted boy, dashing forward once more.

Alexander could only follow him blindly, until a flash of lightning of unusual vividness, which for an instant illuminated every object, not only showed the direction which the boy took, but revealed the whole situation of the village with respect to the mountains that hemmed it in. In a minute Alexander was abreast of Arnaud, and by the next flash pointed out his uncle's house, still standing on a platform which seemed to have been cleared out of the forest of pines at a height of about a hundred yards above the level of the village.

"As the house is standing," said Alexander, "its inhabitants must be safe."

"Oh," cried Arnaud, "there is nobody in the house now, you must be sure; they are trying to get my poor old uncle down, and that will be the difficulty if the path is washed away. Come on, come on! Oh, what a blessing the lightning is!"

A forked flash of extreme brilliancy was instantly followed with a clap which all the artillery in Europe discharged together could hardly have equalled. Alexander's eye was fixed on the pasture house under and amongst the pines. The next moment there was a crashing sound, almost as loud as the thunder, but totally different from thunder, it was the headlong fall of the whole of the hill-side above the house, which was swept away while he was looking at it by an avalanche of loosened rock and uprooted forest. By the next flash there was nothing visible but a broad ghastly expanse of naked earth and stone stretching up to the mountain's brow.

But though the dear abode where he had passed his childhood was thus suddenly and fearfully destroyed before his face, poor Arnaud thought only of the old man's life, which was dearer to him a thousand times, and he thought of it collectedly too, which at such a moment many a brave man of mature years could not have done.

The level space where the house had stood seemed for a few moments to stay the cataract of rubbish, but in a few moments more the fall continued, and even after reaching the bottom of the valley, any blocks of stone and fragments of tall pines rolled on almost the spot where Alexander and Arnaud stood.

The former had already abandoned all hope of saving the life of anyone who had either been in the house or who had gone to the relief of its inmates. Not so the boy, for, knowing the minutiae of the locality, he observed that the land-slip had not crossed the rule-path that led down to the village, so that it could not have increased the danger of anyone who was descending by it. All depended, therefore, on the path being practicable. They pressed on, straining their ears to catch the sound of a human voice, often thinking they heard one, often finding themselves deceived.

"We shall be in the path ourselves in a few moments," cried Arnaud. "It begins to ascend just above here. There ought to be two poplars."

"I see no trees at all," said Alexander.

"They have been rooted up," said the boy; "but never mind; I hear voices," and he clapped his hands with delight.

Alexander gave a piercing whistle. It was answered instantly. Arnaud again clapped his hands and danced with joy. The voices grew more distinct every instant. A moment more a group of people were visible at a distance of hardly fifty yards, but unhappily they saw at the same time that they were separated from them by an obstacle which Arnaud had not foreseen, with all his experience of the valley. The unprecedented flood of that day and night striking vents in all directions, had found one here in what was for the moment a torrent of the wickedest aspect, and five or six yards wide, rushing as if it ran amuck to join the main waters lower down. In an hour it had scooped out the bed in which it foamed, and the peasants, who were now stopped by its breadth and fury, had hardly noticed it as they went up the hill—it was so small a head. The old minister, however, had been carried down so far from perfect safety, except for his exposure to the night and storm—wells enough for a man in his advanced years. The point now was how to get him across the extemporised torrent. The peasants had already tried to ford it, and narrow as it was, pronounced it impracticable. It was not merely the depth, but the slipperiness of the stones and the rage of the water daunted them; it was as much as any man could do to cross himself; and as to carrying another on his back, it was pronounced a sheer impossibility.

"But it must be done," cried Alexander, "or you might as well have left him to perish with his house."

The word "impossible" was heard from the other side again.

"We shall see," said Alexander coolly. "Have any of you a

rope? If you have, throw me one end of it, and keep a tight hold of the other."

"He's an Englishman," shouted Arnaud, "and a friend of Mr. Evelyn's."

Alexander could hardly help laughing at the proclamation of his country and position at such a critical moment. There was a rope, it was flung across, Alexander caught it, again desired them to hold fast, and instantly plunging into the water, steadying himself as much as he could with his red umbrella, in a few strides was safe on the other side.

"Now," he said to the men, "two of you must get over to hold the rope again, and I undertake to carry the old man."

The example decided the wavering courage of the peasants, and two of them obeyed, though there was only a boy on the other side to do what they had done to assist Alexander; but they knew where the boy was. One of them, however, stumbled and almost lost his legs for a moment, but they both crossed.

Now came the tug, one for life or death, for one at least, perhaps for two. The poor old minister, almost speechless with cold and terror, was lifted on Alexander's shoulders, like the aged Trojan in the epic. The young Englishman then replaced his umbrella with a stout pole which he took from a peasant, seized the end of the rope once more, and confident in his youth and strength, which he well might be while devoting them to such a noble use, he committed himself and his venerable burden with redoubled caution and more intense steadiness to the dark and raging waters. For one instant his step faltered, and the swaying of the rope made the men on the other side perspire with fear; but he kept his footing firm, and a little more than a minute the aged uncle was safe in his nephew's arms.

It was dawn when the hoary minister was carried to the village where they had given up all hope of his deliverance, and, as it was, it seemed impossible that he could survive many hours, for he was in his seventieth summer. Had anybody then predicted that his life was to be protracted for more than ten years, after what he went through that night, the prophecy would have seemed ridiculous.

At break of day the flood had already begun to abate; the storm had ceased, the sun shone upon the desolation of the night, and Alexander, feeling that the only safety for himself was in continuous movement, drenched as he was, and being also desirous to escape the ovation which his services were likely to bring upon him, stole away, and, broken up as the road was, made his way back to Torre. There he only stopped to change his clothes, and returned to Turin, leaving his fame to follow him, which it probably did all the faster and louder for his carelessness about it.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. WOODVILLE REJOINS ALEXANDER. UNPLEASANT TIDINGS, AND
HASTY DEPARTURE.

AT Turin Alexander found letters which made him extremely uneasy about the state of his father's affairs, and determined him to start for home as soon as Woodville joined him. He ought to have reported himself to Mr. Eglamour in strictness, but the same feeling that prompted him to shun the applause of the Valleys decided him not to do so.

He was not kept long waiting for the artist, by whose face, the moment he appeared, it was easy to divine that, like the ghost, he had a tale to unfold; and this brings us back to the point where we left Mr. Woodville suddenly interrupted at his pencil by Miss Evelyn's agitated knocking at the door of his bed-room.

Miss Evelyn was reading to her father when a servant came to inform her that a person had just arrived who desired to see her. Instead of requesting to know his name and business in the first instance, she thought it would be the shortest way to see him at once.

On entering the salon she found a man there whom she knew only too well, and whom the reader knows also, for he was the same person who had behaved so handsomely in the inn at Chiavasso.

"You are surprised to see me, Miss Evelyn," he said, with effrontery.

"With good reason," she replied haughtily, "you cannot possibly have any business either with me or my father."

"That remains to be seen," said the fellow, in the same cool way.

"My father is determined, you well know, Mr. Hardy, to have nothing more to do with you; he has been imposed on long enough, and he will not be imposed on any more; his eyes are open; there is no use in your following us about the world—you will gain nothing by it."

"Again, my sultana, that remains to be seen,—your father is imposed on, I admit, but it's not by your humble servant."

"What do you mean by that, sir," said Miss Evelyn, her eyes flashing and her face pale with anger, no less at his vile insinuation than at the absurd title by which he had the malignity, as well as the audacity, to address her.

"Oh, you know what I mean very well, Miss Evelyn, you know who would gain and who would lose if your father was to discover his son."

"Insolent fellow!—but I'm wrong to hold any conversation with you. Go instantly about your business!"

"I have not told you my business yet," said Hardy; "you know the gentleman of the name of Alexander?"

"Well, sir."

"I met him at Chiavasso, where he met an unpleasant accident."

"An accident,—nothing serious I hope," cried Miss Evelyn, "more emotion than if she had been some years older she would probably have exhibited in such company."

"Nothing more serious, Miss Evelyn, I am happy to say, since you take such an interest in the gentleman, than the loss of his purse."

"And he is kept at Chiavasso for want of money?"

"Just so, miss, and he commissioned me to come here to let you know, and request you to let him have four or five hundred francs which he will repay when he arrives at Turin."

"Oh, of course," she said without hesitation, "he must have whatever he wants."

But the next moment it struck her as suspicious that Alexander should not have desired his messenger to apply to Mr. Woodville; she thought she might as well ask a question to test the truth of the story.

"How did it happen," she said, "was his money in gold?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hardy promptly, "in gold, there were two Napoleons in his purse, and a five-franc piece." There is not much like precision in details to inspire confidence in a story.

But Miss Evelyn was so far from being inspired with confidence that on leaving the room, as it were to get the money for Mr. Alexander, she turned the key in the door as noiselessly as she could, locking Mr. Hardy up, and ran to Mr. Woodville's apartment, thinking how nicely she had caught the rat in a trap.

When Woodville came to this part of the story (for the reader will remember that he was the narrator), Alexander exclaimed in delight—

"Capital!—how well done!—and you played your part just well, I have no doubt—of course you took the fellow prisoner!"

"I did no such thing," replied Woodville drily, "let me finish the story."

"Go on, go on,—what a pity you let the rascal escape! You had no gold, so of course the fellow was a swindler. How could you throw away such a splendid opportunity?"

"Opportunity of getting my head broken!—You are every bit as bad as Miss Evelyn. I'm so well cut out, am I not, for a trap-catcher? She wanted me, of course, to secure him—'Now do, Woodville,' as cool as Beatrice asking Benedick to challenge Claudio."

"Well, but as you had him locked up, what did you do with him?"

"Why, as soon as I showed her—and it was no easy matter,

is **such** a pig-headed thing—that there was nothing in prudence to be **done** but let him go about his business, we went back to the room, and found nobody there; he must have discovered that he was locked in, and jumped out of the window.”

“His alarm was superfluous,” said Alexander. “I see, Woodville, you are of Dogberry’s way of thinking in such cases.”

“Well, I am—there’s no more about it—but I’m not an officer of justice like Dogberry. I’m neither a doctor nor a constable, and I have been expected to perform the duties of both; it’s rather hard, but it’s all over now; only wait until you catch me on this side of the Alps again!”

Alexander only smiled, and observed that the gendarmerie at least might have been set on Mr. Hardy’s traces.

“Oh, that all was done, but without result. I forgot to tell you, that the fellow must have hurt himself; under the windows of Mr. Evelyn’s apartment, the lake had shrunk and left the stones dry. It seems he cut himself badly, for there was a quantity of blood found on them.—You had a better time of it I hope.”

Poor Woodville forgot all his own little troubles when he heard what his friend had gone through.

“One of us is a hero, at all events,” he cried; “you came into the world too late; you ought to have appeared with the dragons and griffins. Have you any more tasks to perform?”

“Nothing more here: I shall have enough to do when I get back to England. How did you leave Mr. Evelyn?”

“Out of all danger for the present; but I agree with his physician, who knows his constitution well, that his life will not be protracted long. I doubt if he will ever revisit Orta.”

“And you learned nothing of his past history?”

“Oh,” cried Woodville, “but I did, a great deal; and the strangest history it is you ever heard.”

Alexander was of the same opinion when Woodville repeated all that Dr. Lawrence told him, and which he would doubtless have heard from Hardy had he not repelled his impertinent communicativeness.

“When do we start?” said the artist.

“As soon as ever you are ready. I am as anxious as you are to get to the other side of the Alps.”

In a few hours the two young men were in the diligence that crosses Mont Cenis, and Woodville was showing his friend his sketches of Miss Evelyn and the villa she was to build herself some day or other on the banks of her beloved lake. Alexander would perhaps have regarded them with greater interest had he not been so deeply absorbed in the painful news he had received from home, and haunted by the features of Hardy, so strangely like

those of his father's partner. Woodville sympathised strongly with him, and was lost in admiration of the rare modesty which made him leave Turin without either visiting the British minister, even writing to Miss Evelyn an account of his adventures. But the artist had another occupation for his silent musings, the impression which he could not help thinking Miss Evelyn must have made on his friend to inspire him both with the skill of a Talleyrand and the force of a Hercules; for with the consciousness of his own weaker metal, his parallels seemed too high for Alexander's achievements. But in overrating them, Woodville probably equally overrated the effect of the lady's attractions, misled by the tacit reference to himself. Had Woodville for a moment got entangled among the myrtles, he would probably have lain in the amorous thicket all his days, while his friend was the man gallantly to pluck a sprig, then brush them aside with gallantry of another kind, perhaps indeed to make his way back to them after many years.

At all events, if the young lawyer was smitten, he was not wounded; but if he had been, he was soon under the best possible regimen for an incipient disease of the heart.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CRASH IN CHANCERY LANE, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS AUTHOR AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

PERHAPS indeed few young men of his time, in any of the professions, went through a greater amount of hard work, rendered still more severe by the trying circumstances hereafter to be mentioned, than Frederick Alexander, in the ten or dozen years that ensued after his vacation tour with Woodville. He was a man of mature years before the multiplicity of his affairs and his intense devotion to business permitted him again to revisit the scenes in which we have made his acquaintance, or allowed him, indeed, to dwell very often on the agreeable recollections they had left behind them. For a life of labour he was fully prepared on his return to England; but the peculiar difficulties in which that active life was to commence, and the change in his own career destined to result from them, he could not possibly have foreseen. His father, a man far advanced in years, had for nearly half a century been a solicitor of the first eminence in London. He had a partner, as the reader already knows, named Moffat, much his junior, a very clever man—many people thought too clever: a remark often made of attorneys; the meaning of it in general being that their honesty is not on a par with their ability.

in it is that at no time did Nicholas Moffat possess the personal character of his partner. There had been an early speck upon his life, arising out of transactions not immediately connected with his profession; but old Mr. Alexander had always been of opinion that there was no solid ground for the imputations under which he suffered, and that opinion (corroborated as it was by the continuance of the partnership) carried a weight with it which had the effect, in the course of time, of almost effacing the blot altogether. There was indeed, another thing against Moffat, which was evidently not his fault but his misfortune. He had the ill-luck to have a brother who had been clerk to a stockbroker in the City, and in that capacity committed a series of frauds, which, having been at length detected, led to his sudden disappearance, to keep out of the reach of the law. Of this scamp of a brother, however, less and less had been heard of late years, and at the present period he was almost beginning to be forgotten altogether; or, if his name did occasionally come up, it was only when some one who had known him wondered where he was about, or in what part of the world he was pursuing his practices. Upon the whole, the moral reputation of Nick Moffat (as he was familiarly called) was steadily rising to the level of his partner for cleverness; and as Mr. Alexander waxed old, the junior partner naturally became the main-stay of the business. Popularity of a certain kind Moffat always enjoyed; he had a winning address, convivial talents of no common order—at least, they were so considered in the circle he moved in. He was a very entertaining talker; told a good story well; had a great many odds and ends of knowledge, chiefly in plays and facetious authors, English and French; sang a comic song now and then when he was pressed; and was, besides, a very good mimic, though that was a gift which he was too shy to exhibit except under still higher pressure. Those who met Nicholas Moffat at a dinner-table or a supper, could hardly believe he was the same man whom they had seen at his desk in the office, up to his ears in business, and every inch an attorney. His pleasant qualities were one cause of the ascendancy he had over old Alexander, who loved to be amused when he was not at his work, and enjoyed nothing so much as his partner's fun, with a good glass and a bottle of good wine to draw it out. Mrs. Alexander, however, our friend's mother, an excellent woman, of the strictest principles and rather severe notions of propriety, was not by any means so fond as her husband of Moffat's company, which she only tolerated, and not always with a good grace. With feminine tenacity, as it turned out, with feminine penetration, she persisted in regarding him with distrust. The original black spot on his name was always floating before her eyes, like one of the *muscæ volitantes* before the vision of an habitual dyspeptic. She used to call his plea-

santries buffooning, and particularly detested a habit he had of winking with one eye by way of giving humorous emphasis to his observations which were often more highly spiced than either delicacy or good taste would have exacted. On the whole, she disliked him extremely, and infinitely preferred the society and quiet conversation of such a plain man as Mr. Marjoram, another member of the same profession, and a great friend of the family. As for Frederick, his acquaintance, he rather took his mother's view of the question, though he never showed any actual aversion to Mr. Moffat, except that he would occasionally leave the dinner-table to join his mother and female guests sooner than was flattering to the comic solicitor.

Such was the state of things in Chancery Lane and at the Regent Park, where the Alexanders lived, when Frederick, on the point of being called to the Bar, went abroad on his vacation tour. He had originally been intended to step into his father's shoes, and, after leaving the public school where he was educated, had actually complied with the conditions necessary for admittance on the rolls of attorneys; but his superior abilities, and an aptitude he had shown for public speaking in a debating-society, had induced his father to change his plans and destine him for that more elevated walk of the legal profession, which leads to the highest honours of the State.

A very short time elapsed, however, after Frederick's return to England, before the events occurred which the distressing letters he received at Turin had foreshadowed. He returned to London towards the end of September, and before the term commenced in which he was to have been called to the Bar, his father was a ruined man, ruined by the villanies of his clever and entertaining partner.

For some time previous, not only were the original causes of suspicion against Moffat the topic of private conversation in professional circles, but fresh impeachments of his probity were in everybody's mouth; and only the Alexanders themselves were unaware that their firm itself was spoken of as being involved in ugly transactions. Old Mr. Alexander had just at this time one of his periodical fits of the gout—a disorder to which he had always been subject—and, connected, it may be presumed, with his partiality to the bottle. During his confinement on such occasions, it had always been the practice for Mr. Moffat to come daily to his house and talk over all matters of business as required their joint consideration. During his present fit, Moffat came for some days as usual, and all seemed to go on well; though Mrs. Alexander, with her sharp eyes, as she watched him going away from over the blinds of the dining-parlour window, was positive she saw something dangerous in his face, and told her son, in the course of the evening, that she was confident that a secret was loose. The next day, instead of Moffat himself, came a man

om him : he was obliged to stay all day in one of the Courts where great case of theirs was to be tried or argued. The next day brought neither Moffat nor any communication from him. Still the old man in his great chair was perfectly easy in his mind, nor had his muffled foot a single twinge more than usual ; but the old lady could stand the suspense no longer, and insisted on her son going at once to Chancery Lane and seeing how matters stood.

The crisis had come—the bird of prey had flown. Poor Frederick found Mr. Potter, the conducting clerk, a faithful old officer of the firm, with the tears running down his cheeks and wringing his hands over the wreck of the great business of Alexander and Moffat.

Scores of clients, and several whole families, were deeply injured and utterly ruined with it. The precise nature of Moffat's various practices is not material to the main course of our story. Suffice it to say that the branch of business in which he was most eminent was also that which enabled him to perpetrate his greatest frauds. Any one had a sum of five, or ten, or twenty thousand pounds which he wanted to lay out on a good mortgage, or in the purchase of a handsome annuity, Moffat was the man for his purpose. He was believed to obtain the best investments for his clients of any number of his profession ; and as to security, he made himself notorious for carrying his scruples on that subject to excess. If Mr Moffat lost the command of his temper, it was with a client who was so eager to come into the receipt of six or eight per cent.

His money, as not to be as nice as his attorney about the due to the estate on which the money was to be lent. He did not decline the largest transactions of this nature ; but he was best known for his success in small ones, and had reasons of his own for preferring them. When an elderly maiden lady, living in the suburbs on a modest income in the Three per Cents., grew suddenly discontented with so shabby a return and determined to better herself ; or when a retired major in the army in a boarding-house at Egham or Bath came into a legacy of a few thousands, and wanted to make the most of it, they knew where to go, both one and the other, if the name of Nick Moffat had ever reached them. There was a score of such cases—for the most part spinsters, struggling widows, officers on half-pay, or poor country clergymen with large families. Moffat was an habitual frequenter of boarding-houses, dropathic establishments, and other such asylums of widows and old maids, who were generally the birds he spread his nets for. The hardest widow in England found some one sharper than herself in the wily attorney, who almost literally picked her pockets while he made her die of laughing with his endless tricks and pleasantries, for it was in those miscellaneous resorts where he gave the fullest fling to his diverting talents, as well as to his fraudulent designs. The

former indeed were as much the instruments of the latter, as a centre-bit and jemmy are of a burglar's profession. Up to the first blow-up, his victims received their interest pretty regularly; but to the principal, when Moffat disappeared on that fine autumn morning, it was either in his pocket or the moon—that fabled repository of everything lost on earth. The nature of such title-deeds as any of his dupes had may be conjectured, but many of them had none at all. Moffat had a great iron safe, or rather an impenetrable fortress, looking solid enough to resist a park of artillery, and which held tons of parchments, and when one of these unfortunates called at his office to receive his interest, or complain of some delay in paying it, he would open the ponderous door of the receptacle, point to a bundle of papers, and say:—

“There are your title-deeds, Miss Fazakerly, just under the Duke of Marlborough's;” or, “There are yours, Mr. Shepherd, beside the Earl of Winchelsea's”—a proximity which it is to be presumed, Mr. Moffat knew something of human nature, conveyed to the worst lady or poor vicar the idea of as great security as is to be had here below.

The good old gouty attorney might have stood the crash, had it involved only pecuniary loss; but the blow to the credit of the house was sentence of death to him; and when he died in a few weeks, it was doubtful whether a thousand pounds would remain for the Alexander family, after fully satisfying the claims of everyone who had been plundered.

The family fortunately consisted only of Frederick and his mother, whose position, suddenly reduced from affluence to the verge of poverty, became an object of the deepest concern and commiseration of their numerous friends and acquaintance. Fortunately, also, they possessed in Mr. Marjoram, whose name has already been incidentally mentioned, an intelligent, honest, and devoted friend, who, with the general consent of the clients, undertook the winding-up of the affairs. There was occasion now for all this gentleman's energy and experience, and he did more than enough to earn for himself the lasting gratitude of the Alexanders. But the mischief done was not to be repaired in one year, or two; and a less diffident man than Mr. Marjoram might have confessed that there was too much work for one head or a single pair of shoulders. In short, if the firm was not only to be extricated from its difficulties, but its business and character revived, it was soon apparent, not only to Mr. Marjoram himself, but to the wisest of the late Mr. Alexander's friends, that it could only be done by the aid and instrumentality of his son. In other words, it was considered absolutely necessary that Frederick should relinquish the Bar, with all its hopes and aspirations, and embark in the humbler walk of the profession for which his father had originally

intended him. It was a great sacrifice which young Alexander was called upon to make, and he had sanguine friends and relatives who doubted if it was prudent for him to make it. But he himself took the sober view of the question, and only asked himself which was the surest and speediest way to re-establish the good name of his family, and recover for his mother the position, independence, and comfort from which she had been abruptly hurled. In a very short time, accordingly, he was enrolled a solicitor, and the advantages of the arrangement were soon evident in the more rapid disentanglement of affairs and the restoration of the confidence and respect which his very name was calculated to command. Almost his first client when he entered his new walk of life was Mr. Eglamour, whose friendship he had made at Turin. Mr. Eglamour placed all his affairs in his hands, and served him further by many hearty recommendations to influential people. In short, in five or six years from his father's death, not only were the bulk of the obligations discharged to the utmost that the most scrupulous conscience could have held the firm honourably bound, but his mother was again in the enjoyment of a decent competency, to which every year made an increase. At the time of which we now speak, when as many more years had elapsed, the names of Marjoram and Alexander stood among the foremost members of their profession.

Mr. Marjoram had great oddities as well as great virtues, though they would hardly have been oddities at all in a man of any calling but his. They were of a rural character, and chiefly shown in a passion for flowers and horticulture. He lived in a cottage at Twickenham with two maiden sisters who shared his devotion to Flora; indeed, there was only one thing on earth they loved better than their garden, and that one thing was their excellent brother. It was rarely, indeed, that these innocent tastes interfered perceptibly with Marjoram's attention to business; and it is only just to say that they never interfered with it at all during the lengthened period when the interests of others so vitally depended upon his diligence and exertions. During that crisis, for the first time in his life, he almost forgot his flowers, or thought of them only on the one welcome day of the week when he rested from his professional labours. But he indemnified himself amply for the sacrifices of that busy and trying time by the redoubled ardour with which he returned to his pinks and roses as soon as prospects brightened and the firm began again to prosper. He was always, however, a conscientious, hard-working attorney, and though far inferior in ability to his young partner, was so indispensable to him that, even had the ruling passion betrayed itself more provokingly or inopportunately than in fact it ever did, Alexander would have borne it with the most good-humoured equanimity. On the whole, they worked admirably well together;

they were not only strongly attached to one another, but they were thoroughly agreed upon the principles on which their business was to be conducted. Prudent men involved in litigation will always look narrowly to the reputation of their solicitors; but Messrs. Marjoram and Alexander looked just as narrowly to the reputation of their clients. They shunned the business of the greatest mercantile houses whose system of trading they had reason to suspect being fraudulent and hollow. They refused to have anything to do with the banks that commenced the business of the day with prayer and psalmody and took only evangelical clerks into their service. Thus, when such a house broke and spread misery and ruin far and wide, they were in a position to throw their talents and activity into the scale of the widow and orphan, instead of being committed to the defence of the blackest criminals that can stand at the bar of the Old Bailey. In prosecuting cases of this description, they have repeatedly distinguished themselves; and it was notorious that they never looked to pecuniary remuneration alone when once they were engaged in tracking the mazes of a dishonest bankruptcy, or arresting the career of a bubble company. But for some time back, owing to Alexander's versatility, and the necessity his active mind was under of finding new scope for the ability which had been diverted from its original proper destination, the firm had been to some extent engaged in the management of landed property. This, which began with mere auditorship and by degrees went further, was particularly Alexander's province. It was not an extension of the business which Messrs. Marjoram quite relished, and latterly Alexander himself had been rather disposed to contract than increase it. But more than enough has been said of these dry matters.

The handsome youth of the *Orta* days was now one of the finest men of mature years in England. His personal attractions, with his social qualities and old devotional dispositions to the fairer part of the creation, led him, it will easily be believed, into many other resorts besides the courts of law or the Committee-rooms of the House of Commons. Such a man was sure to be a welcome guest wherever he appeared. Whether it was accident, as probably it was, or whether it was owing to his popularity with the sex, certain it is that he had not been many years in his father's shoes before his office counted an unusual number of lady-clients—dowagers, heiresses, fair wards-in-Chancery, &c., the only serious result of which as yet was that it gained for Alexander the *sobriquet*, by which he often went in legal circles, of "the Lady's Attorney."

MARMION SAVAGE

A NOTE ON DR. BASTIAN'S PAPER "ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THINKING."

IN an article under the above designation in the January number of this REVIEW, Dr. Bastian has imputed to me a doctrine that I do not hold, respecting the mental seat or embodiment of language, and has, moreover, advanced what appear to me erroneous views on the mental processes connected with our muscular movements generally.

I have expressed, in various passages of the work referred to by Dr. Bastian, the opinion, that language, so far as spoken, is remembered by us, partly as auditory impressions, partly as articulations; while, in written language, there is the addition of visible signs, which leave behind them visual recollections; there being thus two sensory elements and one motory element, while, if we were to count the power of writing, there would be a second motory element. In thus including articulate recollections, I have been careful to give them a *second* place, as compared with the ear and the eye. The following passage is a summary of these views:—

"The earliest acquisitions of the purely verbal kind—short, familiar forms of speech, prayers, rhymes, and stories—are examples of pure verbal adhesiveness. They depend upon the circumstances contributing to verbal memory all through life. If we try to fix the probable order of importance of the several conditions, we shall have to place *first* the Articulate Ear, and *next* the vocal endowment as regards Articulation; it being a rule of the constitution, for which there is strong presumptive evidence, that the *sensitive side* of the cerebral organisation is more receptive and *retentive* than the *active side*."—"The Senses and the Intellect," p. 436, third edition.

Having uniformly expressed this opinion as to the intellectual embodiment of language, I was surprised to find Dr. Bastian attributing to me the doctrine that the memory for language consists *solely* of the memory of articulations. No doubt he produces a passage that, taken by itself, strongly favours this view; and if that passage had occurred in a place where I was considering the whole subject of language, he would have been entitled to the inference that he makes. But the passage occurs in a totally different connection. It relates to the inquiry—what is the physical seat or embodiment of our ideas generally—both muscular and sensory; and is adduced in support of the proposition that the nervous tracks of our ideas are the same as the nervous tracks of the corresponding sensations or states in the actual; the memory of a sound being a agitation of the nerve circles excited during the original sound. In proof of this doctrine, it is given as fact that "a suppressed articulation is the material of the recollection of speech;" which is what Dr. Bastian adduces in order to sustain upon me the opinion that there is *no other* form of verbal recollection but articulations. Perhaps I should have been more careful in guarding myself against such an interpretation; but it could not well occur to me that any one would overlook all the places where I expressly handled the question of verbal memory, and put exclusive stress upon a passage where a totally different question was under discussion, to which the allusion to language was merely incidental and subsidiary. What concerned the subject in hand was the circumstance that the articulate form of the idea of language is the form most

apparent to our self-consciousness; the auditory form was believed to be less apparent to the introspective observer, and therefore not a convincing instance to cite by way of showing that the physical embodiment of our ideas approximates to the actual manifestation. I believed, and still believe, that everybody could be conscious of suppressed, of all but out-spoken, articulations, when meditating or thinking by means of language, and that we are seldom very vividly conscious of ideas of sounds in these mental operations. If I had supposed with Dr. Bastian that, in thinking by language, articulate remembrances are nothing, and auditory remembrances everything, I should have referred to our consciousness of the auditory ideas; but, as my own consciousness does not testify to this view, I could not quote it for that purpose.

Dr. Bastian's reasonings consist partly in showing that articulate recollections have no part in our memory of language, and partly in maintaining the more general thesis, that, in thought generally, our sensory ideas (as sights, sounds, touches) are everything, and our muscular ideas (resistance, movement, &c.) nothing. More important issues hang upon his larger thesis than upon this smaller; and I will briefly notice his facts and reasonings regarding both.

He begins with infancy, and remarks truly enough that previous to the ability to articulate, that is, during the first year of life, the ideas of language must consist solely of sounds. The child learns to connect actions and objects with the names as sounded; and when these names are pronounced, they recall the actions or the objects. That this process is efficiently performed there can be no doubt; even the infant of a few months is amenable to command and direction; when it hears the name "Johnny," it can turn and fix its gaze upon the person so called. But Dr. Bastian too hastily assumes the inverted operation—objects recalling names, a possible process no doubt implied in the fact of association, yet at that stage serving no end and giving no evidence of its existence. There is neither proof nor probability that the child indulges in recollections of sounds by themselves, trains of auditory ideas ending in nothing. None of its operations require such trains; and there is the greatest unlikelihood that they are indulged in previous to the stage when they can be reproduced in speech, or become a guide to action.

Granting, therefore, as we must, that the inarticulate infant remembers language solely as sounds, are we to infer that when it acquires a new instrumentality for embodying words, it will follow a blind conservatism, and refuse to depart from the early auditory embodiment? Is not the very contrary the more probable hypothesis? It is only on the supposition that the new instrument is so very inferior as to be all but useless, that we should refrain from making use of it. We do not refrain in after life from learning the visible signs of language, because as babies we took no heed of them, and could not even fix attention upon them. It lies with Dr. Bastian to prove that there is so little coherence in our proper articulate recollections that they cannot be adopted as ideas of language in the way that visible signs can be; and therefore, that after articulation has become possible, we still continue to nurse the auditory impressions in their isolation.

Let us now glance at his theory of articulation, and especially of the acquisitions involved in the power of speaking. In my view, the learning to articulate sounds heard,—that is, vocal imitation—is a vast acquirement, a body of associations of the several sounds heard with the articulate movements necessary to reproduce them. The power of articulating one alphabetic syllable, and

not, is already an agglomeration of articulate movements and positions, involving a definite set and definite impulses given to the chest, larynx, and mouth. That there should be any backwardness in associating these various attitudes and impulses—an intrinsic feebleness, an almost nothingness, in the adhesion of muscular movements—is not consistent with the primary ability to utter the A B C. But when we consider that imitation, beginning with letters, proceeds to their groupings in words, and still further to the cadence or *melos* accompanying the utterance of these words, to the high pitch or low pitch, the intensity or feebleness of the articulation, not to speak of the vast accomplishments of the actor and elocutionist—we must admit that a very great number of distinct associations have been formed among the purely motor impulses of the articulate organs. When one is able to repeat a sentence after another person, in his very tones and manner, not only must there be an association between a sound heard and a vocal exertion; there must also be a very complicated association or grouping, an acquired adhesion (one of many) among the numerous movements of chest, larynx, and mouth, conspiring in the act of enunciating what has been heard. Remove or attenuate the adhesiveness of muscular movements, and, as I believe, the power of speech must be dissolved, whatever be the goodness of the auditory impressions. The association between auditory impressions and complicated muscular actions is hardly conceivable unless there be some cohesion between the movements involved in each muscular grouping.

I find it difficult to concentrate in a few words the counter theory of Dr. Bastian respecting the power of articulation. He postulates largely the hereditary predisposition to vocal combinations; but does not include the essential complement of this hypothesis (in the view of its principal author, Mr. Herbert Spencer), that the hereditary tendency is itself an ancient acquisition, and therefore supposes the very muscular adhesiveness in dispute. Well, hereditary prompting being taken for granted, the infant commences with *inde* utterances more or less articulate; and in these crude attempts, it may, *truly* by accident, and partly by virtue of its own *feeble imitative efforts*, come to reproduce sounds uttered in its hearing. On this, however, I would *surmise*, that there is no proper imitation, not even a feeble one, at that stage; *imitative* process is a much more serious affair than it is here represented. *It*, after repetitions, definite nerve connections are formed suitable for the *truly* performance of the act in question. This, of course, we all admit; and *the* author had said further that the definite connections are formed partly *between* the articulating movements themselves (truly muscular adhesive *groupings*), and partly between the muscular groupings thus formed, and the *auditory* impressions, he would have avoided the present controversy. *He* goes on to remark that although a remembered sound is the first symbol *thought* to the child, a secondary association is gradually established between *a* remembered sound and the articulating effort. The question then arises, *are* the symbols in future constituted still by the passive auditory impressions, *or* by the remembered combinations of muscular movement. To him, it is *identical*, after careful introspection, that when language is used as a vehicle of *meditative* thinking, the separate words are recalled, not at all as motor processes of articulation, but solely as resuscitated memories of the sounds of words.

On this point I join issue with the author, and maintain, not merely on the

evidence of my own introspective consciousness, but on evidence such as ~~any~~ one can judge of, that the recollection of language is, not always, indeed, ~~but~~ very frequently, a series of suppressed articulations. There are occasions ~~when~~ the verbal recollections are more or less of the auditory impressions, and ~~other~~ occasions when they are nearly altogether articulate recollections. The following are some of the facts relied on to support the allegation :—

In the first place, the cases where our recollections of language are principally ideas of sound, are probably those where we originally acquired the language by the ear, or as spoken in our hearing. What we take in by the ear, we naturally remember by the ear. A sentence uttered by an impressive speaker is likely to be remembered in great part as an impression of sound; the very cadence of the voice will be recalled with the characteristic articulations. Still, as we are aware that hearing the speech of others is a thing of little use unless we can repeat it, we have, I think, a great tendency to follow the speaker with a series of articulate movements of our own, whereby we embrace the words in the articulate grasp, as well as receive them passively on the ear. All persons in the attitude of learners, being conscious of the demand that will be made on them to repeat what they hear, are very strongly disposed to chime in by their own articulation (in the quiet or suppressed form) with the utterance of the speaker, and, in fact, to neglect comparatively the mere auditory impressions.

I have quoted the case that is most favourable to Dr. Bastian's hypothesis of auditory ideas of language. I will now give the instances that seem more or less to exclude auditory ideas, and to throw the stress of the acquisition on the articulate ideas. There are some strong facts of this character. Take the case of the child conning its lessons without being allowed to speak aloud. Here the only mental effects allowed, in the first instance at least, are upon the eye, and upon the articulating organs. What, then, is the actual course described? The child looks at the sentence to be committed to memory, and then repeats it in a suppressed articulation; if there be a break, it refers to the book, and again repeats articulately, till the string of words becomes coherent. Now, in such circumstances one would say that the coherence takes place either in the visual circles, or in the articulate, or, most probably, in both. The act of hearing being entirely excluded from the lesson, there could be no association of sounds, unless by the circuitous process of first suggesting the ideas of the words as sounded, and then forming an association between these suggested ideal sounds. But there is neither proof nor presumption that any such operation is gone through. The obvious supposition, until the contrary can be shown, is, that the material of the recollection is a compound of the visual symbols and the articulate associations.

The same process is repeated on the great scale by the student who derives his knowledge from books not read aloud. This must be effected through the eye, in the first place; but as he feels that he will some time or other have to repeat the substance of his reading, he accompanies the eye with a faint articulating movement; and if he lays aside the book for a moment, to try whether he remembers it, he puts himself to the test chiefly by an experiment of articulation. I challenge any man to maintain that he remembers a passage read either purely as a printed page seen by the eye, or purely as suggested ideas how it would sound if pronounced.

Still more decisive than these is the fact that the deaf have been taught to speak.

us further refer to our common consciousness in thinking, by means of age. In the memory of a very familiar train of utterances, as the yet, what is certainly uppermost in consciousness is a series of ideas of relations. There may be underneath a train of ideas of sound; these may groundwork of the connection; but they are not discernible in such a way they could be proved only by indirect indications. The same remark applies to other simple cases of thinking by means of language, as in performing an operation in mental arithmetic. When we perform, without manual sums, differences, and products—when we pronounce seven and six to be ten, five times nine forty-five, and so on, we are directly conscious of an articulating process. The articulations "seven and six" are followed, in immediate sequence, by the articulation "thirteen." The association may have originally been formed otherwise; there may have been a linking of sounds, a linking of sights, but what is most prominent (as far as appears) is a series of articulations.

Bastian advances what he considers an unanswerable objection to the doctrine of articulate ideas, and indeed of muscular consciousness generally, whether in actuality or in idea, that if such a doctrine were true, we should have all our separate muscles independently of anatomical study. I have taken as a fact of our muscular consciousness, that we are differently affected in feeling as we put forth much or little muscular force; that, for example, holding in the hand a weight of four pounds, we have a certain consciousness, and that this varies if the weight be increased or diminished. I have thought it very difficult for any one to deny this fact; nor is it contrary to the existence of the consciousness that we should know which muscles are in operation, or how many are engaged by the effort. We know we are in a certain state called the exercise of force, and we need not know anything further as regards that simple act. What staggers Dr. Bastian is a difficulty no doubt, and would require a good deal of explanation on the subject of analysing our sensations, which I have given elsewhere. I can only reply to him here by inquiring if he is prepared to deny muscular consciousness in shape and form, and to resolve all apparent cases of it into passive motion. His answer is that the discriminative feeling (so far as it is revealed by consciousness) is "in the majority of cases, ill defined and vague, and that of the feelings accompanying muscular movements are not only revived by consciousness much more indistinctly than are the memories pertaining to other or passive (?) senses, but that such feelings have the smallest possible amount of adhesiveness of this kind." I should like to know, before commenting on his statement, what he means by the "*majority of cases*," for if he would admit a respectable minority of exceptions, I might be satisfied. But he makes no exception, and endeavours to explain away the more obvious cases in a manner that calls for remark. Thus, he adverts to the estimation of weight at the best instance of discriminative muscular feeling; but this feeling, as he says, is a compound one, being partly made of tactile feelings of pressure, and partly of muscular feeling; but what are the proportions of the two elements of the discriminative feeling—muscular or active, and tactile or passive? The experiments of Dr. Bastian enable us to answer that the nicety of discrimination by means of the muscular feeling is at least twice or three times the discrimination by the tactile feeling alone.

Next, with regard to sight, uniformly represented in the paper as the perfect type of passive sensation. Dr. Bastian seems unaware that sight is now generally considered as a mixed sense, and that the visual sensations are partly muscular feelings and partly optical feelings. In all that regards visible movement and visible form, the muscular consciousness, it is now contended, is the indispensable element; the optical sensations merely guiding the movement. Naked outlines, as the diagrams of Euclid and the alphabetical characters, are, to say the least of it, three parts muscular and one part optical; their retention is supposed to depend upon the adhesive property of the ocular muscles and their nerve centres, and not upon purely optical circles. The memory of a visible form, as the rainbow, contains the consciousness of a muscular sweep; the windings of a river, which, in the actual view, have to be followed by movements of the eye, are remembered as ideal movements. Now, although everyone may not acquiesce in this mode of representing vision, yet the very existence of such a theory should have restrained Dr. Bastian from putting forward sight as the unquestioned type of *passive* sensations.

I agree with him that, considering the distinct character of the muscular feelings, from being connected with the active, or motor side of the nervous system, we are entitled to ask "whether these feelings are at all revivable in idea, and whether they can be conjured up alone without their usual concomitants?" I admit that this point must stand on its own evidence, and is not to be inferred from the analogy of our passive sensibilities. But there is, as it seems to me, no positive presumption against it; while the unsupported allegations of Dr. Bastian are insufficient to disprove it. And surely we possess recollections of weights, of forces, of resistances, of our past exertions and fatigues, of our movements, and manipulations, not wholly resolvable into sensation. Indeed, the primary fact that we call Resistance and Force is utterly undervivable from any form of passive sensibility; it is the antithesis, the contrasting term, that gives a meaning to passive sensation. I have above adduced the facts showing that articulation is a thing of the consciousness, and forms adhesive growths; and above all, the eye, with its motor element, seems to me to be the convincing exemplification of the active consciousness.

Dr. Bastian is of opinion that the view propounded by him would assist, much more than the other view, in elucidating the phenomena of loss of speech, which have been of late a subject of considerable attention, and to which he has contributed a series of observations. I have carefully read his paper (*British and Foreign Medical Review*, January, 1869), without being able to discover any special fitness in his doctrine, either for classifying the different forms of speechlessness, or for assisting in the interpretation of the cases. On the contrary, it seems to me that in those cases where the impairment of mental functions does not go beyond the power of articulating, the more obvious way of stating them would be, that the nervous tracks of articulate coherence have been diseased, without the disease extending to the tracks of the auditory and other sensory impressions. Patients that can understand what is said, and that can write their thoughts while unable to speak, may be easily supposed to have a paralysis of articulation simply; this would impair to a certain extent their ability to think; but, not wholly, as there would still be left the visual and the auditory trains, together with the muscular aptitude for writing.

ALEXANDER BAIN.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, AND HIS LETTERS TO ME. By EDWARD DEVRIENT, Official Director of the Opera at Karlsruhe. Translated from the German by NATALIA MACFARREN. London: Bentley. 10s. 6d.

MY fresh instalment that we receive of information about Mendelssohn's life and character brings out into clearer and clearer prominence the intimate connection which existed between his music and his personal nature. This connection exists, no doubt, between the man and his works in the case of all true composers. But in no instance is the function of musical sound, as an expression of the inner life, more clearly manifest than in that of the last of the great masters. I suppose I am only repeating the opinion of many musical critics when I say that, long before I knew anything of Mendelssohn's personal history or of his letters, his music presented to me a most vivid picture of a twofold nature, in which all that was deepest and most permanent in the mind was in perpetual conflict with a most excitable and even distressing nervous temperament. His feelings, his judgment, and his principles, seemed to be ever striving after an embodiment of an intense love for all that is beautiful, grand, and vigorous; while his whole nervous system was but too often flurried, eager, impatient, and impetuous. With all his keen perception of the supremacy of harmony—using the word in its popular sense—the life of all things, animate and inanimate, his soul seemed enthralled in a frame so hyper-sæsthetic—to adopt a pathological phrase—that his activity was habitually to become hurry, and his energy was transformed into uncontrolled excitement. This union of the two elements in his nature is now laid before us by Herr Devrient's "Recollections," with a fulness and distinctness hitherto wanting. Herr Devrient was Mendelssohn's affectionate and unchanging friend from the time when the boy of thirteen was already giving proof of his prodigious powers. He himself was a young opera singer at Berlin, and in his capacity as a baritone first made the acquaintance of the Mendelssohns, and assisted at the private performances of the boy's little pieces. The young lady to whom he was engaged speedily became intimate with Fanny Mendelssohn, and a general family friendship sprang up which never died away.

Judging from his book, Herr Devrient is a remarkable man among operatic reformers. He strikes me as a person of considerable good sense, penetration, candour, and of general abilities well cultivated. His affection and veneration for Mendelssohn are profound, and yet he contrives to paint with a vigorous touch the defects in his friend's nature which at times irritated many people, and so far marred the completeness of a character which, even with these drawbacks, was singularly noble, sweet, and pure. It will surprise many persons who hold the career of an opera singer in very low esteem, to learn that it was to Herr Devrient that Mendelssohn first applied for a Biblical oratorio when he had fixed upon St. Paul as the subject of his first oratorio,

considering him a perfectly capable Biblical scholar. Herr Devrient of course declined the task, and recommended his friend to consult a professional theologian instead.

Besides the completeness of the sketch of Mendelssohn himself, Herr Devrient's "Recollections" contain portraits of his family, which are as interesting as they are necessary to an adequate perception of the influences under which he grew up and lived. The scenes of the early performances and practisings in the Berlin drawing-room, the ways and natures of the father and mother, the character of Fanny Mendelssohn, whose sudden death so awfully affected Felix in after years, when his brain was already showing symptoms of the coming catastrophe, and the appearance and nature of the wife whom he married, to the great satisfaction of his friends, all these are sketched by Herr Devrient with a discrimination and cordial warmth which dispose the reader to place implicit confidence in his judgments. For similar reasons we may accept his never-changing conviction that in Mendelssohn lay, scarcely developed, the gift of dramatic writing in no ordinary degree. He formed the conviction while Felix was still a boy, and up to the very last the discussion of sundry proposed librettos went on between the friends. The elder Mendelssohn used to say, with much annoyance, that Felix was so absurdly difficult to please that he would never find either a libretto or a wife. When the music to the *Walpurgis-Nacht* was produced, Herr Devrient told Felix how much he was struck by the dramatic capabilities of the cantata. "It may be so," said Mendelssohn. "Try it." "So I will," replied his friend, "as soon as I have a stage at my disposal." And the present translator adds a note to say that Herr Devrient has fulfilled his promise, and that the *Walpurgis-Nacht* has been a stock piece at Carlsruhe ever since he was made director of the opera. Is it impossible that his adaptation of this splendid piece of poetic *diablerie* should be produced on the stage in London? Considering that the *Lorelei* remains a fragment, and that the *Son and Stranger* was designed only for home performance, and that Mendelssohn himself approved of his friend's scheme, it is surely worth while to give the suggestion a fair consideration.

J. M. CAPES.

CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS. By PHILIP BURTY. Pottery and Porcelain, Glass, Enamel, Metal, Goldsmith's Work, Jewellery, and Tapestry. Illustrated. Edited by W. CHAFFERS, F.S.A. London: Chapman & Hall. 1869. 16s.

"CRITICISM first: a time of true creative activity, perhaps,—which, as I have said, must inevitably be preceded amongst us by a time of criticism,—hereafter, when criticism has done its work." This is what Mr. Matthew Arnold predicts with reference to the literary art. The same prediction, qualified with the same "perhaps," may be hazarded with reference to the plastic and ornamental arts. One may say without fear of contradiction, and without risk of running into ill-considered generalities, that neither in the sovereign arts of painting and sculpture, nor in the subsidiary arts of decoration enumerated at the head of the present book, is this in which we live a time of true creative activity, a time of spontaneous, delightful, and inventive production. On the other hand, with reference to all these arts, it is a time of criticism the most indus-

and searching that the world has known. In these days of
 aents, and machine-made jewellery, our shelves groan with
 vory and practice of fine art. In the great creative days there
 ew treatises, such as those of Albrecht Dürer on perspective,
 a Vinci on painting, in which a master embodied in the form of
 alts of his own technical experience. All this leads towards
 ifficult and profoundly interesting kind on the mutual relations
 criticism; on the tendency of the one to extinguish the other,
 the one at any given time implying the weakness of the other;
 ng predominance in the history of our race of the critical spirit
 e spirit,—the critical spirit demanding chiefly the exercise of
 judgment, discrimination, analysis, and the conscious taking
 phenomena of the world; the creative spirit demanding chiefly
 synthesis, apprehension, imagination, the seizing on resem-
 e spontaneous adaptation and putting together again of the
 the world. But this is not the place for following out all the
 ested by the multiplication of books such as that before us. In
 ew, and when the absence of satisfactory artistic production is
 unt, such multiplication may serve to illustrate the incompati-
 tical spirit with the creative spirit; from another point of view,
 ke into account the interest in art of which such multiplication
 of and a cause, it may serve to show that the critical spirit is for
 antecedent of the creative spirit; it may serve to give us good
 od of production in the future. The spontaneous impulse to the
 tiful things has passed away from us, together with the sponta-
 enjoying them when produced; but we show ourselves not wholly
 e subject; we set ourselves with more or less zeal to acquire
 t the beautiful things which other people have produced; and the
 dissemination of this knowledge, if we do not put it headlong
 nical and imitative practice, may end by engendering in us the
 icity, and the impulse of spontaneous production. To recur to
 f Mr. Arnold, a long and widely combined critical effort, in the
 not less than in the higher arts, may some day produce that
 sustaining atmosphere which favours creative activity. This,
 t we have to hope for from the class of books, already very large
 upon us with surprising rapidity, of which M. Burty has here
 l example. His countrymen, it must be confessed, have suc-
 an other European nations in our day in combining, with reference
 arts, critical with creative activity; but with creative activity
 h depends mainly on the investigation, resuscitation, and more
 practice of bygone methods, and which therefore is not, as I
 have to look forward to in future.

l title of M. Burty's book are such as to emancipate him from
 adopting a strict historical method; and, indeed, his historical
 mely lax. He gives a sketch, rapid and often superficial, of the
 n turn of the industrial arts of which he treats, and then flings
 he winds in order to pounce upon that part of the subject with
 ost familiar, or towards which he feels the greatest attraction.
 s and French products naturally engross the lion's share of his

attention; concerning these he generally gives us detailed, complete, and exhaustive information, and his information is brought home to us by etchings and woodcuts of a thoroughly first-rate quality. Thus, under the head of "enamelled faience," M. Burty does what would be unpardonable in an historian, but is permissible in an essayist, and probably incumbent on a patriot,—he slurs over Greek fictile art with five pages and three illustrations, and gives about eighty pages and dozens of illustrations to the fictile art of modern France, from the Oiron ware of Mme. Gouffier and her assistants in the sixteenth century, down to the Moustiers ware of 1750—things original, fanciful, charming if you will, but not for an instant comparable in point of artistic or any other excellence with the glorious ceramic ware of ancient Greece. Similarly with the rest of the book, it would suffer little by the revision of that part of it which deals with remote and ancient products; its really valuable part is that which has to do with comparative modern home products, and the author treats these with accurate knowledge, and illustrates them from the best available sources.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Malay Archipelago. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. Two Volumes. Macmillan & Co. 24s.

AN instructive and valuable contribution to our knowledge of the natural history and physical geography of what a short while ago was one of the least known, as it is now one of the most intensely interesting, countries that the naturalist can read about. At the beginning of the present year Mr. Bickmore, an American traveller, published a volume upon parts of the same field which Mr. Wallace has now described. Mr. Bickmore's book, if we remember, was devoted principally to shells. The present work covers a good deal more, being full of accounts of beetles, birds, animals, and trees, while man and society are not neglected. Mr. Wallace was eight years in the country, and he appears to have had the great advantage of beginning his observations with large scientific preparation. Considering the new material which he so amply furnishes to the characteristic scientific discussion of the day, the conditions of species and organic development, his work is most important. The style in which it is written, and the very carefully-drawn illustrations, will help to make it attractive even to those who are not solicitous about the scientific bearings of it all.

Facts and Arguments for Darwin. By FRITZ MÜLLER. Translated from the German by W. S. DALLAS. With Illustrations. London: John Murray.

IN connection with the great controversy which has just been mentioned, it is proper to notice the appearance of a translation of Müller's "Für Darwin," which produced so great an effect in Germany five years ago, and in which the writer brought valuable facts confirmatory of the Darwinian hypothesis from the developmental history of the Crustacea. Apart from the view of evolution which the book was written to support, it is highly valued by competent persons as a repository of the facts in this order.

Is and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland. Edited after Spelman and Wilkins, by A. W. HADDAN and Professor RUBBS. Vol. I. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1869. 21s.

It is too much of the business which the Delegates are doing, the publishing of a new and complete edition of such a work as the "Concilia" is pre-emptive of those undertakings to which the Clarendon Press may most usefully be devoted. Such books do not pay in the commercial sense, and yet it is immensely important in the interests of history that they should be published and made generally accessible. Wilkins's work was done in 1737, so that it was time to bring modern lights upon these ancient documents. The present limits their undertaking to the pre-Reformation period. The first volume rehearses the British Church during the Roman period, during the period of Roman conquest, the Church of Wales down to the end of the thirteenth century, and the Church of Cornwall during the Saxon period.

Practical Technical Education for the English People. By J. SCOTT RUSSELL, M.A., F.R.S. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co. 1869. 14s.

Notwithstanding much absurdly stilted language, and of the virtual impotence of some of its aspirations, Mr. Scott Russell's book is well worth turning over. A good deal of it is the effusion of a *parleur*, very moderately done; but the spirit of the writer is excellent, his suggestions are all in the right direction, and many of them are specifically useful. Particularly worth noting—almost as much for the fact of there being such a chapter at all, as anything it contains—is that on the technical education of women. We feel that public opinion is being drawn to the root of things when writers begin to treat of the duties of the house-mother as something which a peculiar technical education can touch.

Northern Heights of London. By WILLIAM HOWITT. London: Longmans. 21s.

The quality of such a book as this is already established by its author's previous series of "Visits to Remarkable Places." It is fragmentary, about eminent people—more or less eminent—and remarkable events. The peg on which the gossip hangs is no more than that the eminent person was in this place or that. Mr. Howitt lived for some considerable time in the north of London; he naturally saw a good deal of Hampstead, Hornsey, Finsbury, and having a turn for historical or biographical association, he was interested in the various spots in which people of note had found a resting place. He sees the house in which Erskine lived, on the skirts of Hampstead Heath, and this is made the starting-point of a little account of him which fills up between twenty and thirty pages. There is not much to be found with such work. It is not history, nor biography, nor exactly topography, and it is a little of the nature of book-making; but book-making in a form may have its uses, and the reader may spend a most pleasant, and unutilitarian hour or two over Mr. Howitt's book.

Sweden's England. By MATTHEW BROWNE. Two Volumes. Hurst and Blackett. 24s.

A book that helps to draw readers to one of the brightest lights of English literature, itself the brightest sphere of English literature, must be welcome.

These two volumes, if they are perhaps rather too ample, still constitute a decided addition to our too scanty Chaucerian literature. They contain a lively and pleasantly-written commentary upon the *Canterbury Tales*, which are more than the text for an examination into the social spirit of Chaucer's times. From the stand-point, as in the chapter affectedly styled "Mediæval Nuditarianism," the modern stand-point on its weaker and least robust side; but the descriptions are suggestive, and the illustrations from contemporary and old literature are apposite and helpful.

The Life of Edmund Kean. By F. W. HAWKINS. Two Volumes. Tin. Messrs. Brothers. 1869. 30s.

THE lives of actors are not seldom among the dullest of compositions, because the writers believe that such works ought above all things to be funny, and stuff them with bald and flat anecdote. Mr. Hawkins's life of Edmund Kean is more free from this fault than most books of the sort. He does not think it necessary, because he is writing the life of an actor, to turn play-actor on his own account. Of course he exaggerates the size of his subject, and presents his hero a trifle too profusely. This is the way of biographers. But his style is very even, and some of his stories are excellent; and the life of Kean is eventful enough to make a sufficiently lively and entertaining, if comparatively slight, book.

Idylls and Epigrams. By RICHARD GARNETT. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

THE taste for elegant trifles has been extinguished since Boileau lashed it for impertinence—

"L'avocat au palais en hérissa son style,
Le docteur en chaire en sèma l'Evangile."

But a competent rendering of portions of the Greek Anthology is something for which our literature may be thankful. Mr. Garnett's manner is classical, and he rarely trips. We have found but one objectionable couplet throughout the poemata, and that is in the lines from Agathias (No. 10). "Mirrorer" is detestable English, and it is made to rhyme with a bit of bad grammar. We can heartily recommend the volume.

History of England from the Earliest to the Present Time. In Five Volumes. By SIR EDWARD S. CREASY. Vol. I. London: J. Walton.

SIR EDWARD CREASY was formerly Professor of Modern History at University College, and the work, of which the present volume is an opening instalment, is apparently a reproduction of the lectures which he delivered in that capacity. On this ground the writer excuses the absence of references to authorities. But, so far at any rate, the history is hardly of a kind to call for such an apology. It will probably be a useful addition to the stock of compendious text-books for students, but scarcely has any claim to be a contribution to history. The first volume comes down to the end of the reign of Edward I., containing a succinct narrative of events from the earliest times, and rather brief criticisms of the usual points noticed by writers on constitutional history.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXIX. NEW SERIES.—MAY 1, 1869.

THORNTON ON LABOUR AND ITS CLAIMS.¹

PART I.

1. THORNTON long ago gave proof of his competency to the treatment of some of the most important questions of practical political economy, by two works of great merit, "Over Population and its remedy," and "A Plea for Peasant Proprietors." Of the latter of these especially it may be said, that nothing but the total absence, at the time of its publication, of any general interest in its subject, can account for its not having achieved a high repute and a wide circulation. The lack of interest in the subject has now ceased; opinion is rapidly changing in the direction which the author favours; and a new edition, with its facts brought down to the latest date, would be welcomed by advanced politicians, and would materially contribute to the formation of an enlightened judgment on one of the economical questions on which truth is most important, and prejudice still most rife.

The present work, though popular and attractive in style, is strictly scientific in its principles and reasonings; and is therefore, might be expected, strictly impartial in its judgments. A considerable part of the volume is employed in refuting the principles on which it is usual to rest those claims and aspirations of the labouring classes, which nevertheless the author, on better grounds, supports. No blind partisan on either side of the feud of labour against capital, will relish the book; but few persons of intelligence and impartiality who read it through, will lay it down without having reason to feel that they understand better than before some of the bearings of the questions involved in that conflict.

To this great practical merit are to be added two of a more

¹) *ON LABOUR, ITS WRONGFUL CLAIMS AND RIGHTFUL DUES, ITS ACTUAL PRESENT POSSIBLE FUTURE.* By WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, Author of "A Plea for Peasant Proprietors," &c. London, 1869. 14s.
O L N N

theoretic kind, to the value of which I am the more called upon to bear testimony, as on the particular points touched upon in this department I shall have to express more difference than agreement. First: it contains a discussion of one of the fundamental questions of abstract political economy (the influence of demand and supply on price), which is a real contribution to science, though, in my estimation, an addition, and not, as the author thinks, a correction, to the received doctrine. Secondly: in the attempt to go to the very bottom of the question, what are the just rights of labour on one side, and capital on the other, it raises the great issues respecting the foundation of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, in a manner highly provocative of thought. To lay down a definite doctrine of social justice, as well as a distinct view of the natural law of the exchange of commodities, as the basis for the deductions of a work devoted to such a subject as the principles and practice of Trades-Unionism, was inseparable from the thoroughness with which the author has sought to do his work. Every opinion as to the relative rights of labourers and employers, involves expressly or tacitly some theory of justice, and it cannot be indifferent to know what theory. Neither, again, can it be decided in what manner the combined proceedings of labourers or of employers affect the interests of either side, without a clear view of the causes which govern the bargain between them—without a sound theory of the law of wages.

Indeed, a theory of wages obtrusively meets the inquirer, at the threshold of every question respecting the relations between labourers and employers, and is commonly regarded as rendering superfluous any further argument. It is laid down that wages, by an irresistible law, depend on the demand and supply of labour, and can in no circumstances be either more or less than what will distribute the existing wages-fund among the existing number of competitors for employment. Those who are content to set out from generally-received doctrines as from self-evident axioms, are satisfied with this, and inquire no further. But those who use their own understanding, and look closely into what they assent to, are bound to ask themselves whether or in what sense wages do depend on the demand and supply of labour, and what is meant by the wages-fund.

The author of this work has asked himself these questions; and while he is, as his writings give evidence, well versed in political economy, and is able to hold his ground with the best in following out economical laws into their more obscure and intricate workings, he has become convinced that the barrier which seems to close the entrance into one of the most important provinces of economical and social inquiry, is a shadow which will vanish if we go boldly up to it. He is of opinion that economists have mistaken the scientific law not only of the price of labour, but of prices in general. It is

error, he thinks, that price, or value in exchange, depends on supply and demand.

There is one sense, in which this proposition of Mr. Thornton could be assented to by all economists; they none of them consider supply and demand to be the *ultimate* regulators of value.¹ That character, they hold, belongs to cost of production; always supposing the commodity to be a product of labour, and natural or artificial monopoly to be out of the question. Subject to these conditions, commodities, in the long run and on the average, tend to exchange one another (and, though this point is a little more intricate, tend to exchange for money) in the ratio of what it costs, in labour and abstinence, to produce the articles and to bring them to the place of sale. But though the average price of everything, the price to which the producer looks forward for his remuneration, must approximately conform to the cost of production, it is not so with the price at any given moment. That is always held to depend on the demand and supply at the moment. And the influence even of cost of production depends on supply; for the only thing which compels price, on the average, to conform to cost of production, is that if the price is either above or below that standard, it is brought back to it either by an increase or by a diminution of the supply; though, after this has been effected, the supply adjusts itself to the demand which exists for the commodity at the remunerating price. These are the limits within which political economists consider supply and demand as the arbiters of price. But even within these limits Mr. Thornton denies the doctrine.

Like all fair controversialists, Mr. Thornton directs his attack against the strongest form of the opinion he assails. He does not much concern himself with the infantine form of the theory, in which demand is defined as a desire for the commodity, or as the desire combined with the power of purchase; or in which price is supposed to depend on the *ratio* between demand and supply. It is to be said that few are now dwelling in this *limbus infantum*. Demand, capable of comparison with supply, must be taken to mean, not

¹It is, therefore, strictly correct to say, that the value of things which can be in- in quantity at pleasure, does not depend (except accidentally, and during the necessary for production to adjust itself) upon demand and supply; on the con- demand and supply depend upon it. . . . Demand and supply govern the all things which cannot be indefinitely increased; except that, even for them, produced by industry, there is a minimum value determined by the cost of pro- But in all things which admit of indefinite multiplication, demand and supply rmine the perturbations of value, during a period which cannot exceed the time necessary for altering the supply. While thus ruling the oscillations they themselves obey a superior force, which makes value gravitate towards oduction, and which would settle it and keep it there, if fresh disturbing were not continually arising to make it again deviate."—J. S. Mill, *Princ- en*, book iii. ch. iii. § 2.

a wish, nor a power, but a quantity. Neither is it at any time a fixed quantity, but varies with the price. Nor does the price depend on any ratio. The demand and supply theory, when rightly understood—indeed when capable of being understood at all—signifies, that the ratio which exists between demand and supply, when the price has adjusted itself, is always one of equality. If at the market price the demand exceeds the supply, the competition of buyers will drive up the price to the point at which there will only be purchasers for as much as is offered for sale. If, on the contrary, the supply being in excess of the demand, cannot be all disposed of at the existing price, either a part will be withdrawn to wait for a better market, or a sale will be forced by offering it at such a reduction of price as will bring forward new buyers, or tempt the old ones to increase their purchases. The law, therefore, of values, as affected by demand and supply, is that they adjust themselves so as always to bring about an *equation* between demand and supply, by the increase of the one or the diminution of the other; the movement of price being only arrested when the quantity asked for at the current price, and the quantity offered at the current price, are equal. This point of exact equilibrium may be as momentary, but is nevertheless as real, as the level of the sea.

It is this doctrine which Mr. Thornton contests: and his mode of combating it is by adducing case after case in which he thinks he can show that the proposition is false; most of the cases being, on the face of them, altogether exceptional; but among them they cover, in his opinion, nearly the whole field of possible cases.

The first case, which is presented as the type of a class, rather than for its intrinsic importance, is that of what is called a Dutch auction.

“When a herring or mackerel boat has discharged on the beach, at Hastings or Dover, last night’s take of fish, the boatmen, in order to dispose of their cargo, commonly resort to a process called Dutch auction. The fish are divided into lots, each of which is set up at a higher price than the salesman expects to get for it, and he then gradually lowers his terms, until he comes to a price which some bystander is willing to pay rather than not have the lot, and to which he accordingly agrees. Suppose on one occasion the lot to have been a hundredweight, and the price agreed to twenty shillings. If, on the same occasion, instead of the Dutch form of auction, the ordinary English mode had been adopted, the result might have been different. The operation would then have commenced by some bystander making a bid, which others might have successively exceeded, until a price was arrived at beyond which no one but the actual bidder could afford or was disposed to go. That sum would not necessarily be twenty shillings; very possibly it might be only eighteen shillings. The person who was prepared to pay the former price might very possibly be the only person present prepared to pay even so much as the latter price; and if so, he might get by English auction for eighteen shillings the fish for which at Dutch auction he would have paid twenty shillings. In the same market, with the same quantity of fish for sale, and with customers in number and every other respect the same, the same lot of fish might fetch two very different prices.”—Thornton, pp. 47, 48.

This instance, though seemingly a trivial, is really a representative one, and a hundred cases could not show, better than this does, what Mr. Thornton has and what he has not made out. He has proved that the law of the equalisation of supply and demand is not the whole theory of the particular case. He has not proved that the law is not strictly conformed to in that case. In order to show that the equalisation of supply and demand is not the law of price, what he has really shown is that the law is, in this particular case, consistent with two different prices, and is equally and completely fulfilled by either of them. The demand and supply are equal at twenty shillings, and equal also at eighteen shillings. The conclusion ought to be, not that the law is false, for Mr. Thornton does not deny that in the case in question it is fulfilled; but only, that it is not the entire law of the phenomenon. The phenomenon cannot help obeying it, but there is some amount of indeterminateness in its operation—a certain limited extent of variation is possible within the bounds of the law; and as there must be a sufficient reason for every variation in an effect, there must be a supplementary law, which determines the effect, between the limits within which the principal law leaves it free. Whoever can teach us this supplementary law, makes a valuable *addition* to the scientific theory of the subject; and we shall see presently that in substance, if not strictly in form, Mr. Thornton does teach it. Even if he did not, he would have shown the received theory to be incomplete; but he would not have, nor has he now, shown it to be in the smallest degree incorrect.

What is more; when we look into the conditions required to make the common theory inadequate, we find that, in the case at least which we have now examined, the incompleteness it stands convicted of amounts to an exceedingly small matter. To establish it, Mr. Thornton had to assume that the customer who was prepared to pay twenty shillings for a hundredweight of fish, was the only person present who was willing to pay even so much as eighteen shillings. In other words, he supposed the case to be an exception to the rule, that demand increases with cheapness: and since this rule, though general, is not absolutely universal, he is scientifically right. If there is a part of the scale through which the price may vary without increasing or diminishing the demand, the whole of that portion of the scale may fulfil the condition of equality between supply and demand. But how many such cases really exist? Among a few chafferers on the beach of a small fishing port, such a case, though even there improbable, is not totally out of the question. But where buyers are counted by thousands, or hundreds, or even scores; in any considerable market—and, far more, in the general market of the world—it is the next thing to impossible that more of the commodity should not be asked for at every reduction of price. The case of price, therefore, which the law of the equalisation does not reach,

is one which may be conceived, but which, in practice, is hardly ever realised.

The next example which Mr. Thornton produces of the failure of supply and demand as the law of price, is the following :—

“Suppose two persons at different times, or in different places, to have each a horse to sell, valued by the owner at £50; and that in the one case there are two, and in the other three persons, of whom every one is ready to pay £50 for the horse, though no one of them can afford to pay more. In both cases supply is the same, viz., one horse at £50; but demand is different, being in one case two, and in the other three, horses at £50. Yet the price at which the horse will be sold will be the same in both cases, viz., £50.” (P. 49.)

The law does fail in this case, as it failed in the former, but for different reason; not, as in the former case, because several prices fulfil the condition equally well, but because no price fulfils it. £50 there is a demand for twice or three times the supply; £50. 0s. 0½d. there is no demand at all. When the scale of the demand for a commodity is broken by so extraordinary a jump, the law fails of its application; not, I venture to say, from any fault in the law, but because the conditions on which its applicability depends do not exist. If the peculiarities of the case do not permit the demand to be equal to the supply, leaving it only the alternative of being greater or less, greater or less it will be; and all that can be affirmed is, that it will keep as near to the point of equality as it can. Instead of conflicting with the law, this is the extreme case which proves the law. The law is, that the price will be that which equalises the demand with the supply; and the example proves that this only fails to be the case when there is no price that would fulfil the condition, and that even then, the same causes, still operating, keep the price at the point which will most nearly fulfil it. Is it possible to have any more complete confirmation of the law, than that in order to find a case in which the price does not conform to the law, it is necessary to find one in which there is no price that can conform to it?

Again :—

“When a tradesman has placed upon his goods the highest price which any one will pay for them, the price cannot, of course, rise higher, yet the supply may be below the demand. A glover in a country town, on the eve of an assize ball, having only a dozen pairs of white gloves in store, might possibly be able to get ten shillings a pair for them. He would be able to get this if twelve persons were willing to pay that price rather than not go to the ball, or than go ungloved. But he could not get more than this, even though, while he was still higgling with his first batch of customers, a second batch, equally numerous and neither more nor less eager, should enter his shop, and offer to pay the same but not a higher price. The demand for gloves, which at first had been just equal to the supply, would now be exactly doubled, yet the price would not rise above ten shillings a pair. Such abundance of proof is surely decisive against the supposition that price must rise when demand exceeds supply.” (Pp. 51, 52.)

Here, again, the author is obliged to suppose that the whole body

of customers (twenty-four in number) place the extreme limit of what they are willing to pay rather than go without the article, exactly at the same point—an exact repetition of the hypothesis about the horse who is estimated at £50, and not a farthing more, by every one who is willing to buy him. The case is just possible in a very small market—practically impossible in the great market of the community. But, were it ever so frequent, it would not impugn the truth of the law, but only its all-comprehensiveness. It would show that the law is only fulfilled when its fulfilment is, in the nature of things, possible, and that there are cases in which it is impossible; but that even there the law takes effect, up to the limit of possibility.

Mr. Thornton's next position is, that if the equalisation theory were literally true, it would be a truth of small significance, because—

“ Even if it were true that the price ultimately resulting from competition is always one at which supply and demand are equalised, still only a small proportion of the goods offered for sale would actually be sold at any such price, since a dealer will dispose of as much of his stock as he can at a higher price, before he will lower the price in order to get rid of the remainder.” (P. 53.)

This is only saying that the law in question resembles other economical laws in producing its effects not suddenly, but gradually. Though a dealer may keep up his price until buyers actually fall off, or until he is met by the competition of rival dealers, still if there is a larger supply in the market than can be sold on these terms, his price will go down until it reaches the point which will call forth buyers for his entire stock; and when that point is reached it will not descend further. A law which determines that the price of the commodity shall fall, and fixes the exact point which the fall will reach, is not justly described as “ a truth of small significance ” merely because the dealers, not being dead matter, but voluntary agents, may resist for a time the force to which they at last succumb. Limitations such as these affect all economical laws, but are never considered to destroy their value. As well might it be called an insignificant truth that there is a market price of a commodity, because a customer who is ignorant, or in a hurry, may pay twice as much for the thing as he could get it for at another shop a few doors farther off.

The last objection of Mr. Thornton to the received theory, and the one that he lays most stress upon, is, that it assumes “ that goods are offered for sale unreservedly, and that dealers are always content to let them go for what they will fetch.” This, however, he observes,—

“ It is scarcely ever—nay, might almost be said to be absolutely never—the fact. With one notable exception, that of labour, commodities are almost never offered unreservedly for sale; scarcely ever does a dealer allow his goods to go

for what they will immediately fetch—scarcely ever does he agree to the price which would result from the actual state of supply and demand, or, in other words, to the price at which he could immediately sell the whole of his stock. Imagine the situation of a merchant who could not afford to wait for customers, but was obliged to accept for a cargo of corn, or sugar, or sundries, the best offer he could get from the customers who first presented themselves; or imagine a jeweller, or weaver, or draper, or grocer, obliged to clear out his shop within twenty-four hours. The nearest approach ever made to such a predicament is that of a bankrupt's creditors selling off their debtor's effects at a proverbially 'tremendous sacrifice,' and even they are, comparatively speaking, able to take their time. But the behaviour of a dealer under ordinary pressure is quite different from that of a bankrupt's assignees. He first asks himself what is the best price which is likely to be presently given, not for the whole, but for some considerable portion of his stock, and he then begins selling, either at that price or at such other price as proves upon trial to be the best obtainable at the time. His supply of goods is probably immensely greater than the quantity demanded at that price, but does he therefore lower his terms? Not at all, and he sells as much as he can at that price, and then, having satisfied the existing demand, he waits awhile for further demand to spring up. In this way he eventually disposes of his stock for many times the amount he must have been fain to accept if he had attempted to sell off all at once. A corn dealer who in the course of a season sells thousands of quarters of wheat at fifty shillings per quarter, or thereabouts, would not get twenty shillings a quarter if, as soon as his corn ships arrived, he was obliged to turn the cargoes into money. A glover who, by waiting for customers, will no doubt get three or four shillings a pair for all the gloves in his shop, might not get sixpence a pair if he forced them on his customers. But how is it that he manages to secure the higher price? Simply by not selling unreservedly, simply by declining the price which would have resulted from the relations between actual supply and actual demand, and by setting up his goods at some higher price, below which he refuses to sell." (Pp. 55, 56.)

I confess I cannot perceive that these considerations are subversive of the law of demand and supply, nor that there is any ground for supposing political economists to be unaware that when supply exceeds the demand, the two may be equalised by subtracting from the supply as well as by adding to the demand. Reserving a price is, to all intents and purposes, withdrawing supply. When no more than forty shillings a head can be obtained for sheep, all sheep whose owners are determined not to sell them for less than fifty shillings are out of the market, and form no part at all of the supply which is now determining price. They may have been offered for sale, but they have been withdrawn. They are held back, waiting for some future time, which their owner hopes may be more advantageous to him; and they will be an element in determining the price when that time comes, or when, ceasing to expect it, or obliged by his necessities, he consents to sell his sheep for what he can get. In the meanwhile, the price has been determined without any reference to his withheld stock, and determined in such a manner that the demand at that price shall (if possible) be equal to the supply which the dealers are willing to part with at that price. The economists who say that market price is determined by demand and supply do not

mean that it is determined by the whole supply which would be forthcoming at an unattainable price, any more than by the whole demand that would be called forth if the article could be had for an old song. They mean that, whatever the price turns out to be, it will be such that the demand at that price, and the supply at that price, will be equal to one another. To this proposition Mr. Thornton shows an undeniable exception in the case of a dealer who holds out for a price which he can obtain for a part of his supply, but cannot obtain for the whole. In that case, undoubtedly, the price obtained is not that at which the demand is equal to the supply; but the reason is the same as in one of the cases formerly considered; because there is no such price. At the actual price the supply exceeds the demand; at a farthing less the whole supply would be withheld. Such a case might easily happen if the dealer had no competition to fear; not easily if he had: but on no supposition does it contradict the law. It falls within the one case in which Mr. Thornton has shown that the law is not fulfilled—namely, when there is no price that would fulfil it; either the demand or the supply advancing or receding by such violent skips, that there is no halting point at which it just equals the other element.

Do I then mean to say that Mr. Thornton is entirely wrong in his interpretation of the cases which he suggests, and has pointed out no imperfection in the current theory? Even if it were so, it would not follow that he has rendered no service to science. 'There is always a benefit done to any department of knowledge by digging about the roots of its truths.' Scientific laws always come to be better understood when able thinkers and acute controversialists stir up difficulties respecting them, and confront them with facts which they had not yet been invoked to explain. But Mr. Thornton has done much more than this. The doctrine he controverts, though true, is not the whole truth. It is not the entire law of the phenomenon; for he has shown, and has been the first to show, that there are cases which it does not reach. And he has, if not fully defined, at least indicated, the causes which govern the effect in those exceptional cases. If there is a fault to be found with him, it is one that he has in common with all those improvers of political economy by whom new and just views 'have been promulgated as contradictions of the doctrines previously received as fundamental, instead of being, what they almost always are, developments of them;' the almost invariable error of those political economists, for example, who have set themselves in opposition to Ricardo.

Let us, by Mr. Thornton's aid, endeavour to fix our ideas respecting that portion of the law of price which is not provided for by the common theory. When the equation of demand and supply leaves the price in part indeterminate, because there is more than one price

which would fulfil the law ; neither sellers nor buyers are under the action of any motives, derived from supply and demand, to give way to one another. Much will, in that case, depend on which side has the initiative of price. This is well exemplified in Mr. Thornton's supposed Dutch auction. The commodity might go no higher than eighteen shillings if the offers came from the buyers' side, but because they come from the seller the price reaches twenty shillings. Now, Mr. Thornton has well pointed out that this case, though exceptional among auctions, is normal as regards the general cause of trade. As a general rule, the initiative of price does rest with the dealers, and the competition which modifies it is the competition of dealers.¹ When, therefore, several prices are consistent with carrying off the whole supply, the dealers are tolerably certain to hold out for the highest of those prices ; for they have no motive to compete with one another in cheapness, there being room for them all at the higher price. On the other hand, the buyers are not compelled by each other's competition to pay that higher price ; for (since, by supposition the case is one in which a fall of price does not call forth an additional demand) if the buyers hold out for a lower price and get it, their gain may be permanent. The price, in this case, becomes simply a question whether sellers or buyers hold out longest ; and depends on their comparative patience, or on the degree of inconvenience they are respectively put to by delay.

By this time, I think, an acute reader, who sees towards what results a course of inquiry is tending before the conclusion is drawn, will begin to perceive that Mr. Thornton's improvements in the theory of price, minute as they appear when reduced to their real dimensions, and unimportant as they must necessarily be in the common case in which supply and demand are but disturbing causes, and cost of production the real law of the phenomenon, may be of very great practical importance in the case which suggested the whole train of thought, the remuneration of labour. If it should turn out that the price of labour falls within one of the excepted cases—the case which the law of equality between demand and supply does not provide for, because several prices all agree in satisfying that law ; we are already able to see that the question between one of those prices and another will be determined by causes which operate strongly against the labourer, and in favour of the employer. For as the author observes, there is this difference between the labour market and the market for tangible commodities, that in commodities

(1) "This," says Mr. Thornton, "in speaking of tangible commodities, seems to me more accurate as well as a simpler way of stating the case, than to say that the competition of dealers makes price fall, and that competition of customers makes it rise. While the latter competition seems to me really to do is, to show the dealers that a higher price than they previously supposed is attainable, and to induce them consequently to raise their own competition so as to attain it." (P. 69.)

the seller, but in labour it is the buyer, who has the initiative in fixing the price. It is the employer, the purchaser of labour, who makes the offer of wages; the dealer, who is in this case the employer, accepts or refuses. Whatever advantage can be derived from the initiative is, therefore, on the side of the employer. And in that contest of endurance between buyer and seller, by which, in the excepted case, the price so fixed can be modified, it is not needless to say that nothing but a close combination among the employed can give them even a chance of successfully contending against the employers.

It will of course be said, that these speculations are idle, for labour is not in that barely possible excepted case. Supply and demand do really govern the price obtained for labour. The demand for labour consists of the whole circulating capital of the country, including what is paid in wages for unproductive labour. The supply is the whole labouring population. If the supply is in excess of what the capital can at present employ, wages must fall. If the workers are all employed, and there is a surplus of capital still unemployed, wages will rise. This series of deductions is generally regarded as incontrovertible. They are found, I presume, in every systematic treatise on political economy, my own certainly included. I must plead guilty to having, along with the world in general, adopted the theory without the qualifications and limitations necessary to make it admissible.

The theory rests on what may be called the doctrine of the wages fund. There is supposed to be, at any given instant, a sum of wealth, which is unconditionally devoted to the payment of wages of labour. This sum is not regarded as unalterable, for it is augmented by saving, and increases with the progress of wealth; but it is reasoned as if at any given moment a predetermined amount. More than this amount it is assumed that the wages-receiving class cannot divide among them; that amount, and no less, they cannot obtain. So that, the sum to be divided being fixed, the wages of labour depend solely on the divisor, the number of participants. In this line it is by implication affirmed, that the demand for labour not only does not increase with the cheapness, but increases in exact proportion to it, the same aggregate sum being paid for labour whatever its price may be.

Is it this a true representation of the matter of fact? Does the employer require more labour, or do fresh employers of labour appear on their appearance, merely because it can be bought cheaper? Undoubtedly, no. Consumers desire more of an article, or fresh consumers are called forth, when the price has fallen: but the employer does not buy labour for the pleasure of consuming it; he buys it to employ it, that he may profit by its productive powers, and he buys as much

labour and no more as suffices to produce the quantity of his goods which he thinks he can sell to advantage. A fall of wages does not necessarily make him expect a larger sale for his commodity, nor, therefore, does it necessarily increase his demand for labour.

To this it may be replied, that though possibly he may employ no more labour in his own business when wages are lower, yet if he does not, the same amount of capital will be no longer required to carry on his operations; and as he will not be willing to leave the balance unemployed, he will invest it in some other manner, perhaps in a joint stock company, or in public securities, where it will either be itself expended in employing labour, or will liberate some other person's capital to be so expended, and the whole of the wages-fund will be paying wages as before.

But is there such a thing as a wages-fund, in the sense here implied? Exists there any fixed amount which, and neither more nor less than which, is destined to be expended in wages?

Of course there is an impassable limit to the amount which can be so expended; it cannot exceed the aggregate means of the employing classes. It cannot come up to those means; for the employers have also to maintain themselves and their families. But, short of this limit, it is not, in any sense of the word, a fixed amount.

In the common theory, the order of ideas is this. The capitalist's pecuniary means consist of two parts—his capital, and his profits or income. His capital is what he starts with at the beginning of the year, or when he commences some round of business operations: his income he does not receive until the end of the year, or until the round of operations is completed. His capital, except such part as is fixed in buildings and machinery, or laid out in materials, is what he has got to pay wages with. He cannot pay them out of his income, for he has not yet received it. When he does receive it, he may lay by a portion to add to his capital, and as such it will become part of next year's wages-fund, but has nothing to do with this year's.

This distinction, however, between the relation of the capitalist to his capital, and his relation to his income, is wholly imaginary. He starts at the commencement with the whole of his accumulated means, all of which is potentially capital: and out of this he advances his personal and family expenses, exactly as he advances the wages of his labourers. He of course intends to pay back the advance out of his profits when he receives them; and he does pay it back day by day, as he does all the rest of his advances; for it needs scarcely be observed that his profit is made as his transactions go on, and not at Christmas or Midsummer, when he balances his books. His own income, then, so far as it is used and expended, is advanced from his capital and replaced from the returns, *pari passu* with

es he pays. If we choose to call the whole of what he possesses applicable to the payment of wages, the wages-fund, that fund is extensive with the whole proceeds of his business, after keeping his machinery, buildings and materials, and feeding his family ; it is expended jointly upon himself and his labourers. The less he expends on the one, the more may be expended on the other, and *versâ*. The price of labour, instead of being determined by the division of the proceeds between the employer and the labourers, determines it. If he gets his labour cheaper, he can afford to spend more upon himself. If he has to pay more for labour, the additional payment comes out of his own income ; perhaps from the part which he would have saved and added to capital, thus anticipating his voluntary economy by a compulsory one ; perhaps from what he would have expended on his private wants or pleasures. There is no law of nature making it inherently impossible for wages to rise to the point of absorbing not only the funds which he had intended to devote to carrying on his business, but the whole of what he allows for his private expenses, beyond the necessities of life. The real limit to the rise is the practical consideration, how much would ruin him, or drive him to abandon the business : not the inexorable limits of the wages-fund.

In short, there is abstractedly available for the payment of wages, before an absolute limit is reached, not only the employer's capital, but the whole of what can possibly be retrenched from his personal expenditure ; and the law of wages, on the side of demand, amounts to the obvious proposition, that the employers cannot pay away wages what they have not got. On the side of supply, the law as laid down by economists remains intact. The more numerous the competitors for employment, the lower, *cæteris paribus*, will wages be.

It would be a complete misunderstanding of Mr. Thornton to suppose that he raises any question about this, or that he has receded from the opinions enforced in his former writings respecting the inseparable connection of the remuneration of labour with the proportion between population and the means of subsistence.

But though the population principle and its consequences are in no way touched by anything that Mr. Thornton has advanced, in other of its bearings the labour question, considered as one of pure economics, assumes a materially changed aspect. The doctrine hitherto taught by all or most economists (including myself), which held it to be possible that trade combinations can raise wages, or which limited their operation in that respect to the somewhat earlier attainment of a rise which the competition of the market would have produced without them,—this doctrine is deprived of its scientific foundation, and must be thrown aside. The right and wrong of the proceedings of Trades' Unions becomes a common question of

prudence and social duty, not one which is peremptorily decided unbending necessities of political economy.

I have stated this argument in my own way, which is not exact Mr. Thornton's; but the reasoning is essentially his, though, in part of it, I have only been anticipated by him. I have already shown in what I consider his exposition of the abstract question to be faulty. I think that the improvement he has made in the theory of price is a case of growth, not of revolution. But in its application to labour, it does not merely add to our speculative knowledge; it destroys a prevailing and somewhat mischievous error. It has made it necessary for us to contemplate, not as an impossibility but as a possibility, that employers, by taking advantage of the inability of labourers to hold out, may keep wages lower than there is a natural necessity for; and *à converso*, that if work-people can by combination be enabled to hold out so long as to cause an inconvenience to the employers greater than that of a rise of wages, a rise may be obtained which, but for the combination, not only would not have happened so soon, but possibly might not have happened at all. The power of Trades' Unions may therefore be so exercised as to obtain for the labouring classes collectively, both a larger share and a larger positive amount of the produce of labour; increasing therefore, one of the two factors on which the remuneration of the individual labourer depends. The other and still more important factor, the number of sharers, remains unaffected by any of the considerations now adduced.

The most serious obstacle to a right judgment concerning the efficacy and tendencies of Trades' Unions, and the prospects of labour as affected by them, having thus been removed, the author has a free field for the untrammelled discussion of those topics. But the due consideration of them as presented in his work, requires an article to itself.

J. S. MILL.

MR. LECKY'S FIRST CHAPTER.

"Persons even of considerable mental endowments often give themselves so little trouble to understand the bearings of any opinion against which they entertain a prejudice, and men are in general so little conscious of this voluntary ignorance as a defect, that the vulgarest misunderstandings of ethical doctrines are continually met with in the deliberate writings of persons of the greatest pretensions both to high principles and to philosophy."

WHAT are the main features of difference that mark the division between the two great schools into which from a very remote time ethical speculation has been distributed? On what points, and why, do moral philosophers fall away in two hostile and apparently irreconcilable groups? Where do the inductive and the intuitive moralists clash? On what sides of the moral system—its standards, its sanctions, the foundation of ethical ideas and faculties? What does the intuitionist affirm which the experiential moralist denies, and what does the utilitarian deny which the transcendentalist asserts? If Mr. Lecky had placed these tolerably elementary questions before himself with scientific precision, and sought an accurate and authentic answer in an unprejudiced examination of the doctrines actually taught by the rival sects, he would probably have escaped one of the most lamentable and mischievous confusions of thought in the history of literature; lamentable, because every scholar must admire Mr. Lecky's diligence, research, and power of graceful expression, and must therefore regret in proportion the unfortunate devotion of such gifts to a subject in which, without speculative accuracy, they are mere dust in the balance; and mischievous, because the many hundreds of readers who prize dearly "the unlimited right of private haziness," and are thus drawn by instinctive affinity to all works which unite a gently soothing sentimentalism to a gently exciting rationalism, will never find out that Mr. Lecky's account of the arch-controversy of morals is as full of misunderstandings and misrepresentations as if it had been written by one of themselves. We are, it is true, most unhappily accustomed to confusions, similar in kind if seldom equal in degree. Still, it is very desirable that all who take an interest in moral philosophy should protest against this spirit whenever it breaks out, whether it be in the lectures of university professors of casuistry, or in light works of historical philosophy especially adapted for the use of circulating libraries. One charmingly significant sentence explains much of Mr. Lecky's eccentricity. He sat down

to write a history of morals, including a criticism of contending systems of moral philosophy, with the remarkable conviction that "it is probable that the American inventor of the first anæsthetic has done more for the real happiness of mankind than all the moral philosophers from Socrates to Mill" (i. 91). We may perhaps return presently to this delicate and profound apophthegm. Meanwhile we can very well see how a writer thinking thus of moral philosophers should feel it wholly beneath him to take any pains accurately to realise and reproduce what from Socrates to Mill this class have been inculcating upon their various sets of disciples. We may be quite sure, at all events, that a writer whose conception of "real happiness" is such as to give a higher place among its agents to chloroform than to the lesson, for example, that we ought to love our neighbours as ourselves, is not very likely, whatever else he may do, to prove a competent expositor, much less an effective critic, of utilitarianism. And we may be quite sure, too, that a writer who habitually and without qualification ranks Butler and Hume among intuitionists, is equally unfit to expound or criticise the tenets of the school to which the experientialists are opposed.

Every youth who has read enough moral philosophy to get his fifty marks in a civil service examination is aware that there are two leading issues which divide ethical theorists; that these two issues are quite distinct from one another in thought, and have been treated as distinct in fact by all authors, propagators, and historians of moral systems. The first question turns upon the standard or criterion of right and wrong; why is any given line of conduct, habit, practice, or institution, virtuous and not vicious? The second question lies in the region of what is called ethical psychology; what is the origin and root of that faculty by which a man, discriminating between right and wrong, is impelled towards the one and away from the other? The first question is about the reasons which make a practice right; the second is about the reasons which make men incline to practice because it is right. The first, What is Duty? The second, What is Conscience? In other words, what is the test of the rightness or wrongness of a set of objective prescriptions or prohibitions? and what is the origin of a certain subjective impulse? Keeping these two questions apart, let us see the conflicting answers which have been given to each of them by the two schools of moralists with whom Mr. Lecky chiefly concerns himself.

First, what is the standard of right and wrong? According to one doctrine, this standard is found in the moral sentiment, or instinctive moral judgment of men, a settled determination of the soul to approve or disapprove, a mysterious consciousness of immediate excellence in one set of affections or acts, and of defect or in-

ness in their opposites. According to another doctrine, the good is to be sought in the pleasurable or painful consequences common to all the persons who are affected by them; if these consequences are favourable to the happiness of the persons affected, the actions are right; if they are unfavourable, then the actions are wrong. The criterion in the one case is Utility; in the other a Mental Moral Instinct.

and, what is the genesis of Conscience? According to one it is an ultimate and original fact or quality of our mental constitution; and those who solve the question of the standard by the doctrine of instinctive Moral Sense will of course take this view as their origin. According to another theory, the conscientious feelings are the complex product of a number of simple first properties, blended in certain proportion and coloured in a certain way by education, tradition, and various other circumstances. Nobody denies the existence of such feelings, nor impugns their efficacy as motives, nor as sanctions. The sense of moral obligation is universally acknowledged, quite as fully by utilitarians as by those who differ from them in the matter of the standard. Only, the persons who adopt the standard of utility commonly hold this peculiar sense to be acquired and not innate.

this is the alphabet of the history of ethical theory. It is
 r to lads who are examined for competitive examinations, and
 known to the upper class in every enlightened ladies' school.
 see how Mr. Lecky ventures to present these elements of his

Within the first half-dozen pages we find at least as many as of the most marvellous misunderstanding and confusion—confusion so intricate that one hardly knows where to begin. We have a sufficiently equivocal account of the leading difference between the intuitive and utilitarian schools, in which the former appears to be thinking partly of the standard, and partly of the psychological question, under a single notion. We then come to the following:—

men, who believe that virtuous actions are those which experience
to be useful to society, believe also that they are under a natural obli-
gation to seek the happiness of others rather than their own when the two
conflict, they have certainly no claim to the title of inductive moralists.
To recognise a moral faculty, a natural sense of moral obligation or duty,
as Butler or Cudworth"—(i. 4).

th the partial exception of Bentham no inductive moralist of
ever omitted to recognise the existence of a moral faculty, or
ness of obligation. The inductive school deny that it is
or natural in Mr. Lecky's sense; they differ from the intuitiv-
as to the genesis of conscience, and they differ among them-
selves as to its analysis and composition, but not at all either from
V. N.S. O O

the intuitionists or from one another as to its existence as a derivative faculty. Mr. Lecky does justice to Mr. James Mill's memorable chapter on Association, and he has probably read the chapter on Moral Sense, and therefore must know that he too admits the existence of the moral faculty on whose growth he sheds so much light. Mr. J. S. Mill asserts that the conscientious feelings "exist, a fact in human nature, the reality of which, and the great power with which they are capable of acting on those by whom they have been cultivated, are proved by experience; no reason has ever been shown why they may not be cultivated to as great intensity in connection with the utilitarian as with any other rule of morals."¹ And Mr. Mill has shown, moreover, that those who deny the sense of obligation to be simple and innate, are not precluded from calling the obligation natural, for, even if acquired, it has a natural basis in the social affections. Mr. Bain, speaking of "the Psychological nature Conscience, the Moral Sense, or by whatever name we designate the faculty of distinguishing right and wrong," says expressly, "That such a faculty exists is admitted."² To take James Mill, Mr. J. S. Mill, and Mr. Bain out of the list of inductive moralists, is rather bold; yet that is what Mr. Lecky's dictum comes to. Of course he did not mean this. Only, like a great many other people he had never thought clearly out nor realised what it is that the experiential moralists do actually hold about the moral sense. What they say is that it is derivative, that its principles are the varying products of accumulated experience, and so forth: what they deny is that it is innate, and its perceptions intuitive. To refuse to believe in the divine right of kings, or that royal stocks have, as De Maistre contended, a peculiar and mysterious quality of blood, is a very different thing from saying that the government of the country either is not or ought not to be monarchic. Again, people no longer hold the primitive faith that laws are the special and direct inspirations of the god; but to have given up the notion of *Themistes* is not to impugn either the existence or the authority of acts of parliament. If Mr. Lecky ever comes to write a history of political philosophy he may be expected to classify Sidney and Harrington as followers of Sir Robert Filmer, simply because, though differing from him about the origin and nature of royal power, they talk about it as existing. And he will perhaps, to use another illustration, assume in his tranquil manner that all those who hold Mind to be a function of Matter do therefore deny that there is such a thing as Mind or mental manifestations at all.

But we are not at the end of this quaint piece. After the passage quoted above, in which anybody believing in utility as the standard of virtue, and yet admitting a moral faculty, is for-

(1) *Utilitarianism*, p. 43.

(2) *Mental and Moral Science*, p. 431.

bidden to call himself an inductive moralist, Mr. Lecky says, with a simplicity that has a touching side—"Indeed a position very similar to this has been adopted by several intuitive moralists," which is quite true if you define an intuitive moralist as one who does take up such a position; and then as a decisive specimen of the intuitive moralist adopting this position he cites, after Hutcheson, whom of all men that have ever lived but David Hume—

"Hume in like manner pronounced utility to be the criterion and essential element of all virtue; but he asserted that our pursuit of virtue is unselfish, and that it springs from a natural feeling of approbation or disapprobation distinct from reason, and produced by a peculiar sense or taste, which rises up within us at the contemplation of virtue or of vice"—(i. 4).

To this passage—with the questionable quality of which as a presentation of Hume's opinions we are not here concerned—there is appended a long foot-note with quotations from Hume to show "how far he was from denying the existence of a moral sense," and how grossly that great man is misrepresented when his opinions on moral questions are identified with those of Bentham. Now, if Hume was an intuitive moralist, what is an utilitarian? Mr. Lecky admits that he pronounced utility to be the criterion of all virtue; and it has usually been supposed that this doctrine constitutes utilitarianism. It is notorious, too, that with reference to the standard there is no gross misrepresentation, but entire accuracy, in identifying Hume's view with Bentham's. There is material difference between them as to the nature of the moral faculty. But this is another question, and Mr. Lecky has fallen into a confusion, at first deeply perplexing to persons who began his book with respect for their author, but at last laughable or provoking according to the reader's temperament, simply because he never separated these two questions; because, to speak plainly, he never found out what an intuitive moralist means, or that it is a name for two kinds of persons, or for the same person in two points of view, one ethical, and the other psychological. Not even on the second or psychological side of morals was Hume an intuitionist. He never proclaimed the doctrine of an intuitive moral sense, enabling or helping us to discover the difference between right and wrong, in terms which even go near to justify Mr. Lecky in placing him as the type of intuitive moralist directly alongside of Hutcheson. Utility is the foundation of the objective distinction between right and wrong, said Hume; while the foundation of the distinction in the mind is first reason, which teaches us the consequences of our acts, and second humane sentiment, in virtue of which we desire what is useful and beneficial to others. This analysis is abundantly open to criticism, and was perhaps inconsistent with other doctrines maintained along with it, but at any rate it is not of a kind to constitute its inventor

an intuitive moralist, or to entitle the historian of ethical theory to place him as one of a company (i. 77, 78) containing Cudworth, who held right and wrong to be purely intuitions of the reason, and Clarke, who denied the possibility of referring moral good to external things, and hardly included feeling at all, even disinterested feeling. The intuitive moralist, says Mr. Lecky, "believes that chastity and truth have an independent value distinct from their influence upon happiness" (i. 40). Now Hume expressly declares that the sole foundation of our approval of veracity, and so on, is the welfare or happiness of society. Is there no difference between this and the opinion fixed upon by Mr. Lecky as the note of the intuitive moralist? Surely all the difference that there is between any proposition and its contrary. Mr. Lecky might just as well tell us of the unfortunate man that though he perhaps did not exactly subscribe to the Articles or the Westminster Confession, still in all the essential verities of the faith David Hume was a most sound Christian. Such a statement would not be one whit more misleading.

All this uncomfortable novelty, however, in the region of scientific classification, incredible and amazing as it is, sinks into something like insignificance beside the caricature which Mr. Lecky offers to his readers, and evidently holds in his own mind, as a picture of Utilitarianism. It is true that in a writer like Mandeville, and in a much less degree in Paley, this theory of the standard of morals has been presented in phrases and with a spirit which invest it with an air of very marked coarseness and meanness. But Mr. Lecky was not writing a history of the speculative literature of the last hundred years. He is instructing his readers in the respective merits of the two chief theories which divide the allegiance of moral philosophers. In performing this task he was bound, and I presume he would fully admit the obligation, to examine the meaning of the contending systems apart from the eccentricities of their early teachers, and to criticise the principles which he was controverting in their best and most fully developed stage. This was not always the rule in controversy, when the Christian clergy used to be the most active disputants. Now, happily, most of the subjects in which lay persons take an interest have advanced to a stage whither the clergy, in England at any rate, are precluded by subscriptions, articles, and other professional considerations, from following, and with their gradual disappearance from the scene, the pious habit or duty of misrepresenting an adversary is disappearing also. Every writer of Mr. Lecky's rank now feels bound to deal as honestly as he can with a hostile doctrine. Unfortunately, men measure differently the amount of pains which honesty requires them to take in order to understand the doctrine, and to do it decent justice.

Perhaps it will be most convenient to begin by considering Mr.

y's objections to the Utilitarian school. They will throw some upon his notions of what that is, which he is objecting to.

A first objection is drawn from the common language and usages of mankind. The whole vocabulary of moral terms and distinctions, we are told, will be rendered absolutely unmeaning, if the Utilitarian explanation should be accepted. To start with, even such a revolution were as inevitable as Mr. Lecky supposes, he should be aware that it has no more force as a scientific objection than the corresponding argument had long ago in the mouth of an opponent of the doctrine of the rotation of the earth round the sun. It was objected to this doctrine that it made nonsense of the famous story of Joshua in the valley of Ajalon; to this day the almanacks tell of the sun rising and setting, and poets habitually make the ship leap in the waters of the sea. Yet we know how much such an objection is worth. Common language—"our habitual and unrefined language," as Mr. Lecky affectionately calls it in another place,—is only the expression of current notions and unanalysed impressions of sense; and as these are brought to greater correctness and precision, the old phrases are either modified, or, in some cases, where they conveniently reproduce the appearance of facts, retained in popular use with full recognition of their shorn significance. But, apart from the language, there are the feelings at stake. The Utilitarian philosophy "seeks by the light of reason and consciousness to decipher the laws of our moral being," and in doing so comes to conclusions diametrically opposed to those arrived at by the great mass of mankind, who "simply follow their consciousness without endeavouring to frame systems of philosophy." Now the Utilitarian position is one of the interpretation of experience. The utilitarian takes the standard of morality *by* the light of consciousness, of course, not *in* sense, but *in* the other facts of human experience; he does not look inward only, but without as well. He takes all the phenomena presented to him with the distinction between right and wrong; examines them, analyses them, arranges them, considers them in connection with the general laws of the mental operations of mankind, and finally arrives at a certain idea of the one principle, quality, law, essential condition, that regulates the distinction about which he has been busy. What is the invariable condition of right? That which conduces to the happiness of the human community. Why are some actions virtuous? why, for example, is self-sacrifice virtuous? Because it is, directly or indirectly, conducive to happiness. These conclusions, whether true or false, are reached by a methodical and ordered investigation of experience. What sort of scientific spirit is it that the writer here has who supposes that he is overthrowing conclusions so long gained, by merely confronting them with the simply followed consciousness of mankind? As if the simple consciousness of man-

kind were anything but a reflection of the mental state belonging to the particular stage of their development in which it happens to be found; as if this simple consciousness had not revealed to men in one stage that every object they see is animate and endowed with a will like their own, and in another, that the world is ruled by many gods and classes of gods; and as if it was anything but simple consciousness which once convinced men that the sun goes round the earth, that it is a vast plain, that, if it is spherical, then people on the other side must walk on their heads. A historian of rationalism might of all men have been expected to acknowledge that the whole course of the progress of science has consisted in reclaiming these waste lands of simple consciousness, and in substituting, in an ever increasing number of cases, for a vague, unascertained, hardly articulate superstition, a verifiable and precise theory, corresponding with the order of observed facts. Who would appeal to the simple consciousness of mankind as a standard of the truth of a theory in chemistry and in physiology; and why should it be otherwise in morals? At any rate the burden of proving that it should be otherwise lies upon Mr. Lecky. A writer of philosophic pretensions has no right to take for granted that morals are not susceptible of scientific treatment; and if they are so, such an appeal as this is plainly spurious and evasive.

The second objection is that it is impossible for virtue to bring us that pleasure of which Utilitarians talk, if practised only with that end—the satisfaction of performed virtue. There are two misapprehensions here, both of them passably flagrant. First, the happiness which is the utilitarian standard of virtuous action is not merely the happiness of the agent, but of everybody affected by an action. This Mr. Lecky admits in some places, and then, for reasons best known to himself, wholly ignores elsewhere. The other blunder is nearly as curious. The utilitarian principle involves no narrowing of the immediate motives of the agent to the single one of his own pleasure. The number and variety of these is as great, whether you say that the sanction of moral conduct is general utility or a mystic, moral sense. The question is of the end, not of the immediate impulse apart from the end. A man subscribes to a hospital, or chastises his son, or solemnly rebukes an erring friend, or divorces his wife; he does, what we assume to be rendered by circumstances a virtuous act, out of charity, or public spirit, or regard to the welfare of a friend or a child, or a just and righteous resentment. It may be a virtuous act, and yet done without any thought of the prospective satisfaction of performed virtue. The force that carries a man along the road, whether a steam-engine, or a horse, or his own muscles, is a sufficiently different thing from the finger-post which marks the direction in which the road runs. Lord Byron went to

assist the Greeks, not because he was anxious for the pleasure of performed virtue, but because he wanted the Greeks to be liberated from an oppressive government. Utilitarian principles lay down nothing as to the reasons for which a man pursues a line of action; they only supply a criterion for testing the morality of such action, and it is true that they find this criterion in pleasure, though not merely in the pleasure of the agent.

“ A feeling of satisfaction follows the accomplishment of duty for itself, but if the duty be performed solely through the expectation of a mental pleasure, conscience refuses to ratify the bargain.” *Quis negavit?* We might mark, in passing, how this pattern intuitionist concedes here and elsewhere the prime utilitarian demand—“ *a feeling of satisfaction follows the accomplishment of duty.*” As if it were not to this feeling of satisfaction that the utilitarian moralist appeals; though, under its simpler name of pleasure, it is an ogre that drives Mr. Lecky out of his usual self-possession and his usual fairness. Another passage just before this is worth quoting, not only because it admits with equal fullness the same thing, but for some other reasons as well:—

“ Certain political economists have contended that to give money in charity is worse than useless, that it is positively noxious to society, but they have added that the gratification of our benevolent affections is pleasing to ourselves, and that the pleasure we derive from this source may be so much greater than the evil resulting from our gift, that we may justly, according to the ‘greatest happiness principle,’ purchase this large amount of gratification to ourselves by a slight injury to our neighbours. *The political economy involved in this very characteristic specimen of utilitarian ethics I shall hereafter examine.* At present it is sufficient to observe that no one who consciously practised benevolence solely from this motive could obtain the pleasure in question. We receive enjoyment from the thought that we have done good. We never could receive that enjoyment if our motive were selfish, or if we believed and realised that we were doing harm”—(i. 37).

Who these political economists may be, and how many there are of them, I am ignorant; but we may be quite sure that in this particular instance they understand utilitarianism no better than Mr. Lecky; and to call a precept which outrages the whole spirit and letter of utilitarian ethics a “characteristic specimen of them,” is to show that the mystic moral sense, in historians at all events, is as liable to derangement as more intelligible functions in less intelligent persons. Utility, or the Happiness Principle, means, if it means anything at all, the happiness of the greatest number; it expressly reprehends the gratification of the individual to the injury of his neighbours; it pronounces an act of unwise charity, such as is here said to be recommended, to be immoral and wrong, just because, though it might give pleasure to the stupid philanthropist, it would in the long run more than balance such pleasure by the inconvenience entailed by acts of that kind on society. A statement of this sort is

really an enormity in controversy. And, above all, it is too bad in a writer who in the next sentence surrenders so much of what he is fighting for, when he lays it down that we receive enjoyment from the thought that we are doing good. Only, we suppose, this enjoyment is a fact which belongs to the shameful parts of nature, and is not to be mentioned, exposed, or allowed to appear in moral systems. We may notice, in passing, the transparent absurdity, as bare statement of fact, of the proposition that we never could receive that enjoyment if our motive were selfish. Does Mr. Lecky really mean to say that a fastidious person, who relieves distress simply because the sight of it is painful or disgusting, and from no wider motive, has no enjoyment in the act which rids him of this pain?

Mr. Lecky's third objection is not at all easy to grasp, but it seems to come to something of this kind; that there is recognised a generic difference between the moral and the other parts of our nature, between selfish and virtuous motives and actions, and that on utilitarian principles this distinction is unaccountable. On these principles, how can you account for the pre-eminent position mankind have assigned to virtue? As if it were not the simple end of utilitarianism to point out in a certain way the lines of this difference, to mark the principle which defines a virtuous motive and a virtuous rule of conduct, distinguishes them from vicious motives and rules, and tells you what *is* selfish and what *is* virtuous. Besides, this appeal of Mr. Lecky begs half the question in dispute, because utilitarians, or as they will perhaps one day be called, the Beneficial school, claim that in making the happiness conferred by virtue its cardinal distinction and recommendation, they are doing a great deal more, considering the experienced facts of human nature, to account for the pre-eminence assigned to virtue, than has been done by any other system. But whether they are right or wrong in these pretensions, it is impossible that they can be disposed of by the mere re-assertion of the very point in dispute, which is what Mr. Lecky's so-called objection comes to.

But the couple of pages devoted to this objection are a great deal too remarkable not to deserve a little further notice. After saying that utilitarian principles are inadequate to account for the distinction between the moral and other parts of our nature, Mr. Lecky shoots what is indeed a deadly bolt at his adversaries:—

"If the excellence of virtue consists solely in its utility or tendency to promote the happiness of men, a machine, a fertile field, or a navigable river, would all possess in a very high degree the element of virtue"—(i. 38).

Mr. Lecky reminds one here—what cannot always be said of him—of Socrates. Thrasyarchus in Plato's *Republic* says that justice is the interest of the stronger. Well then, urges Socrates; to eat plant

good is the interest of the stronger; so, if justice be the interest of the stronger, a piece of meat must be called just. It is to be observed, however, that Socrates was confessedly joking, while the new utilitarian sincerely believes that he is finally overwhelming such happy Thrasymachuses as an Austin, a Mill, or a Grote.¹ Mr. Lecky seems to mean that if utility be the standard of virtue, whatever is useful must deserve to be called virtuous. Let us review his exquisite notion of equipollent propositions:—

- All virtuous *actions* are useful.
- ∴ All useful *things* are virtuous.
- Now a fertile field is a useful thing,
- ∴ A fertile field is virtuous.

Far worse than one who should argue:—

- All men are mortal beings.
- ∴ All mortal beings are men.
- Now a dog is mortal,
- ∴ A dog is a man.

What would the shade of Aldrich say, if he could only know that a man ventures to compose philosophical histories, who is capable of arguing that if all A is B, then all B must be A? As if every noun of which a given property is predicable, should be declared to possess in a very high degree the elements of every other noun with the same given property. Suppose we substitute Welsh rabbit for virtue in Mr. Lecky's proposition; this will be the argument:—

The excellency of Welsh rabbit consists solely in its tendency to promote the happiness of men, a machine, or a fertile field, or a navigable river, would possess in a very high degree the elements of a Welsh rabbit.

In the next sentence Mr. Lecky bethought him that virtue is by a definition of language given to a particular attribute of human conduct, but falls into a new confusion:—

If we restrict the term [*i.e.* virtue] to human actions which are useful to man, we should still be compelled to canonise a crowd of acts which are very remote from all our ordinary notions of morality."

Why? There are plenty of honest, worthy, virtuous people, whom no church would think of canonising, and there may be a crowd of homely every-day acts which nobody would dream of calling virtuous, nor even of going out of his way expressly to panegyriser as such, because their virtuousness is not the most striking thing about them. But the principle of a system of morals is designed to classify

Somewhere Mr. Lecky speaks of Mr. Grote's "great work on Plato." He must have meant to be referring to its bulk, because if he has read it sufficiently carefully to trust him in pronouncing it great in any other respect; if he has read, for example, many equally decisive passages, Mr. Grote's criticism on the *Protagoras* (Grote's *ii.*, pp. 81-83), or on the imperfect ethical basis of the *Republic* (*ib.* *iii.*, p. 132, and elsewhere); then his constant assertion that utilitarians only consider the interests of the agent must rank as something much worse than the exceeding misapprehension which one is willing to think it.

all kinds of human conduct, insignificant or portentous. Every act falls into one class or another, and we can if occasion should require which is not the case with the bulk of acts, bring it up to the standard, whether utility or moral sense, to be tested. The height of a puppy that is three days old is not particularly worth measuring; its inches are "remote from our ordinary notions" of height; but for all that you may measure it if you think fit. In the same way every act is legal or illegal, but the legality of taking horse exercise for instance, is not the aspect of the process which most strikes one. Whatever is not illegal is legal. And so with the thousand acts which are "utterly remote from our ordinary notions of morality," just because their morality is not the most important thing about them; they are capable of being regarded as moral, or else immoral for all that.

The next sentence is veritably prodigious:—

"The whole tendency of political economy and philosophical history which reveal the physiology of societies, is to show that the happiness and welfare of mankind are evolved much more from our selfish than from what are termed our virtuous acts."

Now political economy, as it happens, does not profess to disclose with reference to society laws analogous to those which physiology discloses with reference to the animal organism. Physiology is concerned with the laws of all the functions of the organism. Political economy, on the contrary, is only concerned with a single special set of facts in a society—those which correspond, as M. Lattre has suggested, to the facts of nutrition in the animal. Again, political economy, in a spirit of entire neutrality towards the wider moral question as to the proper sphere and limits of self-interest, simply postulates self-interest as a condition of the matter with which the science is conversant. Its professors simply say on this subject that so far as self-interest may be assumed in the various questions relating to the facts of the production and distribution of wealth, in so far will such and such conclusions prove sound. These conclusions can tend to show nothing at all, therefore, about the comparative effect upon human happiness of selfish acts, because *all* the acts which they treat are of a kind that is assumed from the outset to be selfish. Thirdly, is it true that philosophical history shows that the happiness of mankind is evolved much less from our virtuous acts than from our selfish, *i.e.* non-virtuous, acts? If this be so, then Mandeville's proposition about private vices being public benefits, instead of being the displeasing and monstrous paradox which it has usually been considered, is neither more nor less than an exact statement of a great historic law. And, if this be so, what does Mr. Lecky mean a little further on (p. 71) by acknowledging, or at any rate confessing that the intuitive moralists, and I presume he is one of them, acknow

ledge, "that there is at least a general coincidence between the paths of virtue and of prosperity"? Is it possible that, in the case of each individual, virtue should be the condition of prosperity, and yet that when you sum up the fortunes of all these individuals together, the law suddenly changes, and gives the total of prosperity as the result of non-virtuous acts? Fourthly, as against the Beneficential school, nothing could be so blunt and misdirected as this thrust. Have not all intuitive moralists, like everybody else, admitted that Prudence, for example, is a virtue, and that prudent acts are virtuous acts, even when they are exclusively self-regarding? And is not Fortitude, even if narrowed to the courageous endurance of bodily pain, a virtue, though that, too, may be self-regarding? "The prosperity of nations and the progress of civilisation," says Mr. Lecky, in the next sentence, "are mainly due to the exertions of men who, while pursuing strictly their own interests, were unconsciously promoting the interests of the community." Yes; and how will Mr. Lecky classify such exertions? Or will he deny that they can be classed ethically at all? Hardly, considering that the most indifferent of human acts is either right or wrong, though the rightness and wrongness may, as we have already seen, in many minor sorts and spheres of conduct be their least impressive side. So then these exertions are either moral or immoral. If they are moral, they are virtuous, because a virtuous act and a moral act are one and the same thing. But Mr. Lecky is here expressly distinguishing such exertions from our virtuous acts. Therefore, in spite of their services to civilisation, these interested exertions of the colonist, for example, or the tradesman, or the banker, are immoral exertions,—surely as charming an *impasse* as ever philosopher strayed into. "The selfish instinct," he goes on to say in the sentence following that last quoted, "that leads men to accumulate, confers ultimately more advantage on the world than the generous instinct that leads men to give." Yet the former is immoral or non-virtuous, and the latter is moral or virtuous, however ruinous its consequences either to the generous persons or to the community which they demoralise. Or if not, what is it that makes just prudence a virtue, and reckless generosity a vice? Simply their consequences upon the happiness of the greatest number, and to admit this is to refer conduct to the beneficential standard.

It is always well to ascertain how and why a man rambles into a path that ends in an absurdity, and the key to the maze just traversed may perhaps be found in some unconscious assumption on Mr. Lecky's part, that only the self-sacrificing actions are entitled to be called virtuous,—a point not worth discussing just now; though it may at any rate be said that, whatever people may have done under the influence of baleful religions, no mere moralist before ever deliberately excluded all self-regarding acts from the rank of virtue. We may,

if we think fit, place self-regarding virtues among the lower secondary utilities; but to thrust them bodily out of the field of moral action altogether, is a feat that no sentimentalist, unhappy in straying into the domain of science, had previously attempted. "The conception of pure disinterestedness," we learn, "is pre-supposed in all our estimates of virtue" (p. 72). As if virtue were independent of all the virtues; and as if we do not include among virtues Temperance, Fortitude, Self-respect, whether the person who practises them be interested or not, simply because the habits denoted by these terms have been found by experience to conduce to the happiness both of the agent and of the rest of the community, whatever may have been the agent's motive in a given instance.

The last line recalls an objection urged by Mr. Lecky in this connection, that, according to utilitarian principles, the motive of the agent has absolutely no influence on the morality of the act; and it is true that Mr. Mill has expressly said that "the motive has nothing to do with the morality of the action, though much to do with the worth of the agent." Now, might it not be said—with all deference to the thinker who has done so much to reconstruct and perfect the utilitarian system—that as the morality of an action depends upon its effect on the happiness of all persons affected by it, there can be no reason for excluding the agent from the number of these persons; that his motive reacts with full power upon his character, strengthening or weakening this or that disposition or habit; and therefore that the effects of the motive ought to be taken into account in computing the total of the consequences of the act? Perhaps the proper answer to this is, that, to the casuist deciding on the morality of specific pieces of conduct and their permissibility or compatibility with virtuous character, the motive of the agent is a consideration; but that the scientific moralist is one who classifies acts into two leading divisions, and is therefore, in performing such a task, obviously unable to take into account the impulse of the actor, though there is no reason why he should not classify these impulses, on the same principle, in a table of their own. Thus, jurisprudence arranges acts of which law takes cognisance into various classes and divisions, but the legislator constructs subordinate classes under them, and in these he will, in many details, be led by the peculiar circumstances of his society to make a distinction in the motive of the agent the base for a distinction in the degree of criminality of the act. But it is needless to enter into this digression, because to expose the hollowness of Mr. Lecky's complaint nothing more is necessary than to remind him that, whatever the motive of the agent may have to do with the morality of the act, at any rate there is nothing to hinder us, on utilitarian principles, from praising and blaming motives. We may judge motive and act apart, but the motive is judged equally.

shall call these virtuous or vicious according as they generally to promote or diminish the happiness of mankind, or as the character which they are likely to spring from is of a beneficent or maleficent type.

It will it be believed that Mr. Lecky actually contends that utilitarian principles, consistently followed out, can put no effectual restraint upon such sins as sins of the imagination? "If remorse be wanting," he says, "the indulgence of the most vicious imagination is assured, and if this indulgence does not lead to action, it is a clear gain, and therefore to be applauded" (p. 46). But why is the partial imagination vicious? Because it tends to produce a type of character, indolent, selfish, sensual, or whatever else it ought to be called, which is injurious to society, as well as to the true happiness of the individual who indulges in it. What can be clearer therefore than that character such imaginations is condemned on rigorously utilitarian grounds? Nay, more, these are the only grounds on which you can restrain such a person as Mr. Lecky has drawn; for, supposing a creature to take his stand on an intuitive moral sense, and to vow that his moral sense disclosed no harm in imaginations vulgarly called vicious, the high-flying intuitionist will be much more puzzled for an answer than the low-minded utilitarian.

A similar astounding perplexity is Mr. Lecky's discovery that the utilitarian who adheres strictly to his own principle will hardly be able to press cruelty to animals (pp. 47—50). To this there are two answers, of which Mr. Lecky quotes the first in his own pages; namely, that the utility proposed as the standard may be extended to man and to all sentient beings; and in this case all action will be judged in this order which causes more pain to animals than it gives pleasure to men. But we might well lay more stress on another consideration—that even confining the happiness which measures pleasure to the happiness of men and women, we find ample grounds for execrating cruelty to lower creatures in the effects which such policies have in brutalising character. Mr. Lecky himself points elsewhere, as had often been done before in fewer words, to the pestilential influence which the gladiatorial combats had upon the Roman nature. Has not cruelty to the animals that are lower than some men an influence of the same kind, an influence therefore stringently condemned by the utilitarian? In the case of those animals which are the ministers and servants of men, it is particularly that, on utilitarian grounds, kindness to them is a moral duty, and that gratitude enters into the circumstances of the case, and any other motive, or practice which weakens this most valuable temper, indirectly, must be injurious to society. The more extensive range of merciful and humane sentiment, the more likely will be the merciful and humane type to spread, and the beneficial moralist

esteems this a particularly virtuous type, because it is particularly conducive to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

After denying the possibility of vindicating a virtuous imagination, a humane temper towards brutes, the desirableness of avoiding secret sins, and most other good things, upon utilitarian grounds, Mr. Lecky reaches a climax by saying that it is more than doubtful whether upon these grounds a love for speculative truth and a hatred for superstition can be justified (pp. 52—54). I have not space for the fine things with which he decks his central proposition that "we owe more to our illusions than our knowledge." On a sounder principle than that he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat, a historian of rationalism should himself be rational; but if he chooses to talk about the delights of ignorance and faith, and the curses which scepticism and philosophy bring in their train, just as the Pope or Mgr. Dupanloup do, there are in these days plenty of worthy and simple-hearted people who will love him dearly for it, even though he does admit that "a credulous and superstitious nature may be degraded." But it is a little hard to bear when a writer of repute says that "degradation, apart from unhappiness, can have no place in utilitarian ethics" (p. 53). As if the utilitarian did not define the happiness which he maintains as the standard of virtue to be the highest happiness of which our nature is capable, and as if, therefore, he would not strongly insist that there can be no such thing as "degradation apart from unhappiness," because unhappiness is relative or comparative, and the man who is content with degradation is unhappy, compared with the man who has exchanged his illusions for knowledge. The only adequate reason, Mr. Lecky goes on, which can always justify men in critically reviewing what they have been taught, "is the conviction that opinions should not be regarded as mere mental luxuries, *that truth should be deemed an end distinct from and superior to utility*, and that it is a moral duty to pursue it whether it leads to pleasure or whether it leads to pain." Now unless Mr. Lecky has fallen into the thoroughly vulgar error of supposing that when Hume and Mill and Bain talk of utility, they mean what is useful for the moment, or useful in the gross sense, in which kitchen vessels are useful, what he has said in the words I have underlined is not a bit less absurd than if he had said that sugar is very distinct from and superior to sweetness. Utility is, according to the utilitarian, the most decisive property or attribute of truth. That truth has this property of conducing to the highest happiness of human nature in a supreme degree is the reason why he places the passion for it highest among virtuous qualities, and pursues, as Mr. Lecky candidly admits to have been the case, all superstition or indifference to truth with the most extraordinarily unflinching hostility. It would be tolerably

easy to write two pages about the happiness which the passion for truth has brought both to the man whom it possesses, and to the civilised world, quite as rapturous and full of beautiful things as Mr. Lecky's two pages about the rude charm which the savage clasps confidently to his breast, and the sacred picture shedding a hallowing influence over the poor man's cottage. Rhetoric is in general an underrated art in England, but if there is one artifice in philosophic literature more doubtful than another, it is the substitution of a cheap picturesqueness for sound and accurate reasoning. Later in this chapter Mr. Lecky says, with a serenity that is delightful after one hundred and forty-five pages of continuous misrepresentation and inaccuracy towards opponents, that philosophic veracity is "one of the latest flowers of virtue that bloom in the human heart," which sounds, by the way, if one may say so without irreverence, very like a reminiscence of Tom Moore. Perhaps one day Mr. Lecky will perceive in that highly figurative manner in which truth loves to present herself to him, that philosophic veracity is less a flower of virtue blooming in the heart, than a homely vegetable of competency thriving in the kitchen-garden of the head.

It should be mentioned that in describing the happiness stated by utilitarians to be the standard of virtue as the highest happiness of which human nature is susceptible, we are running some risk of being classed, willing or not, among intuitionists. Mr. Mill has, as is well known, pointed out the existence of differences in kind among pleasures, and that some kinds are superior to others, apart from computation of amount or intensity. This position, which it was "a matter of surprise as well as gratification to most intuitive moralists" to find Mr. Mill taking up, is, according to Mr. Lecky, "incompatible with the utilitarian theory" (p. 92). Now the utilitarian theory is simply that the virtue of conduct is to be measured by its tendency to promote the pleasures of the greatest number. To promote the pleasures of hogs or the pleasures of men? Clearly the pleasures of men. But men are capable of a great variety of pleasures, from those which are nearly hoggish to those which are so broad and elevated as to be nearly divine; and by which of these two sorts of pleasure is virtue to be measured and towards which does it tend? Clearly to the highest sort. And how do you know which is the highest sort? By this, says Mr. Mill, that in all human experience nobody who has remained equally susceptible to both classes of pleasures ever knowingly and calmly preferred the lower. Whatever may be the force of this, it is perfectly clear, as Mr. Mill himself is careful to say, that to accept this distinction among kinds of pleasure is by no means an indispensable condition of the acceptance of the utilitarian standard, "for that standard is not the agent's own greatest happiness, but the greatest amount of

happiness altogether, and if it may possibly be doubted whether a noble character is always the happier for its nobleness, there can be no doubt that it makes other people happier, and that the world in general is an universal gainer."¹ One is at a loss how to deal with a philosopher who can say that to hold one sort of happiness to be superior to another, is inconsistent with holding happiness of any sort to be the standard of morals. The explanation, perhaps, of Mr. Lecky's confusion is that he has chosen to conceive all happiness in such a way as enables him to state that the lower animals probably are happier than man (p. 89). And of course he may define happiness as he will, but he has no right to assume that persons from whom he differs accept his fantastic definition, especially when many among them have been at great pains expressly to repudiate all such accounts of what they mean.

But Mr. Lecky outdoes himself in confusion in the rest of the passage which we have just been examining.

"Mr. Mill elsewhere admits that every human action has 'its æsthetic aspect or that of its beauty,' which addresses itself to the imagination. It will probably appear to many of my readers that these two concessions—that we have the power of recognising a distinction of kind in our pleasures, and that we have a perception of beauty in our actions—make the difference between Mr. Mill and intuitive moralists not very much more than verbal"—(p. 92).

If Mr. Lecky now and then stirs in us something like impatience, any such feeling is transformed into sheer incredulous wonder by this. The standard of morals, say Mr. Mill and modern utilitarians, is what experience has shown to be the highest sort of pleasure. Not at all, replies the intuitive moralist, the principles of right and wrong are disclosed to you by intuitive perceptions, quite apart from pleasure. Surely Mr. Lecky must see that the difference between these two propositions is much more than verbal. If it be not so, five-sixths of his first chapter are gross superfluity. But we have just examined this point. Let us go on to the next. Every act, says Mr. Mill, has three sides: its sympathetic side, with which we are not concerned here; its *æsthetic* side, which appeals to the imagination; and its *moral* side, which appeals to the reason and conscience. It is right or wrong. It is beautiful or repulsive. The spheres of the beautiful and the virtuous in action are not co-extensive; not every moral action is beautiful, not every beautiful action is moral. When Æneas sailed away from Carthage to fulfil the purpose of the gods, and left Dido to throw herself upon the pyre, his act was right morally, but most repulsive æsthetically; her act in refusing to live after his desertion was wrong, but beautiful. Fiction abounds with characters who are unimpeachably moral, but who never appeal to our sense of what is æsthetically noble. The distinction is one of great importance,

* *Utilitarianism*, p. 16.

It is not how can the fact of recognising it in any way or by any logical sleight transform a utilitarian into an intuitionist? Is not the utilitarian one who says that viewed from the moral side an action is right or wrong for such and such reasons? This surely is no hindrance to an admission that an action has others besides its moral side. May one, then, not pronounce upon the height of a man without being understood to deny that he has any complexion or age? Apart from this, to recognise that, quite independently of their moral aspect, actions have an æsthetic aspect as well, involves no necessary concession that our perception of the beautiful and its opposite is intuitive; yet this is what Mr. Lecky's inference rests upon. Mr. Mill no more holds that imagination, to which the æsthetic side of an action appeals, to be a primitive and simple faculty, than he holds conscience, to which their moral side addresses itself, to be a simple and primitive faculty. Seldom has a critic of moral systems tried to leap across a chasm so lightly as Mr. Lecky does in this off-hand foot-note. Luckily, in book-writing such feats do not break the performer's neck, whatever analogous fate may befall him.

It is not at all surprising that Mr. Lecky should have fallen into confusion over this division of the three sides of an act; or if he had only been so fortunate as to grasp its full significance, he must inevitably have seen, first, that most of his complaints against utilitarian principles rest on the assumption that the moral aspect could not be separated from the sympathetic and æsthetic aspects; next, that the latter sides do not affect the moral question, What makes right and wrong? and that the controversy as to

the standard of right and wrong has nothing to do either with the beauty or the loveableness of conduct. In other words, Mr. Lecky has never realised that the utilitarian as such does not profess to pronounce complete judgments upon acts, but is only concerned with one single quality or attribute among the many which they possess—their morality or immorality.

Space, rather than matter, fails for a further examination. It will have been observed that no attempt has been made to enter into the substance of the controversy, nor to inquire how many of Mr. Lecky's objections to one scheme would tell with equal or greater force against its rival, to which he inclines. The charge against Mr. Lecky is not that he is an intuitionist—perhaps he is not one, if he could only know what he is—but, first, that he has manifested an excessive incompetence in seizing the true issues of the controversy which he is writing about; and, second, that he has presented a most ludicrous caricature of the utilitarian scheme of ethics as a true picture, distorting its definitions, mistaking its pretensions, valiantly carrying out details that have been abandoned for half a century, and discreetly

passing by on the other side of all strong places; thus showing himself not precise as a critic, and not trustworthy as an expositor.

Such a failure is particularly to be regretted, because the development of the utilitarian or beneficial ethics is more and more evidently the next advance in moral philosophy. Of this development Mr. Mill's treatise marked the true beginning. Mr. Spencer, in a remarkable piece which Mr. Lecky is perhaps unacquainted with,¹ has thrown out a most pregnant hint for a further movement of thought in the same direction—a movement which will unite the positive elements of both schools. Utilitarianism, either in its grosser form, or, with better minds, in its form as a highly rationalised kind of Christianity, may be described as practically the dominant creed of the time; and there are many reasons for believing that it fits in more naturally and closely with ruling tendencies of other kinds, than any other substitute that offers for the creeds that are falling. If the true answer to a question now so often put be that mankind cannot live without a religion, it is certain that that religion, whether it be the Religion of Humanity, or some regenerate form of Christianity, or mere morality highly spiritualised and elevated, will assimilate for its central principle what is the central principle of the utilitarian or beneficial ethics—that he is the best man who finds his own highest happiness in promoting the happiness of as many other people as possible. This is a principle drawn from the experience of men, and it rests on an intelligible basis. While it kindles, and expands, and elevates all the affections as powerfully as older creeds, it has the advantage, daily growing more and more important, of offering no shock nor disgust to the understanding. These things, however, may be more conveniently said on some other occasion than in connection with so regrettable a performance as the one we have been considering, which ingeniously combines the double demerit of doing the greatest possible injustice to the utilitarian school, and the least possible justice to the intuitive school.

EDITOR.

(1) A letter to Mr. Mill, given in Mr. Bain's compendium, *Mental and Moral Science*, pp. 721-2.

NOTES ON THE TEXT OF SHELLEY.

It is seldom that the work of a scholiast is so soon wanted as in Shelley's case it has been. The first collected edition of his works had many gaps and errors patent and palpable to any serious reader. His text is already matter for debate and comment, as though he were a classic newly unearthed. Certain passages begin to be famous as crucial subjects for emendation; and the master-singer of our modern poets shares with his own masters and models the least enviable proof of fame,—that given by corrupt readings and diverse commentaries. Awaiting the appearance, now long looked for, of a surer and carefuller text, I have but a word to say in passing, a hand to lend in this humble service of verbal emendation. One poet only of late times, and that but once, has suffered more than Shelley from the negligence and dullness of those to whose hands the trust of his text was committed. The last relics of Landor came before us distorted and deformed in every page by this shameful neglect, and the value is thus impaired of some among the most precious and wonderful examples extant of great genius untouched by great age, full of the grace, the strength, the clear light and harmony of noon unclouded by the night at hand.

I take at random a few of the disputed or disputable passages in the text of Shelley, keeping before me the comments (issued in *Notes and Queries* and elsewhere) of Mr. Garnett, Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Rossetti, and others. The Raffaele of poets (dead younger than Raffaele, on the hither side of thirty) has even by this time a fair train of commentators about and after him. In March and April 1868, the critic last named put forth a series of short papers on proposed or required emendations of passages evidently or apparently defective or corrupt. The first is that crucial verse in the famous *Stanzas* written in dejection near Naples,"

" The breath of the moist air is light."

Another reading is "earth" for "air;" better, though the "unextended buds" in the next line might be called things of air as well as of earth, without more of literal laxity or inaccuracy than Shelley allows himself elsewhere. As to the question whether "light" (adjective) be legitimate as a rhyme to "light" (substantive), it may be at once dismissed. The license, if license it be, of perfection in the echo of a rhyme is forbidden only, and wrongly, by English critics. The emendation "slight" for "light" is absurd.

In the eighteenth stanza of the first part of the "Sensitive Plant"

there is a line impossible to reduce to rule, but not obscure in its bearing. The plant, which could not prove by produce of any fruit the love it felt, received more of the light and odour mutually shed upon each other by its neighbour flowers than did any one among these, and thus, though powerless to show it, yet

“Loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver ;”

in other words, felt more love than the flower which gave it gifts of light and odour could feel, having nothing to give back as the others had in return ; all the more thankful and loving for the very barrenness and impotence of requital which made the gift a charity instead of an exchange. This license of implication, this inaccuracy of structure, which would include or involve a noun in its cognate verb (the words “loved more” being used as exactly equivalent to the words “felt more love”), is certainly not imitable by others, even if defensible in Shelley ; but the change proposed in punctuation and construction makes the passage dissonant and tortuous, throws the sense out of keeping and the sound out of tune.

In the eighth stanza of the third part the following line seems to me right as it stands :—

“ Leaf after leaf, day by day— ”

if the weight and fall of the sound be properly given. Mr. Rossetti would slip in the word “ and ; ” were it there, I should rather wish to excise it.

In the twenty-second stanza of the “ Adonais ” I am almost certain that in Shelley’s own Pisan or Livornese edition the reading of the fourth line runs as it should, thus—

“ A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs.”

I do not understand wherein can be the objection to the “ magic mantles ” of the thirteenth stanza. It is the best word, the word most wanted to convey, by one such light and great touch as only a great workman can give, the real office and rank of the divine “ shepherds,” to distinguish Apollo from the run of Admetus’s herdsmen. The reading “ tragic ” would be by comparison insignificant, even were there any ground of proof or likelihood to sustain it. In the fourth stanza of this poem Shelley calls Milton “ the third among the sons of light.” It has been asked who were the two first : it has been objected that there were at least three—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare. I have no doubt that Shelley had in view the first and the last names only. To him Dante could scarcely have seemed a type of spiritual illumination, a son of light elect above other poets ; of this we might be sure without the evidence we have. No man, not even Landor, has laid upon the shrine of Dante a

ank-offering of more delicate and passionate praise, has set a deeper brand of abhorrence upon the religion which stained his genius. Compare the twenty-second of Shelley's collected letters with the "Pentameron" of Landor—who has surely said enough, and did it with all the matchless force and charm of his most pure and perfect eloquence, in honour of Dante, to weigh against the bitterness of his blame. Had I the right or the strength to defend the name of one great man from the charge of another, to vindicate with all reverence the fame of Landor even against the verdict of Mazzini, I would appeal to all fellow-students whether Landor has indeed spoken as one "infirm in mind," or tainted with injustice—as he slow of speech or dull of sense to appreciate the divine qualities of the founder of all modern poetry. He has exalted his name above all high every name on record, in the very work which taxes him with the infection of a ferocity caught from contact with the plagues of religion. It is now hoped and suggested that a spirit and sense wholly unlike their outer habit may underlie the written words of Dante and of Milton.¹ That may be; but the outer habit remains, the most hateful creed in all history; uglier than the faith of Moloch or of Kali, by the hideous mansuetude, the devilish wing-kindness of its elections and damnations. Herein perhaps only do these two great poets fall below the greater, below Homer and Æschylus, Sophocles and Shakespeare; the very skirts of whose thought, the very hems of whose garments, are clean from the pollution of this pestilence. Their words as well as their meanings, their sound not less than their sense, we can accept as wise and sweet, fruitful and fresh to all time; but the others have assumed the accent with the raiment of Dominic and Calvin—mighty men too, it may be, after their kind, but surely rather sons of fire than sons of light. At the same time it may be plausibly if not reasonably alleged that Shelley and Landor were both in some measure disqualified by their exquisite Hellenism of spirit to relish duly the name and savour of Dante's imagination.

There are at least two passages in the "Ode to Liberty" where either the meaning or the reading is dubious and debateable. In the thirteenth stanza, having described, under the splendid symbol of a summons sent from Vesuvius to Etna across the volcanic islets of Stromboli (the "Æolian isles" of old), how Spain calls England, by example of revolution, to rivalry of resurrection (in 1820, be it

(1) Of the poet of the English commonwealth Shelley has elsewhere said, "The sacred Milton was, let it ever be remembered, a republican, and a bold inquirer into morals and religion;" a passage which may serve as comment on this of the "Adonais." On the other hand, Shelley in the "Defence of Poetry" does certainly place Dante, "the second epic poet," between Homer and Milton; and so far he would seem to be referred to here so as second "among the sons of light." But where then is Shakespeare, who surely did the most "light" in him of all?

observed), the poet bids the two nations, "twins of a single destiny," appeal to the years to come. So far all is plain sailing. Then we run upon what seems a sudden shoal or hidden reef. What does this mean?

" Impress us from a seal,
" All ye have thought and done! Time cannot dare conceal."

The construction is at once loose and intricate; the sentence indeed limps on both feet; but I am not sure that here is not rather oversight than corruption. The sense at starting is clearly—"Impress us *with* all ye have thought or done, *which* time cannot dare conceal," or, "Let all ye have thought and done impress us," and so forth. The construction runs wild and falls to pieces; we found and we must leave it patchwork; for no violence of alteration, were such permissible, could force it into coherence. When Shelley's grammar slips or trips, as it seems to do at times, the fault is a fault of hasty laxity, not of ignorance, of error, of defective sense or taste such as Byron's; venial at worst, not mortal.

We start our next question in the fifteenth stanza. Whose or what is "the impious name" so long and so closely veiled under the discreet and suggestive decency of asterisks? It was at once assumed and alleged to be the name of which Shelley had already said, through the lips of Prometheus, that "it had become a curse:" the name of Christ. I for one have never doubted that the reviewer of the moment had read aright. No other word indeed will give adequate sense, fit in fairly with the context. It is a creed, a form of faith, upon which the writer here sets his foot. What otherwise shall we take to be "the snaky knot of this foul gordian word"—a word which, "weak itself as stubble," serves yet the turn of tyrants to bind together the rods and axes of their rule? If this does not mean a faith of some kind, and a living faith to this day, then words have no meaning, and the whole divine fabric of that intense and majestic stanza crumbles into sparkling dust, dissolves into sonorous jargon. Any such vaguer substitute as "priest" or "king" weakens not one verse only, but makes the rest feeble and pointless, even if it can be said to leave them any meaning at all; and why any such word should be struck out upon revision of the text by any fool or coward who might so dare, none surely can guess; for such words recur at every turn as terms of reproach. Then comes the question, whether Shelley in 1820 would have used so bitter and violent a phrase to express his horror and hatred of the evil he held to be wrought in the world by the working of the Christian religion. It may help us to decide if we take into account with how terrible and memorable a name he had already branded it in the eighth stanza of this very poem. That he did to the last regard it as, by all historical evidence, the invariable accomplice of

ranny—as at once the constant shield and the ready spear of force and of fraud—his latest letters show as clearly as that he did no justice to “the sublime human character” of its founder. The word “Christ,” if received as the true reading, would stand merely equivalent to the word “Christianity;” the blow aimed at the creed would imply nothing of insult or outrage to the person. Next year indeed Shelley wrote that famous chorus in the “Hellas” which hails the rising of the “folding star of Bethlehem,” as with angelic salutation, in sweeter and more splendid words than ever fall from any Christian lyricist. But when that chorus was written, Shelley had not changed or softened his views of history and theology. His defence of Grecian cross against Turkish crescent did not imply that he took for a symbol of liberty the ensign of the Christian faith, the banner of Constantine and of Torquemada, under which had fought and conquered such recruits, and with such arms, as the paramour¹ of Dante’s Church, who begot on the body of that ride no less hopeful and helpful an offspring than the Holy Inquisition. Such workings of the creed, such developments of the faith, were before Shelley’s eyes when he wrote; he had also about him the reek of as foul an incense going up from the priests of that day to their Ferdinand or their George as those of ours have ever sent up to Bonaparte or to Bourbon of their own, mixing with the smell of battle-smoke and blood the more fetid fumes of prayer and praise; and wide as is the gap between his first and last manner, great as is the leap from “Queen Mab” to “Hellas,” the passage of four years had not transformed or worn out the “philanthropist, democrat, and atheist” of 1816. For thus he signed himself in the *Wiss* album, not merely as *ἄθεος*; and the cause or provocation is clear enough; for on the same leaf there appears just above his signature an entry by some one who saw fit here to give vent to an outbreak of overflowing foolery, flagrant and fervid with the stilly grease and rancid religion of a conventicle; some folly about the Alps, God, glory, beneficence, witness of nature to this or that divine thing or person, and such-like matter. A little below is the name of Shelley, with this verse attached:—

“*εἰμι φιλόανθρωπος δημοκράτικός τ’ ἄθεός τε.*”

I copy the spelling with all due regret and horror, but not without rejoicing on his account that Shelley was clear of Eton when he committed this verse, and had now for critic or commentator a Dafford only in place of a Keate. The remarks on this entry added by Christian pilgrims who came after are, in the phrase of the archetypal Pecksniff, “very soothing.” One of these, I think,

(1) “L’amoroso drudo
Della fede cristiana.”

Paradise, xii. 55.

observes, with a pleasant pungency of originality, that the fool had said in his heart—we have seen what.

Most of the emendations or solutions offered by Mr. Rossetti on corrupt or obscure passages in the "Revolt of Islam" seem to me probable and sound; but in this verse—

" Gestures and looks, *such as in whirlwinds bore*
Which might not be withstood"—

I take the verb to be used in the absolute not the active sense—"bore onward or forward;" this use of the word here is a somewhat ungraceful sign of haste, but makes clear a passage otherwise impracticably dense and chaotic. Before passing from this poem, I have to express a hope that a final edition of Shelley's works will some day, rather sooner than later, restore to the proper title and the genuine text. Every change made in it was forced upon the author by pressure from without; every change is for the worse. Has no reader ever asked himself what can be the meaning of the second title? What is the revolt of Islam? Islam is not put forward as the sole creed of the tyrants and slaves who play their parts here with such frank ferocity; Persian and Indian, Christian and Mahometan mythologies are massed together for attack. And certainly Islam is not, as the rules of language would imply, the creed of the insurgents. Could the phrase "revolt of the Christians" be taken to signify a revolt against the Christians? There is at least meaning in the first title—"Laon and Cythna, or the Revolution of the Golden City." Readers may prefer a text which makes hero and heroine strangers in blood, but the fact remains that Shelley saw fit to make them brother and sister and to defend their union as essentially innocent even if socially condemnable. The letters printed in the "Shelley Memorials" show what staunch resolution he clung to this point, when beaten up by remonstrance from all sides. This most singular of his social and ethical heresies was indeed never quite thrown over. "Incidentally" he wrote in 1819 to Mrs. Gisborne, with reference to Calderon's tragic treatment of the story of Amnon and Tamar, "is, like many other incorrect things, a very poetical circumstance. It may be an excess of love or hate. It may be the defiance of everything for the sake of another, which clothes itself in the glory of the heroism; or it may be that cynical rage which, confounding good and bad in existing opinions, breaks through them for the purpose of rioting in selfishness and antipathy;" the one he had in "Laon and Cythna," the other in "The Cenci." And the absurd abortion of a book which would discredit any man's right not to speak of Shelley's—"St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian"—an unfledged and half-hatched bird of paradise had uttered a w

the same tune. The only thing our memory carries away after all rubbish has been handled and sifted is the proof given in one passage that Shelley felt thus early some attraction to this subject; which is indeed suggestive and fruitful enough of possible tragic effect. It is noticeable that he has never cited or referred to the magnificent masterpiece of Ford's genius. Those who please may explore or may applaud this proclivity; but the student must at any rate accept and take account of it, for the influence permeates much Shelley's verse with a thin but clear under-current of feeling and confusion. The rarity of the cancelled edition of "Laon and Cythna" has been exaggerated by fraudulent or ignorant assertions. Besides my own copy, I have known of others enough at least to refute the notion that there are but three in the world. I give but one proof among many of the injury done to the poem by minor changes of wording. In the thirtieth stanza of the twelfth canto we now read,

" Therefore ye shall behold
How those who love, yet fear not, dare to die ;"

where the languid tautology of this verse impairs the force of the whole passage; the genuine reading is this :

" Therefore ye shall behold
How Atheists and Republicans can die."

Such throughout was the process by which the more outspoken verses of a poem outspoken enough throughout were weakened and misfigured. Remembering by what forcible extortion of assent a reluctant admission of these changes was wrung from the poet, we must hope now to have back his own fresher and clearer words in their first fullness and freedom.

The passage cited from "Alastor" is, I believe, corrupt, but I cannot accept the critic's proposed change of punctuation. Here are the words disputed :—

" On every side now rose
Rocks which in unimaginable forms
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles
In the light of evening, and its precipice
Obscuring the ravine disclosed above
'Mid toppling stones, black gulfs, and yawning streams," &c.

r. Rossetti in evident desperation would re-arrange the last lines thus :—

" And—its precipice
Obscuring—the ravine disclosed above," &c.

"&c." (he adds), "the rocks, obscuring the precipice (the precipitous ascent) of the ravine, disclosed said ravine overhead."

This I must say is intolerable, and impossible. If the words could be wrenched and racked into such a meaning, we should have here

from one of the mightiest masters of language the most monstrous example on record of verbal deformity, of distorted and convulsed inversion or perversion of words. I suspect the word "its" to be wrong, and either a blind slip of the pen or a printer's error. If it is not, and we are to assume that there is any break in the sentence, the parenthesis must surely extend thus far—"its precipice obscuring the ravine"—*i.e.*, the rocks opened or "disclosed" where the precipice above the ravine obscured it. But I take "disclosed" to be the participle; "its precipice darkened the ravine (which was) disclosed above." Then the sentence is left hanging loose and ragged, short by a line at least, and never wound up to any end at all. Such a sentence we too certainly find once at least in the "Prometheus Unbound" (II. 4):—

"Who made that sense which, when the winds of spring
In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
(*A line wanting*)
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears?" &c.

It is waste of time to attempt any patching or furbishing of this passage by excision or substitution. Perhaps the author never observed what a gap was left in sense and grammar. As it is, we can only note the omission or oversight and pass on; unless we should please or dare to slip in by way of complement some verse of our own devising; which happily no one has done or is like to do.

The "Prometheus Unbound" has this among other and better things in common with its Æschylean models, that we want now and then a scholiast for interpreter, having at times to read it as we might read for instance the "Suppliants," and lacking a critic to "cure the hal and maimed," as Mr. Browning says of that glorious and hapless poet whose godlike grace and heroic beauty so many readers have more or less passed over with half a recognition, for no fault but its misfortune. I shall touch but on one or two points of dispute in the text as find it; and first on this (II. 4):—

"Till marble grew divine,
And mothers, gazing, drank the love men see
In their race, behold, and perish."

ther passage Mr. Rossetti, with the touch of true and keen has given us at least a reasonable reading in place of one plicable. As the text has hitherto stood, Prometheus says Erth-Spirit (I. 1),

“ I only know that thou art moving near
And love. How cursed I him ? ”

always assumed to mean merely—“ That thou art moving I dost love (me),” finding elsewhere such laxities of remiss printing as that of “love” for “lovest ;”¹ nor am I now sure was not meant, for the “scorn” of Earth and her sons for us, of which he has lately complained, is not even in his ; he says only that to refuse his request looks as though ned their saviour. But this new reading shows keen critic and a quick-eyed ingenuity ;

“ And *Jove*—how cursed I him ? ”

t may be objected that the sentence preceding comes to an and feeble close with the close of the verse. When in the the Furies are described as

“ Blackening the air of night with countless wings,
And hollow underneath like death,”

would take the word “hollow” as an epithet of the wings, wings countless and hollow ;” wrongly, as I think. These Shelley are “phantasms,” hollow and shadowy emanations of all-miscreative brain :” *quædam simulacra modis pallentia miris*. Difficult passage at the end of the third act I can only explain such paraphrase as this : “ the thrones, altars, and prisons of were now like those barbaric and monumental figures or engraved on obelisks, which survive the decay of later as raised by their conquerors, tombs and prisons built by kings asasty more recent than the race which had reared *them* ; these mouldering round them, built since their date in honour of ion and the pride of past kings and priests, and are them-

lor has noted an instance of this error elsewhere. Having set a mark against so of “empowered” for “empoweredst,” “cast” for “castedst,” he adds, “I ne fault, where I am as much surprised to find it, in Shelley :

‘ *Thou lovest, but ne’er knew love’s sad satiety.* ’ ”

work on the text of Milton, he has given us a rule which all editors and com-would be wise to lay to heart in Shelley’s case : “It is safer and more to correct the punctuation of a great poet than his slightest word.” ve’s proposal of “sea-girt” for “sun-girt city” (“Lines written among the Hills”) may look plausible, but the now epithet is feeble, inadequate, inacc-ance is not a sea-girt city ; it is interlaced and interwoven with sea, but not erced through with water, but not ringed about. Seen by noon from the heights, clothed as with the very and visible glory of Italy, it might seem to ity girdled with the sunlight, as some Nereid with the arms of the sun-god.

selves now merely looked on as wonders;" thus only, and awkwardly, can I make anything of the involved and long-drawn sentence, unless with Mr. Rossetti we put a full period after the words "mouldering round," and start afresh in this fashion; "those monuments imaged (*i.e.*, *did* image; but I take *imaged* to be the participle) a dark faith, to the satisfaction and pride of kings and priests . . . and are now but an astonishment." This again seems to me inadmissible: I fear the passage must be left more or less in confusion, the parenthesis being so long between the two main verbs which prop the sentence ("which look forth . . . and are now" &c.); but in fact these large and stately structures of massive and majestic verse do seem too often to need more help of clamps and girders, if the main stones and joists of the fabric are to hold together.

At the close of that transcendent interlude of antiphonal music in the fourth act, the Earth takes up and gives back the last notes of the Moon's chant before resuming a graver and deeper strain:

(" When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow.

THE EARTH.

And the weak day weeps
That it should be so.")

Mr. Rossetti would add these two last short lines to the song of the Moon, and make the Earth's part begin at the words "O gentle Moon, the voice of thy delight," &c.: to me there has always seemed to be a sweet and subtle miracle of music in the text as it stands; but how much of this effect may be the mere impression of habit and fancy, the mere fruit of the fondness of years for these verses as I have always known them, I cannot of course judge; though of course, too, I incline to take the verdict of my own delight in them.

It may be worth notice that the earliest editions of Shelley's poems are sometimes accurate in small points where all others have gone wrong; for example, the first line of the speech closing the "Prometheus" runs rightly thus in the first edition:—

" This is the day, which down the void abysm,"

while from every later copy in the collected works the word "is" has dropped off. So in the "Cenci" (II. 1) the Livornese edition of 1819 reads:—

" Then it was I whose inarticulate words
Fell from my lips, and who with tottering steps
Fled from your presence," &c.

The later copies drop the word *and*, thus breaking down the metre. But this genuine edition reads (IV. 4) with the later text,—

" Guilty! who dares talk of guilt? My lord," &c.,

g no authority for the insertion of "to" before "talk," which d rather weakens the force of emphasis in this sudden outbreak ssionate protest. But in the speech of Marzio (V. 2) it again s us right:—

" Oh, dart
The terrible resentment of those eyes
On the dead earth ! "

e " Works " we find *dread* printed in place of *dead*, which Mr. etti knew by instinct for the right reading. Again, at the end a third act Shelley's Italian edition runs thus:—

" ORSINO.
When next we meet—
GIACOMO.
May all be done—and all
Forgotten ; Oh, that I had never been ! "

y a better than the current version—

" ORSINO.
When next we meet may all be done !
GIACOMO.

And all
Forgotten, &c."

first English edition alone reads (I. 1)—

" Respited me from hell ! So may the devil," &c.

others, from the Livornese onward, have let fall the word *me*. e slight things, so tedious to dwell upon, all help us—and they can help us—towards a true text of our greatest modern poet. re case of Æschylus or of Shakespeare, such light crumbs and husks would be held precious as grains of gold. I have but a more to glean and reserve or reject as they seem worth. would certainly not agree to alter without authority that ad- ble verse in the fragment on Leonardo's " Medusa ; "

" Below, far lands are seen tremblingly ; "

ntense effect of sound and accent is too rare a thing to lose or ge. To shift the stress of a verse and elongate an elided ble must prove either a triumph of musical instinct or a dis- nt and hateful failure. Here the triumphant skill and subtile e of Shelley's ear for metre gives special charm to the delicate ng of his verse, which would be lost were we to read " *the* far s," even did this not make the line otherwise immetrical. In a other cases cited by Mr. Rossetti there may be room and reason cutting out or slipping in a syllable or so. His corrections ext in the imperfect " Triumph of Life " seem to me worthy of grateful acceptance : but the suggestion of " mouthless " for nthless," in the fragment of a stanza rejected from the " Adonais," mewhat grotesque. " Time's monthless torrent," if these were

indeed Shelley's deliberate words, must mean the eternal course of time without end or beginning, which passes without taking account as we do of years or months, days or hours. The last stanza of the "Medusa" is a mere sketch, not ripe for criticism or correction; so is the fragment of a dirge—"Rough wind, that moanest loud."

In the second line of the ninety-seventh stanza of the translated "Hymn to Mercury,"

"Thus King Apollo loved the child of May
In truth, and Jove covered them with love and joy,"

for "covered" we ought evidently to read "clothed."

In the translation of the "Cyclops," the semichorus (v. 495—502 of the Greek text) is confused and inaccurate as we now read it, and the change of "those" and "there" into "thou" is in each case a clear gain as far as the English text is concerned, though it brings us no nearer to the Greek; which runs literally thus:—

"Happy he who shouts his song
To the grape's dear fountain-springs,
For a revel laid along,
Close in arms a loved man grasping,
And on spread couch-coverings
Some soft woman-blossom clasping,
Sleek, with love-locks oiled all o'er,
Who, he cries, will open me her door?"

Shelley, working from an uncorrected text, has taken *ἐνθόν* (the old reading for *ἄνθος* or *κάλλος*) as adjective to *βόστρυχον*, and has washed off from the woman's hair the sweet oil poured over the man's curls. His version, were it admissible in the eyes of more critical editors, would add grace to the charm of a most graceful strophe—that is, up to the last line, here simply misconstrued; but he has strayed again somewhat too far in his rendering of the semichorus antiphonal to this; when Ulysses, hailed by the Cyclops, follows him out with the wine-skin, and the Chorus, secretly reassured and silyly hopeful, sings to this ambiguous effect:—

"Fair, with fair looks prosperous,
Comes he from the halls inside;
One good friend is friends with us.
For thy body fair the lamp
Waits alight—come, tender bride—
In the caverns dewy-damp:
And thine head shall soon be bound
Not with single-coloured garlands round."

I translate from Dindorf's text; that given by Mr. Paley might run thus in English:—

"There awaits thy flesh a lamp
Of fierce fire, no tender bride, &c."

The "lamp" would then be, of course, the firebrand prepared to blind Polyphemus, and the two last lines, in the words of the editor (vol.

iii. p. 509), "mean that in the place of a crown of myrtle and roses a ring of gory hue shall encircle his brows." In either case I suppose the ironic allusions to the torch of marriage and the marriage-wreath of divers colours must be the same.

There is no gap in the translation at v. 675, and the asterisks inserted after the words "Nowhere, O Cyclops," would be better away. The passage describing the cookery of Polyphemus (vv. 390—395) is difficult and debateable enough, but less hard than the desperate version of Shelley, who in his note "confesses that he does not understand this." The reading, "*four* amphoræ," just above, is a misprint or slip of the pen for "ten;" the next few words are curiously tumbled together and misconstrued. Shelley has not distinguished the drinking-can or cup (σκύφος) wrought of ivy-wood, or carved round with ivy-leaves, from the ninety-gallon bowl (κρατήρ) into which the Cyclops had just milked his cows. Read:—

" Then he milked the cows,
And, pouring in the white milk, filled a bowl
That might have held ten amphoræ; and by it
He set himself an ivy-carven cup—
Three cubits wide and four in depth it seemed—
[And set a brass pot on the fire to boil] ¹
And spits made out of blackthorn shoots, with tips
Burnt hard in fire, and planed in the other parts
Smooth with a pruning-hook; and huge blood-bowls
Ætnæan, set for the axe's edge to fill."

Or if σφαγεία can mean the axes themselves, and γνάθους be read for γνάθους;

" And the under-jaws
Of axes, huge Ætnæan slaughtering-tools."

I do not see the meaning of those asterisks marking omission where omission is none, between the opening speech of Silenus and the *parode*. Of this Shelley has only translated the strophe and the latter part of the epode. Why the intervening verses were omitted it is impossible to say. In default of the better version he has begrudged as I offer this by way of makeshift, following the exact order and cadence of rhymes observed by Shelley. After the call to the she-goat ² (which he translates "Get along;" it should rather be "Come," as the shout is not meant to scare, but to reclaim) the song continues—a literal goat-song for once:—

" Ease your udders milk-distent,
Take the young ones to the teat,
Left in yeanelings' penfolds pent;
Now the sleepy midday bleat

(1) This line seems misplaced here, and has been marked as such by later editors.

(2) Shelley seems to have overlooked the sex of the goat whom the satyrs are calling back to give suck to her young. In his text the words "he of race divine," and "father of the flocks," should be altered to "she" and "mother."

Of your sucklings calls you home ;
Come to fold them, will you ? come,
From the full-flowered pasture-grasses
Up in Ætna's rock-strewn passes.

Here no Bacchus, no dance comes
Here, nor Mænads thyrses-bearing,
Nor glad clang of kettledrums,
Nor by well or running spring
Drops of pale bright wine ; nor now
With the nymphs on Nysa's brow
An Iacchic melody
To the golden Aphrodite
Do I lift," &c.

Read *do* for *will*, which stands in Shelley's text through mere misreading of the passage ; it was doubtless wrongly pointed in the copy by which he worked.

There is another omission after verse 165, more accountable than this ; whether any part of Shelley's version was struck out or not the printing we have not been told. Perhaps the passage, essential as is to the continuity of the scene, may be borne with in this reduced and softened form. After the verse—"I would give All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains,"—add :

" And pitch into the brine off some white cliff,
Having got once well drunk and cleared my brows.
How mad is he whom drinking makes not glad !¹
For drink means strength renewed for love-making,
Aye, and forgetfulness of ills. What then,
Shall I not buy me² such a drink, and bid
Fool Cyclops with his one mid eye go hang ?"

In this laudable frame of mind the Falstaff of Olympus makes on his sheep-stealing errand ; and the Chorus, which hitherto modestly stood aside and left the talking to him, now first addresses the new-comer :—

" Hear you, Ulysses, we would talk with you.

ULYSSES.

Well, on then, as you come like friends to a friend.

(1) Rabelais gives an admirable version of this line (Book iv. ch. C5) ; " Veritablement, il est escript par vostre beau Euripides, et le dict Sironus, beuveur memorable :

 Furieux est, de bon sens ne jouist,
 Quiconques boyt et ne s'en resjouist."

(2) Or if we retain the reading *ὃ ἐνὶ πόσει* instead of admitting this of *ὃς ἐνὶ πόσει*

" Shall I not worship such a drink," &c.,

for we are told to take *ἐνὶ πόσει* here in the sense of *προσέχειν*, or I should render it simply,

" Shall I not kiss a drink like this ?"

CHORUS.

Ye have taken Troy, and laid your hands on Helen ?

ULYSSES.

And utterly destroyed the race of Priam.¹

CHORUS.

Well, when ye had got the girl then, did ye not
 All of you take your sport with her in turn,
 Seeing she delights in marrying many men ?
 The wanton wretch !” &c.

this discussion of Helen by the satyrs, Silenus returns with
 her ; his speech begins (v. 188) “ See, here are sheep,” etc.
 following the older editions, puts into his mouth all this last
 of the Chorus to Ulysses, with its exquisite satyric moralizing
 in levity. At the entrance of the Cyclops there is some
 confusion :—

“ SILENUS.

What ho ! assistance, comrades, haste, assistance !

CYCLOPS.

What is this tumult ?”

the given to Silenus belongs to the Cyclops as he bursts in
 on stage, and might rather be rendered :—

“ Hold hard, let’s see here, lend a hand : what’s this ?
 What sloth ? what rioting ?”

verse 220 there is another break ; Silenus has said, “ Anything
 only don’t drink *me* up ;” and the Cyclops, as delicate as
 Caliban, replies :—

“ By no means, for you’d be the death of me
 Then, tumbling in my belly, with your tricks.”

verse 345, read, to fill up the gap at the end of the Cyclops’
 —

“ So creep in quick, to stand about the shrine
 O’ the god o’ the cave and feast me fairly full.”

end of the cave is explained to be, as above,

“ Myself
 And this great belly, first of deities.”

line is missed at v. 381 :—

“ Unhappy man !
 How was it with you, then, faring like this ?”

next break is at v. 439 ; if the verses here omitted be spurious
 we need to retain the asterisks. Anyhow they can only be
 as trimmed for translation and curtailed into decency ; the

(1) These two lines are in Shelley’s text.

satyrs, though perforce living virtuously in a state of servitude, retain their natural amativeness. Read:—

“ And leave for ever
The impious Cyclops: for this long time now
Our poor dear flesh has lived a widower's life
Toward women, as we can't give *him* the slip.”

At v. 585 there is a point of interrogation missed, and the dialogue has not all its original briskness and ease of motion. Here the Cyclops—now, in Trinculo's phrase, “a howling monster; a drunken monster”—shows his affection for Silenus, as Caliban in the like case shows his adoration of Stephano. The parallel would be closer if Caliban had met Falstaff, but the humour of the two scenes is much alike. It must be remembered that “the poor monster's in drink; an abominable monster!” Read:—

“ No, I'll no kissing; let the Graces tempt me;
I can do well enough with Ganymede here,
Gloriously, by the Graces! where are women
Worth such sweet youths as this now?!”

SILENUS.

Polypheme,
Am I Jove's Ganymede, then?

CYCLOPS.

Yes, by Jove!
And thus I snatch you off from Dardanus.

SILENUS.

I'm done for, boys, I'm come to fearful grief.

CHORUS.

What! wrangle and flout your lover when he's drunk?

SILENUS.

Alack! I'm like to find it bitter drink.”

I know that he who ventures to touch the text of Shelley should keep always before his eyes the fate of Uzza, and the curse denounced on him who adds to or takes from the sacred writings so much as a word; if I too have laid a presumptuous hand upon the ark, tampered rashly with the inspired canon of scripture, I can only put forward the plea found in that former case unavailing, that I meant but to prop the shaken vessel, to clear the blotted records, which contain the divine treasure: putting my trust in judges of more than Jewish or godlike tolerance. Were it for me to pass sentence, I would say of the very rashest of possible commentators that his errors, though they were many, should be forgiven, if he loved much. While revising the version of the “Cyclops” I have felt again, and more keenly, the old delight of wonder at its matchless grace of unapproachable beauty, its strength, ease, delicate simplicity and

(1) “A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.”

(*Tempest*, ii. 2.)

But poor old Silenus is now as sober or semi-sober as Trinculo.

ciency ; the birthmark and native quality of all Shelley's translations. I have retouched nothing but one or two confused lines ; for I can hope, even though there be here and there a slip in the printing, to supply anything as good in place of a cancelled verse of

What I have ventured to retranslate in full, I never designed to supplant the text, but merely to elucidate. These small and slow returns of verbal criticism are the best returns we can make, the best we can pay to a great man's work ; and no man need think it a waste of his time, which so often employed the hours and the days of Milton and of Landor. It is easier to dilate at length on the excellence of a man's genius than to sift and test it by proof of word and letter, that so the next student may at least find a clear and certain text to study, without the trouble of deciphering a faded manuscript or refitting a broken puzzle. And we have especial reason for accuracy and fullness of text when the text is Shelley's. His work is burnt in more deeply and more durably upon men's minds than that of any among the great poets of his day. Of these, Coleridge and Keats set no such mark on the spirit of their readers ;¹ they left no such plain and perfect examples of work absolutely faultless, visibly unassailable, self-resumed and self-content. Byron was first to stamp his signet the thought and feeling of one kind of men ; then Wordsworth in turn set his mark on a different kind. But the one for want of depth and sense and harmony, the other for want of clearness and eyesight and lifeblood, and both for want of a truer force and a truer breadth of spirit, failed to impress upon all time any such lasting sign of their passage and their power, any such inevitable ineffaceable mark to bear witness of their work, as Dante or Milton, Goethe or Shelley, each in his special fashion.

There is no bad way of testing an opinion held vaguely but sincerely to its worth : it is to put it up and rub it, as it were, against the opinion of some one else, and see if it is clearly worth agreeing with or disagreeing. Mr. Arnold, with his clear and critical spirit it is always good to come in contact, as with a plain man or as a dissenter, has twice spoken of Shelley, each time, as I remember, putting forth a brilliant error, shot through and spotted with pieces of truth. Byron and Shelley, he says, "two members of the democratic class," alone in their day, strove "to apply the modern test" to English literature. "Aristocracies are, as such, naturally measurable by ideas ; but their individual members have a high range and a turn for breaking bounds ; and a man of genius, who is the born child of the idea, happening to be born in the democratic ranks, chafes against the obstacles which prevent

Coleridge's personal influence as preacher or professor of ghostly dialectics and light theosophy (brighter indeed than the bedroom rushlights about it, but no star) was a thing distinct from his doings as a poet. There was no more direct work in his mere verse than by the mere verse of Keats.

him from freely developing it." To the truth of this he might have cited a third witness; for of the English poets then living, three only were children of the social or political idea, strong enough to breathe and work in the air of revolution, to wrestle with change and hold fast the new liberty, to believe at all in the godhead of people or peoples, in the absolute right and want of the world, equality of justice, of work and truth and life; and these three came all out of the same rank, were all born into one social sect, men of historic blood and name, having nothing to ask of revolution, nothing (as the phrase is now) to gain by freedom, but leave to love and serve the light for the light's sake. Landor, who died last, was eldest, and Shelley, who died first, was youngest of the three. Each stood alike apart from the rest, far unlike as each was to the other two; not, like Coleridge, blind to the things of the time, nor, like Keats, alien to all things but art; and leaving to Southey or Wordsworth the official laurels and loyalties of courtly content and satisfied compliance. Out of their rank the Georges could raise no recruits to beat the drum of prose or blow the bagpipes of verse in any royal and constitutional procession towards nuptial or funereal goal.¹

So far we must go with Mr. Arnold; but I cannot follow him when he adds that Byron and Shelley failed in their attempt; that the best "literary creation" of their time, work "far more solid and complete than theirs," was due to men in whom the new spirit was dead or was unborn; that, therefore, "their names will be greater than their writings." First, I protest against the bracketing of the two names. With all reserve of reverence for the noble genius and memory of Byron, I can no more accept him as a poet equal or even akin to Shelley on any side but one, than I could imagine Shelley endowed with the various, fearless, keen-eyed, and triumphant energy which makes the greatest of Byron's works so great. With all his glory of ardour and vigour and humour, Byron was a singer who could not sing; Shelley outsang all poets on record but some two or three throughout all time; his depths and heights of inner and outer music are as divine as nature's, and not sooner exhausted. He was alone the perfect singing-god; his thoughts, words, deeds all sang together. This between two singing-men is a distinction of some significance; and must be, until the inarticulate poets

(1) The one kindly attempt of Landor to fill Southey's place for him when discredited could scarcely have proved acceptable to his friend's official employers.

"But since thou liest sick at heart
And worn with years, some little part
Of thy hard office let me try,
Tho' inexpert was always I
To toss the litter of Westphalian swine
From under human to above divine."—(Works, vol. ii. p. 664.)

"Call you that backing of your friends"—when they happen to be laureates?

ir articulate outriders have put down singing-men altogether unrealities, inexpedient if not afflictive in the commonwealth of Proudhon and Mr. Carlyle. Till the dawn of that "most desired r, more loved and lovely than all its sisters," these unblest creations will continue to note the difference, and take some punt of it. Again, though in some sense a "child of the idea," Byron is but a foundling or bastard child; Shelley is born heir, and it by birthright; to Byron it is a charitable nurse, to Shelley a natural mother. All the more praise, it may be said, to Byron for being seen so much as he did and served so loyally. Be it so then;

let not his imperfect and intermittent service, noble and helpful now, and now alloyed with baser temper or broken short through habit or spite or habit, be set beside the flawless work and perfect service of Shelley. His whole heart and mind, his whole soul and strength, Byron could not give to the idea at all; neither to art, nor to freedom, nor any faith whatever. His life's work therefore falls as far short of the standard of Shelley's as of Goethe's work. To compare Byron with "Prometheus," the "Prophecy of Dante" with the "Ode to Naples," is to compare "Manfred" with "Faust." Shelley was not a son and soldier of light, an archangel winged and weaponed to do angels' work. Byron, with a noble admixture of brighter and darker blood, had in him a cross of the true Philistine breed.

There is no other word than this yet devised which will carry the full weight of meaning wanted. The use of it is however, it seems, confined to certain persons; one writer, commenting on a former number of mine published in this *Review*, has actually signed his name to an article in which he asserts that Mr. Matthew Arnold and I let him use or abuse it as a reproachful synonym for the name of Christian. Anonymous fiction of this kind no man will notice who respects the truth or himself; but some exposition of the meaning of the words may be permissible and serviceable for the correction of an error or the exposure of a falsehood. It is not the correction of an error that is for the minute my task. This writer, whose article was signed with the name of Peter Bayne, undertakes the defence of the gods in heaven above and on earth beneath against Mr. Arnold. I myself with engines and artillery of a somewhat shaky and loose kind. For myself, it appears that I, "who am refined" (Peter Bayne) "in my language, and have quite the manners of a gentleman" (this, I fear, is the scathing expression of a pungent man), have denounced the whole race of "Christians" at one swoop as "noisome Philistines;" exceeding Mr. Arnold by the addition of an epithet. I am not concerned to dispute the merits of gentility with a falsifier of the sense of words, to question the breeding or pass sentence on the manners of a public self-exposed libeller. I would only remark that when the

reader is led or driven off the bare highway of truth it is but fair to afford him some morsel of slander so spiced and sauced that it may perhaps slip glibly down some one's gullet without sticking, some palatable and digestible condiment of calumny, some pleasanter pasture, at least, than a twice-cooked and twice-chewed mess of thistles: for it cannot be certain that he will by some divine inborn instinct prefer that diet to any other. Mr. Bayne's calumnies are somewhat dry, a little flat and hard; Crabtree, in this revival of Sheridan's play, moves clumsily in the coarse livery of slander in undress, without the brocade and perfume of Backbite, the genial grace of Mrs. Candour, or the sinewy and flexible facility of Snake. His crude fiction wants breadth, delicacy, sureness of touch; Tartuffe would scarcely have taken him on trial as a fellow-servant with Laurent. In one point he is liker another once famous figure in the drama. The valet in Farquhar's comedy knew when people were talking of him, "they laughed so consumedly." Mr. Peter Bayne has sounded a baser string of humility than the valet. When he does but scent or suspect anywhere a contemptuous allusion, he knows "they must be talking," not of him, but of the gods of his worship. Scrub knew his own place; but Mr. Bayne knows the place of his gods; and indeed, if we judge of a deity by his worshippers, he may be right in thinking that what he adores must be naturally liable to men's contempt. He remarks, with cruelly satirical reference to my alleged heresies and audacities in the choice of guides and teachers not chosen to his mind, that my "years and achievements make it fitting" for me "*to point the finger of scorn at*" figures enthroned in the pantheon of his moral mythology. What may be the years and what the achievements of Mr. Peter Bayne I know not; but I do know that the years of Nestor and the achievements of Napoleon would not suffice to extenuate fatuity on the one hand and false witness on the other.

A slandered man may, if he please, claim leave to take (though he may not care to make) occasion in passing to set a mark on the calumniator; but he will hardly care to take into his hands the hangman's office of applying the iron or the lash. I have done, and return without apology from mean to higher matters. Of the relation between Shelley and Byron I have here no more to say; but before ending these notes I find yet another point or so to touch upon. Perhaps to every student of any one among the greater poets there seems to be something in his work not yet recognised by other students, some secret power or beauty reserved for his research. I do not think that justice has yet been done to Shelley as to some among his peers, in all details and from every side. Mr. Arnold, in my view, misconceives and misjudges him not less when set against Keats than when bracketed with Byron. Keats has indeed a divine magic of language applied to nature; here he is unapproachable; this is his

and he may bid all kings of song come bow to it. But his ground is not Shelley's ground; they do not run in the same race at the "Ode to Autumn," among other such poems of Keats, as nature as no man but Keats ever could. Such poems as the "Ode to Autumn" written among the Euganean Hills cannot compete with the "Ode to Autumn," but do they compete with it? The poem of Keats, Mr. Arnold "renders Nature;" the poem of Shelley "tries to render her." This that I deny. What Shelley tries to do he does; and he does not try to do the same thing as Keats. The comparison is as vain and profitless as one between the sonnets of Shakespeare and the sonnets of Milton. Shelley never in his life wrote a poem of exquisite contraction and completeness, within that round and set limit. This poem of the Euganean Hills is no piece of ideal sculpture or painting after the life of natural things. I do not pretend to assign it a higher or a lower place; I say simply that it is not the same. It is a rhapsody of thought and feeling stirred by contact with nature, but not born of the contact; and as it is all Shelley's work is, even when most vague and vast in mental scope of labour and of aim. A soul as great as the world lays hold on the things of the world; on all life of plants, and of animals, and men; on all likeness of time, and death, and good and evil. His aim is rather to render the effect of a thing than the thing itself; the soul and spirit of life rather than the living thing; the growth rather than the thing grown. And herein he is unapproachable.

Greater and lesser critics than Mr. Arnold have taxed Shelley with a want of dramatic power upon the characters and passions of men. In writing these notes I have come across the way of such a critic, who bids us notice how superior in truth and subtlety is Browning's study of Guido Franceschini to Shelley's of Count Ugolino. Here again a comparison is patched up between two things very unamenable to the same rule. The wonderful figure so skilfully drawn and coloured by Mr. Browning is a model of exactness and punctilious realism.¹ Every nerve of the mind is touched by the patient scalpel, every vein and joint of the subtle intricate spirit divided and laid bare. A close and dumb soul is called into speech by mere struggle and stress of things, labours of verbal translation and accurate agony at the lips of Guido. This is the veracity which unbuilds and rebuilds the whole structure of spirit, thought by thought and touch by touch, till the final hour of solution is achieved, and the consummate labour made

¹ The word realism has a higher and a baser sense; there is the grand spiritual realism of Balzac or Browning, as well as the crude and facile realism, or vulgarism of writers wanting alike in spirit and in form. It is so often used as a term of praise on one side, on the other as a boastful watchword, that when taken as a simple definition it may perhaps be misconstrued.

perfect from key-stone to coping-stone, is so triumphant a thing that on its own ground it can be matched by no poet; to match it we must look back to Balzac. Shelley worked by other rules to another end: with the sculptor's touch rather than the anatomist's. But his figure of Cenci is not the less accurate for its breadth of handling. We might as well consign Manon Lescaut to a place below Emma Bovary, because Prévost wrought out his immortal study with broader lines and fewer colours than Flaubert. A figure may be ideal and yet accurate, realistic and yet untrue, as a fact not thoroughly fathomed may be in effect a falsehood. There is a far stronger cross of the ideal in the realism of Æschylus or Shakespeare than runs through the work of the great modern realists. What was the latent breadth or depth of Shelley's dramatic genius we cannot say, as he had not time himself to know. It is incomplete in the "Cenci;" for example, in the figure of Orsino the lines are not cut sharp and deep enough; he is drawn too easily and lightly; the picture looks thin and shadowy beside the vivid image we get from the old report of the Cenci trial. That sketch of Monsignor Guerra, the tall delicate young priest, with long curls and courtly graces, playing on crime as on a lute with fine fingers used to music-making, might have been thrown out in keen relief against the great figure of Cenci; a Caponsacchi turned ignoble instead of noble, and as well worth drawing had the hand been there to draw. As it is, he plays but a poor part, borne up only by the sweet strength of Shelley's verse. But is Cenci himself the mere and monstrous embodiment of evil made flesh, the irrational and soulless mask of lust and cruelty, that critics have called him? Is he in effect as inanimate and unreal as Guido is real and alive? To me, putting aside the difference of handling between the schools of which Shakespeare and Balzac are respectively the heads, the one seems as true as the other. Cenci, as we see him, is the full-blown flower, the accomplished result of a life absolute in its luck, in power and success and energetic enjoyment. His energy is insatiable of emotions, and has few left to make trial of; the conscience of this sharpens and exasperates the temper of his will. Something within him, born as much of the spirit as the flesh, is ravenous and restless as fire. To feel his power by dint of hard use is a need of his nature; "his soul, which is a scourge," must needs smite to know itself alive and taste its strength: too strong for satiety or collapse, while life endures his nature must bite and burn as surely as steel must or flame. What he is, good fortune has made him—"Strength, health, and pride, and lust, and length of days." What Guido Franceschini is, he has been made by ill fortune. Fed with good things from his birth, the evil nature in him might have swollen into the likeness of Cenci's; as Cenci, crossed and cramped at every

f life, with starved energies and shrivelled lusts, might have taken into the shape of Guido, a pained and thwarted spirit of suffering evil. The one, though drawn with less detail of growth and seed to fruit, is surely not less conceivable than the other; but this is the stronger spirit, the more solid and rounded nature: he is not one to struggle or fail. Shelley has made his ruling appetite a lust of strength, of self-conscious and spiritual power: he has added the fleshly lust of pain and subtle animal relish of the most infliction, which was doubtless interfused with Cenci's unspeakable cruelty. But the august and horrible figure is painted as nobly as nobly; his rage and his religion, the loathing that defies his lust, and the lust that inflames his loathing; his hungry reverence of his daughter's beauty of body and soul—"Beast thou art!"—his faith in God and fury against good, his wild exaltation of spirit into a passionate and winged rapture of hatred or of fiery joy, consummate in that last outbreak when all the fumes and flames of hell at once, are no more alien from each other than Guido's subtle crossings and windings of rough backstairs and byways of brute craft and baser pride, of danger and greed and pain. This is evidence enough that if he had lived the "Cenci" would not now be the one great play in the great manner of Shakespeare's men that our literature has seen since the time of these. The proof of power is here as sure and clear as in Shelley's lyric work; he has shown himself, what a dramatist must needs be, as able to face the light of hell as of heaven, to handle the fires of evil as to brighten the beauties of heaven. This latter work indeed he preferred, and wrought at it with all the grace and force of thought and word which give to all his poems the light of a divine life; but his tragic truth and excellence as certain and absolute as the sweetness and the glory of his lyrics. The mark of his hand, the trick of his voice, we can easily recognise in their clear character and individual charm; but his range is various from the starry and heavenly heights to the low and flowering fields of the world wherein he is god and lord: there were such a flower to gather as the spinners' song of Beatrice, there were such a heaven to ascend as the Prologue to *Hellas*, which the devoted love of Mr. Garnett for Shelley has opened for us to enter and possess for ever; where the pleadings of Christ and Satan are set out as the rising and setting of stars in the abyss of luminous and sonorous light. We have now but to await the final gift of a perfect and critical edition of the whole works, the supreme gift of love and worship yet owing to the master singer of our race and age; to the poet beloved above all other poets, beyond all other poets—in one word, and the only proper word
ne.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE PACIFIC RAILROADS.

THE present is an unusually opportune moment for reviewing the Pacific Railroad schemes of our transatlantic cousins. The foremost of these great projects is fast approaching completion, the lessons which the first winter's operations have taught have just been made known to us, and the question of subsidising other enterprises of a similar kind has been of late one of the chief subjects of discussion both at Washington and throughout the States.

If we were to start from the very commencement of the project and trace its gradual development, we should glance in succession over all the great events which have crowded so thickly upon each other during the last twenty years of North American history; all influenced it in one way or another, some retarding and others hastening it towards maturity. At the close of the Mexican war in 1848 the people of the United States found themselves possessed of the whole country lying between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. California, New Mexico (now New Mexico and Arizona), and Texas were then united under the one flag, and not long after this event the Pacific Railroad question became a pet subject for speculation amongst the most advanced promoters of railway enterprises.

One year only after the conclusion of the Mexican war, came the cry of gold, which sent thousands of miners from every quarter of the globe by every route to California and the Pacific coast. Whilst the greater number went by sea, around the Cape and across Panama, thousands boldly set out from the eastern States by land into the unknown regions of the far West, and crossed the continent by different routes on different parallels of latitude. Under the stimulus of this fresh necessity for a trans-continental highway, the Pacific Railroad enterprise could no longer be kept out of Congress, and early in the decade of 1850 received the cordial support of both branches of the legislature. By an Act passed in March 1853, the War Department was entrusted with the task of making such explorations and surveys as it might deem advisable in order to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi river to the Pacific Ocean, and the necessary appropriations were duly granted. The Secretary of War at that time was none other than Mr. Jefferson Davis, and the results of the explorations made under his direction between 1854 and 1857 are comprised in the eleven bulky volumes of Pacific Railroad Reports,

so well known to botanists, naturalists, and geologists, as graphers and engineers.

As of the territory of the United States lies to the west of the Mississippi, and crouched along the centre of this vast tract, as was supposed, the westward wave of population, the Rocky Mountains—that great grisly bear over whose back it was thought impossible to step. But these Pacific surveys threw light upon the anatomy of the grisly bear. They proved that the back was very broad, that the slope up his sides was very steep, that his spine did not extrude unpleasantly in the centre, but, to the contrary, rather sunk between the two rows of mountains on either side. They found depressions along the line, such as the north, middle, south, and St. Louis parks, each side by the rows of muscles which made the animal flexible. They showed, moreover, that although he had a hump on his back (the centre of Colorado), from which his muscular back sloped down on all sides, yet that this was flat also, and could be crossed, if necessary, even by a railroad; that his body lay between the thirty-fifth parallel, only leaving an insignificant space south of that line; and also that his broad shoulders (the Plains), although 7,000 feet in height, were so smooth and level off that they almost invited the path-finder to choose a route crossing in preference to any other.

Four routes examined and reported upon were the follow-

1. Between the forty-sixth and forty-eighth parallels, to unite the Gulf of Mexico and the head of navigation on the Mississippi Sound and the Columbia river. This has developed into the North Pacific Railroad route.

2. Between the forty-first and forty-second parallels, to unite the Missouri river at Council Bluffs (Omaha) with the harbour of San Francisco. This has developed into the Union Pacific Railroad.

3. Between the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth parallels from Kansas City) at the great bend of the Missouri, due west to the Pacific coast. This was an attempt to run an "air-line" over the hump on the bear's back through the centre of the continent. This was an attempt to run a direct line to San Francisco. The muscles on the eastern side were found to present no insurmountable obstacle, and one of the depressions (the St. Louis Park) along the line was easily crossed; but the muscles on the other side, and the gorges between the ribs, made this route quite impracticable.

4. Between the thirty-fifth parallel, from Fort Smith on the Arkansas river to the harbour of San Pedro (Los Angeles) on the Pacific coast. This route, with the important modification of changing

the starting-point to Kansas City on the Missouri, and the Pacific terminus to San Francisco, is the one proposed by the Kansas Pacific, and stands in the same relation to St. Louis that the Omaha line does to Chicago.

5th. Near the thirty-second parallel, uniting Preston on the Red River, in eastern Texas, with the Pacific at San Diego, San Pedro, or San Francisco.

When all these surveys had been completed and Mr. Davis had carefully weighed and examined the results, this last route was the one to which he gave the preference, strongly urging its adoption by Congress. It was said with perfect truth that if the Atlantic and Pacific oceans were to rise to the height of 4,000 feet, they would meet about the thirty-second parallel of latitude over the vast plateau south of the Rocky Mountains, the Madre plateau, while the greater part of the continent to the northward, as well as the lofty plateaux of Mexico to the south, would form two huge islands separated by this strait. Although the surveys across other sections of the continent had almost swept away the conventional idea of the Alpine grandeur of the Rocky Mountains, yet they were too rapidly conducted, and the task was too great to remove minor obstacles, which swelled the estimates of the cost of a trans-continental railway to sums which made such an undertaking appear all but hopeless. The level route by the thirty-second parallel shone out in striking economic contrast to all the rest, and the result was that 10,000,000 dollars were immediately given to Mexico in payment for shifting her boundary line a little further south to make way for the railway.

Between 1853 and 1860, the political horizon was gradually assuming a lowering aspect. The storm was gathering which ultimately revolutionised the Pacific Railway question, as it did almost every other great question throughout the States. Whilst southern influence appeared to be, as usual, carrying everything before it at Washington, and the truce brought about by the Missouri compromise was being respected in the east, the vital questions of slavery, State rights, and the rest, were being solved in the far West, throughout "bleeding" Kansas, Arkansas, Missouri, and the surrounding territories, with a freedom and rough rapidity natural to the condition of the inhabitants. The climatic influences were adverse to slavery, and weighed heavily on the side of those emigrants who poured in from the Free States with an ever-increasing majority, bringing with them political emotions verging on fanaticism and a fixed determination to uphold the laws of equal justice to all men at any sacrifice. The pro-slavery platform was defeated in the west, war followed as a direct consequence, and the almost matured project of constructing a southern Pacific

ilroad by the thirty-second parallel fell through as a matter of course.

The Pacific Railway question soon took another form. Statesmen dispassionately asked each other, What if the Pacific States were to waver in their loyalty to the Union? Their isolated position was for the first time keenly felt, and thus the necessity of binding California closely to the north by iron ways laid across the continent, became the highest card held by those who made it their business to agitate for a Pacific Railroad. Again the question came prominently before Congress; but, before watching out the result of this political contest at Washington in 1862, we must glance for a moment at the hands of the players.

California held some great cards. The production of gold had been enormous; agriculture had developed into an interest rivalling that of mining; cereals were raised in quantities far exceeding the local demand; Southern California had added grape culture to stock-raising and was striving to export wine, as well as hides and tallow; she had sprung up with Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, and, most important of all, with China; quicksilver was almost flowing from the mines of Almaden, and the strong desire felt by the Californians for a Pacific Railroad was brought to a climax by the discovery that a practicable route across the snow-clad Sierra did exist through Donner Pass, midway between San Francisco and Virginia City. Some of the richest merchants pledged their entire fortunes to the scheme, the State legislature liberally gave its sanction and aid, and now Congress was appealed to for a fitting subsidy. Nevada had the high trump card to play in support of California. The Comstock lode had been discovered, and the wealth of silver which poured from it had already raised that Territory into the council of the states.

Chicago and the north-west, backed by New York; St. Louis and the middle States, supported by Philadelphia, carried with them to Congress most powerful and antagonistic influences. The railways of the eastern States, and their prolongations westward, may be said to form two separate railway systems, the one having Chicago, in the north-west, as its western terminus; the other St. Louis, the most central point in the Mississippi valley. The capitalists of both these cities, fully alive to the importance of directing the Pacific trade through their own centres, came forward eager for the contest which would bring so much triumph and profit to the winning side. The men of Chicago urged they had already projected three lines across the state of Iowa to meet at Council Bluffs (Omaha), where they were bridging the muddy Missouri; that from this point to the Rocky Mountains nature herself had graded a line for them up to the very summit of the continental watershed; that here only a few hills had to be

crossed, that another 500 miles would take them to the great Mormon settlement at Salt Lake; and their Californian friends would assure them that the Sierra Nevada might be crossed at the back of Virginia City, and San Francisco reached, without any insurmountable difficulty.

St. Louis, on the other hand, pleaded that she had passed from words to deeds; that lines westward had not only been projected but built; that the Missouri Pacific Railroad, commenced in 1857 with aid from the State, already ran straight as an arrow westward across Missouri to Kansas City; and that, lastly, as Kansas, not Nebraska, was the "mediterranean" State, and St. Louis more central than Chicago, Kansas City, and not Council Bluffs, should be the starting point for the grand route westward. Money was spent like water in the contest. I remember seeing it stated in an American journal that one company alone "employed the element of influence" to the extent of three millions of dollars. The civil war was hotly raging on all sides, and the whole nation was in a ferment. Five hundred thousand pounds sterling were leaving the treasury daily, to meet the current expenses of the Northern armies. Even Washington was threatened, but for all that the Pacific Railroad Bill was carried triumphantly. Grants of land and a large subsidy, increasing in amount as the line advanced westward, were granted; but no definite conclusion was arrived at as to the eastern starting point of the route. The great precedent however was established—that Government aid to the extent of about half the total amount necessary would be provided out of the national treasury to assist a Pacific Railway enterprise. Bills succeeded each other in rapid succession, and party contests raged hotly every session, until finally the following programme was definitely adopted, and the undertaking was actually commenced.

The main line was to extend from Omaha, on the Missouri river, to Sacramento, in California, 1721 miles. Saint Louis was to be provided for by a subsidised branch line, to connect with the main line on or about the hundredth meridian of longitude, east of the Rocky Mountains. Three companies were to prosecute these works, and to stand on an equal footing as regards land grants, loans, mortgages, and the rest. First, the Union Pacific Railway Company constructing the line westward from Omaha. Second, the Central Pacific Railway of California proceeding eastward from Sacramento. These companies were to make their roads as quickly as possible from either end, and to meet at an intermediate point, not fixed; thus it was to the advantage of each to lay as much track as possible, for the amount of Government subsidy, as well as the share of influence in the management, depended upon the proportion of line laid. Third, the Union Pacific Railway Company, Eastern Division, obtained the

ent subsidy for a distance of 400 miles west of Kansas City. It is evident that Chicago had gained the day. If the civil war had intervened, I think it more than probable that, although 1869 had not yet seen the locomotive plying between New York and San Francisco, we should never have seen the iron road laid across the Rocky Mountains. Chicago would have built the branch line, and the main line would have been laid farther south, below the barrier of winter snow, to have passed round the Rocky Mountains, not over the most productive valleys, instead of through worthless deserts, and to have followed the rich central trough of California, instead of climbing a pass more than 7,000 feet above the Pacific.

The chief clauses of the Government grant are these:—

The act confers upon the three companies mentioned the right of way through all its territories, an absolute grant of 12,800 acres per mile of public lands through which the roads run; *i.e.*, alternate sections of one by twenty miles on each side of the line; the right to use iron, timber, &c., thereon; and authorises a special issue of United States Bonds, bearing 6 per cent. interest, proportionate in amount to the length and difficulty of the lines, to be delivered to the companies as the works progress, and as short sections of the road (twenty-mile sections) are passed as being satisfactorily completed by the Government inspectors.

The term of maturity for these bonds is placed at thirty years after issue. They are made subordinate—standing in the position of a second mortgage—to the bonds issued by the companies, under various important restrictions, *viz.*—that the railroads and telegraph lines be kept in proper repair; that the companies shall furnish the Government with despatches, munitions of war, &c., the preference being given to the Government, and shall not charge higher rates for their transportation than are paid by private parties for like services; that all claims for services rendered to the Government shall be applied to the redemption of said bonds and interest until the whole amount is paid; and that at least 5 per cent. additional of the net earnings of the railroads shall also be annually applied to the liquidation of Government bonds as soon as the roads are completed. The Union Pacific Company, in consideration of the natural obstacles to be overcome, were allowed to retain during construction one-half of the net earnings for services rendered to the Government.

The bonds equal in amount to the subsidies were authorised to be issued from time to time as first mortgage bonds, bearing the same term of maturity, and rate of interest, as those loaned by the Government. A small amount of capital stock was subscribed in 1869. Thus the two railway companies constructing the Salt Lake route state their construction resources as follows:—

THE PACIFIC RAILROADS.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Construction and equipment resources for 1,100 miles of railroad.

	Dollars.
United States bonds	29,328,000
First mortgage bonds	29,328,000
Capital	13,243,000
Total	71,899,000

I have purposely omitted the land grant of 14,080,000 acres, as it is not immediately available for income.

CENTRAL PACIFIC OF CALIFORNIA.

Construction and equipment resources for 726 miles.

	Dollars.
Donations (without lien)	11,225,000
Capital stock	8,000,000
Net earnings to 1867	1,520,235
Bonds (State guarantee)	3,000,000
First mortgage bonds	25,517,000
United States bonds	25,517,000
Total	74,779,235

14,000,000 dollars of this sum represent the liberality of the State of California and its wealthy citizens, and are an additional source of revenue for which the eastern company has no equivalent.

These sums are far more than sufficient to carry out the work according to the American system, but neither company will either require or call up all this capital, for both lay claim to building a greater mileage of road than the total length requires. They will probably meet this summer about the meridian of Salt Lake, thus giving 726 miles to the western company and 995 to the eastern.

The country traversed by the Omaha line.—As disinterested persons seldom go into particulars on the subject of Pacific Railroads, the unvarnished truth rarely comes before the public; as therefore my assertions may differ from those usually received, I wish it to be known at outset that I speak from personal knowledge, not report, and that being an Englishman without any property in American railways, my single desire is to avoid exaggeration, and adhere closely to facts.

The Union Pacific Railroad runs through the Platte valley from Omaha to Julesburg (377 miles), and the valley of Lodge Pole Creek, a tributary, to the foot of the Black Hills, about 160 miles farther. Of these 537 miles only the first 150 are susceptible of cultivation. But one-fifth of Nebraska can be cultivated without irrigation, and the remainder cannot be irrigated, because the scanty streams which traverse it are useless for that purpose. Beyond the limits—between long. 98° and 99°—where the rain-fall is insufficient to raise crops, good grazing lands extend for about 100 miles, when we gradually

a region so parched and barren that it can scarcely support a covering of stunted grass. Three hundred miles of this arid have to be crossed before the traveller, having imperceptibly led the slope of the continent to an elevation of 6,500 feet, at foot of the Black Hills range, finds the pasturage improve, from the proximity to the mountains. But as the Black Hills are low do not cause sufficient rain-fall to enable the farmer to settle on eastern slopes. For 500 miles scarcely a tree is to be seen; the Platte presents to the eye at most seasons of the year a vast expanse of sandy bed, often one mile wide, with a few trickling streams meandering like silver threads around innumerable sand-bars and islands, some few of which are covered with cotton-wood.

These beautiful clumps of foliage are soon left behind, and nothing remains to break the monotony of the undulating plains but bluffs or cliffs which mark the edge between the sunken valley and the parched plateau beyond.

On the Black Hills some fine views of timbered country are obtained, and the dividing ridge is crossed with ease at an elevation of 82 feet—no grade being higher than 90 feet per mile, and this for a short distance. The Laramie plains are then crossed; they are for the most part a level upland plateau exceeding in elevation 10,000 feet; they are covered with good pasturage, particularly along the courses of the streams; during the short summer which exists here the ranch-men have found it possible to raise garden vegetables; but even oats, although they come up well and form capital crops, will not ripen. These plains are bounded on the west by a low undulation or range forming the continental water-parting. Engineering difficulties occur here, and the Pacific slope is crossed without a tunnel or any grades steeper than 75 feet per mile, which it is necessary to resort to only for a short distance: 140 miles separate the Black Hills from the summit.

South of the Laramie plains lies the Sweet-water mining district, which is now attracting thousands of gold diggers. South of it lie the old fields of Colorado, many of which are supplied at the present time with nearly all the necessaries of life from Cheyenne—the centre of these northern mining districts. The sterility of these plains is not an unmitigated evil to the railroad which crosses them for the miners, whose wants are very great, require all the necessaries and such of the luxuries of life as they seek to be carried to them by rail. A non-producing population, say, of a thousand miners, as well on account of their migratory habits as their requirements, is a larger source of revenue to a railroad, than six times the population dependent upon agriculture, even if we add altogether the transportation of ores, an item often of the greatest importance.

After crossing the continental water-parting through a pass at Benton (Bridger's Pass),—elevation 7,534 feet,—the railroad leaves the Rocky Mountains and traverses the Bitter Creek country, crosses Green River, the main tributary of the Rio Colorado of the West, and reaches the foot of the Wahsatch Mountains. This country, 200 miles wide, is fairly represented by Mr. Stansbury, who accurately surveyed it, as consisting of "Artemisian barrens, with some pasturage on the streams." The water is bitter, sulphurous, or strongly saline; the earth is for the most part bare and rugged, showing the wear and tear of ages, as well as the cracks and fissures of the more recent water-courses. A more forsaken and desolate region I never saw.

The Wahsatch belt of mountains is 60 miles across, and the dividing ridge, which separates the waters of Green River, that flows into the Californian Gulf, from the tributaries of Great Salt Lake, is crossed within the first 20 miles without any heavy grades, at an elevation of 7,567 feet. Nature has herself cut a path through the remaining 40 miles of mountain by means of two fine gorges, Echo and Weber Canons. Without the intervention of these extraordinary natural passes, the Wahsatch Mountains would have formed an insurmountable barrier to a railroad. The railroad thus reaches the shore of Great Salt Lake, 30 miles north of the Mormon city. It does not pass through this town, but turns northward around the lake, and then, bending westward, leaves the Salt Lake basin and enters that of the Humboldt; the summit separating these basins being here but 1,360 feet above the lake.¹

The inland (or great) basin region of North America extends from the dividing ridge of the Wahsatch Mountains to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, 721 miles by the railroad. It is a vast desert, considerably larger than France, covered with short volcanic mountain ranges; it possesses a fertile soil, but suffers from an insufficient rain-fall; none of its scanty streams enter the sea, but each discharges its waters into a little lake, and remains shut up within its own independent basin. Rich silver mines are being discovered year by year all over the basin region, and the yield from them already equals in value that of the gold fields of California.

From the Truckee river—elevation 5,866 feet—to the summit of the Sierra, the distance is 14 miles, and the ascent 1,176 feet, making an average grade of 84 feet per mile. From the summit—elevation 7,042 feet—to Colfax, on the western side of the range, the distance is 51 miles, and the descent 4,594 feet, or an average grade of over 90 feet per mile. In fact, the Central Pacific Railroad, starting from Sacramento, only 56 feet above the level of the sea, reaches the summit of a mountain ridge exceeding 7,000 feet in 105 miles. Here all the engineering difficulties of the line centre. Most of the

(1) Elevation of Great Salt Lake, 4,290 feet.

average grading averages 95 feet per mile ; for three-and-a-half miles it is 116 feet, the maximum grade allowed by Congress, resorted

There are thirteen short tunnels, making altogether a length of only 6,262 feet. The longest is 1,700 feet. It is a very hard strain on two powerful engines to drag ten passenger "cars" with luggage up so steep an ascent, and the carriage of heavy freight is necessarily costly.

This bold undertaking has been carried out with an amount of energy beyond all praise ; the road has been built, not by a staff armed of scientific engineers,—they might have shrunk from so needless a venture,—but by a few go-ahead merchants of San Francisco, who left their counting-houses to become railway contractors.

Last summer 10,000 Chinamen and about 3,000 teams were employed to grade and lay the track across the basin region. During the previous winter I saw them transporting long lines of sledges loaded with iron-rails and ties across the summit to the valleys of the Sierrita and the Humboldt. When the snow had sufficiently melted to enable them to complete the tunnels, an average of 500 tons of ties, rails, spikes, bolts, and chairs were carried over the mountains in fifty cars, drawn by ten locomotives, every day, and were transported from 360 to 400 miles to the scene of operations. Here two trains, and sometimes more, are being laid per day, and each two miles require 500 tons of material for their construction. The rails used weigh from 56 lbs. to 64 lbs. per yard.

For 30 miles across the mountains the snows of winter presented an obstacle which at first seemed to be insurmountable, but the Californians would not give in. They have covered the line with long wooden sheds over the entire distance in which snows are likely to stop the traffic, and had completed 20 miles of roofing on the 1st of January this year. It is hard, after so much has been done, to be obliged to pronounce this summit railway a mistake.

There is no question about it. Had the Sierra Nevada been more thoroughly examined before this gigantic enterprise was undertaken, Beckworth's Pass, 30 miles to the north, and only 4,560 feet high, would most certainly have been adopted. So expensive is it to carry freight up such steep grades for so great a distance, that although the Central Pacific Company at present ignore the Beckworth route, they will be obliged ultimately to adopt it, if the freight traffic at all equals their expectations. Although the engineering difficulties upon other points of the Pacific railroad are not great, yet the rapidity with which the work has been accomplished is marvelous. It was not until January, 1866, that the first 40 miles of road were laid down from Omaha ; in January, 1867, 305 miles were completed ; and in January, 1868, 540. In the meantime, the California Company were hard at work tunnelling, and had only 94 miles open to business on the 1st of January last year.

During 1868, 866 miles were added to the railway by the united companies, being an average of $2\frac{2}{3}$ miles a day, Sunday excluded. In the history of railway construction this rapidity has no precedent, and when it is remembered that for 1,600 miles wood for ties could only be obtained at three points accessible to the road, and that the country is mostly an uninhabited desert, the result appears still more marvellous.

The following quotation explains, in the American style, how the track is laid :—

“One can see all along the line of the now-completed road the evidences of ingenious self-protection and defence which our men learned during the war. The same curious huts and underground dwellings, which were a common sight along our army lines then, may now be seen burrowed into the sides of the hills or built up with ready adaptability in sheltered spots. The whole organisation of the force engaged in the construction of the road is, in fact, semi-military. The men who go ahead, locating the road, are the advanced guard. Following these is the second line, cutting through the gorges, grading the road and building bridges. Then comes the main line of the army, placing the sleepers, laying the track, spiking down the rails, perfecting the alignment, ballasting the rail, and dressing up and completing the road for immediate use. This army of workers has its base, to continue the figure, at Omaha, Chicago, and still further eastward, from whose markets are collected the material for constructing the road. Along the line of the completed road are construction trains constantly pushing forward ‘to the front’ with supplies. The company’s grounds and workshops at Omaha are the arsenal, where these purchases, amounting now to millions of dollars in value, are collected and held ready to be sent forward. The advanced limit of the rail is occupied by a train of long box cars, with hammocks swung under them, beds spread on top of them, bunks built within them, in which the sturdy, broad-shouldered pioneers of the great iron highway sleep at night, and take their meals. Close behind this train come loads of ties and rails and spikes, &c., which are being thundered off upon the roadside to be ready for the track-layers. The road is graded a hundred miles in advance. The ties are laid roughly in place, then adjusted, gauged, and levelled. Then the track is laid.

“Track-laying on the Union Pacific is a science, and we, pundits of the far East, stood upon that embankment, only about a thousand miles this side of sunset, and backed westward before that hurrying corps of sturdy operatives with a mingled feeling of amusement, curiosity, and profound respect. On they came. A light car, drawn by a single horse, gallops up to the front with its load of rails. Two men seize the end of a rail and start forward, the rest of the gang taking hold by twos, until it is clear of the car. They come forward at a run. At the word of command the rail is dropped in its place, right side up, with care, while the same process goes on at the other side of the car. Less than thirty seconds to a rail for each gang, and so four rails go down to the minute! Quick work, you say, but the fellows on the U. P. are tremendously in earnest. The moment the car is empty it is tipped over on the side of the track to let the next loaded car pass it, and then it is tipped back again, and it is a sight to see it go flying back for another load, propelled by a horse at full gallop at the end of sixty or eighty feet of rope, ridden by a young Jehu, who drives furiously. Close behind the first gang come the gaugers, spikers, and bolters, and a lively time they make of it. It is a grand Anvil Chorus that those sturdy sledges are playing across the plains. It is in triple time, three strokes to a spike. There are ten spikes to a rail, four hundred rails to a mile, eighteen hundred miles to San Francisco. That’s the sum, what is the quotient? Twenty-one million times are those sledges to be swung—

million times are they to come down with their sharp punctuation, that great work of modern America is complete!"

over all other collateral subjects, I must mention that there is a lack of coal, sufficiently good to be burned by the locomotive, has been discovered in several localities near the railroad. None has been found between Great Salt Lake and the Pacific coast.

It has long been the opinion, however, of many railroad men that this great national highway should not have been laid along the forty-first parallel at all, and they have awaited the results of last winter's experience to prove or disprove the truth of their forebodings. The Senate Committee, in its report just issued on the Pacific Railways, say that,—

"An undetermined problem is presented if the Union Pacific Railroad between Sacramento and San Francisco can be operated, i.e. 'worked,' throughout the year. To solve this question there are, 1st, the known effects of snow upon the railway lines of central Illinois, and the hilly districts of Pennsylvania; 2nd, the known depths to which snow falls in portions of the Rocky Mountain region; 3rd, the extraordinary steep grades, and sharpness of the curves, in the passage of the Sierra

comparatively easy to roof the line across a snow-belt of about 100 miles through the Sierra Nevada, where timber is abundant; it is not possible to cover 300 miles of rail in the Rocky Mountains, where timber is either entirely absent or very scarce.

After the winter before last I could not proceed eastward by the Platte route from Cheyenne City on the plains, and was obliged to turn southward and strike the Kansas Pacific. The latest accounts from California confirm the gravest doubts. Let us glance rapidly at the various projects now before Congress for constructing railways across the continent which shall not be subject to the objections against the Union Pacific line.

Kansas Pacific Railroad.—The most advanced of these is the route from St. Louis, or rather Kansas City; it now goes under the name of the Kansas Pacific, and has already completed about 400 miles of road, reaching to the borders of Colorado. It has also had a branch line, uniting St. Louis with the Pacific Railroad about longitude 100°, and received the government subsidy for about the distance now open to traffic; but it was mismanaged, and did not start into vigorous operation until three years ago, when its promoters determined to make the line straight to the westward, to make it the commencement of an independent route to the Pacific, and to send an army of men to solve the problem of a southern route.

For a long time a surveying expedition was probably never organised. The length of routes accurately chained, levelled, and surveyed by the U. S. Engineers, was no less than 4,464 miles, and a considerable

distance more was examined, and the various elevations barometrically obtained. And these explorations were conducted mostly through a country inhabited by hostile Indians. Every party had to be guarded whilst at work by a body of cavalry, and every surveyor carried his fire-arms by his side, and his surveying instruments in his hands. Nor were these precautions unnecessary, for although the surveyors escaped to a man, they had to fight more than once for their lives and many of the escorts were killed on the way. The results of these surveys just published are most encouraging, and prove conclusively that a railroad can be made uniting St. Louis with San Francisco along the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, which shall form a shorter route between New York harbour and San Francisco than that *via* Salt Lake. Not a tunnel is required through the entire distance, and though the ascents and descents are many, the grades are never of necessity steep; obstruction from snow is unknown, and the Sierra Nevada, instead of requiring thirteen tunnels and grade varying from 95 to 116 feet per mile, is crossed at an elevation of 4,008 feet, without any ascent steeper than half the latter grades. Each line, although they are usually separated by a belt of country ranging from two to six-and-a-half degrees in width, passes across corresponding river-basins, ranges, and streams,—the basin of the Rio Grande del Norte, which does not extend as far north as the Salt Lake line, being the only exception. Although space will not allow of my describing in detail the 2,000 miles of country through which the Southern Railroad is destined to pass, a few remarks upon it are necessary for the sake of comparison.

To commence, then, as before, at the Missouri river, we find Eastern Kansas to be most fertile and well-watered, partly timbered, partly composed of undulating plains, upon which the cereals and all other temperate produce thrive luxuriantly. Large districts are underlaid with coal beds of good quality and great thickness. Western Kansas, between the 99th meridian and the base of the Rocky Mountains, is like Western Nebraska, an arid expanse of plains, more or less useful for grazing purposes, but unfit for agricultural settlements. The valley of the Arkansas, unlike the Platte, during its whole extent is well suited for agricultural settlement, and will probably be quickly occupied when the Kansas Pacific Railway enters it from the north-east. For fifty miles the railroad is to follow a fertile valley (the Purgatoire) and to run parallel to the Rocky Mountains until it can pass around the southern extremity, and cross the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte. All this region is sufficiently well watered to afford magnificent grazing for stock. Here and there we meet a few pioneer farmers raising fine crops, either by means of irrigation from the streams, or by reservoirs upon the plateaux. One farmer has 2,500 acres of land under cultivation by the latter process near Fort Union, and had made a large fortune

in this region also there is abundance of fine coal, iron ore, precious metals, and other minerals. One district alone, the Toas district, in New Mexico, has received 3,000 gold miners within the last year. The Rio Grande Valley, from its source in the beautiful St. Louis Park to El Paso, more than 500 miles, is most fertile with irrigation, and will produce almost anything. The Spaniards found this region thickly peopled with a semi-civilised race, still remaining, though in diminished numbers, who lived in towns, and had covered the low country in all directions with a network of irrigating canals branching out from the Rio Grande. Here the grape grows to perfection, and is made into very good wine.

West of the Rio Grande, on the thirty-fifth parallel, the physical features of the country become very complicated, and the three distinct parties of surveyors who examined this section had much difficulty in finding a thoroughly satisfactory route across it. Volcanic peaks of great altitude, and local ranges which cannot be classed under any regular system of mountains, cause in this part of the inland plateau a considerable rain-fall, thus giving, as Jefferson Davis pointed out in 1855, a much larger area of cultivable lands, and a greater frequency and extent of forest growth between the Rio Grande and the Colorado, than is to be met with in any other latitude. The climate of these upland plateaux is superb; it is very invigorating, neither too cold in winter nor oppressively hot in summer, and the whole country is studded with tempting spots of extreme loveliness.

All central Arizona abounds in undeveloped mineral wealth—undeveloped because the wild Indians are unsubdued, and the region itself is practically inaccessible. The two evils have but one remedy—the railroad. The Rio Colorado is often called “The American Nile;” this name, however, is scarcely applicable to it, although there is a succession of broad valleys subject to periodical overflow, which reach from the end of the Great Canon almost to the end of the Californian Gulf. And a large area of the basin region is in such close proximity to the river, and of so low an elevation, that much of this desert can be converted into a garden by means of irrigating works, similar to those now being formed upon the Isthmus of Suez. The climate here is hot and sultry, and the productions would be those of the Southern States—cotton, rice, sugar, &c. The Great Basin, or desert region, on this parallel is only 200 miles across; it is 700 on the more northern line.

Having crossed the Sierra Nevada by the broad and almost level pass,—Tehachapa,—the great central trough of California is entered, and from this point to San Francisco the railroad will pass through arable and grazing lands for the entire distance, as well as in close proximity to the mining districts, which lie on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada. Millions of acres of land will thus be brought within reach of the settler—land, be it remembered, upon which

the Californian wheat will be raised, and which is now covered with the wild oats of the Pacific slopes.

The Northern Pacific Railway.—It is quite impossible to weigh the advantages held out by the Northern Pacific route, without becoming a convert to the scheme. By making use of the great lake system of the continent and the rivers which flow east and west above the meridian of New York, it would be possible to pass from that city to Portland on the Pacific, 3,205 miles,—by steam-boat for 2,480 miles, and by rail for the remaining 825. The object of the Northern Pacific Railroad is not only to develop the country through which it passes, but to unite three great steam-boat routes with one another.

As I have never traversed the route proposed for this railway, I extract the following quotation from the report already referred to, of the Senate Committee on Pacific Railroads, dated February 19th, 1869, as I presume no better authority could be obtained.

“There are, between Lake Superior and Puget Sound and the mouth of the Columbia river, 500,000 square miles of territory, upon the larger portion of which the United States Government can impress prosperity, wealth and power, like that of Illinois. It is the winter-wheat region of this continent. It is a region of alternate prairies and pine forests. It is a region rich in coal, iron, gold, silver, and copper. It is a region the salubrity of whose climate has made it the sanitarium for consumptives from the Atlantic slopes. It is a region whose rocky mountain section, broken down in its formation so as to be passable by loaded ponies, is blessed with a temperature so mild that countless herds of cattle range and fatten through the winter upon the natural grass, within ten miles of the summit of the continental water-parting.¹ It is a region in all whose valleys peaches, apples, pears, plums, cherries, grapes, and sweet potatoes, have rapid growth and complete maturity. It is a region so rich in grass, and so blessed in climate, that it has ever been the home, in winter as well as summer, of the buffalo, the elk, and the antelope. It has timber, water-power, and stone. It has a population of 1,410,000 people. Illinois possessed no such endowments. Her inheritance, so amazingly developed by railroads, was a garden soil, deeply underlaid with a thin seam of coal, and a deposit of friable sandstone. She had nothing else. But every element of wealth, every condition of social growth and prosperity, exist in superabundance and beyond exhaustion in the territory between Lake Superior and Puget Sound. For this immense region, embracing Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and a part of Wisconsin, railroads can do more than they have done for Illinois.”

Whilst we are languidly considering whether it is or is not to our advantage to unite our Pacific and Atlantic North American Colonies by a national railroad across Canada, the Americans will very probably settle the question for us in a way which will not be

(1) This statement as to climate may appear strange to those who are unacquainted with the great bend northward which the isothermal lines make west of the Mississippi. The winters are long and severe in Minnesota, but a little further west the proposed railroad enters a much warmer region. Half-way between Chicago and the Pacific, the same average temperature is found to exist in latitude 50°, more than three degrees north of the proposed line, as is experienced eight degrees further south, in Illinois and the regions east of that State. Hence the agricultural value of our Saskatchewan settlements.

altogether flattering to our national pride. On this subject the same report observes:—

“The line of the North Pacific road runs for 1,500 miles near the British possessions, and when built, will drain the agricultural products of the rich Saskatchewan and Red River districts east of the mountains, and the Gold country on the Frazier, Thompson, and Kootenay rivers west of the mountains. From China (Canton) to Liverpool, it is 1,500 miles nearer, by the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, than by the way of San Francisco and New York. This advantage in securing the overland trade from Asia will not be thrown away by the English, unless it is taken away by our first building the North Pacific road, establishing mercantile agencies at Puget Sound, fixing mercantile capital there, and getting possession on land and on the ocean of all the machinery of the new commerce between Asia and Europe. The opening by us first of a North Pacific Railroad seals the destiny of the British possessions west of the 91st meridian. They will become so Americanised in interests and feeling that they will be in effect severed from the new dominion, and the question of their annexation will be but a question of time.”

From two points of view, we, as a nation, and in fact all Europe, are immediately and closely interested in all these railroad projects. In the first place, we are led to inquire whether the main currents of trade between Europe and the East—China, India, Japan, New Zealand, and Australia—will be shifted into new channels. In the second place, emigration will certainly be systematically encouraged upon so large a scale that we are likely to lose no inconsiderable proportion of our surplus labour. If these railway enterprises are completed in five years, they will open almost as large a field for emigration as the discovery of a new continent with a circumference equal to the combined length of the railroads in question, or 2,874 miles, for without highways for transportation of produce land is comparatively valueless to the colonist.

Let us first inquire to what extent the existing currents of European traffic will be affected. The improvements now in progress along the present lines of travel between Europe and the East must be weighed against the new routes across North America. Trade between Europe and our Indian empire will not of course be affected. Our trade with China requires a little consideration. For quick passenger traffic the completion of our railroad system across India will cause the following results:—

	Via Marseilles and Bombay.	Via N. York and San Francisco.
London to Hong Kong . . .	39 days . . .	47 days.
„ Shanghai	43 „ . . .	43 „

Some of the passenger traffic to China therefore will certainly avoid the tropics, and go by San Francisco. The passage of freight, however, is somewhat different. The handling of goods is so expensive an item that nearly all the valuable productions of China come to us in clipper-ships round the Cape. Merchandise which can afford to pay the additional tax of a quick passage will be carried in steamers through the Suez canal, and saved a distance of more than 4,000

miles of sea. Very little traffic goes to China by Panama; none will cross the American continent when the Suez canal is open to navigation. If the import duties at New York were not so heavy, it is far more likely that the eastern States would continue to receive the silks and teas of China from us, than that the latter should come to us through them.

Passenger traffic with Japan and New Zealand will probably be diverted into the new channel—

	Via Marseilles and Bombay.	Via N. York and San Francisco.
London to Yokohama	48 days	38 days.

Again, the shortest route to New Zealand has been *via* Panama, but San Francisco is 700 miles nearer New Zealand than Panama is, and already the line of steamers which did run between Panama and New Zealand has been discontinued, and a line from San Francisco established instead. We shall be able, in fact, to go from London to Wellington in 37 days, thus:—London to New York, 10 days; New York to San Francisco, 6 days; San Francisco to Wellington, 21 days: total, 37 days. Our Australian goods traffic will not be affected, and but few passengers will incur the increased expense of a long land-journey by crossing North America.

Next, whilst immigration is actually being opposed in some of our own colonies, the Americans are demanding with greater force than ever more hands and more brains.

"It can be shown by official records," says the report before mentioned, "that the Kansas Pacific, the Union Pacific, and the Central Pacific, have been instrumental in adding hundreds of thousands to the population of the States of Kansas, Colorado, Iowa, Nebraska, California, and Nevada. Minnesota owes to the rapidity and cheapness of transportation by rail her best immigrants—over 100,000 Germans, Norwegians, and Swedes. Every foreign labourer landing on our shores is economically valued at 1,500 dollars. He rarely comes empty handed. The superintendent of the Castle Garden (New York) Emigration Depôt has stated that a careful inquiry gave an average of 100 dollars, almost entirely in coin, as the money property of each man, woman, and child, landed at New York. From 1830, the commencement of our railway building, to 1860, the number of foreign emigrants was 4,787,924. At that ratio of coin wealth possessed by each, the total addition to the stock of money in the United States made by this increase to its population was 478,792,400 dollars. Well might Dr. Engel, the Prussian statistician, say:—'Estimated in money, the Prussian State has lost during sixteen years by emigrants a sum of more than 180,000,000 thalers. It must be added, that those who are resolved to try their strength abroad are by no means our weakest elements; their continuous stream may be compared to a well-equipped army, which, leaving the country annually, is lost to it for ever. A ship loaded with emigrants is often looked upon as an object of compassion; it is nevertheless in a political-economical point of view generally more valuable than the richest cargo of gold dust.'"

WILLIAM A. BELL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ETCHING.

THERE is great need of a word in the English language, and, so far as I know, in other languages also, which would express, in a manner so perfectly courteous that nobody could take offence at it, what we mean by the phrase, *persons ignorant of art*. If we say "the laity," borrowing the old clerical form, we are courteous, but we do not exactly say what we mean, because a layman in this sense is merely a person who is not professionally an artist, and it does not follow that he is ignorant of art. If, on the other hand, we plainly use the word "ignorant," or any word which means the same thing, we seem to be guilty of rudeness and contempt towards the immense majority of the public, and an unfortunate impression is conveyed that we are proud of our own superior knowledge, when in reality we are simply aware of a difference which is the natural result of a different employment of time and effort, and which, in all other human occupations, is regarded by every one as inevitable. It is still more dangerous to use the word "vulgar," although we may attach no contemptuous meaning to it, because in ordinary conversation it is associated with the idea of ill-breeding.

It might, perhaps, be permitted us to attempt the introduction of a term which has no associations of reproach. A person ignorant of art might be called an *atechnic*, a man not technically instructed. It is true that the word bears more a practical than a theoretical sense, but this would not be a reason for rejecting it, since the rudiments of critical knowledge can only be acquired practically, and no one ever saw form or colour delicately enough to criticise well whose eye had not been educated by practical artistic study. It would be an awkward lengthening of the word to have to compound it with *γνωστικός*, so as to express connoisseurship.

In every fine art there is much which is illegible by *atechnics*, and this is due to the habits of interpretation into which artists always fall, and which grow upon them with the increase of their culture. For reasons which have already been explained by the best English and Continental writers upon art in books which are widely circulated, and which it is unnecessary to quote, the fine arts are less imitative than interpretative, and the nobler the artist the more frankly interpretative he is. Now, there is always, in artistic interpretation, a considerable element of conventionalism; the artist begins with a set of postulates of which the simplest and most familiar is the postulate about the line, which might be worded thus: "Let it be granted that the line, though it does not exist in nature, may be admitted in art for the sake of the forms which may be

defined by it." A liberal criticism is always willing to grant all the postulates which may be necessary to the free development of an art. In oil-painting there is an important postulate about light—"Let it be granted that white lead may mean the highest sunlight;" and there are also other postulates about colour, which might easily be expressed, if they did not carry us somewhat beyond the subject of this paper.

Etching may be defined as the stenography of artistic thought, and there exists in etching an amount of conventionalism scarcely less than that which exists in all other stenographies. But as there are good and bad stenographies, so there are good and bad styles in etching, and these may be distinguished by reason, aided by artistic perception and experience. Very many systems of shorthand writing have been invented, and it may appear to persons who have not studied shorthand—to persons who, as regards shorthand, are atech-nics—that it is not easy to decide which is the best, whereas, since all the systems of shorthand aim only at two results, and at the same two results—namely, to be as rapid as possible and as legible as possible—and since, in compliance with the first of these, only the very simplest lines and the very simplest curves are admissible, the question of relative merit narrows itself to one of intelligent combination; and, after comparing several systems of shorthand, it is easy to see which system answers its purpose best. In the same way, since etching proposes to itself the rapid autographic rendering of artistic thought, the best manner in etching, the manner most in conformity with reason, is that which combines the maximum of speed with the maximum of expressional clearness, so that it may be written off whilst the thought is fresh and vivid, and easily read afterwards by the author of it, and by any one else who has learned to read that kind of artistic writing. All waste of labour, and any movement of the hand which is not necessary to the expression of the thought, is a departure from the ideal of the art. But however good and legible an etching may be, it cannot be legible unless we have learned to read it—unless, that is, we have acquired by practice the power of seeing at once through the sign employed the idea signified by it. A time comes ultimately when the sign suggests the natural fact or the artistic idea so instantaneously that we come to look upon the two as inseparable, and cease to be aware of the conventionalism of the sign. As Blake declared that he looked through his corporeal eye, and not with it, so it is not an exaggeration to say that we look through the hurried lines of artistic shorthand, and not at them. For the shorthand in itself is nothing, we care only for the meaning of it. Where the atech-nic sees a few irregular horizontal lines at the top of a piece of paper, the artist, by instantaneous association of the sign with the thing signified, beholds the serene sky; where the atech-nic sees an undecipherable medley of scrawls

and scratches, the artist reads the glory of a sunset amongst the illuminated clouds. The tenderest and noblest poetry leaves us cold if we have never learned the characters in which it is written, and good etching is the poetry of drawing, written down rapidly in shorthand.

It may seem incredible that an art so inoffensive and non-popular should have enemies, but the present writer has known many instances in which fine etchings have appeared to give offence, and it is sometimes not quite safe to confess that they afford you pleasure. If you say you enjoy certain plates of the more rapid and abstract kind, atechncs often consider that you make such professions from an affectation of superior knowledge, and they do not altogether like you for it. A certain amount of circumspection is necessary in the avowal of your preferences: for instance, there are plates of Rembrandt, and some of Whistler and Jongkind, which a collector wise in his generation would refrain from exhibiting to atechncs. They have an uneasy suspicion that you are amusing yourself at their expense when you say that these things are of fine quality. If you venture to say so in print, and your book or article should fall into the hands of some thoroughly atechnc reviewer, he will treat you as the victim of monomania.

The explanation of our liking for such art as that is, however, very simple, and ought to be intelligible even to persons who do not find the art itself intelligible to them. It is merely a question of time given, and of excellence attainable within the limits of the time. If you give a month to a piece of work, you do not set about it in the same way as you would if you had only a week to do it in; and if you have only a day, or an hour, or twenty minutes, you will adopt a different system of expression, according to the time you have to give. Now, the best plates of Jongkind are admirable as a very summary statement of an impression; there may be an hour's work in the most elaborate of them, others may have been done in half an hour, or twenty minutes, or ten. Landscape painters are all in the habit of taking memoranda which *must* be very rapid, because the effects of nature pass so rapidly, and the landscape painter is obliged to write artistic shorthand to make his reports, just as a reporter in the House of Commons is obliged to write in stenography. The best artistic shorthand is that which notes an impression most perfectly in the time given. The portfolios of landscape painters are full of memoranda which to atechncs would be quite as unintelligible as the most hurried etchings of Rembrandt or Jongkind; but artists do not exhibit these—they translate them into the more intelligible form of elaborate painting that the atechncs may read them easily, as they read the copied reports in the newspapers when they could not have read the original shorthand report made in the gallery of the House.

It does not follow that we prefer these rapid notes, where form itself has often to be sacrificed to the exigencies of rapidity, to drawings of highly elaborated truth; and it is an unjust misrepresentation of our views to describe us as especially partial to the slight and the incomplete, and indifferent to the noble works of art which have been slowly brought to perfection by the efforts of months or years. All that we say is, that this rapid and abstract art is good and valuable in its own kind, and that it has certain special qualities and utilities of its own which do not belong to the arts of elaboration. It is amongst the arts as amongst the characters of men—you have the rapid and decisive characters, and the slow, patient characters. It would be a very narrow view of humanity which would desire to see either of the two suppressed, since each kind is good for uses of its own. And so it would be a narrow view of the fine arts which would desire the suppression either of the art which swiftly notes impressions, or of that which patiently elaborates them. In fact, there exists between the two a certain interdependence. The power of making a swift and comprehensive synthesis must be preceded by elaborate analytical study, whilst, on the other hand, the picture which it takes years to execute must be founded upon a synthetic conception. An art critic who sees the arts in their just relations would be the very last person to deny the value of analysis in study. No man ever executed a fine synthetic etching without having gone through the most patient analysis; and when a technic reviewer accuses us of being carried away by an especial enthusiasm for etching which blinds us to the value of elaborated work in other arts, they little know how large a share analysis must have in the education of the swiftest aquafortists.

The question whether elaborate or summary expression needs the higher artistic accomplishment is answered in opposite ways by different artists and theorists, and is, indeed, one of those questions which seem equally to suggest two opposite solutions. We will endeavour to state the arguments on both sides with equal force.

It may be argued that elaborate expression requires greater knowledge, because the mere elaboration or finish is in itself the adding of more truth. For instance, if you take a rapid etching or other memorandum from nature, and paint a picture from it, you have to add more form, you have to add many subdivisions of light and dark, and you have to add colour. A picture, therefore, it may be argued, contains all that an etching of the same subject and equal quality contains, whilst it also contains much more, and, therefore, to produce it greater knowledge and ability are needed. This is the view most generally received not only by technicians, but by many artists and by some critics.

On the other hand, it may be argued that since an etching is an abstract or epitome of nature, for which greater power of selection is

ded, the mere exercise of selection, if thoroughly well done, implies certain mental superiority; and that this faculty of selection being needed in elaborate work, and hardly exercised at all in very tentative and literal painting (of which we have had much in England), the elaborate art may in a certain sense be less noble than the tract art. This idea may be readily illustrated from literature. Suppose that a publisher gave a commission to a man of letters to compile a catalogue of all extant ancient Greek writings, the work would be laborious and the list would be long; but suppose that he were a commission to another man of letters to make extracts from Greek literature illustrating some especial subject, as, for instance, Greek religious sentiment, and to group these extracts so as to make them throw the utmost possible light upon each other, would not the work here be of a higher kind, merely because the faculty of synthetic selection was called into play?

The two views may be expressed with great brevity. According to the first, elaboration is greater than summary expression, as needing more knowledge, and according to the second, the summary expression is greater, as needing equal knowledge and more selection.

The truth is, that to make any summary really well, we must know a great deal more than can be visibly set down in it; and the knowledge of nature and art possessed by an accomplished etcher must always be much vaster in bulk than the concentrated essence he gives.

The difference between the critic and the technician lies in this—it is the one infers the masses of knowledge from which the abstract has been made, and that the other does not infer them.

It seems to us a very erroneous view to consider a good etching as merely the rude skeleton of a work of art. It is not a skeleton, but *ésumé*. The difference between the two things may be illustrated in the practice of sculpture. Before a sculptor makes a statue he makes a sketch of the complete idea in modelling clay, and afterwards, the larger and elaborated model, a framework or skeleton of iron is set up. Etchings do not answer to this rigid and formless skeleton, they answer to the first little model—the synthetic expression of the fire and living idea.

The necessity for rapidity in etching presupposes that the idea is ripe for expression. If the hand goes faster than the thought, the work will fail in the direction of unmeaning mannerism; if, on the other hand, the hand waits for the thought, and the thought comes too slowly, the work may be delicate and careful, but it can hardly have the look of free and passionate inspiration, which is the cry of first-rate etching. Now, there are many excellent and admirable artists who come by their beautiful thoughts in dwelling upon them, and to whom, therefore, slowness and even hesitation in execution are necessary. The method which is natural and right for them is elaboration, and consequently it may be wise in them to

abstain from the etching needle. We do not wish to imply that etching is above them, we mean only that it is unsuitable for them. In the same way there are authors who can write a powerful book but cannot make an effective speech. Many of the best painters have etched very indifferently, or not at all.

In speaking of etching as a kind of artistic shorthand, we are quite aware that much might be said to prove that the process is also available for elaboration. For instance, several members of the English school have produced plates which are highly elaborated, and, in their way, very beautiful, especially Samuel Palmer (of whose exquisite art I would always speak with deep respect), Frederick Tayler, and Hook. But it seems to me that in this they have insisted upon the especial and peculiar power of the art, and might have expressed their thoughts equally well in some other way. Then, again, there is that wonderful man, Jules Jacquemart, who has carried a refined kind of imitation so far in etching as to refute triumphantly the popular notion that etching cannot give light and dark properly, and is not suitable for delicate drawing; but still, perhaps Jules Jacquemart may have quitted, in some degree, the ground which peculiarly belongs to etching. It may be said that we are somewhat arbitrary and narrow in desiring to define etching as shorthand, since it is capable of just as much elaboration as any other kind of engraving, but the question always is, with reference to an artistic product, *Could it be done in any other way?* If it could, it is not genuine in its own kind. A pure and genuine etching cannot be imitated by any other process whatever, and the ideas and feelings expressed in it could not be so clearly expressed otherwise.

The atechnic reader is respectfully informed, that what is said here¹ of etching does not refer to Dry Point, which is quite a distinct art, though often made auxiliary to etching in the progress of a plate. A very ludicrous instance of the blunders made by atechnic reviewers occurred a little time ago in a Scotch paper, where an illustration to a recent work on the art was criticised as an etching,—the fact being that there was not an etched line in it from beginning to end. In Dry Point the needle encounters great resistance from the metal which it has to cut. In etching it encounters no resistance, for here it has to cut nothing but a coat of varnish, of the utmost possible tenuity, the copper being afterwards bitten by acid. Consequently etching is a much freer art than Dry Point, and nobody who knows the difference between them will expect the same qualities from both.

It might have interested us to trace the probable effects of the revival of etching upon the practice of oil-painting, but for the present this subject must be reserved. It may, however, be remarked that painting generally is becoming more synthetic, and rather

(1) And elsewhere by the same writer.

more simple and direct in expression than it was a few years ago. Nevertheless, artists will always be constitutionally divided into two classes, the men who resume their knowledge in rapid and direct work (however slowly and painfully they may *acquire* that knowledge), and the men who hesitate and linger in execution, and find that the longer they linger over a work the better it becomes. This difference being, as I said, constitutional, will divide artists into two camps so long as the world endures. Let us hope that the progress of a truly philosophical art-culture may enable each to see the merits of the other. The best etchers will always belong to one of these classes; the other may produce, as it does to-day, painters of admirable refinement, and engravers of astonishing industry and skill.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

NOTE.—The practice of the English school of etching has hitherto been very generally opposed to the view of the art advocated here; but of late years a small group of etchers, the best of whom are Whistler and Haden, have revived what I should call the genuine art, with more or less success: and if there were a more general interest in etching on the part of the public, and a willingness to purchase modern etchings of good quality, in a quantity sufficient to be remunerative to the artist, it is probable that we should soon have a school of etching as powerful and original as our school of painting. The habits of purchasers of artistic works are, however, very unfavourable to etching, because so few people keep portfolios of prints. The public generally, in buying prints, do so for the adornment of their walls, and etchings are seldom made upon a scale large enough for that purpose. Suppose, for instance, that an English artist makes an etching; how is he to publish it—how is he to sell copies of it? There is not a single periodical in England which will insert it. The regular print publishers will have nothing to do with it. He may, perhaps, place it on commission with some bookseller, and sell from one to five copies, perhaps not even one. Hence our etchers have been driven to unite together in the production of *books* of etchings, and they have etched minutely-finished book-plates, never publishing except together, in a volume, which might be sold by the regular book-trade. It is precisely this which has retarded the development of our school. Fancy Rembrandt doing his important plates as book illustrations! They would have been too large; they would not have been *pretty* enough, or popular enough. What is wanted for the development of a school of etching in England is a public willing to buy a plate *separately, on its own merits*, not as part of a set of illustrations to Shakespeare or Goldsmith. And then we want a publishing house, like the publishing house of Cadart & Luce, 54, Rue Neuve des Mathurins, Paris, devoted to the publication of etchings, where amateurs may find all that is done in the art by contemporary artists, and etchers may deposit all they do. People in England know so little about what has been done, and can be done in the art; they have no opportunities, except in the Print Room of the British Museum, which for some reason of its own the British public most carefully avoids.

It is this fact, that the public does not go to see the national collection of prints, which suggests the desirability of putting the prints more in the way of the public. There ought to be a collection of the finest etchings, framed, in the National Gallery. The exhibition of the Rembrandts at the Burlington Club was a good beginning. If the public taste were so far cultivated as to appreciate fine etchings, we may rest assured that there is artistic ability enough in this country to produce them. Unfortunately, hitherto there has been no demand for genuine work, and in the endeavour to gratify the popular taste—a taste formed by and fed upon the very smallest of small art—our etchers, as a body, have been only too condescending.

MR. LONGMAN'S LIFE AND TIMES OF EDWARD THE THIRD.¹

MR. LONGMAN has become an historian by a sort of accident, but it is an accident which is not to be regretted. Mr. Longman, like many other people, had been in the habit of giving lectures to his neighbours. Like many other people also, he printed those lectures. The subject of his lectures was English history, and he had got on in his subject as far as the accession of Edward the Third. At that point Mr. Longman changed his place of abode, and this change cut short his series of lectures. But, having begun to study the reign of Edward the Third, he went on with his work, casting aside the form of lectures, and throwing it into the shape of a more regular historical monograph. One result of the connexion of the book with the previous lectures is rather odd. The *Life and Times of Edward the Third* contains no account of that part of Edward's life which was passed before his accession to the Crown. In those years he was indeed a mere boy; still those years form part of his life, and, as a matter of historical sequence, their omission makes the beginning of the present book very abrupt. I presume that Mr. Longman begins his book at the exact point where he left off his lectures. But his book will doubtless be read by many who have not read his lectures; the lack therefore of any account of the causes which led to the remarkable revolution which placed Edward the Third on the throne is a blank much to be regretted.

Mr. Longman is a writer who may be honestly welcomed into the field of historic inquiry. There is sterling stuff in his book, and his faults are for the most part of a sort quite opposite to the fashionable faults of the day. There is no sign of haste or carelessness in Mr. Longman, and there is not the faintest approach to the grand style. If there is nothing brilliant about his writing, it is always straightforward, sensible, and unaffected. It is always easy to see what his meaning is, and his meaning is generally much to the purpose. It might be wished that Mr. Longman had somewhat more of picturesque and descriptive power, but it is certainly not to be set down against him as a fault that he has not filled his book with theories, however elaborate and however taking, which do not rest on positive evidence. The faults of Mr. Longman are mainly those which are almost inseparable from the character of a *serius studiosum*. He shows a real love of his subject, an honest and, for the most part,

(1) THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDWARD THE THIRD. By WILLIAM LONGMAN. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans and Co., 1869. 23s.

a successful attempt to master it, but he does not show the full familiarity of one who has been used to it from his youth up. He understands and appreciates the persons and events of which he writes, but it is easy to see that he has not always lived among them. His range of thought and reading, though sound and good, is comparatively narrow. His good sense, however, preserves him from one very common fault of those who rush suddenly at one particular period of history without having made the needful preparation in a study of history in general. He is far from over-valuing his own subject, far from unduly worshipping the events which he records and the actors in those events. Yet in one place Mr. Longman shows in an amusing way the sort of glee with which men are tempted to show off newly-acquired knowledge. One stage in the history of Edward the Third brings the affairs of England into connexion with the affairs of the Empire. Mr. Longman, it is plain, had just been reading Mr. Bryce's book, and he was pleased at finding that he knew something of a subject which to most people is so mysterious. The consequence is a disquisition on Imperial history, and a series of maps of the origin of the Kingdoms of Europe, which are hardly called for by the fact that Edward the Third became an Imperial Vicar under Lewis of Bavaria. And though Mr. Longman seldom or never falls into gross blunders, his book often shows those small signs of comparative unfamiliarity with his subject which we should not have found if Mr. Longman had been working at history all his days. For instance, we open the book at a shot and light on a mention of a "girl of Divion." "Divion," I suppose, is Dijon (Divio): if there is any other less known place of the name, Mr. Longman should have told us. So, in p. 15, he seems somehow to connect the Bardi, a Florentine family, with the name of the Langobardi or Lombards. Mr. Longman's meaning in this place is not very plain, and he can hardly mean really to identify the two; but in any case it is an unscholarlike way of speaking. So in p. 11 he speaks of 'Ramsey, a village ten miles north of Huntingdon,' as if he had never heard of the great Abbey, so renowned in the days of Cnut and William. It is a graver fault that Mr. Longman, in writing the *Life and Times of Edward the Third*, seems to have made no use at all of the volume of *Political Songs and Poems* published by Mr. Wright for the Master of the Rolls, the contents of which throw such a flood of light on the reign of Edward, and especially on the weaker points of his character.

At the same time, those who are more strictly historical students should never be sorry to see their favourite subjects taken up by men of the class of Mr. Longman. Mr. Longman brings to his task a stock of sterling good sense and of sound and impartial judgment, which fully makes up for his occasional defects in other ways. The professed scholar ought always to be glad to see how his own studies,

and his own view of those studies, look in the eyes of sensible men, with whom history has not been the primary business of life, but who, when they do approach it, approach it in a spirit of industry and earnestness. The *serus studiorum* is much more liable to crotchets than the man who has worked at a subject all his days. But when he is free from crotchets, his judgment on many points has a special value. Now one of Mr. Longman's chief merits is a complete freedom from crotchets. He does not write in the interest of any particular theory or of any particular hero. I should be the last to bring the charge of hero-worship in an invidious or sarcastic way against any man. A history written without a generous appreciation of great men is a poor kind of history indeed. But I should think that the most invidious and sarcastic writer would hardly bring the charge of hero-worship against Mr. Longman. He writes in a fair, truthful, and impartial spirit; he tries to do justice, and not more or less than justice, to every man. Mr. Longman's period, indeed, does not supply any one whom there is any special temptation to canonize. Edward is to some extent a popular hero, and his son the Black Prince is so to a much greater extent. But in Edward himself, when we come fairly to examine him, there is not very much to admire; and as to his son, the provoking thing is that people admire him for the wrong things. Throwing aside all the fopperies and fripperies of chivalry, we have to balance how can the good and the evil points of the man who was at once the savage conqueror of Limoges and the patriotic statesman of the Good Parliament. Mr. Longman treats him in both characters with thorough fairness, and treats King Edward himself in the like spirit. He shows no sign of any tendency either unduly to extol or unduly to depreciate either of them; he judges both fairly according to their actions.

To lovers of chivalrous adventure I presume that no part of English history is more attractive than the reign of Edward the Third. To the political student his reign is rather repulsive at first sight, but a closer examination soon shows that there is a great deal of important matter below the surface. The primary and popular notion of Edward the Third and his son is that they were two great conquerors who won brilliant victories, which victories abundantly showed how few Englishmen could beat a vast number of Frenchmen. And no one will deny that Crecy, Poitiers, even Navarrete, were wonderful victories indeed, victories of which it is impossible even now to read the account without a thrill of national pride. The pity is that they were victories which served absolutely no purpose—Crecy and Navarrete absolutely no purpose, Poitiers only a very temporary purpose. England was successful in battles, but she was thoroughly beaten in war. Edward the Third succeeded by lawful inheritance to a large part of Southern Gaul.

le left to his successor the mere shadow of that ancient inheritance, together with a still more shadowy title to the Kingdom of France self. His only conquest, in the strict sense of the word, was Calais. He may conceive a point of view in which the gain of Calais might counterbalance the loss of nearly all Aquitaine, but this is a very philosophical point of view, and one from which we may be quite sure that no one looked at things in the time of Edward the Third. The broad and plain fact of Edward's reign is that it was a time of great territorial losses. As far as glory consists in winning wonderful battles and leading foreign Kings captive, no other age in English history was equally glorious. But in no time, save that of Henry the Sixth, was England ever so thoroughly stripped of possessions which had once been hers.

The comparison which I have just made suggests another. One can hardly help contrasting the two great periods of English warfare and English victory in France. Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth almost necessarily suggest one another; but the difference between the two men is infinite. There is indeed a striking superficial likeness between those exploits of the two princes which have found for themselves the most abiding resting-place in popular memory. The story of Azincourt is almost a literal repetition of the story of Crecy, and the victory of Azincourt was hardly richer in immediate results than the victory of Crecy. But Edward was simply victor in a battle; Henry was victor in war, in diplomacy, in all that he attempted. In reading the reign of Edward, the years seem to pass away we know not how. Every ten years there is a great battle, a glorious victory, but the intermediate periods slip by like a dream. They are full of purposeless, unconnected events, which fall into no certain order, and which it is almost impossible to keep in the memory. The time is stirring enough; there is always something going on; the difficulty is to understand or to remember what it is that is going on. We move backwards and forwards from Brittany to Gascony, from Flanders to Germany, from Scotland to Castile, without any very clear notion why we are thus flitting backwards and forwards. In the reign of Henry, on the other hand, the wonder is how so many great events, pressing close upon the heels of one another, could be crowded into the few years of his warfare. Edward, in short, made war like a knight-errant; war was a noble pastime for princes and nobles; the whole thing, from beginning to end, reads like a long tournament, a tournament carried on for the amusement and glory of a few, at the expense of suffering millions. Henry perhaps cared as little for human suffering as Edward did, perhaps even less. The besieger of Rouen was at least as stern as the besieger of Calais. But the warfare of Henry was no purposeless tournament; not a blow was dealt by him, whether on the field or in the council-chamber, which was not dealt in deep and deadly earnest. It was

not as a knight-errant that he made war, but as a general and a statesman of the highest order, as a King worthy to wear the crown of the Great William and the Great Edward. No doubt Henry was favoured by fortune as few men ever have been favoured. France lay before him in a state which seemed almost to invite his invasion. The murder of John of Burgundy, and the position assumed by his son, served the purposes of Henry as directly as if he had himself planned them beforehand. Edward certainly had no such manifest advantages. But after all, what does statesmanship consist in except making the most of such advantages as a man has? The position Henry was undoubtedly far more favourable than the position of Edward; but then Henry made the most of his position, while the Edwards, father and son, failed to make the most of theirs. Henry knew his purposes, and he accomplished them. Edward failed to accomplish his purposes, or rather it is hard to say whether he had any purposes to accomplish.

Looking at the morality of the two great enterprises against France, a modern writer is perhaps tempted to judge both Edward and Henry with undue harshness. Lord Brougham, for instance, brings Henry up before the tribunal of abstract right, and before the tribunal of abstract right it must be allowed that Henry cuts but a poor figure. But it is seldom fair to judge any historical character by so unswerving a standard; we must make allowance for the circumstances, the habits, the beliefs, the prejudices, of each man's time. As a lesson in moral philosophy, as a comment on the doctrine that man is very far gone from original righteousness, Lord Brougham's estimate of Henry the Fifth is highly instructive; but as a portrait of Henry the Fifth it is unfair. Mr. Longman cannot wield the trenchant weapons of Lord Brougham, but he is really fairer in his estimate of Edward than Lord Brougham is in his estimate of Henry. He is not dazzled with Edward's somewhat tinsel glories; but he equally avoids the other extreme of unreasonable harshness. He brings out strongly that Edward was really forced into the war by Philip - Philip, in truth, had a policy, while Edward had none. Philip's policy was the obvious, the traditional, French policy, the policy of consolidating his Kingdom by convenient annexations. He clearly aimed at the annexation of Edward's Duchy of Aquitaine, and he sought for a war which would give him a chance of annexing it. A perfectly calm and passionless English politician might have doubted whether Aquitaine was worth the keeping. Aquitaine, we must remember, was now strictly an English dependency. When England and Aquitaine first became possessions of the same sovereign, it was not so. Henry of Anjou, King of England, Duke of Normandy, Duke of Aquitaine, Count and Lord of a crowd of smaller states, was no more a national prince in any of them than Charles of Ghent was a national prince in Castile or Germany or Sicily. But Henry's

various continental dominions, widely as they differed from one another in speech and feeling, might still be looked on as forming one whole, in opposition to his insular Kingdom. And in his eyes, and in those of his immediate successors, they certainly outweighed his insular Kingdom. Henry was primarily a great continental sovereign, the rival of his less powerful lord at Paris. That he was also King of England was a very important accession to his power and position; still it was an accession and little more. But things changed when John lost all his possessions in Northern Gaul, with the solitary exception of that insular Normandy which his successors have retained to this day. Aquitaine, or what was left of it, was now a mere accession to England, an outlying and distant possession of the English Crown. And as the relation of Aquitaine to England changed, its relation to France changed also. We must not forget that Aquitaine, though a fief of the French Crown, was in no sense a French province. Unless we except the short time during which Lewis the Seventh ruled there in right of Eleanor, Aquitaine had never been a possession of the Parisian Kings, and its people had, in speech and origin, no kindred with the people of France beyond the general kindred which they had equally with the people of Spain and Italy. When Henry was lord of Rouen, of Tours, and of Bourdeaux, none of those cities seemed at all called upon to owe to Paris. But when Paris had swallowed up Rouen and Tours, the position of Bourdeaux was sensibly changed. It was changed both politically and geographically. Aquitaine was now no longer a part of the great continental monarchy of Henry. It was a dependency of the island Kingdom, which the French conquest of Toulouse had caused to be surrounded by French territory on every side, except those occupied by the sea and the mountains. The Parisian King, instead of being a mere nominal suzerain, was now the immediate master of the larger part of Gaul. Aquitaine now looked like a natural portion of his Kingdom, unnaturally detained from him by a distant potentate. Within the Duchy itself, as Mr. Longman has well pointed out, the feelings of the inhabitants presented great differences and fluctuations. There was always an English and a French party; of a Spanish party, of which we see signs in the thirteenth century, we see none in the fourteenth. And men's minds might well be divided on the question whether it were better for their country to remain a dependency of England or to become an integral part of France. There can be no doubt that the English Government was the better of the two, as was soon found out when Aquitaine was finally conquered. The nearer master was far more dangerous to local liberties and customs than the more distant one. Bourdeaux, when it was a distant dependency of England, came much nearer to the position of a free city than it came when it sank to a provincial town of France. But, as Mr. Longman says,

Englishmen failed then, as they fail now, to adapt themselves to subjects of another race and speech. Their rule was essentially better than that of France, but it was less attractive. France was already beginning to exercise that strange fascination which it goes on exercising still, and which enables it to incorporate and assimilate its conquests in a way in which no other conquering power has succeeded in rivalling it. And marked as was the ethnical distinction between France and Aquitaine, it was slight compared to the ethnical distinction between Aquitaine and England. All these causes contributed to produce a very divided state of feeling in the Duchy. The strength of England lay mainly in the cities; that of France lay mainly among the nobles of the country. But it is easy to see throughout Edward's wars that the English party was decaying, and that the French party was growing. To annex then this great province, which lay so temptingly open to him, which seemed so needful to round off his dominions in that corner, was the main object of the policy of Philip of Valois. We are commonly inclined to blame Edward for setting up a claim of his own on the French Crown, after he had done homage to Philip, and had thereby recognised him as lawful King of France. But Edward was fairly goaded into the war by Philip, and he seems to have assumed the title of King of France as much to satisfy the scruples of the Flemings as for any other reason. It was fairly a case of drifting into war—a war which, notwithstanding the two great battles and many other gallant exploits, was begun, continued, and ended in a way which is throughout purposeless and perplexing.

Mr. Longman has no special power of narrative, and he never reaches to either picturesque or eloquent description. But he tells his story clearly, sensibly, and unaffectedly, and he brings out most of the chief points in a satisfactory way. It was perhaps hardly his business to look forward, otherwise it would have been well to bring out what an important bearing the Peace of Bretigny had upon the wars of the next century. The French are perfectly right in speaking of the whole time from Edward the Third to Henry the Sixth as the Hundred Years' War. The Peace of Bretigny was the formal justification of Henry the Fifth. On no theory could Henry have any hereditary right to the Crown of France. The principle on which Edward the Third had claimed that crown was the principle of female succession, and the principle of female succession would have given the rights of Edward the Third to the House of Mortimer. But Henry the Fifth succeeded to the Crown of England at a time when England was at war with France. The Peace of Bretigny was undoubtedly broken on the French side. From Bretigny to Troyes no other peace was concluded; there were only truces, and at the end of any truce the King of England had a perfect formal

right to begin the war again. That the Peace of Bretigny did not last is a sign of the change of feeling which was gradually coming over Southern Gaul. Two hundred years earlier we may be sure that Aquitanian patriotism would have rejoiced in an arrangement which made the lands south of the Loire free from all superiority on the part of the Parisian Crown. But a large part of the former dominions of Henry the Second submitted with the utmost reluctance to those terms of the treaty which restored them to the rule of the descendant of their ancient Dukes. Even within the lands which had never been separated from England the rule of the Black Prince seems not to have thoroughly taken root. In fact an independent Principality of Aquitaine was fast becoming, in French phrase, an anachronism. And an independent Principality of Aquitaine in the hands of an English prince was somewhat of a pretence into the bargain. At an earlier time independent commonwealths of Bourdeaux and La Rochelle might have been something more than a dream. But in Aquitaine, as throughout the fiefs of the Parisian Crown, with the single half exception of Flanders, the princely power, royal or ducal, was always too strong to allow of the growth of a system of free cities, such as arose within the bounds of each of the three Imperial Kingdoms.

The reign of Edward the Third is also of great importance in a constitutional point of view ; it is equally so in a social, a literary, and a religious point of view. But in these points also the reign of Edward has something of the same character that it has in military affairs. Changes take place in a sort of invisible, incidental way ; we cannot lay our hands on any marked revolutions, like those of the reign of Henry the Third, nor on many great and lasting enactments, like those of the reign of Edward the First. Edward could no more be compared to his grandfather as a legislator than he could as a statesman and a warrior. His commercial legislation, to which Mr. Longman calls special attention, was done, as it were, by hap-hazard. So indeed was everything that he did. He constantly wanted money, and his constant want of money was a great constitutional advantage. He was driven to summon Parliaments, commonly yearly, sometimes oftener ; and those Parliaments gradually learned their strength. How important these silent influences were is shown when we reach the last two years of Edward's life. In the Good Parliament we see how the Commons had been gradually gaining more and more power and enlightenment, till they were able to carry some of the most thorough measures of reform, and to make one of the most successful attacks on the executive Government, that any legislative body ever made. No doubt it was a great point for the popular party to have the Prince of Wales on their side, and, when he was gone, his loss was sadly felt in the reaction of the next

year. But it was a great thing to see a Prince of Wales put himself at the head of a real popular movement of reform, a very different process from a Prince of Wales getting up a factious personal opposition against his father. It is his conduct in this Parliament, far more than any of his doings beyond the sea, which gives the Black Prince his real claim to rank among the worthies of England. The acts of the Good Parliament and their unhappy reversal in the next year, the good influence of Prince Edward and the evil influences of John of Gaunt, are points at which Mr. Longman has worked very carefully, as he has done at the whole legislation of this reign. Of that legislation there is one dark blot, which extends even to the proceedings of the Good Parliament itself. I mean the constant attempt to control matters which are beyond the proper province of legislation, and, worse still, the constant attempt to control them in a way contrary to the interests of the most numerous and the most helpless class of the people. The depopulation caused by the Black Death made labour scarce; wages of course rose, and successive Parliaments, the Good Parliament among them, undertook the cruel and impossible task of keeping wages down by law. I am not sure that Mr. Longman has anywhere dwelt on the fact that at this time the emancipation of the villains was largely going on. The class of free labourers was being enlarged and strengthened; the payment of wages for work done was constantly becoming more habitual, as the class of people who could be set to work without wages was constantly diminishing. One might almost have expected that the emancipation of villains would have been forbidden by law, just as in old Rome restrictions were put on the emancipation of slaves. But happily the Church taught that to set a bondman free was a pious and charitable deed, and men could hardly be ordered by Act of Parliament to abstain from adding to the number of their good works.

The mention of the religious and the literary condition of England during this reign at once suggests that we are dealing with the age of Wyclif and the age of Chaucer. I am not going to discuss either of them at the end of an article. But those names stamp the age of Edward the Third as the beginning of the theological reformation in England and as the beginning of modern English literature. I confess that the purely theological aspect of the time interests me less than the part played by this age, as by other ages, in the long struggle between England and Rome. The English spirit which three centuries before, had, through the mouth of Tostig, defied Pope Nicolas on his throne, came out in the Parliaments of Edward the Third as it came out in other Parliaments before and after him. And it was a sound and happy line of argument, a true English love of precedent, which led the Good Parliament to appeal to the practice of the sainted Edward himself as unanswerable evidence of the true

and ancient supremacy of the Crown in matters ecclesiastical. Oddly enough, this was the very moment when the old ground for that supremacy was beginning to give way. Up to this time, ever since the last Englishman ceased to worship Thunder and Woden, Englishmen had been united in religion; the Church and the nation had been strictly two aspects of the same body. But the teaching of Wyclif gave birth in the next generation to our earliest Nonconformists; when we ought to have had our first toleration, we did have our first persecution. With the appearance of the Lollards, the Church and the nation ceased to be fully one, and the puzzles and controversies of modern times had their beginning.

Another sign of the times in religious matters, one which I think Mr. Longman nowhere mentions, is the turn which the bounty of pious founders and benefactors was now taking. The day of the monks was over. The great struggle which had been going on ever since the days of Dunstan was at last decided in favour of the seculars. Monasteries were still occasionally founded, but there is nothing like the zeal for them which followed on the Benedictine movement in the tenth and eleventh centuries, on the Cistercian movement in the twelfth, on the Franciscan and Dominican movement in the thirteenth. Colleges in the Universities, chantries for the repose of their founders' souls, colleges for the more splendid performance of divine service in this or that parish church, hospitals for the poor, schools for the young, are now the objects of pious benefactions far more largely than the monastic orders. On the other hand, the constant wars with France led, on an obvious principle of policy, to temporary seizures of the property of the Alien Priories. These temporary seizures again suggested the complete suppression of those Priories in the next century, and this formed a precedent for the general suppression of all monasteries in the century after that.

With regard to language, I have only space to comment on one expression of Mr. Longman's. He says, on the authority of Dr. Pauli, but without reference to any ancient writer, that Edward the Third could hardly speak English, that it was only with difficulty that he could put three or four English words together on occasion. Till some distinct proof of this is produced, I must be allowed to doubt. I have long thought that we are apt to exaggerate the extent to which English went out of use among the higher ranks in the two or three centuries after the Norman Conquest. I have not yet gone fully into the subject, but I trust to do so when I come to the fifth volume of my own history. Meanwhile I will jot down, for the consideration of Mr. Longman or of any one else, a few passages which bear on the subject.

I. William the Conqueror tried to learn English in order the

better to fulfil the duties of an English King. And though he did not succeed very well in his studies, it is plain that he was not wholly without some knowledge of our language. The words Orderic (520 D) are—"Anglicam locutionem plerumque satis ediscere, ut sine interprete querelam subjectæ legis posset intelligere, et scita rectitudinis unicuique (prout ratio dictaret) affectuose depromere. Ast a perceptione hujusmodi durior ætas illum compescebat, et tumultus multimodarum occupationum ad alia necessario adtrahebat." I should infer from this that William could not indeed address an English assembly like Godwine, but that he could at least understand the simple formulæ of his own English charters.

II. Henry the First, born in England, and looked on from his birth as an English Ætheling, seems not only to have understood English, but to have been an English author. I ground this belief on the well-known passage of Mary of France, of which Sir Francis Palgrave has perhaps made rather too much, but which on the whole I am inclined to accept. Mary (ii. 401, ed. Roquefort) says that she translated her fables into French from an English translation made by an English King.

III. Henry the Second, whether he could speak English or not, certainly understood it when spoken, and a knight of Glamorgan who accompanied him not only understood but spoke it. The story is too long to quote here, but it will be found in Giraldus' *Itinerarium Cambriæ*, i. 6, p. 64, ed. Dimock.

IV. Edward the First could not only speak English on occasion, but seems to have spoken it easily and habitually. This appears from a story told by Walter of Hemingburgh (vol. i., p. 337), how, when Edward was in the Holy Land, three Saracen ambassadors came to him, "Qui stantes a longe adoraverunt Edwardum proni in terram. Et ait Edwardus in Anglico, 'Vos quidem adoratis me sed minime diligitis,' nec intellexerunt verba ejus, eo quod per interpretes loquerentur ei."

I have marked other passages which bear negatively on the question, or which illustrate the use of English by persons of considerable but less exalted rank. But these four seem enough to make a kind of royal *catena*. It would certainly be strange if Edward the Third was so much less of an Englishman than his grandfather as would seem from Mr. Longman's account. Still, considering his education and his French mother, the thing is possible. It is a point on which I should much like to have further information.

To wind up, while Mr. Longman's book is not free from the faults which are almost unavoidable under the circumstances of its composition, it contains much really good stuff. Mr. Longman at least neither trifles with his subject nor despises it.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORNING WITH ONE OF OUR LAWYERS IN SPRING GARDENS,
A LADY'S PORTRAIT DOES A GOOD STROKE OF BUSINESS.

Now drawing near to the close of the month of April, being the meridian of the London season in all the little sub-worlds of which the great world of London is composed. Weather was uncertain, as usual; ever and anon there was a shower, chasing pedestrians (especially women with gay and fresh muslins, spoiled as easily by a wetting as the wings of a fly) to shelter in shops, arcades, porticoes, and gateways, they no sooner found an asylum, than, as it were expressly to their hurry and distress, out came an hysterical burst of sun—so abrupt as the previous rain. A rainbow appeared every ten or a brilliant scrap of one, as if at this her busiest season, nature has all the orders of summer and autumn to execute, she takes leisure to get up a perfect arch. The early part of the month was morose; but now the north-east held his bitter breath, and in the parks and squares were beginning to shoot with some confidence. Buds and even blossoms felt that at last they were mature forth without deliberately committing suicide; the tulips beginning to unfold the tender verdure of its crisp young leaves, and the chestnuts stood pledged to publish the first edition of their candid flowers in about another fortnight. Already there were sharp visions which could detect the embryo clusters in the top-knots, and there were still more hopeful observers who were now and then mistaking the homely and faithful sparrow, for the poor, we have always with us, for the swallow which, our worldly friend, only visits us in our days of warmth and sun-

touches of spring would be an unsuitable introduction to any lawyer's office in the world but Mr. Marjoram's; and not to mention even to his, had his place of business been situated in the quarters of Chancery Lane, or any of the usual dusky haunts of law, at least as they were in the days we speak of. He had his chambers now in a very different locality, one no less desirable than Spring Gardens, with a look-out into the park, not the spot where you may see, or might have seen in those days, cows standing to be milked for valetudinarian cockneys

of a summer morning. Though this official residence had been chosen more for Alexander's convenience than anything else, on account of its neighbourhood to the Houses of Parliament and the public offices, it was in most agreeable harmony with Mr. Marjoram's tastes. It was by him, no doubt, that a variety of flowering plants had been taught to creep or climb over the rear of the premises—a lesson which they had learned so well that when a volume of Chitty or Fearné now lay by chance on the sill of a window, a sprig of jessamine was sometimes to be found coquetting with a chapter on demurrers, and the blossoms of the gay laburnum toying with the serious doctrine of contingent remainders.

The laburnum was not quite in flower yet; but as you entered Mr. Marjoram's room, the senses were at no loss to discover other manifestations of the ruling passion, even more decided, in the perfume which pervaded the apartment, and a number of glasses, some ranged on the chimney-piece, others placed on a stand near a window, in which some very beautiful hyacinths flourished. With a few exceptions the apartment was much like attorneys' offices in general. There were shelves with rows of japanned boxes with a variety of names upon them. Several similar boxes lay open on the floor, and, being choke-full of papers and parchments, indicated the extent of the connection and the magnitude of the business. The exceptions, besides the hyacinths, were a picture which stood on a chair in a corner covered with a green curtain, and a bundle of young rose trees, probably some new variety, with their tops just peering through the matting in which they were tenderly enclosed.

It was about eleven o'clock on one of these sunny and showery mornings of the spring in question when Mr. Marjoram entered his office. The day was of some importance on account of several incidents, which, though trifling in themselves, were significant in relation to future events. You recognised the rural solicitor at a glance. He was a strong-built, middle-sized, fresh-coloured gentleman of some sixty years standing in the world; his features a little rough, but he had a good honest eye with a twinkle of dry humour in it; his dress displayed more of rustic taste than town refinement; a roomy brown body-coat, buff waistcoat, drab trousers and gaiters, a blue neckcloth, a white hat, a stout gingham umbrella in his hand, and gloves, unless he wore them in his pockets.

His first step was not towards the tin boxes or his desk, but to stand with the hyacinths; and while he was enjoying their tints and odours, his confidential clerk—the same grave and worthy Mr. Pott—who, having wept for the misfortunes of the house, now participated and rejoiced in its prosperity—came in with his hands full of letters having deposited which on the table, he left the room as quietly as entered it.

The solicitor was soon occupied with them, read, and noted a few, probably some that required immediate answers, for he rang his bell and handed them to the boy in attendance to be returned to the confidential. Mr. Marjoram then took up another, and was in the act of reading it when Mr. Potter came in again.

"Well, Mr. Potter, what now?"

"There is a gentleman here, sir, about the house in Queen Anne street that's to be sold."

"House! what house?—are you dreaming?"

"Mrs. Rowley's, sir, or Mr. Rowley's, the new client."

"This is more of it, Mr. Potter: what have we to do with selling houses? We are not house-agents. Only yesterday this lady sent her picture, and now she wants us to sell a house. Why she might as well expect us to hire a coachman for her, or take sittings at a church. However, the fact is, my partner undertook the Rowley business at the request of his friend, Lord St. Michael's, there's no use in grumbling; show the gentleman in."

Mr. Potter went away, and returned in a moment, introducing a certain Mr. Smith. He had already been haggling about the terms with Mr. Potter, but now said he was ready to agree to them, provided the furniture was thrown into the bargain.

"Impossible," said Marjoram, shaking his head and looking at the paper which Mr. Potter had laid before him. "The terms are fixed, and cannot be departed from."

Mr. Smith still argued and insisted, and at last he said, "If we were treating with the owner in person, we should get better terms."

"I doubt it," said Marjoram impatiently.

"I am sure of it," said the other. "I know it by experience."

"Then you would like to deal with the principal?" said Marjoram.

"Of course, we should," said Mr. Smith, who was only acting as an agent for the purchaser.

A bright idea had struck Mr. Marjoram.

"Just step across the room to that chair in the corner," he said, "and draw aside the curtain."

Mr. Smith looked surprised, but did what he was bid.

"A very fine woman," he said, looking intently at the picture.

"Never mind her beauty, but look at her well," said Marjoram, "for that's the party you have to deal with. Do you think she will let you have the furniture into the bargain?"

Mr. Smith looked at the face again, laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and consented to everything.

Later in the day, when Mr. Potter brought the memorandum of agreement about the house for his chief to look over, Mr. Marjoram showed him, with a chuckle, how he had managed the matter; and the

confidential was as proud as if he had made the hit himself. Mr. Marjoram then said :—

“The bulk of the Rowley business must lie over until Mr. Alexander comes to town, and has leisure to attend to it. The ladies are multiplying on our hands too fast, Mr. Potter.”

“We always had a great many of the fair sex on our books, sir,” said the old clerk ; “it began in Mr. Moffat’s time.”

“Ah, but Moffat brought no ladies to the office with such eyes as those, Potter. Well, Mr. Alexander shall have Mrs. Rowley all to himself. Keep all the papers and letters for him, or send them down to him if he does not soon come to town. Is there any one waiting to see me ?”

“Only old Miss Fazakerly, sir. I think you had better go out by the lady’s door.”

The “lady’s door” was not a door to admit ladies, but a private passage into the park, often used by both partners to elude importunate visitors, in nine cases out of ten of the fair sex, and it owed its name to Marjoram, it had served him so frequently as the means of escape from clients of whom Miss Fazakerly was probably a fair specimen.

Marjoram smiled, took his stick, and in a moment was in the park. He had scarcely walked a dozen yards before a gentleman riding towards the Horse Guards recognised him, and drew up his horse to speak to him. It was Lord St. Michael’s going down to the House of Lords.

“Have you seen our friend Cosie ?” he said to the solicitor. “Well, he will call on you some day soon and tell you all about the Rowley affairs.”

“I shall be happy to see him,” said Marjoram. The words almost stuck in his throat ; for he was now forced to attend to the business which he had predetermined to leave to Alexander.

“Has a picture been sent to you—Mrs. Rowley’s portrait ?” resumed his lordship.

“Yes, yes ; we have got the picture.”

“You ought not to have been troubled with it ; but I’ll send for it to-morrow or next day, and take it off your hands. I am to have a copy of it, and then it is to go down to the country.”

“All right, my lord.”

“Good evening, Mr. Marjoram.”

And Lord St. Michael’s rode away.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHICH OLD MR. COSIE UNFOLDS THE STATE OF THE PENINSULA.

AS Mr. Marjoram came to his chambers the next day later than
he found Mr. Potter fretting and fuming about the picture,
several people had been calling to see, having probably heard
of by Lord St. Michael's. To the slaves of the quill, who
ed (as it was natural they should) everything that gave them
ment's respite from their monotonous drudgery, this was all
pleasant; but to Mr. Potter, whose business it was to keep the
going inexorably, it was nothing short of a bore.

"It won't trouble us much longer," said Marjoram; "Lord St.
Michael's is going to relieve us of it."

"We might just as well keep a public exhibition room," said the
lential.

"Well, the exhibition is closed for the day," said Marjoram.
"Nobody shall see it while I'm here."

"Mr. Cosie is in your room waiting for you," said Mr. Potter.

Mr. Cosie was a fine old fellow, verging on seventy, but hale and
young. The perspiration which streamed from his grey hairs
showed that he had walked a long way, and his lusty calves showed
he was well able to do so. He was an ancient citizen "of
this London town," who, having made a large fortune in the
china-ware line in Fleet Street, had some years since retired with
to the country, where applying his industry and skill to farming.
The notable Mr. Mechi of later days, he now turned the earth to
again in another way.

Mr. Cosie was an old friend, and had for some years been a neigh-
bour of Marjoram's at Twickenham.

"How are all your good people, and how are your Ayrshires and
pesters?" said Marjoram, cordially shaking his hand.

"All blooming and thriving," said the old farmer, taking a scat-
terite to the solicitor's desk.

"Lord St. Michael's told me you would call and tell me all
about the Rowleys. How do you happen to know so much about
them?"

"Why, don't I hold a farm under Thomas Rowley; the place
where I have lived ever since I left your neighbourhood?"

"Cornish people, then?"

"As far as having a large property there."

"Then they are great proprietors, are they?"

"Why the whole peninsula belongs to them."

"What! the peninsula of Cornwall?"

"Not quite that; but what we call our peninsula—a large tract of country of I don't know how many thousand acres, something of the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and my holding——"

"Is in the juiciest cut of it, I hope."

"Some of it is good land enough, but the whole estate is rather improvable than in a high state of improvement at present. There is other property, I believe, elsewhere; some in Ireland, and some in a worse place—though I say it in your presence—and that's the Court of Chancery."

Marjoram laughed, and Mr. Cosie added: "It's only just to say that you two gentlemen have taken a hundred acres out of Chancery for every one you have put into it."

"Now tell me the particulars of the Cornish estate."

"In fact there are two estates: a small one called Oakham, which Mrs. Rowley inherited from her father; and a large one adjoining it, which her husband purchased after his marriage. Originally the two estates were one, and the Manor-house, which has been long uninhabited, is on Mrs. Rowley's part of the property."

"And there is no house on the other part?"

"Yes, there is, and a good one, called Foxden, where Johnny Upjohn lives at present."

"And who may Johnny Upjohn be?"

"Johnny Upjohn is Mr. Rowley's brother. He married a lady of the name of Upjohn, who brought him a fortune, and he took her name along with it."

"And what has he to do with his brother's property?"

"He is the present manager or mismanager of it."

"And he does it efficiently, I take for granted?"

"That's his very gift," said Mr. Cosie; "but he does it, as he does everything, to do him justice, and as half the mischief in the world is done, with the best and honestest intentions. However, as things mend when they come to the worst, the upshot of the matter is that Mr. Rowley's eyes have been opened at last, and, attached as he is to his brother, he has made up his mind to relieve him of the agency."

"Where is Mr. Rowley?"

"In Paris at present; but he has long been an invalid and an absentee. Bad as things are, only for his wife, they would be worse still. She came over two years ago, and I heartily wish she would come over again."

"The removal of his brother must cause ill-blood in the family."

"It won't make things better, certainly. There is ill-blood enough at present between Mrs. Upjohn and Mrs. Rowley on other accounts; but Johnny Upjohn, as we all call him in the country, is the best-natured man in the world, and too much engrossed with his projects

and his theories to quarrel with anybody about anything, much less with his brother."

"One thing is pretty plain, Cosie—Mrs. Rowley wears the breeches."

"Well, she does in a way, but not very comfortably. She has a hard card to play with her husband; he leaves things to her, and he doesn't. He is a weak-headed man, and as changeable as any woman ever was. He sometimes gives his wife a *carte-blanche* to do what she likes, then he gets actually jealous of the energy and ability she displays, and they say he has fits of jealousy now and then of a worse kind. She can hardly be much above thirty, but she looks more, which I attribute to anxiety and worry."

"We have got her picture here," said Marjoram, showing it to him. "Is it like her?"

"Yes, without the look of care she had when I saw her last. I know all about it. It is intended for a little music-hall, or lecture-room, which she is building at Oakham, to do something to amuse, and at the same time improve the people."

"Are there children?"

"Mrs. Rowley has none, but he has two daughters by a former marriage. They will both have good fortunes. He has made a will, I understand, by which he bequeaths the Cornish estate to his wife, because it was originally united to her own; and this is another bone of contention, for Mrs. Upjohn pretends, of course, that his and ought to go to his brother."

"Now I suppose I know the whole story?"

"No, nor half of it; but I won't frighten you by giving you the rest until Mr. Alexander comes up."

"Very well, Mr. Cosie, when he comes to town,—which will be in a day or two,—we will dine together; but let me tell you frankly in reply to your alarming observation, that Alexander is less and less disposed every day to exceed the limits of strict professional duty with respect to a client's affairs. He feels that we have gone too far already in that way, and I doubt if he would have accepted this business at all only to gratify Lord St. Michael's."

"Well, I'll say no more now. We'll dine together, and I'll put the map of the peninsula in my pocket."

The discussion was not suspended very long. It was resumed the day but one after in the most agreeable way possible to all parties, in a comfortable little parlour in the house of old Mrs. Alexander, in Lower Grosvenor Place. A snug little house it was as any in the West-end, the perfection of neatness inside and outside; no brass so burnished as the old-fashioned knocker, no glass so spotless as the plate-glass in the windows, which were more in the new mode. On the morning of the day in question, had you been there to see, you

might have observed both knocking and ringing at the old lady's door a tall man in the prime of life, whom a dozen years, even such years of toil and anxiety, had not altered so much that he would not have been instantly recognised as Frederick Alexander by any one who had known him at three-and-twenty. The gloss of youth was no more, of course, on his cheek; the light of the eye was perhaps graver; but in other respects he was only changed to be improved. His shoulders broader, his forehead expanded, his frame more solidly knit. As usual, he was carefully but quietly dressed; nothing of the dandy or *petit-maitre* about him at all.

He never returned to town but the first thing he did, before he went to his office, or his chambers at the Albany, was to go and see that nice, little, old woman in Lower Grosvenor Place, if it was only for a moment. It was often only a word and a kiss; so it was on this occasion, the word being that he would come and dine with her at seven, and bring his partner if he could. So Alexander brought Marjoram, and Marjoram brought Cosie, which, with the old lady herself, made just the number for a small square table, large enough for a good dinner.

"If we can't square the circle, we can circle the square," was a standing joke of Marjoram's on such occasions; and this, and twenty other jokes, old and new, went round, and made the day pleasant.

There was no nicer old lady of seventy than Mrs. Alexander, with not many wrinkles, considering her age; but her hair, which she wore in two broad braids on each side of her face, under a snowy cap, trimmed with black and white ribbons, was as white and shining as the silver on her side-board. She was small—indeed so small that you could hardly believe she was the mother of such a son as Frederick; but she seemed portlier than she was; she was still so erect, and her grey silk dress, or the petticoats under it, made her look so round and comfortable.

It was a rule at Mrs. Alexander's dinners, as indeed it had been in her husband's time, not to talk of business; so, although it was business in truth that had brought the three gentlemen together, not the slightest allusion was made to it, until Mrs. Alexander left them to themselves. She never showed herself such a nice old lady as she did when her friends dined with her; not only did she give them the best wine that her son could stock her little cellar with, but she sincerely wished them to enjoy it, and was even vexed, and scolded them when they joined her too soon in the drawing-room. If all old ladies acted so well, they would be more popular than they are.

Mr. Cosie alone was not sorry when his hostess withdrew, he was so anxious to enlist Alexander's sympathies with the disorders of the Rowley estate. Before the last flounce of the little woman's

rustling dress was quite free of the door he pulled out his map, and began to make a clear space among the glasses to spread it out.

"Another glass before we begin," said Alexander, wishing the map at the deuce, and business of all kinds along with it, prepared as he was for the present trial. Marjoram filled a bumper for Cosie, then for himself, and pushed the bottle to his partner, who filled also, drank, and with folded arms fell back in his chair.

Cosie, after recapitulating what he had already told Marjoram, began with the topography. There was the little town of Oakham, and there the long-deserted Manor-house of the same name; there was Foxden in a dell, which deepened and deepened until it reached the ocean; there was his own farm-house, "the Meadows," separated from Foxden by a brawling stream, nothing in the heat of summer, but a dangerous torrent in winter, or after heavy rains. Two wooden bridges crossed it, one leading from the village direct to the Manor-house, the other to "the Meadows."

"Now observe that bridge," said Mr. Cosie, "it will give you a better idea than any words can how the estate is managed at present. It is the only connection for miles between the two sides of the stream; it has been in a ruinous condition for years, and it remains unrepaired in spite of endless remonstrances from myself and other tenants. Twenty pounds would make it pretty good, a hundred would make a new one; but Upjohn has a grand scheme on paper of a suspension-bridge, and we must have that or nothing."

"That seems a simple matter," said Alexander, "it only requires peremptory directions to the agent."

"Exactly so," said Mr. Cosie, "I give it only as an illustration. The bridge is only a specimen of the state we are in altogether. You now have the theatre of war before you. You see one of the most improvable tracts of country in the whole kingdom reduced by every description of mismanagement to little better than a wilderness; the people neglected, industry discouraged, the most squalid village in the county, the roads execrable; nothing thriving but idleness, poverty, and religious fanaticism."

"And we are to undertake to reform all this?" said Alexander, without changing his position.

"That's not half of it," resumed the old farmer, warming as he went on; "there is plenty more work for you. Our neighbourhood, for instance, is the only part of the county where there is neither yeomanry, nor volunteers, nor force of any kind to defend the coast; the lord-lieutenant of the county has made repeated efforts to establish something of the kind, but Johnny will do nothing either civil or military. Then his wife, you must know, is in the hands of the curate, an evangelical Scotchman, and a bitter sabbatarian; and as she makes her husband do what she pleases, and he is a magistrate of course, the

people are often sent to prison for saving their little crops of hay on a Sunday. Now you see what a mess we are in altogether."

"That I can see plain enough," said Marjoram, fidgeting on his chair, and laughing, with an occasional sly glance at Alexander "but I don't see so well how we are to get you out of it. What do you say, Alexander, to all this?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Cosie," said Alexander, "you describe a pretty an accumulation of abuses as ever tempted a social reformer; but if your object is to induce us—or me, if you prefer it—to take the field against this army of giants, you have proved rather too much. Surely you do not seriously expect us to undertake all this for the sake of Mrs. Rowley's bright eyes, or even to oblige Lord St. Michael's. No, no; my friend Mr. Marjoram thinks I have already gone much too far beyond the strict limits of our profession in cases of this nature; but when you ask me to do battle with all manner of grievances in Church and State, not only to repair bridges, cottages, and villages, but to fight with a host of blockheads and bigots, to wrangle with evangelical curates, and even to call the peninsula to arms,—no, no; we must decline all that; we must leave all that to Mrs. Rowley and yourself."

"I thought as much," said Mr. Marjoram, who had all the while been narrowly watching his partner's countenance.

"No, Mr. Cosie," Alexander continued, "we must divide his business between us; we shall take the law department, but the rest of the business cannot be in better hands than your own. Of course if we can be of service to you at any time in the way of advice or suggestion, we shall always be at your command. But why, in the name of common sense, does not Mrs. Rowley come home for a few months, if her husband cannot, and look after things herself?"

"That's the only thing to do," said Marjoram.

"The dismissal of her husband's brother may make her coming over just now unpleasant," said Mr. Cosie; "and, besides, you must know very well, gentlemen, that what's to be done is not a woman's business, let her be ever so clever."

"Perhaps so," said Alexander, "but it is just as certain that it is not a solicitor's."

Mr. Cosie looked disappointed, but said no more. Marjoram filled his glass to cheer him, and in a few moments Alexander said,—

"Let us go up to our tea and whist."

Marjoram went straight to the card-table, which was open and ready for action; he knew Mrs. Alexander liked her rubber, and it was growing late.

They played two rubbers, and the evening was over.

Mr. Cosie took a cab at the door.

"What a simple good man he is!" said Marjoram, as he and

ander walked towards Spring Gardens, where Marjoram had a bed-room for occasional use when he dined in town.

And what an enthusiast in his way!" added Alexander; "but I I satisfied you for once."

That you did."

The truth is," said Alexander, "I am growing tired of riches. I have had too much to do with them; I see too much of

They are not the worst people in the world, but they are the best. When they get into difficulties, it is seldom by making use of their riches; and when you get them out of their difficulties how often is it only to enable them to run a new rig of extravagance! Of all our wealthy clients, I can hardly mention three whom it is a pleasure to serve; nine-tenths of the litigation that brings to us arises out of miserable family quarrels. Look at this case. Here is a clever wife setting a weak husband against his own brother, and sending him to the right about."

Just so," said Marjoram drowsily, "but she is a very fine specimen of a woman, let me tell you; and perhaps it's as well you came here too late to see her picture."

Fine woman or not, it's equal to me," said Alexander; but when asked about the picture he got no answer, for his partner was going asleep on his arm.

Fortunately they were within a few steps of Spring Gardens, as Marjoram was actually beginning to snore.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SISTER-IN-LAW.

THE lady so much talked of is either coming home, or coming about it, is a very good time for seeing what the Upjohns of the family is doing, and how they take the loss of a noble and influential position. Mr. Upjohn was a man of large independent means, which came to him with his wife, as we have seen, but an addition of some good hundreds a year, a country residence, and the local importance, including considerable influence in the neighbouring borough of Penrose, reflected on him by his father's property, were not advantages to be despised. On the other hand, there never was a man so much out of his proper place. He had no taste for country pursuits or country business. There was not a less bucolical gentleman in England, or with less taste for the occupations of squiredom. Lame of one leg, and so short-sighted as to be almost purblind, he was cut off from the sports of

the field; and he was only at home in his own den, composing letters for the local newspapers, or essays for periodicals, on subjects as remote as possible from rural affairs, or indeed from anything practical. He was anything but an idle man, but unfortunately it was not with his business he busied himself. His proper employments were nothing to him but vexation of spirit. Everybody who had business to transact with him worried him, and he worried them in return; not intentionally in the least, for he was the kindest of men, but it came all to the same thing with people whose letters he left unanswered, or their accounts unsettled, or their claims or remonstrances neglected or misunderstood. Money was his forte; he had written a pamphlet on it, in which he considered that he had demolished Ricardo—but that was money in the abstract. As to pounds, shillings, and pence—the money in which rents are paid, for instance—he knew little more about it than a schoolboy. He neither knew how to receive it or pay it, or lodge it or draw it, or perform any operation with it or respecting it like a man of business. His accounts, when they came to be audited, were perfect curiosities, and so were his books, as far as he kept any. The result of all this was that his brother's affairs utterly destroyed the tranquillity he loved, and he would long since have thrown them up but for his wife. The worry of the place was his, the enjoyments were hers. She loved to talk in London of her seat in Cornwall, or of her husband coming into Parliament for the borough of Penrose, which he might have done already had he cared about it as much as she did. He was already a justice of the peace and a deputy-lieutenant, and a seat in the House was all that was wanting to crown her aspirations. It was ambition of the vulgarest kind, and in that respect, of course, like the ambition of half the world, one of the thousand forms of vanity and selfishness. Mrs. Upjohn had already obtained a distinction far above her merits when she married a worthy and amiable gentleman. Though she was rich, it was not for her fortune he married her, but for her bright eyes and fine voice, in those days of fond delusion that never dreamed of a time to come when the eye would flash with feelings and the voice be untuned by passions far and wide removed from love. The daughter of a coarse, ignorant money-lender, or usurer, she was almost purse-proud from the cradle; surrounded by all the influences of wealth divorced from refinement, she grew up a showy pretentious girl, without a single correct notion of what constituted either a gentlewoman or a woman of fashion. She might have been all that, however, and yet with amiable dispositions have turned out well; but she was thoroughly selfish, and had never learned to control a naturally violent temper, though, unfortunately for her destined husband, she could disguise it when it suited her purpose. Mr. Upjohn, then Mr. John Rowley, met her

at Harrogate before he met with the accident that lamed him for life. Barbara Upjohn was not the girl to wed a man with a limp, unless he had been at least a baronet; for if a peer, she would probably have taken him without any legs at all. Indeed the union would hardly have taken place had her father been living, for the wealth was as much on her side as the better qualities were upon Mr. Rowley's: but the usurer had not long gone to his account, and his daughter sometimes seemed to have already almost forgotten him; or she used to talk of his aristocratic habits, and speak of him as a fine old English gentleman, to the no small amusement of those who remembered the sordid old extortioner of Mincing Lane.

It will easily be understood that a woman of this temper and character would long since have made her husband throw up his father's affairs, only for the ulterior objects we have mentioned. In truth she was more galled than he was by the little snubbings he frequently got from abroad, and which, rightly or wrongly, she always ascribed to her sister-in-law.

Mrs. Rowley had been a thorn in her side ever since her marriage. Her marriage itself was the first offence; for all the Upjohn interests, and particularly Mrs. Upjohn's special ones, made it extremely undesirable that Mr. Rowley should marry again. Mrs. Upjohn, having two daughters (of whom only one now survived), both pledged from the cradle to be plain, saw immense social advantages to herself in getting the bringing up and bringing out of Mr. Rowley's girls into her hands, as both were to have large fortunes, and one of them already promised or threatened to be a beauty. Passionately fond of gaiety, Mrs. Upjohn figured to herself, with the busy imagination of selfishness, how the fascinations of her nieces would add to the attractions of her house, as well as to her own personal consequence. Then to whom could their father entrust them with greater safety or propriety than to his brother's wife, a woman of good position in the world, who—we are giving her qualifications as estimated by herself—understood society, and, being highly accomplished, was eminently qualified in every respect to superintend their education? This was indeed so evident that it was the very step Mr. Rowley took when he entered the matrimonial state a second time. He went out to India not long after, and before he went he sent his daughters to England, when the eldest was about ten, and placed them under their Aunt Upjohn's maternal wing. So far then her point was carried; and it increased her satisfaction to know that the arrangement was not at all agreeable to the new Mrs. Rowley, who had reasons of her own for not approving of it. In fact it was a struggle for pre-eminence, and the lady who won could afford to be gracious to the conquered. The few succeeding years were the only period of anything like friendly relations between the sisters-in-law.

About the time that the pretty Susan Rowley was fifteen, and the promise of her charms was by general consent even more than fulfilled, Mrs. Rowley came suddenly blooming and bounding back to England, from which she had long been an absentee, to transact some business of her husband's or her own. She made a sensation in her circle, which a woman could do twenty years ago, without an intrigue or a murder. She was the novelty of the season: there was the halo of wealth about her without its pride; she was affable, original, and a fine woman. Mrs. Upjohn was a fine woman too, for the matter of that. There were, perhaps, even people who would have given her the palm. Her features were still more regular than Mrs. Rowley's; but her complexion was rather too florid, and her figure, though good, was already tending to exuberance. Still handsome she unquestionably was, except at those unlucky or unguarded moments when her true self broke out of her eyes. Then, indeed, she was hardly a beauty, unless you can imagine a pretty Tisiphone. In short, Mrs. Upjohn had only one decided superiority, and that not a contemptible one, she sang, as has been said, extremely well—a brilliant accomplishment against which Mrs. Rowley had nothing to set off except the spirit of her conversation, or the lustre of her diamonds, which quite threw Mrs. Upjohn's into the shade. Those diamonds cost that lady her sleep the first time Mrs. Rowley blazed in them at a party in Mrs. Upjohn's own house at Cumberland Gate. They even affected her voice, for she never sang so ineffectually as she did that evening, or indeed all the time, which was short, of Mrs. Rowley's stay in London. We talk of rivalry, but the rivalry was one-sided, if it is not a bull to say it. Mrs. Rowley never thought of eclipsing her sister, but perhaps for that reason the eclipse was more total. Her mind was occupied with her affairs, and with her daughters, whom she had not seen since they were children, and whose affections she naturally desired to gain. She had them as much with her as she could at her hotel while she remained in town; and when she asked Mrs. Upjohn's consent that the girls should accompany her to Cornwall, it was a request which it was impossible to refuse. Mr. Upjohn went down with her too, and they spent a fortnight most agreeably at Foxden, during which she made the worthy Mr. Cosie's acquaintance; and while she satisfied herself of her brother-in-law's incapacity, she formed the sincerest friendship for him. Having done all that it was in her power to do at that time, she rejoined her husband; and no long time elapsed before Mrs. Upjohn received the blow which made her Mrs. Rowley's bitter enemy for life. Whether the motion came from Mrs. Rowley, or from Mr. Rowley's daughters, or whether it was (as Mrs. Upjohn of course always asserted) that Mrs. Rowley undermined her deliberately in the affection of the girls, they were recalled from England just at the moment when their aunt's schemes were on the

summation, in the glory of Susan's "coming out." She in Paris, not in London, and Mrs. Upjohn's resentment abated. Several years more had now elapsed, and passion subsided into calm and settled rancour, for Mrs. Upjohn was an on whose wrath the sun ever went down.

Of brooding over wrongs, real or imaginary, and nursing a family of spites and jealousies, were never yet favourable to her; so that Mrs. Upjohn's personal charms had not been impaired since Mrs. Rowley's last return to her perihelion in old England. Art could, of course, regulate her colour, and even keep her in control, but it could not teach her eyes the language of softness.

Upjohn spoke a very different tongue, as she burst into her quiet study, in a wing of Foxden, with a crumpled newspaper hand, a few mornings before the commencement of the period of these memoirs. The family had come down, as usual, to spend the Easter recess in the country.

"What's the meaning of this?" she vehemently exclaimed. "Is there truth in this?" and she flung the paper down before him, pointing her finger on the paragraph which raised the storm.

Upjohn, who was immersed in one of his absorbing speculations, started up alarmed from his desk, and took the paper in his hand; it was so crumpled, and he was so blind, that some time passed before he could read the paragraph, and all the while, glowing with rage, kept beating the floor passionately with his foot.

The paragraph consisted only of a few lines, in which it was stated that the management of the Rowley property in Cornwall was now to pass into the hands of Messrs. Alexander and Marjoram, of Exeter Gardens, and that Mrs. Rowley was shortly expected in London.

"Is there any truth in it, I say; have you given up the agency?" he asked my dear—the fact is—not exactly yet—all is not settled. "The announcement is premature," he faltered out; "but you know how long the business has been to me for years, and that it has been growing more and more vexatious every day. However, I have at last resigned it; if I had, I should have told you."

"You have not resigned it; you have been dismissed; and that is the true reason why you have kept it from me."

"Dismissed, my dear! You really speak as if I was a menial. I am not dismissed by my brother! Nonsense—nothing of the sort."

"Dismissed by your brother's wife!" she interrupted fiercely; "she has the right to do it, and in the most insulting way, by publishing it in the newspapers. I might have been prepared for this sort of impudence from the tone of all her late communications,

—more insolent and officious every day, because they were never answered with proper spirit. At last she thinks there is no indignity too great to put upon us.”

“My dear, my dear,” said poor Upjohn, stumping up and down his den, “there is no indignity in the matter; you allow your imagination to carry you away. I had often spoken of resigning, and my brother may very naturally have thought that I held on only on his account, and would wish to be relieved. Besides, it is not yet entirely arranged; as I told you, I doubt the truth of that paragraph.”

“Then I do not. It is too like Mrs. Rowley not to be perfectly true. She has appointed your successors, and the next communication you have from her will be notice to quit Foxden in that scrivener’s hand of hers.”

“Nonsense—impossible; no such thing will happen; there is no reason why we should leave Foxden.”

“She shall not turn *me* out, at all events. I shall go up to London to-morrow, and I shall let your brother know how his wife has acted, for I don’t believe he has an idea of her behaviour. She made a tool of you as long as it suited her convenience; and now she whistles you off without ceremony, to put some creature, or perhaps some admirer, of hers into your place.”

She flung out of the room, as she entered, but returned in a moment.

“Who is this Mr. Alexander? Is he the handsome Mr. Alexander?”

Mr. Upjohn protested he knew nothing about him.

“I have my reasons for asking,” continued the fair one, with another variety of malice in her eye. “Mrs. Rowley is a gay lady, we all know—too gay, some people think, who have seen more of her than I have; but if she has no respect for herself, she ought to remember that she is your brother’s wife, and not bring disgrace on the family.”

“Too strong, my dear; really not the language to use.”

“Not a bit too strong for such conduct,” and again she flung out of the room.

Poor Upjohn, as soon as his amiable spouse was gone, limped about his little room a few turns to recover from the agitating scene he had gone through, and then (wonderful attraction of abstract studies!) sat down again to his papers with a serenity and power of concentration worthy of wiser speculations than his generally were. A precious thing it is to possess a mind that can so easily find refuge in its own employments from the petty annoyances of life, even though the world may never be much a gainer by its toils. Some of his views of political economy were as amazing as Mr. Ruskin’s when

he quits the region of art, where he is a master, to discuss sciences, such as political economy, of which he is profoundly ignorant; but, his defences against the envyings and heart-burnings which tormented his wife, and destroyed the peace of his family—as the means of keeping his breast serene while a tempest was blowing all round him—the most fruitful researches in any branch of philosophy could not have been more valuable.

So absorbed was Mr. Upjohn in the subject he was now engaged on, that he actually scarce knew whether he was in or out, when his wife pounced upon him with her hurricane of interrogations. Nay, what was still more characteristic, when at length he got up, almost doubled with long writing, it occurred to him to look again at some unopened letters on the table, and among them he found one from his sister-in-law in Paris, with all the new arrangements proposed in the friendliest tone imaginable, and she told him in a postscript that she would probably go to England and down to Foxden in a few days.

“Then it is quite as well,” he said to himself, “that my wife could not be here.” So he determined not to dissuade her from going up to town, which she did with her daughter next day, undeterred by the weather, which was wet and blustry.

Miss Upjohn was a tall girl, with her mother's black hair and high forehead, but without any pretensions to beauty. Her looks were rather gloomy and forbidding than actually expressive of ill-temper. It was perhaps the fault of her brows, which were dark and beetling; but her face wore a sort of calm and chronic frown, which was not as pleasant in a family as it might have been effective on the stage in such a character as Lady Macbeth or Clytemnestra. However, we must believe that Harriet Upjohn did not frown upon the young clergyman who had the pastoral care of the parish, representing the vicar, who was old and non-resident; for the Rev. Malcolm Blackadder, a Scotchman, was her accepted lover. To account for a gentleman in a curate's position finding favour in Mrs. Upjohn's eyes may be as well to mention at once, in that lady's justification, that in Mr. Blackadder's case the insignificance of the Christian minister was compensated by the possible succession to a Scotch peerage. He now came running up to Foxden from the vicarage, which was hard by, to see his intended before her abrupt departure, with the reasons for which she had probably made him already acquainted.

As soon as his wife and daughter were gone, Mr. Upjohn and Mr. Blackadder had some conversation about the weather, and the floods, and that unlucky bridge which was always giving such trouble. The curate thought it would be well to see about it at once. “To-morrow could be Saturday, and on the next day, of course,” said the Scotchman,

with his strong sabbatarian proclivities, "nothing could be done." Mr. Upjohn put on a rough overcoat, and they went together, through wet and mire, to take an observation of the water. It was manifestly rising; so it was resolved to send for Mallet, the carpenter, at once, and set him to work. So energetic was Upjohn for the moment that as soon as he got home out of the rain he sent a message to Mallet, to which the answer returned was that he would come up immediately. Immediately, on the Rowley estate, under the present régime, meant any time within a day or two. On the present occasion it meant the afternoon of Saturday, for not till then did the worthy carpenter make his appearance.

How the interval was passed by Mr. Upjohn is worth mentioning in illustration of his character. Though forsaken by his wife and daughter, he was still not left quite alone; for there was a third lady in the family, a niece of Mrs. Upjohn's, who had been left to her tender care and protection by a deceased sister, who had married in her father's life-time without the consent of that fine specimen of an old English gentleman. Miss Roberts, or Carry (for she was hardly important enough to have a surname, not having come into the world with her grandfather's permission), was now in her twentieth year, but was so small and fragile that she might have been taken for a child. A spinal complaint had stunted her growth, and not only deformed her figure, but affected her features; she never appeared in company, and often kept her room when there was none. Many acquaintances of the family had never seen her. She was either carefully kept out of view, or, conscious of her defects, shrank of herself from observation. It was remarkable, however, that she always emerged, and became somebody, whenever she and her uncle were left together, as they were now; and he only did on this occasion as he had done many a time before, in dividing himself between his papers and his niece. Indeed he was never less engrossed by his pursuits than when he and Carry were left together. She sometimes crept down and sat beside him in his den, watching him at his desk, or agreeably interrupting him with an affectionate look, or a question. At other times, if she was too unwell to leave her little room, he would go up to her, and take his papers or a book with him. He sometimes played cribbage with her; she had a very pretty cribbage board, a present from Mrs. Rowley, whom she was in the habit of calling aunt. Occasionally he read a chapter in the Bible for her, or something from Dickens, and always prayed with the poor thing morning and evening. But his great delight was to hear his Carry sing, which she did very nicely. Generally it was, "Consider the Lilies," or Addison's version of the exquisite twenty-third Psalm, something sweet and sacred. This was a pleasure he never enjoyed when her aunt was at home; for Mrs. Upjohn discouraged her singing, and perhaps she was right, for

t sometimes brought on the poor girl's consumptive cough, which could even be heard in the drawing-room.

They dined together too that stormy day. This was an event in Carry's life like a jubilee. She was so happy at such times that one could not help thinking that such doses of happiness, repeated sufficiently often, might have been of more use than medicines. Nor was it her uncle's fault that the system was never tried.

But they made the most of that sweet evening together, sweet although heaven and earth were clashing together out of doors, and the wind howled in the chimneys, and the thundering of the ocean came up the wild dell at the top of which the house stood, and shook it to its foundation.

When dinner was over and Carry was seated on a stool at her uncle's side close to the fire, she asked him to tell her something to make her forget the wind and rain. He considered, trying to find something she would like to hear. How like him it was, he never thought until that moment of telling her that he was expecting Mrs. Rowley over. You had only to see how Carry's eyes danced, and how she jumped up and clapped her attenuated hands, perfectly to understand the two factions into which the house of Upjohn was split.

"And is Susan coming too?" cried the happy Carry.

That her uncle could not tell her.

"Oh, how I love Aunt Rowley and Susan; more than all the world next to you—and, of course, Aunt Upjohn and Harriet. It is nearly five years now, uncle, since I have seen them, and I was beginning to fear," she added sadly, "I was never to see them again."

"We must see and have better weather for them than this, Carry."

"Oh, yes, it will be fine! Aunt Rowley is like the Queen, she will bring fine weather with her. Do you know, uncle, I was never thoroughly unhappy but once, and that was when my cousins left us; though I never blamed them, but always thought it natural and right they should live with their father and Mrs. Rowley. And they write to me so often, and send me such pretty things. When do you think they will be here?"

It was now blowing such a hurricane that Carry could hardly hear what her uncle answered; so they stopped talking and played a game of cards, after which Carry went to her bed and Upjohn to his papers.

CHAPTER XVI.

PROVIDENCE DECLARES AGAINST A CURATE AND A CARPENTER.

ON Saturday afternoon there was another consultation at the bridge, followed, as usual, by no action. Mr. Mallet declared that as it survived such a night, he would stake his existence upon its solidity for another year; and why this particular flood should carry it away, when it had resisted twenty as great in his own recollection, for his life he could not see. However, it was well to be on the safe side, particularly as the great lady was expected, so he would strengthen the timbers here and there, and then there would not be a safer or prettier bit of wood-work in England. In truth, Mr. Mallet, according to his lights and little opportunities, was as great a jobber as there was in the country; and if none of the floods he alluded to had demolished that pretty bit of wood-work long ago, it was not for want of his earnest prayers for a catastrophe likely to be worth something handsome to him.

"Then you think," said Mr. Upjohn, with only his nose peering out between his hat and his great-coat, "there is no danger of it this time?"

"Certainly I do," said the carpenter.

"Then, Mr. Mallet, I entirely differ from you," said the curate, joining them, also muffled up to his eyes, and trying hard to hold his umbrella against the wind. "The stream is running furiously, and the barometer is still falling, let me tell you. You ought to be at work, Mr. Mallet, instead of standing talking. Remember what day to-morrow is."

"But surely, Mr. Blackadder, this would be a work of necessity," said Upjohn modestly.

"I am afraid not," said the curate solemnly; "I have considered the matter; there is another communication between the two sides of the river."

Mr. Mallet nodded approvingly.

"But only by a circuit of several miles," said Mr. Upjohn.

"I am afraid," repeated Mr. Blackadder, "that I could not, under the circumstances, conscientiously sanction a work of the kind on the Sabbath-day. We shall all be better employed in praying to the Almighty in his mercy to moderate the fury of the elements."

Mr. Mallet nodded still stronger approbation.

Mr. Upjohn, though accustomed to passive obedience in ecclesiastical affairs, was not prepared to admit Mr. Blackadder's observation; but whether he was or not was immaterial, for a sudden gust put an end to the discussion, by blowing the curate's umbrella inside

nd Upjohn and the roguish carpenter nearly off their legs into
rrent.

day came. The bridge was still standing in the morning,
ugh not even on Saturday evening was anything done to
orce it, Mr. Mallet—even going beyond his pastor, and relying
ely on Divine interposition. Mr. Upjohn said his prayers with
iece at home, as he usually did in his hours of independence.
y was very ill after a sleepless night, and he read the service at
bed-side, in the pious hope that Heaven would not reject their
ions for not being reiterated ten times over, as they would have
in the parish church. Mr. Blackadder, as in duty bound, never
d his scanty audience a single collect, and he was near the end
sermon (as full of repetitions as the prayers) just beginning to
mend special supplications to Providence to chain up the winds
floods, when a rumour ran through the congregation, beginning
the sexton at the door. Providence had in the plainest language
ed to favour the improvident, and before the preacher left the
it, not a plank was left of the safest and prettiest bit of wood-
in the shire.

ickily for Mr. Cosie, who came down from London on Monday,
oad home was independent of the communication destroyed.
first thought—it had never occurred to Mr. Upjohn—was to
a notice posted up at the cross-roads at the village of Oakham,
pprise travellers that the river was no longer passable at the
l place near Foxden. This was immediately done; but it was
ate for the convenience of two ladies, who had already driven
ugh the town, and taken the direct road to the bridge, which
no more.

Monday was one of those lovely bright days that often come after
n and rain. The wind, which still blew pretty fresh, had dis-
ed all the impurities of the atmosphere, and the sun shone out
ht and warm in a cloudless sky. The two ladies, now posting
for the bridge at Foxden (the road to which they either remem-
d, or had learned from some authority of the country), having
ed a dismal wet Sunday at an inn about forty miles distant, were
ying the fine morning all the more heartily, with the windows
e carriage open; and the further they advanced, the more every-
t seemed to please and interest them. As Mrs. Upjohn had also
forced by stress of weather to pause in her passionate flight at
ace still nearer Oakham, it necessarily happened that the two
elling carriages, both starting the next morning, met and passed
other on the road. Rapid as the pace was, the younger of the
ladies who were coming down to the country, recognised the
ellers of the other party, and exclaimed to her companion:—

Surely that lady with her arms folded and so well wrapped up is

Aunt Upjohn. The other must be Harriet; they are running away from us; we shall find nobody at Foxden but my uncle."

"We must bear it as well as we can," said the elder lady.

"For my part, I shall bear it very philosophically," said the other, "only I do hope we shall have Carry. What should I do without her while you are going about with Mr. Cosie and my uncle?"

"Pooh, pooh, my dear; you will find Mr. Cosie's daughters very pleasant company for the short time we have to stay. Besides, I shall be sure to find something for you to do."

"It's quite plain Aunt Upjohn is going to town to avoid you, as it was only ten days ago she went down to Foxden."

"It's very silly of her to put herself out of her way on my account; I should never do so on hers, though I do prefer her room to her company."

The elder of the ladies, who, however, was far enough from a Hecuba, had either cares on her mind, or she was fatigued by travelling, for she was rather pale, and more disposed to think than talk. She made few and short replies to a hundred remarks her daughter made as they proceeded; for almost every new object, house, tree, or rock, hill or distant glimpse of the sea, called forth some exclamation of recognition and delight. Happily for her, she could survey every beauty of the landscape, which was gradually growing wilder and more attractive, without being obliged to think at the same time of business, if business it was which preoccupied her mother. Soon, however, there came a critical moment, such as all have more or less experienced who have ever returned to scenes dear to the eye, or the affections, when at a sudden turn of a winding lane, or in gaining the crest of a hill, there bursts upon the view that familiar region, every inch of it almost part of yourself, though you may not own a cottage that you see, or an acre of heath or gorse, or so much as a rock to sit on. As that moment draws nigh, as you approach such a point, does not your heart flutter, particularly after an absence of years?—does not your eye gleam?—does not your foot hasten? You are nervous, you are impatient, you think the crisis and the loved spot will never come. So did the younger lady, certainly. She was silent with emotion and expectation for full half-an-hour before the peninsula of old Oakham, with its charming hills and hollows, all girt with the sparkling sea—now breaking on shining beaches—now rushing into resounding caverns—now washing the base of gigantic cliffs, or the white walls of a fishing station—spread itself out before her earnest enthusiastic gaze; then the tears stood in her eyes with transport. The elder lady, who might have passed very well for a young one too, save, indeed, for the name of mother, was scarcely less excited when that moment arrived, though she had not only waited for it more tranquilly, but was even engaged in looking over

the papers to the last. Then she threw them from her lap, as if they were of no earthly value, and entered into all her daughter's pleasures. The common excitement seemed to equalise their years; the eyes of the matron expressed the same glee that glittered in the den's; they might have passed for sisters, only that neither in features, eyes, nor colour of the hair, was there anything of the usual early resemblance.

The descent had already commenced; they rolled along as fast as the state of the road permitted, soon came to the cross-roads, and took that which led directly to the stream.

"How glorious it will be after all the wet we have had!" said the young girl; "we shall not see it until we are quite close. I saw it once before, after only a few days' rain, and what a glorious little look it was!"

A few hundred yards more, and leaping up in the carriage she said again:—

"There it is, mamma; there it is!"

"The river is there, sure enough, my dear, but where is the bridge?" said the elder, with her head out of the window, as the carriage drew up abruptly on the top of the sloping bank, having thus made the discovery that he could advance no further.

"I thought, mamma, the bridge was to have been repaired and strengthened this spring," said the younger lady, looking very blank.

"I ordered it, but it was either not done, or done in the usual way things are done in this part of the world," said Mrs. Rowley, with the air of a commanding and warm-tempered woman, accustomed to train her looks and her language within the bounds of feminine pleasure.

"What are we to do, mamma?"

"That's simple enough, my dear; we have a round of ten miles to make to get to Foxden."

"But, oh, how beautiful the river is! I forgive it all the mischief it has done. Let us get out, and look at it nearer; how it foams, and sparkles, and tumbles among the rocks! Who would believe it was the meek little rivulet over which one could almost jump in summer-time!"

The flood was rapidly going down, and already some of the largest stones in the rocky bed were above water.

In an instant the ardent Susan Rowley was standing in the midst of the subsiding but still riotous and exulting torrent. She hardly needed beauty to make her beautiful; youth, and health, and gaiety, and a bright eye full of sweet fancies, were loveliness enough; and, besides, her cheek was now flushed with intense enjoyment, and the breeze which fluttered her brown hair, and set it free from comb and ornament, made her still more charming.

She was nearly of the same height (a little above the middle size) as the lady who was now at her side, having jumped from stone to stone as bravely, if not quite so lightly, forgetting all that teased her, and enjoying the scene as keenly as any girl could do. The wind made free with her locks, too; they tumbled about her face in cataracts of gold.

From the spot where they stood, the chimneys of Foxden were visible above the trees.

"How provoking to be so near," said Susan, "and yet to have to go ten miles about!"

"One ought either to swim or fly, my dear, to travel comfortably through the Oakham estate at present. It is impossible to say what further obstacles we may yet have to encounter, so we had better move."

But just as they gained the bank again, up trotted, on the far side, of the stream, Mr. Upjohn, mounted on a rough pony, followed by some workmen, carrying a number of planks, intended, no doubt, to knock up a temporary foot-bridge. He cut an amusing figure, for the pony was too small for him; he had nothing on his head but an old red velvet cap, which he usually wore in his study, and the wind, beside whirling up every moment the skirts of his great-coat, made it so difficult to keep his spectacles steady on his nose, that at last he took them off, and thrust them into a side-pocket.

Of course, the ladies recognised him at once. There was no mistaking Johnny Upjohn.

"He has not the least notion who we are," said Susan, "nor have the men either."

"No," said Mrs. Rowley, "but we may as well pull down our veils."

Upjohn could barely see that two ladies were standing on the opposite side, and could he have also seen the carriage he would probably have guessed who they were; but the carriage was out of sight, behind the trees, on the summit of the slope; so he took them for friends of the Cosies.

He rode the shaggy pony as close as he could to the brink, and accosted them politely, saying he hoped they did not want to cross the river, as the nature of the accident that had occurred put it out of his power to help them.

"Oh, thank you very much, sir," said Mrs. Rowley; "I am sorry to hear there has been an accident."

"A very serious one," said Johnny. "You would hardly believe that at one o'clock yesterday there was a very handsome bridge across the stream at this very spot."

"Who would have thought it?" said Mrs. Rowley.

"It ought to have stood; we are quite at a loss to conjecture why it did not."

"I suppose it was a competition," replied Mrs. Rowley, "between the flood and the bridge, and the flood carried the day."

"Just so, madam," said Upjohn.

"How like that poor dear uncle!" whispered Susan.

"Let us go," said Mrs. Rowley. "Good-bye, sir; I am sorry you are in trouble; I hope the bridge will win the next time. Good morning;" and nodding to him most graciously, she retreated from the edge of the stream to where she had left her carriage, while he pulled off his cap to salute her as she withdrew.

"How astonished he will be a few hours hence," said Susan, "when he discovers who we are!"

"He will hardly discover that to-day," said Mrs. Rowley; "for it just occurs to me that as we must pass Mr. Cosie's, we can't do better than put up there for to-night."

"A capital plan, mamma; we shall have had quite travel enough for one day."

They had scarcely proceeded a mile along a winding lane, with steep banks on each side, still glowing with primroses, when they were met by Mr. Cosie himself; he was just coming down to the river-side to take a view of the scene of havoc.

Nothing could exceed the old farmer's amazement, except his joy at the *rencontre*. He had not been apprised of the day of Mrs. Rowley's coming, and thought she had dropped from the clouds.

"You see I have taken your advice, Mr. Cosie, and come over to see things with my own eyes, and I have seen a good deal already."

"A bad reception to give you, madam, after so long an absence from home. We ought to be heartily ashamed of ourselves. You have seven or eight miles to travel to get to Foxden."

"But we are not going quite so far, Mr. Cosie; we are thinking of indemnifying ourselves for the hardships we have undergone, by passing a day, or perhaps two, with you, if you will take us in."

If he was happy before, this announcement made the old man doubly so, and proud into the bargain. They took him up, but he could think of nothing until they reached the Meadows, but the state Mrs. Cosie would be in when she saw him coming back in a coach with two beautiful ladies.

MARMION SAVAGE.

ARBITRATION AND CONCILIATION.

If any one of the best systems of arbitration were to become generally established, it would, in all probability, completely supersede strikes and lock-outs. If it did no more than this, it would constitute a new era in our industrial history. The worst evils would be removed; hostile feelings would gradually diminish; a higher morality would result. Arbitration is not a new invention: during the whole of this century it has been struggling for its existence. Unfortunately the conditions of its success have been repressed and not encouraged. Arbitration is impossible without some form of association among workmen. While there has been rapid growth of unionism, its development has not proceeded at the proper rate. It is a vast force, which would have been far better organised and regulated, had it not been for the folly of the governing classes, who, in thwarting it and turning it in wrong directions, have themselves contributed to cause the evils which they now condemn. Unionism has, as its chief feature, an insufficiency of organisation to control its natural movement. Force imperfectly regulated is ever a source of danger. The growth of unions cannot be arrested; therefore the only possible policy is to help their development. There are constant tendencies in this direction. It is the chief business of the political art, as of all arts, to encourage these tendencies. Art cannot create organisation and arrangement; but it can assist and make more perfect the natural order and course of events. At the present moment in the industrial world an effort is being made, which cannot be mistaken, towards a better organisation of labour. In the older systems of arbitration nothing was thought of but settling quarrels as they arose. The prevailing idea now is that of prevention, by removing the causes of dispute.

Mr. Mundella's Board of Arbitration and Conciliation appears to me to be the best scheme that has yet been wrought out; superior to the system of arbitration started by Mr. Rupert Kettle at Wolverhampton. Both schemes have succeeded practically; they differ considerably, by reason of their having a different origin. Mr. Kettle's is based on legal ideas; Mr. Mundella's on purely practical considerations. In selecting this latter as the best, I do not wish to depreciate in the smallest degree the immense value of Mr. Kettle's work, which cannot be over-estimated, or to do anything but join in the expression of gratitude to him for the benefits he has conferred, not only on workmen, but on society at large. Indeed it would be difficult for any one to read the account of his plan, without coming to the conclusion that we have it now in our power for ever to get rid of strikes and lock-outs. But, though practically successful, it is too legal; it professes to provide "a better method of determining the rights between master and servant;" it endeavours to bring the service of the men, the relation of masters to men, within the law; to make the terms of employment binding in law. To do this, it provides a code of rules containing an arbitration clause, as is customary in many legal agreements; a copy of this is posted in a conspicuous place in every workshop, so that it is brought under the notice of the master and of every person employed in his shop: by a well-known rule of law, all employment in such shop is subject to these terms, unless there is a special written agreement overriding it. The

plan works well, and there is much to be said for it; but however valuable practically legal machinery may be, it is as a remedy for existing evils, and not as constituting true conciliation. The system is too much of a court; there is a stranger umpire between the parties.¹ It is, in one word, based upon the difference of interests between masters and men. The very word "arbitration" implies difference. In the nature of the circumstances, there is no such inherent difference. But the erroneous belief that there is still exists; it is an inevitable though temporary fact, which every practical scheme must allow for. That plan of conciliation, then, would be the best which, while accepting this erroneous belief and including it incidentally, is yet based, as far as possible, on agreement and mutual benefit. Mr. Mundella's "board of arbitration and conciliation" is much better in this respect. It is not a court, it is less formal, it is not cumbered with legal ideas; there is no stranger intervening as umpire between masters and men; and it appears to me very undesirable that there should be, unless the antagonism is of such a nature as to render agreement otherwise impossible. The board is a common sense arrangement, effecting the same good as Mr. Kettle's plan, in a simpler and less artificial way. Whether the local success at Nottingham, which has spread over a large district, can become universal, and whether the scheme is capable of being modified so as to suit all trades and all places, only practical men can judge, and only experience can decide. The most striking fact shown by these systems is that when masters and men are brought into contact with each other, face to face, in this way, they do agree; and as a rule the members of these courts or boards act up to the decision or agreement, and in spite of difficulties, and even pressure, do what they know to be right.

Apart from general considerations, let us consider the circumstances which have been the cause of systems of arbitration. Mr. Kettle divides strikes into three classes, according as they depend upon, 1, differences as to the terms of a future contract; 2, disagreements upon the terms of an existing contract; or, 3, quarrels upon some matters of sentiment. At the same time he says, "It is upon the first of these three classes that the greatest difficulty of settling trade disputes by any other means than strikes arises." Mr. Mundella says, "If we had only to discuss quarrels that have arisen about the past state of prices, we should have almost nothing to do, because it is rarely that there is any dispute what shall be the rate this week, but the dispute is, what shall be the rate next week." So that we may conclude generally that strikes have reference to the future, and not to the past or present arrangements; to some future increase or reduction of wages, or an alteration of the price of piece-work, hours of labour, or mode of work. All schemes which merely aim at arbitration of strikes, and do not attempt to

(1) Mr. Kettle, in his valuable pamphlet on his system, maintains that an umpire is required, as a kind of judge; a part of whose office would be to apply the truths of political economy to the actual issues between the parties. He says that "an arbitrator would be able to keep before the disputants those great fundamental rules of commercial economy, by which service-contracts are ultimately governed;" and that "an arbitrator, undisturbed by the emotions of the conflict, would apply them to the facts before him, almost as easily as," &c. This may be very good practically as arbitration; but it is not conciliation. Even this plan was found too cumbrous a form of procedure to decide many small differences; and about a year after the system had been established, a conciliation rule was framed, by virtue of which disputes not affecting the general interests of trade are referred to a smaller tribunal; this too has had a complete success; it approaches more nearly to conciliation.

establish codes of rules, or settle terms in the future, may possibly do temporary good, but are otherwise useless. When the strike occurs it is almost always too late even for arbitration; there is hot blood on both sides; the settlement is on the basis of victory, dictation of terms to the vanquished, rather than arbitration. Arbitration must then aim chiefly at prevention, by foreseeing difficulties and regulating the various incidents of the trade. The mere introduction of a rule, forcing either side to give due notice of any desired change in the terms of an employment, is a powerful check upon unjust alteration by the master or oppressive strikes by the men. The idea of striking without proper notice to the employer, and reference to his engagements, ought to be repudiated by every respectable union; no such proceeding could be justified except as an act of warlike resistance to some sudden gross act of tyranny on the part of the master. In the hosiery trade, in which Mr. Mundella's scheme began, all the employment is by piece-work. The popular notion that all unions hate piece-work is one of the delusions, which the evidence before the Royal Commission blows to the winds. Such an idea is quite untrue. The majority of unions work by piece. In some there is no other kind of employment. In others it depends entirely on the option of the men in different places. It appears that one of the most persistent opponents of piece-work is a non-unionist. Some masters are averse to it; at all events, there exist codes of rules, settled between masters and men, which expressly forbid it. Where there is an objection to piece-work, it is because it is injurious to the men themselves, or to the public, or to both. Piece-work may lead to hurried or bad work, without its being intentionally done by the workman. There is work which is never so good as when it is done deliberately. In some trades piece-work is impossible because the piece cannot be measured out, by the very nature of the work; in others it always leads to bad and fraudulent work, "scamping." It is injurious to the men, in some trades, because it gives rise to a system of "chasing,"—certain men, called, at least in one occupation, "bell-horses," who are able to get through a very large amount of work with great rapidity, are employed with the deliberate purpose of artificially raising the amount of work which the ordinary workman can perform in a day, beyond its real average. The men are stimulated to work an excessive time; the amount of work done in the day is increased; there is a tendency for the day's wage not to keep pace with the increase of work—that is, the price of the piece decreases, and the value of labour is unduly depreciated. This system of chasing in the hands of an unscrupulous master, is an evil of the most serious kind, rendering it as necessary for a union to discourage piece-work, and even frame a rule against it, as for a civilised community to denounce a crime and institute penal laws to repress it. There is no objection on the part of unions to one man's earning more than another, if he is a more rapid or more skilful workman, provided he is not a bell-horse. Give temporary fixity to the price of the piece, as is done by the system of arbitration and conciliation, and the objections to piece-work on material grounds will vanish. This is, at least, the opinion of many unionists. In some trades, however, it is maintained, and with apparent reason, that it would always be injurious, unless it were supplemented by a code of rules regulating the hours of work. Piece-work, depending as it does upon a portion only of industrial phenomena, will never constitute an ultimate solution of the wages question; the true theory of the distribution of wealth must rest upon a far wider basis. Mr. Mundella's board in the hosiery trade

fixes the price of all piece-work for a certain time. There are statements of the prices for 6,000 articles. This fixes the wages of the different kinds of employment. In other trades, in which an arbitration system has been adopted, and where piece-work is not the rule, the wages for the different employments are fixed. Speaking generally, there is a detailed code of rules, regulating all the particulars of the trade or manufacture. It is a kind of informal voluntary contract, arranged by the representatives of both sides, not permanent, though sometimes fixed for as long a period as two or even three years. The convenience of all parties is consulted, and due notice must be given of any alteration that is desired. The board is composed half of employers and half of workmen, ten of each. They meet in an informal way; it is not a court, but masters and men sit round a table, the men often interspersed with the masters. There are two secretaries, one belonging to the masters, the other to the men. The proceedings are without ceremony. The matter is settled by what the men call "a long jaw"—discussion and explanation of views in which the men convince the masters, as often as the masters the men.

"When we came to make our rules," says Mr. Mundella, "it was agreed that the chairman should be elected by the meetings, and should have a vote, and a casting-vote when necessary. I was chosen chairman in the first instance, and I have been chairman ever since. I have a casting-vote, and twice that casting-vote has got us into trouble. And for the last four years it has been resolved that we would not vote at all. Even when a working man was convinced, or a master was convinced, he did not like voting against his own order, and in some instances we had secessions in consequence of that, so we said, 'Do not let us vote again, but let us try if we can agree,' and we did agree."

Of course this does not mean that every member of the board is always convinced, though it seems that they generally are; but when they are not, they know well enough that disagreement is fatal, and they agree by coming to the best arrangement possible under the circumstances. It is, in fact, conciliation; far better in every way than the decision of a court or umpire. It takes more time, but "the long jaw," resulting in agreement, is after all the true practical way out of the difficulty.

The whole district is bound by the decision of the board; there are some two or three masters in the trade in question who have not joined. The workmen on the board represent very large bodies of men, both unionist and non-unionist. Every man who works at the trade is entitled to a vote in the election of representatives. There is no disagreement between unionists and non-unionists.¹ It is the opinion of almost all those who have been concerned in these undertakings, that any court or board of arbitration must be voluntary. If so, it is impossible for men without some kind of association to frame rules among themselves, and by these or by moral means, to enforce compliance with the decisions of the board. The board could never have been started at all without the assistance of unions, or at all events, some kind of unionism must have been formed before the board could be made. The non-unionists are glad enough to take advantage of the facilities and benefits which the organisation of the unions afford them. Even the workmen of masters who do not recognise the board submit any question that arises to it before they take action. This confidence in it has grown up in spite of ill feelings and mutual mistrust, and the many obstacles which might have spoilt its success. The decision of the board signed by masters and men is in fact

(1) The following is a rule in one of Mr. Kettle's codes: "Neither masters nor men shall interfere with any man on account of his being a society or non-society man. The society men pledge themselves not to annoy, nor allow annoyance to non-society men."

accepted, and the scheme has succeeded. There have, of course, been many difficulties, which at first appeared alarming. There have been secessions, masters who would not agree: unions that were inclined to resist: but both sides have listened to remonstrance and been convinced by reason. Some form of association of men is essential for enforcing the decision of the board. Unions and the associations of masters, in the opinion of enlightened men like Mr. Kettle and Mr. Mundella, quite satisfy this condition. Even from an economic point of view, "the board of arbitration and conciliation" is in the hosiery trade a complete practical success: trade in the last four years has been most prosperous. The real difficulty was in starting the plan. The chronic state of animosity and distrust existing between masters and men is still the chief obstacle to the success of the scheme. When the first proposals were made and the first meeting took place, "it is impossible," says Mr. Mundella, "to describe to you how suspiciously we looked at each other." The reason why Mr. Mundella and Mr. Kettle have succeeded is that they have recognised existing facts, and accepted unions as normal institutions, and have effectively combined unions and associations of masters so as to secure harmonious action. Everywhere the best unions have eagerly listened to the proposals for arbitration. Conferences of trade delegates have passed resolutions in favour of it. The leading men of the large amalgamated societies may always be relied on. Amongst them are men of great practical ability and high character, in all respects equal to discharge the duties they undertake. Whoever looked merely to the state of chronic war between masters and unions might have naturally supposed that the leaders of unions would be the most difficult men to deal with on such matters. But Mr. Mundella's experience is to the contrary:—

"The very men that the manufacturers dreaded were the men that were sent to represent the workmen at the board. We found them the most straightforward men we could desire to have to deal with; we have often found that the power behind them has been too strong for them; they are generally the most intelligent men; and often they are put under great pressure by workmen outside to do things which they know to be contrary to common-sense, and they will not do them. They have been the greatest barrier we have had between the ignorant workman and ourselves. And I know that it is so. I have found it in my correspondence with trade union secretaries and leaders; all over England I have found that so."

Mr. Kettle expresses himself to the same effect:—

"Occasionally the men were beaten in argument, and then the boldest of them at once yielded. On the part of the masters, when argument would not any longer support their propositions, they gave way without any reserve or without any temper. The whole thing, as far as manner and ability went, was conducted as well as any matter of business about which persons of higher education meet and discuss, where there are matters about which they honestly differ."

From what has been said it is clear what the theoretic judgment should be. The scheme in no way conflicts with the facts of industrial existence. The system is so natural, so simple, and so informal, that it possesses that pliability or elasticity, which will enable it to yield at any point, where alteration or even suppression may be required as a consequence of the development of a higher morality. The true solution is moral. Every practical scheme must be capable of adapting itself to this. However necessary it may be for us to frame an ideal conception of the future and strive to attain thereto, some kind of machinery and practical organisation will be always needed. We shall never really reach the ideal moral government of the world.

The Board of Arbitration and Conciliation is in fact nothing more than an artificial improvement and adaptation of the natural order. It is a means of enabling both masters and men to perform their duties with greater ease ; it is a mode of distributing the moral force possessed by the master among the men, a means of concentrating that of the men upon the master. It constitutes a moral check upon perturbations to which our system will be always liable. It will bring the men into closer contact with each other, it will secure a more complete knowledge on the part of the master of their wants and views, and thus insure his deeper sympathy. On both sides it will tend to the repression of that personal or class egoism, inseparable from the respective powers they possess. For both, there must be freedom of action, liberty to perform their duties ; but at the same time, each must possess power to resist encroachment by the other. On the men's side this resistance ought never to pass beyond the joint refusal to work ; on the master's side it should never proceed to the hunting down of individuals or general war against unions, which ought on the contrary to be regarded as parts of the present constitution of industry. Theoretically, then, the system is right. Its practical effect, as gathered from the opinions of practical men, may be shortly stated. Mr. Mundella says, " We all get a fair profit on the manufacture of our articles, and the system is better for us and better for the workmen." It does in fact put an end to the struggle between labour and capital. It introduces into employments an element of stability, preventing the too rapid fluctuations which are so great an evil to the men, and it enables masters to enter into contracts and undertakings with a certainty of being able to perform their promises. It prevents the numerous causes of ill-feeling between masters and men : it secures peace, if not complete agreement, between unionists and non-unionists. It is voluntary, which appears necessary for real conciliation : both Mr. Kettle and Mr. Mundella seem to deprecate anything like compulsory arbitration, which, strange to say, has been advocated by some of the strongest unionists. There is one other consequence which would result from a system that produced effects like these : the mere saving of money, if there were nothing else, would inevitably lead to the increase and development of unionism. This can only be by the increase of their social value, and especially of their benevolent purposes. One of the greatest, if not the greatest peril threatening society is pauperism, which seems day by day to assume more terrible and appalling proportions. In such a state, natural organisations of industry insuring society against the pauperism of its members seem to be the true mode of dealing with this gigantic evil. To wish to destroy or compress such institutions at such a time is like the blind madness of anarchical revolution, pulling down that which cannot be replaced. Happily, the wish, if such there really be, is now futile. Unions have grown to such strength as to be able to defy their deadliest enemies, and they possess a united power, which they have not as yet put forth, and which I trust there will be no occasion for them to employ. To the personal character of Mr. Mundella, the local success of his scheme is largely due. Applications to him for assistance and advice in starting boards of conciliation, have come from many masters in various parts of England. His personal influence among the men in other trades has done and will do much to disarm the men's suspicions and assuage the bitter feelings which have on both sides become a chronic ill. Everything that we can see argues well for peace, and the future is full of hope. But it will be of no avail, all will be useless, the general extension of the scheme will be impossible, unless the legislature

will recognise and legalise unions, and render to the men that justice which has hitherto not only been denied to them, but denied in the most contemptuous and insulting way—namely, by the refusal to allow their views to be expounded or their wishes expressed in the House of Commons. What will the new Parliament do? It is composed to a large extent of masters. Will they accept the inevitable facts, or shut their eyes and deny the conditions of industrial life? If they do, there will ensue prolongation of the struggle, fresh agitation and excitement, united efforts, which nothing but a necessity of the sort could produce.

The demand of the unionists is strong, because it is right. It is simply for justice and equality before the law. They ask for the repeal or alteration of oppressive laws, passed by tyrannical masters to crush the principle of combination. They hold to that principle, as a primary article of their creed; they maintain that it is applicable to unionism, as to all other combinations, and that it is morally right. Assuredly they will never rest until the legislature recognise that it is so. Some employers of labour who are the stoniest opponents of unionism, now admit that this must be conceded. There can be no real peace until it is. Those who refuse this act of justice are preventing peace and stopping these schemes of arbitration and conciliation. The principle on which unionism rests is one of those which, like freedom of expression and discussion, must be guarded jealously from encroachment. If a government compresses or makes illegal acts which, by the needs of our civilisation, must be free and unfettered, it is resistance to the march of events and violation of the social order. When one considers what has been the attitude of Parliament in the past; that in the present Chamber the working classes are hardly represented at all; one cannot but look forward with anxiety to what will be done. The workmen have carried on this struggle firmly and peaceably, in a way that ought itself to inspire confidence in them. Their leaders have shown themselves to be men of ability and character. It rests with Parliament to decide the momentous issue. Is the struggle to continue? is it to be peace or war? The refusal of justice can only be a declaration of war.

The general public will never accept the individualist theory, which has been stated in its most naked and repulsive form by Mr. Nasmyth; who refuses to listen to a joint remonstrance of his men, and denies that association, that is, social action, is the right and proper course for men to adopt. The public, while requiring to be assured against possible breaches of the peace, and insisting that everything in the shape of physical coercion or terrorism should be promptly and sternly repressed by penal law, will give its sanction to the principle of association, and maintain the right to combine, as one of the privileges of citizenship of which we are justly proud. Our ideas of what labour is have undergone vast change. We repudiate the notion of man as an isolated individual. Subdivision of labour, mutual help, co-operation, joint action to prevent misfortune or resist wrong, are necessary parts of our idea of life. We have for ever discarded the feudal notions of labour being the duty of the many for the gratification of the few, just as we have flung aside the ancient story of labour being a degradation, a divine curse and penalty for human sin; and some of us, at least, are now striving to attain a higher conception of social duty, of life devoted to the service of others; a conception which shall fully recognise the dignity of human labour, and consecrate it as our highest pleasure and our noblest end.

HENRY CROMPTON.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

HOMER'S ILIAD IN ENGLISH RHYMED VERSE. By CHARLES MERIVALE,
B.D., D.C.L., &c. London: Strahan and Co. 24s.

It was the recommendation of one of our poets that the measure of Marmion could be taken for an English version of the Iliad. He seems to have thought more suitable than Chapman's line for getting the swell and rush, and the anaphatic pause here and there—the seventh wave, as one may say. By this means it has been seen that nothing of the sort is to be obtained from a sustained number of English hexameters pretending to dignity. The hexameter sets our verse on the slack-rope with a pole of very imperfect balance; she has neither the running nor the stamping foot for it. Mr. Dart's carefully-done first twelve books, though they are not an example of what can be accomplished in hexametrical English, show sufficiently that it is an insuperable task to keep clear of a prosy monotony in this form of verse. The meritorious independence of rhyme is enjoyed equally by blank verse, which is better adapted to the language. But Homer was a singer, and his poem was meant for recital. The question to be asked of a translation of Homer is, whether it will bear declamation. As a rule blank-verse translators are stiff; they do not carry on the roll from line to line, or rarely with any force. Mr. Tennyson's exquisite specimen, from the close of the eighth book, is artfully chosen, if we are to accept it as a plea for the superior ability and charms of blank verse:—

“As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak,
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.”

Compare with Chapman (Mr. Merivale is not here so good as usual):—

“As when about the silver moon when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust themselves up for shows;
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's heart.”

Both are fine; but as soon as there is hurry, and the javelins and arrows fly, and the heroes roar, our epical verse will not sustain the comparison. If we may fancy Milton fully capable of carrying it at the highest elevation, we have to own that it would be at the entire sacrifice of the narrative homeliness. No very high flight is wanted, but a vigorous one, and the power of mounting high when the old poet calls. Chapman had this power: on the other hand his lines are loose, his rhymes too often unsatisfactory to the ear; the breaks in his lines are numerous and commonly ineffective. Take the example of Achilles upon Agamemnon:—

“Thou ever steep'd in wine!
Dog's face! with heart but of a hart! that nor in th' open eye
Of fight dar'st thrust into a press; nor with our noblest lie

In secret ambush. These works seem too full of death for thee :
 'Tis safer far in the open host to dare an injury
 To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king ! ”

Mr. Merivale gets his lines out without these stoppages for breath, in imitation of his model :—

“ Ha ! wine-besotten, hound-eyed, hind-hearted, thou that durst
 Ne'er in the ranks thy courage try, and stand among the first !
 Nor ever with our leaders the dexterous ambush set ;
 For in the open and the close are death and danger met !
 Ha ! better snatch the guerdon and lawful share of those,
 Through the broad battle of the Greeks that dare thy pride oppose !
 A king that sacks his people ! ”

The fourth line does not sound very bitter. “ But that would seem to thee as bad as death,” has to be distended for the rhyme's sake ; and this is the weakness of the ballad form in a translation of Homer. There is a constant temptation, and sometimes a necessity, to overdo him. Nevertheless, the “ Chevy Chase ” ballad measure, varied at discretion by Marmion's rhymed four-foot couplet, or triplet, has in Mr. Merivale's hands a delightful animation and a splendid ring. He saves his Homer from nodding in the catalogue of the ships—a thing that has not been achieved by blank-verse translators—even while copying this happy garrulous precision :—

“ Oilean Ajax swiftfoot the Locrian armies led ;
 A lesser, not so stout a man
 As Ajax Telamonian :
 Much lesser ;—short was he ;—”

His archaic ballad tongue is not intrusive ; it is used just enough to give the savour of the original. In one place, where Homer tells over the Nereids crowding up round Thetis,—*“Ενθ' ἄρ' ἔην Γλαύκη τε,*—Mr. Merivale evades a difficulty by boldly translating line for line in no particular measure, and trusting to the assonants for his effect exactly as they stand in the original :—

“ Now these Nymphs were Glauce, Thalia too, Cymodocè too,
 Nesaie and Spio, Thoè too, and Halia brown-eyed,
 Cymoethoè too, and Actæa, and Liranoëa,
 And Melitè and Iæra, and Amphithoè, and Agavè ;
 Doto too, and Proto, Pheusa too, Dynamane too,
 Dexamene too, and Amphinomè, and Callianira,
 Doris and Panopè, and famous-in-song Galatée ;
 Nemertès too, and Apseudea, and Callianassa :
 And there are Clymene, Ianica too, and Ianassa,
 Mœra and Orithyia, and beautiful-haired Amathéa :—”

An extremely delicate taste checked him from versifying this ‘ tale ’ of nymphs. The variation is of itself not unpleasant. To conclude an inadequate notice of so admirable a piece of work, this translation of Homer appears to me to bear the test of recital, and I know of no other that will. The battles are never wanting in fire and motion, nor the dialogues in spirit. Mr. Merivale's resources of diction and versification, as well as his accomplished scholarship, are known. He has made the nation indebted to him for an pleasant and ennobling to read, possible to declaim. ~~GEORGE MERIVALE~~

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Military Forces of the Crown; their Administration and Government. By CHARLES M. CLODE. In Two Vols., Vol. I. London: John Murray. 21s.

THIS is the first volume of a work which promises to be of considerable general use. Everybody feels that the present military arrangements—the division of authority, the disproportion between outlay and result, the power of an irresponsible and presumably incompetent royal Commander-in-chief, the consequent weakness of the country—ought to be a source of profound anxiety. The author of the present work has, so far at any rate, no scheme of reconstruction; and perhaps fortunately, for public opinion is not yet ripe for any such scheme as should be at all adequate. This book is strictly descriptive. It traces the variations that have taken place in the nature and constitution of the army, including the militia, up to 1688; describes the important changes in the system after the Revolution; and gives chapters respectively to the Control and Audit of Expenditure by Parliament, the Militia Act, the Reserve Forces, and the Augmentation of the numbers of the Army.

History of Chemical Theory from the Age of Lavoisier to the Present Time. By A. WURTZ. Translated by HENRY WATTS, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 6s.

THIS is a wholesome sign that foreign works on science are now being rapidly produced in our own language. Last month we had to note the appearance of a translation of Müller's *Für Darwin*. The present volume is a translation of Mr. Wurtz's Introductory Discourse to his *Dictionnaire de Chimie*. The first sentence, "Chemistry is a French science," is characteristic of a fault that runs through the whole survey, but the reader may well pardon French vanity for the sake of French clearness and breadth, both of which qualities are conspicuous in the present sketch.

Since Charles and the Spanish Marriage: 1617—1623. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. In Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 30s.

MR. GARDINER is already known as the writer of a portion of English history, not very familiar to the common reader, from the accession of James I. to the disgrace of Coke. In two new volumes he goes over six years of the same reign, from 1617 to 1623. The title hardly prepares the reader for the fact that the work is a tolerably exhaustive account of the history of the country, particularly in reference to continental affairs, during the period. Mr. Gardiner has delved deep into original documents at Simancas, Brussels, and elsewhere, and has produced good work. Unfortunately, however, his style is arid, and he has piled facts and facts, and reference on reference, to such an extent that he can hardly see the wood for the trees. It is rather of the nature of ironical than of true history. Still, amid the plethora of works of sham research, the fault is not to be too heavily dwelt upon.

The House of Austria in the Thirty Years' War. By ADOLPHUS O. WARD. London: Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

TWO short but very compact and instructive lectures, delivered by Professor Ward, of Owens' College, Manchester, at the Philosophical Institution, Edin-

burgh, for which so many excellent bits of work have been prepared. Mr. Ward is well read in German historical literature, and the pages of his lectures, with the copious notes and illustrations by which they are supplemented, are well worth turning over.

Life of Rossini. By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. London: Hurst & Blackett. 15s.

NOT a very valuable or exhaustive book, and we shall one day, in French at any rate, if not in English, have something much stronger on the same subject. Meanwhile, it contains a pleasant account of Rossini's life, and little interspersed criticisms of his achievements, not above the journalistic level. The reader may count upon a list of the composer's works, some stories and sayings about him, and a briskly-written story of the manner of his life.

Observations on some of the Fundamental Principles and Existing Defects of National Education. By NEIL ARNOLD, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Member of the Senate of the London University. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THIS little work may be described as a clear and brief compendium of the principles of education, as propounded and advocated by the author on various occasions through a long, laborious, and useful life. In the introduction to his well-known work, "The Elements of Physics," he sketched a felicitous outline of the sciences, and of human knowledge generally, with a view to the best order of study, both for information and for mental discipline. He has steadily insisted on the primary urgency of a knowledge of nature, as the proper basis of all education, and has exhibited in a great variety of lights, and by telling illustrations, the connections of science with human well-being. His views on moral and social education have the same clear and straightforward character. He puts aside doctrinal controversies as irrelevant; accepts the Christian precepts in their simplicity; and avows the opinion that the backwardness in conforming to these precepts is chiefly due to the fact, that "the accompanying secular education bearing on present interests in this world is defective."

Nature-Study. By HENRY DIRCKS, C.E. London: Moxon. 1869. 12s. 6d.

MR. DIRCKS is held to be a clever man, and he has written a fair life of the Marquis of Worcester; so one must suppose that he means something by this large and pretending volume. But what that is, it will not be given to many to discover. So far as we can perceive, the author's object is to persuade writers of all sorts, and orators, to study nature simply, closely, and accurately, and to take their figures and images from observation, rather than put into their observation figures and images of their own abstract preconception. However, as one half, or at least a large third of the book consists of quotations, the reader who does not admire the author's rather prolix way of explaining and urging what is not very comprehensible, has unusual opportunity of finding within the four corners of the book other matter which may please him better.

THE
ORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXX. NEW SERIES.—JUNE 1, 1869.

LITERARY EGOTISM.

I.

ever could very clearly understand how it is that egotism, popular in conversation, should be so popular in writing." Had Ly, who wrote this, cared to investigate, besides stating the fact, and to enter on the various questions connected with, and to try to it, he would doubtless have adorned our literature with perspicuous and richly-illustrated discussion. For the absence of an essay, the following remarks will make, we fear, but poor

In order, however, to do what we can to make this subject intelligible, or even clear, we must first ask (and, as we go on, it will early be seen why we must ask), whether one of the facts just stated can be received without limitation. Is egotism always popular in society? and, if not always, when not, and why not? The statement of such questions has a certain air of paradox; but the paradox arises from the ambiguous use of a word. The word 'egotism' often implies making oneself the theme, not merely of conversation, but of praise; and, even otherwise, it is commonly employed as to expose us to the difficulty which Bishop Butler alluded to in his well-known rehabilitation of Resentment. For 'egotism,' like 'Resentment,' and like 'Pride,' is generally used to denote an excess, and thus it has acquired a very bad name. Now, we are mainly not ambitious of proving that it is right to talk about oneself more than is right. Our humbler task will be that of defending the extreme, but the mean, and of inquiring whether persons of ordinary moral are not justified in talking of themselves more than is necessary; and, further, whether, by one of society's by-laws, certain classes of persons are not privileged to do so more even than is usual.

First and most obvious class to which such a dispensation is
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granted consists of eminent men of all sorts. "Do you see," says Cicero, "how often, in Homer, Nestor dwells on his own merits? He had already survived two generations of men; and yet he had no occasion to fear that, while telling the truth about himself, he might appear either presumptuous or talkative." This judgment on the garrulous veteran is possibly too lenient; but, in any case, Nestor may fairly be regarded as typical of the class of distinguished old men, from whom the world will take a great deal of conversation about themselves. Indeed, it is probable that there are some such men who would be more popular if they talked of themselves and the events of their past lives more than they do. There are able men, who, whether from a wish for relaxation, or from a fear of talking above the level of their company, or from a dislike to being outdone by anybody in anything, have an unlucky way of forsaking the topics on which they might excel, in favour of a lighter kind of conversation, for which the habitual tension of their energies, and the very size and weight of their intelligence, may have unfitted them: the lion is trying to skip like the lamb. Travellers in the East, who have lost, if they ever possessed, the knack of saying just, and no more than just, what may be said, and of restricting themselves to that very peculiar sort of flattery and banter which alone society will tolerate, refuse sometimes on their return home to tell their adventures, which every one wishes to hear, and prefer dealing in commonplaces and compliments, in which they are generally far less felicitous. The remark may be applied with at least equal force to those great generals and statesmen whose biography is history, and who, like Æneas and Tennyson's Ulysses, are a part of all that they have seen. Every one knows what sort of conversation Sir Robert Walpole liked, and also how he defended it. Frederic at Berlin, and Hastings at Daylesford, would probably have made themselves at least as agreeable to their respective guests by relating, and drawing inferences from, the great things they had done, as by indulging in their singular propensity for indifferent versification. Nor is that very different class of persons, who, not eminent themselves, have had the great advantage of personal intercourse with really eminent men, whether living or dead, always as ready as might be wished to recapitulate simply what they have heard or seen. Men of this sort, especially when advanced in life, have claims on general consideration, both because they can tell just what it is most difficult to obtain in books, and also because their opinions and criticisms, even when most palpably and provokingly extravagant, have an interest as showing what was said and thought half a century ago. And the society of these intellectual luminaries—if we may so call them, as distinguished from the intellectual suns—is naturally and justly in request, especially when they know how

to select their anecdotes, when they do not tell them too slowly or the same one too often, and when they are willing to repeat what their distinguished friends said, and not merely what they themselves said to their distinguished friends. Unfortunately, they seldom seem to know where their strength lies; while sometimes they even tread on forbidden paths. We ourselves—if the egotism we are writing about may for once be infectious—some ten or fifteen years ago knew an old gentleman who had been at the close of Warren Hastings's trial,¹ who had spoken to a ferryman who as a boy had helped to ferry Pope over the Thames, who had been Lord Wellesley's private secretary, who had entered Madrid with Wellington, and who, though almost forgotten in our generation, was more or less acquainted with nearly all the leading men of the last; and we think we are not wrong in saying that some of his friends liked him better when he was drawing from his inexhaustible store of personal recollections, than when he was telling in mixed company the sort of anecdote to which many old bachelors are partial, but to which the present age is less indulgent than those that are gone by.

It may at first sight seem strange that of egotism in the strict sense of the word—of egotism which comprises nothing beyond the speaker—society should, even in the case of the ablest men, be so patient as it is. In proportion as men *are* able, it is of consequence that their remarks should take the direction of subjects of general interest. Why, then, is not more social pressure brought to bear, in order to turn the conversation of able men more uniformly into the right channel? This general forbearance is no doubt due to several causes. People naturally treat men of a certain mental calibre with consideration, and nobody is disposed to be hard on their foibles. So, again, old men may be compared to old clocks, which, if too often regulated and set right, will not go on at all; and, when an old man is also an able man, the world takes his egotism as it takes his monologues, for fear of getting nothing. This may, perhaps, serve to explain why the egotism of great men is so often tolerated. But the odd thing is that it is often, not merely tolerated, but encouraged; nor do we think that the encouragement arises merely from the tenderness of friends or the complacency of flatterers. One reason why people are ready to hear what a man of great powers

(1) He furnished many curious instances of that treasuring up of bygone sentiments, which we have referred to. For example, having heard at or from Benares some eulogy of Hastings, he was most vehement in his acquittal of him, and, in his abuse of Burke, as regarding him as a contemporary, and as not a very great one, he was careful to call him "Mr. Burke." He told circumstantially and repeatedly an extraordinary story of him, namely, that he himself heard Hastings, in answer to some accusation, call out, "It is false;" whereupon Burke exclaimed aloud, "What does that Jack-in-the-Box say?" Burke was not very particular in what he said about Hastings; but surely our friend must have dreamt this.

has to say about himself probably is, that they are in hopes of getting some useful hint from him. In a late number of this Review it was attempted to show that a very old man, or one who has enjoyed very good health under unfavourable conditions, is eagerly listened to, even when giving utterance to the wildest crotchets; for many not very wise people hope, by following his example, to emulate his success. In a less degree this is true of distinguished men. We do not, of course, mean that the world at large is so foolish as to imagine that there is any trick by which to attain intellectual distinction, or certain talisman against failure. But we are sure that, if a man of acknowledged ability has been constant to any peculiar hobby—if he has made it a practice either to learn by heart, or to compose, verses—if, like Dr. Arnold, he has habitually got up very early, though it was very disagreeable to him—or if he likes to have eight or nine hours of sleep—he will in any case find many persons eager to hear his account of himself.

“Proh! si

Palleret casu biberent exsangue cuminum.”

Macaulay's friends are even now questioned as to his never using a commonplace book; as to his not stimulating, but rather regarding as an inconvenience, his marvellous memory; as to his simple method of correcting what he had written; and as to the other rules, or no rules, that he observed: and even ordinary wranglers, or first-class men, when rational topics of conversation fail them, may sometimes attract listeners who are young either in years or in understanding by detailing to them their daily quota of rest and study. Their hearers are, in fact, drawn to them by the mere love of imitation. Of the strength of that passion, especially in matters of this sort, we may form some impression by reflecting how it is aroused even by forms of distinction which either are not to be acquired, or are not worth acquiring. In one of Thackeray's novels there is an incident which, though doubtless overdrawn, may serve to illustrate our last remark. We refer to the amusing chapter in which Major Pendennis, when walking with his nephew, is addressed by a person of high rank, with a familiar and rather patronising brevity; and the old *beau*, during the rest of the walk, struts with unusual erectness, and talks in short sentences all the way.

There is one important class of men—nearly all of them able men, and some of them very able men—whose egotism is at a premium, not so much because it instructs as because it amuses. We allude to those often admired and often despised persons whom their friends call original and their enemies call eccentric, and who, when talking about themselves, place their originality or eccentricity in the strongest possible light. The individuality of such men, as indeed

good or bad taste of all men, is especially brought into prominence when, on the one hand, they are called upon to make the best of a bad case for themselves, and are constrained to represent their character as being, in Polonius's words—

“As 'twere, a thing a little soiled i' the working;”

, on the other hand, when they think they have an opportunity of looking slantwise at their own merits, and of praising themselves with impunity. There are also lighter topics on which egotistical finality may be in request. Some men have a way, under very various circumstances, of often meeting with adventures, whether fantastic or otherwise; and the same sort of men that meet with adventures are generally the best hands at describing them. It is true that even the most original adventurer of this class will do well to devote a large share of his talk to what has been done by other people. But still, he will be able to allot to himself a good deal of his conversation without fear of interruption. His own achievements he will know better in greater numbers and in minuter detail than other people's; and, in relating them, he will be in the least danger of treading too much in the beaten track, and of telling all the world what all the world knew before. There is also the advantage that no one minds interrupting him for any particular story about himself, as there is no likelihood of his being bored by the repetition of it. And, last, not least, there is one special reason why he will be found to recount his exploits, if not more accurately than those of other men, at any rate more vigorously and attractively; for he loves himself, and will talk about himself *con amore*.

It would still be premature to lay aside our plea on behalf of conversational, or, if we may christen it by a shorter name, social, egotism, until we have mentioned a case in which even persons of very ordinary attainments may sometimes be pardoned for talking about themselves—the case, namely, when they have nothing better to talk about. For example, if a person says in conversation that he has been in the Arctic regions, and has seen traces of Sir John Franklin, he will probably excite attention on the part of persons who in general care little, and read less, about Arctic expeditions. This, no doubt, is partly because in society people must have some, and are glad of any, topic for their remarks; and, also, because it is less trouble to listen than to read, and because one cannot cross-question a person in a way in which one cannot cross-question a book. Then, again, people are glad to get their information at hand. And, also, there is perhaps something in a barely conscious sense of the contrast between one's neighbour's present position and his very different and distant position some time before: one feels almost as if one had been near the North Pole oneself, in the

same sort of way in which Ovid soothed his hours of exile by feeling as if he himself returned to Italy when his books went thither.¹ But there are other cases of a like nature, to which these explanations are less applicable. Suppose, in general society, I report the fact that, in a lottery of a thousand tickets, some one must draw the prize, I shall merely be telling my friends what peradventure they would have divined without my aid; or even suppose I name some unknown A or B as having been successful, the proposition, though this time by no means self-evident, has nothing in it which will attract notice. But if I say that I myself have had the good luck, every one at once has an aspect of attention. And yet it was not antecedently one whit more unlikely that I should win than that the unknown A or B would win. Nor, again, would the interest that I should excite merely arise from mercenary calculations, founded on my supposed good fortune. It would probably be, or affect to be, at least as great if I were telling a tale of my misery and ruin. The fact is, that even commonplace occurrences will often seem to be uncommon as soon as they acquire a personal relation. The surprise of an incident grows by attaching itself to the speaker. And thus, if any one wants, or is expected, to say something surprising or interesting, and if he has nothing very surprising or interesting to tell about any one, there is some excuse for his relating whatever least unsurprising or uninteresting thing may have befallen himself.

II.

We must apologise for having entered, with so much detail, on the discussion and extenuation of a kind of egotism which is not literary. But, in fact, we have prolonged the inquiry—not, as might be ill-naturedly surmised, because the artist is enamoured of his subject—but because we thus seemed to be taking the shortest cut to the real matter before us. Our object is to ascertain why it is that people are so differently affected by the egotism of society and the egotism of books; and it is clear that, by doing what we can to raise up the worse kind of egotism, we curtail the distance between it and the less bad kind; we leave a less interval to be still accounted for. We think that it will also appear that the one species of egotism is, up to a certain point, the other species in miniature; and that, for the most part, the same reasons which make ordinary egotism often tolerable, have merely to be repeated, with a few amplifications and additions, in order to explain why literary egotism is occasionally popular.

(1) And also in the way in which Mr. Tainsh, in his recent work on Tennyson, heads a chapter, "A Few Days with the Poet Laureate;" which means, a few days spent in reading "In Memoriam" at Clevedon. Doubtless Mr. Tainsh felt as if he was with the poet. By such a spiritual union, however, the reader's curiosity is but imperfectly gratified.

To begin, then : literary egotism, when it is attractive, is the egotism of picked men. We have remarked how, in ordinary society, distinguished men are allowed to talk about themselves a good deal. But the distinguished men of ordinary society are, for the most part, distinguished according to a not very high standard ; some of them seem great, like Gulliver in Lilliput, merely by the side of those who surround them. They must, in any case, not be confounded with the most distinguished men of all classes, ages, and countries. When, however, we thus lay it down that, if the best specimens of the ordinary egotist are eminent men, those of the literary egotist are pre-eminent men, it must be understood that we are not speaking merely of pre-eminence in mental power. We of course include this ; but we must also include pre-eminence in social position, and consequent width of experience and opportunities of making the acquaintance of really great men ; we must include pre-eminence in humour, simplicity, in *naïveté*,—in short, pre-eminence in one or more of those multifarious qualities which must season egotism before it will go down with the public. To literature, as to conversation, Cowley's observation may be applied,—that “ it is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself ;” and it is on the part of only the most successful performers that the world cares to witness this singular gymnastic. There are, no doubt, some exhibitions of this sort, to which spectators are allured in abundance. We have already seen how a few people are instructed, and many more are amused, by the egotistical freaks of original men. But to one man of fair originality that a given society can show, universal literature may be expected to show at least one man of very great genius. Let us ask then, when men of very great genius write about themselves, how does the world treat them ? What, for example, do people think of Goethe's “ Autobiography ?” It is said, indeed, to be by no means very accurate ; but, being a book of which such a man is at once subject and author, it has, as it were, a great flavour of his personality ; or, to use a simpler and more familiar metaphor, it has a double portion of his spirit. And thus, for many persons, this work has a greater charm both than the admirable English biography of Goethe, and also than the majority of his own works. For, of all the books written whether about him or by him, it is thought to be the most characteristic of him.

Moreover, as in society a wide range is allowed to the sort of egotism that produces mirth, so in literature great indulgence is shown to humorists. Addison says that he would permit egotism only to this class of authors ; and scarcely even to this class, except when they write in an assumed character. If we go on to ask why such a concession is to be made to humorists, and to them only, the answer will probably be that they are egotists almost of necessity. The

humorist makes, and must make, himself his starting-point; he draws from himself the threads of his humour, and, like every worm beneath the moon,

"Spins, toiling out his own cocoon."

It is on this principle that Byron, we think, has said that, in order to write well, a man should be either melancholy or in love. Byron, indeed, had perhaps less right to speak on behalf of humorists than on behalf of poets. But, at any rate, both humorists and poets are but species of the higher class, men of genius. Indeed, it is concerning poets (and concerning their debt to *himself*) that Goethe—whose egotism seems not to have been confined to his "Autobiography"—has expressed himself somewhat strongly. "Through me"—we quote the passage as translated by Mr. Matthew Arnold—"through me the German poets have become aware, that, as a man must live from within outwards, so the artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality." Will it be said that this proves, not so much that the egotism of men of genius is respectable, as that it exists? True; but, if men of genius tend to be egotistical, and if mankind wishes to read works of genius, mankind must learn to put up with the egotism.

Such, then, and so explicable, is the immunity from severe criticism which men of genius for the most part enjoy, when they make themselves the centre of their thoughts and writings. But literary egotism, as well as social, is not in request merely when associated with great creative powers, or merely when of a kind to excite laughter. It also has its value in the case of men who, together with great virtues, have rather great abilities than great genius, especially when they have also exercised a wide influence, whether political or moral. Such a man was Marcus Aurelius. In speaking of the great work of the imperial philosopher—the work to which Mr. Mill has paid a celebrated and enormous compliment¹—Mr. Matthew Arnold attaches especial value to the part in which Marcus Aurelius describes his own education, gives the names of his teachers, and specifies what he learnt from each. What possible interest or instruction, it may be asked, can such a record have for us? In truth, however, both the interest and the instruction are manifold. Mr. Arnold particularly calls attention to the passages in which the emperor relates how his tutor taught him to submit to labour, and not to listen to slander; and how his mother bade him beware of the vices of the rich; and how he had learnt not to plead fictitious engagements in excuse for the non-performance of duties. Passages

(1) "His writings, the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly, if they differ at all, from the most characteristic teachings of Christ."—*On Liberty*.

ese may well serve us for examples. But, in estimating the of such examples, we must point out a distinction. We have at we do not attach much weight to the aphorisms and advice proceed from old men who have been eminent, and which neighbours sometimes follow like sheep. But there is a wide nce between aphorisms of this sort and the comments which s like Marcus Aurelius make on themselves. Much more is to ned from the self-examination which is sometimes found in than from the shallow self-description and self-laudation which mmon in society. Moreover, the teaching of this kind which ried in literature is addressed to a different class of readers. not often very stupid people who study works like that of s Aurelius. A swarm of instructed persons first settles on and, after getting what good it can out of them, it hives that n a form both useful and palatable. The masses profit indeed, ofit indirectly. It is only after filtering through the learned he contents of such books can fertilise the unlearned. Let us at, when such a man as Marcus Aurelius lays bare his expe- and the working of his mind, he does a great service to all generations; for he exhibits to them an *ante-mortem* dissection very rare subject—a dissection which derives its great value he fact that it brings feeling to the aid of examining, as the or and the subject are the same.

it is not only as pointing a moral that the accounts which eat Antonine, and his likes, have given of themselves, deserve tention and study. Those accounts have also an antiquarian They supply just those details of the domestic life of antiquity people now wish to learn. We are glad to find these parti- in ancient romances, like that of the "Golden Ass;" we are pleased when we can obtain them in ordinary records of but we set most store by them—for we deem the evidence for most trustworthy—when we encounter them either in real ographies, or in half-autobiographies, such as the narrative of the Platonic dialogues. It is for a like reason that we s wish those whom we care for to tell us all that relates to elves. Lord Chesterfield begged his son to be egotistical to hough to him only; "for," he said, "I desire to see you in every-day clothes, by your fireside, in your pleasures; in short, ur private life." This kind of knowledge is of great value in se even of the rank and file of antiquity. It is of much greater in the case of one's favourite authors. An acquaintance with cts of an author's life will often help us to understand obscure ges in his works. But, in relation to an author whom we really it has a yet greater importance, though one that is less easily to words; for it gives a reality, a sort of covering of flesh and

blood, to his thoughts; it draws us closer both to him and to what he has written; we value it as we should value his bust or portrait. It was on this account, and on this account only, that it could possibly be worth Horace's while to tell posterity of his small stature, the premature greyness of his hair, and his endurance of heat.

There is another reason, not more real, but, if we may say so, more realistic and less sentimental, for the way in which we prize the autobiographical notices of ancient writers. In the views of these writers we generally feel not a direct, but a relative and historical interest. On any modern question connected (say) with foreign trade or the taking of interest, we should consult, certainly not Aristotle,¹ but Ricardo or McCulloch. Of such writers as Aristotle we inquire, not so much what truth is, as by what steps truth has been attained; and, in order to examine any one step properly, we want to see both the step above and the step below. In other words, we desire to learn how much is the man's own, and how much is the age's. There is, for example, in all the voluminous writings of Cicero nothing probably more touching, or more suggestive as to the state of opinion then prevalent, than the one little fact that he seems to have been half ashamed of his sorrow at the death of a favourite slave. And, if we would obtain this setting of the opinions of antiquity, without which the opinions themselves are of little worth, we must seek to discover among whom each great writer was thrown and by whom educated, how far any exaggeration in his views may have been due to irritation at real or supposed injustice, and how far any eccentricities in his views may have had their counterpart in personal eccentricities. All this is what we want to know, and what there is no one like the writer himself to tell us. Indeed, when great writers—especially those who lived before the invention of printing, or even as late as the time of Shakespeare—have failed to furnish us with these particulars, what means have we now of supplying the deficiency?

We have thus far endeavoured to indicate in what respects the excuse for literary egotism is merely the excuse for social egotism "writ large;" and hence we have been led to defer the mention of one very obvious and important point of contrast between the two species of egotism, because it is a point of contrast, and not one of comparison. The point of contrast is this, that in conversation we are, to a great extent, at the egotist's mercy; whereas, when we read, the remedy is in our own hands. We do not snub an egotistical book, and run the risk of being snubbed back again; we merely lay

(1) We make mention of Aristotle, as he was so strongly opposed to the taking of interest, on the ground, to our age almost inconceivable, that the Greek word for "interest" is connected in derivation with "begetting" and, "bringing forth," but that coins can neither beget nor bring forth.

down. It is true that this may be said of letters, and that, nevertheless, in all letters, except very familiar ones, egotism is as little creable as in conversation. But the fact is, that a letter comes so near us that we can never quite sever it from its writer, or forget that as failing may fly from his pen to his tongue, and trouble us when there is no escape. Besides, one hesitates to leave a letter unread, both from politeness, and from a fear lest when one begins to skip, one may skip too much. This latter difficulty extends to the case of some books and published letters. Madame de Sévigné, in part of her correspondence, evinces a respectable and even admirable egotism. Not only does she tell her daughter many of her own domestic arrangements, but she expatiates on her grief at the loss of certain relatives, and overflows in reiterated assurances of her affection, both to her mother and as grandmother. All this is good and praiseworthy in every way; but still it is not exactly what we now care to learn. And the worst of it is that, in these letters, the tares and the wheat grow so close together that, if we yield to impatience, we shall probably lose both. Still, in this case, as in others where the egotism is less excusable, there is a remedy, though it rests, not with the author, but with the editor, or rather, with the buyer as controlling the editor. We might suggest that the least interesting portions of books, when capable of being detached from the rest, should, in order to catch the reader's eye, be printed in a smaller type. But there is a simpler method. It has not always hitherto been on the least amusing parts of books that expurgators have laid a heavy hand. But the duties of these literary censors might easily be enlarged. A precedent has lately been set in the case of one of Richardson's novels, which, as it is said, has been most skilfully manipulated and disburdened of its reariest episodes. And, if the constant multiplication of books is a reason for shortening those of them that can be shortened, we should surely bear in mind so judicious an example. Dryden, with characteristic urbanity, observed to a fellow-poet—

“A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason, and for writing dull.”

And, in like manner, we should advise the modern inquisitors to show extreme severity towards some twice-offending books and passages, which are egotistical without being diverting.

Akin to the last-named particular, in which the literary egotist has so great an advantage over his fellow-egotists, is the following: we nearly always have him at a respectful distance. The mass of egotistical literature, as of all literature, must belong to past time; and the dead cannot jostle against us, or, as the phrase is, tread on our corns. “Does he think,” said Brutus of Cicero, “that his consulship deserves more applause than my putting Cæsar to death, because I am not perpetually talking of the Ides of March as he is of

the Nones of December?" A great modern writer, commenting on these words, has remarked that, however Cicero's talking of self may have seemed to his contemporaries, he himself is never so much pleased with him as when he is doing so. The fact obviously is that the modern writer fails to be irritated or annoyed by Cicero's egotism, for he is in nowise jealous of the reputation of one so far removed from him,—any more than the Napoleons grudge praise to the Cæsars.

Before quitting this part of our subject, we will notice briefly a further point of contrast between the two species of egotism. Men are less disposed to be egotistical in writing, as they are not then under the excitement of conversation, an excitement which would prompt them to give expression to what is uppermost in their thoughts; nor have they a neighbour on whose countenance to catch the effects, real or feigned, of their self-commendation. Hence writing about oneself is much less pleasant than talking about oneself, and is carried to a far less extravagant excess. It should be added that, whereas the courtesy of society tends to stimulate egotism, the bluntness of critics checks it in all save very exceptional cases. The result is that, while in conversation the habit of dwelling on oneself is soon formed, and is liable to become inveterate, such a habit is rarely contracted by writers, except by the few who have a natural aptitude for it; the rest are unceremoniously hooted down. Thus, by a sort of critical selection, the cultivated class improves the breed of literary egotists; it suppresses all but the best specimens.

III.

Hitherto we have discussed literary egotism, not indeed without giving illustrations, but still mainly in the abstract. But, as the rules of syntax are said to be best seen in the examples, so we may now act prudently by, so to say, personifying our remarks, and passing from egotism to egotists. In order, however, to set bounds to so wide a field of inquiry, and at the same time to survey only what is near, and ought to be familiar, we will limit ourselves to times comparatively modern, and to the chief literary egotists—that is, to those who have been either the most extreme egotists, or the most popular, or both at once. In making a choice, we must needs be arbitrary; but we shall at least be impartial, if we divide the equivocal pre-eminence equally between our countrymen and our neighbours across the Channel. Acting on this principle, we will select as our arch-egotists four distinguished writers—Montaigne, Pepys, Rousseau, and Byron. And, from among these, it will be convenient, in spite of chronology, to begin with the one with whose writings Englishmen are best acquainted, and to whom, we may add, Macaulay's words, quoted at the outset of this article, have special reference.

Byron's egotism has passed into a proverb. It is well known that

always wrote best when describing what he had either seen suffered, and that even his tragedies are valuable chiefly by reason the lyrical passages which stand out here and there, like a few utiful figures with a rough dramatic cloak thrown loosely over m. So, again, one of his poems is addressed to his "son;" and, pecting this poem, his friends and commentators have been racteristically puzzled; for so habitually were his allusions ected towards himself, that his friends have found it alike hard imagine either that his poetical son should have been other than real son, or that he could, under any circumstances, have had a l son without telling many persons all about him. Instead, how- r, of multiplying proofs of Byron's egotism, it may not be un- sonable to point out some of the many lessons which his peculiar e of egotism should suggest. We will confine ourselves to two of e lessons. The first of them is to be drawn from reflecting with at reckless inconsiderateness he divulged his neighbour's secrets well as his own. By a not uncommon inversion of the golden e, he seemed to think himself entitled to do unto others whatever did not mind doing to himself. We may see this even in the e of his perfectly innocent early attachment, to which he was tinually referring. It may perhaps be doubted whether Miss aworth, after she had become, or resolved to become, Mrs. Musters, a have relished such a public indication of the poet's good-will as, instance, the poem beginning, "When we two parted;" and it is t more doubtful whether she would have confessed that she ished it, or whether the reminiscence can have been altogether latable to Mr. Musters. And, as mysteries of this sort are pretty re to ooze out, it is but a poor excuse for the poet to say that his ends' names have been spared. Indeed, in this instance, the ristian name was not spared.¹ It might have been superfluous to ell so long on this feature of our poet's egotism, had it been culiar to him. But it is common to many other poets, both dern and ancient. Præd, and others yet more recently, have ned in a similar manner; while the extravagance of even the angest of Byron's poems written to or about his wife may be doned, when compared with the insolence with which Horace, ally so good-natured, exults over the advancing years of the tuous Lyce. It should be further remarked that, as a rule, talkers far less encouraged to make—in public, at any rate—these nestic revelations than writers; and thus literary egotists will n, with a certain class of persons, be more popular than other tists, in so far as they may be able to furnish a questionable usement, which other egotists are not allowed to furnish.

The other point about Byron is this, that he took a peculiar

(1) "I have a passion for the name of 'Mary.'"

pleasure in damaging his own popularity by the constant reproduction of characters which were likenesses of himself, but unfavourable likenesses. Of this propensity—a propensity which not a few people exhibit in conversation—the common explanation is, that such persons prefer letting themselves be abused to being unnoticed. Such a solution, however, meets only half of the difficulty. If the peacock of the fable had had his own feathers forcibly plucked out, and those of the jackdaw substituted in their places, we could fancy him consenting to be seen, disfigured as he was, rather than live a life of solitude; but we can hardly imagine that he would himself be the author of so unbecoming a transformation. And the remark may be extended from literal and physical blackening to moral. We can conceive a man being so foolish as to wish that a hideous caricature, whether drawn or written, of himself should be in everybody's hand, rather than that he should be preyed on by *livida oblivio*; but would it not be unaccountable for him to make choice of the caricature, when he had the option of circulating either an exact or a flattering portrait? Yet this is practically what Byron did. On the various passions and other motives which actuated conduct so suicidal to his reputation we have not now space to enter. We may, however, observe that, being maddened by his countrymen's injustice to him, he, unhappily for himself, took a pleasure in outraging their feelings of decorum. It was, in fact, his way of saying to them, as Coriolanus said to the Romans, "I banish you."

Rousseau, like Byron, was an outcast from his country, and, in a great measure, from society; and, like Byron, and even more than Byron, he acquired, in what was practically his exile, that peculiar earnestness and intensity which tinges all his writings, and makes itself felt, even when his style is picturesque and playful. It is visible in every page of his "Confessions," and has contributed not a little to their popularity. Other causes have no doubt helped. The favour with which that celebrated work has been received, is due partly to the charm of its style; partly to the romantic and ever-changing incidents that are related in it; partly to the glimpse it affords of such men as D'Alembert, Condillac, and Diderot, and of the great France of the last century; and, with some readers, there may probably be another cause, which it is needless to specify. But the intensity of feeling must count for something. It would even seem as if Rousseau thought that he had a call and mission to describe himself, and preach about himself; yea, woe is unto me, he seems to say, if I preach not myself. In one place he literally avows that he is far more afraid of omitting some details than of painting himself too minutely. His scrupulous precision extends even to physical peculiarities, which have no very obvious bearing on his character or conduct. For, though his more enthusiastic admirers

may read with interest and satisfaction that, however ill he was, he always had a good appetite, one hardly sees why the general reader should be, not merely informed of the circumstance, but told to bear it in mind.¹ From this double eccentricity (including, that is, both what he mentions and his mention of it), and from a few other matters of a like sort, we turn with pleasure to some of the striking, though singular, rules which he observed. Such a rule was that of never profiting by the death of anybody, not even through a bequest; so that, when Lord Keith proposed to name him in his will, Rousseau declined the offer, but accepted a pension in its place. But, as we must make a selection, we will choose what seems the most instructive topic in the autobiography, and notice a very few particulars in relation to the spiritual phases through which he passed. His oscillations, indeed, between Protestantism and Catholicism were too much the result either of conformity, or of a sort of patriotic *esprit de corps*, to suggest much that is profitable; and, respecting his great change, his change from belief to disbelief, he tells us far too little; but, in what he does tell us about his religious condition and practices, the earnestness of which we have spoken, and also the original turn which he gives to everything, will leave on most minds a very lasting impression. He generally, as we are pleased and perhaps surprised to learn, read the Bible at night; and in this way he read it five or six times all through. He loved to pray in the open air. But his form of prayer was not long. He mentions an old woman who told her bishop that her prayer consisted of the single letter "O," and the bishop strongly advised her to continue that prayer; "*cette meilleure prière est aussi la mienne.*"² At one time he fell under the influence of the Jansenists; and it is curious to observe how much they had in common with our Puritans and Methodists. Under such guidance, he, like Bunyan, endured great suffering at the prospect of his spiritual future; and, like Bunyan, he at length obtained what Bunyan would have called assurance. But he obtained it in an unusual manner. Being in great depression, he resolved to ask for a sign from heaven; and, with this object, he threw a stone at a tree. Hitting was to be an omen of happiness; missing, of perdition. He threw the stone with great trepidation, and he hit. This was not difficult, as he took the precaution of choosing a tree both near and large. He was, however, satisfied; "*depuis lors je n'ai plus douté de mon salut.*"³

(1) "C'est encore une chose à noter que, quelque malade que je puisse être, l'appétit ne me manque jamais."

(2) This even surpasses the case which we have heard of, on good authority, of an old woman who refuses to make any other supplication than the comprehensive one, "Lord, bless us all!" "It is not lawful," says Herodotus, "for a Persian to ask for any blessing for himself individually. He merely prays for the prosperity of the king and of all the Persians; for among *all* the Persians he himself is included."

(3) This extraordinary incident has been compared by Mr. Lewes to Goethe's some-

Between Rousseau and Montaigne there are many points of contrast. One of the most obvious of these points subsists also between our other two arch-egotists, and is indeed the chief motive of our unchronological arrangement of the four. The intensity of character that we have noticed hitherto disappears in Montaigne and Pepys; they were easy-going, and probably happy, men of the world. If we accept Horace Walpole's distinction, about life being a tragedy to men who feel, but only a comedy to men who think, we may suppose that to those whom we have now to consider life must have been at least half a comedy, while to Rousseau and Byron it was a tremendous tragedy.

It may be instructive to point out another contrast, which, however, applies to Rousseau and Montaigne only. Rousseau laughs at Montaigne for admitting, indeed, in general terms that his character was defective, but for pleading guilty, when he came to the point, to none but the most venial faults. It is true that Rousseau himself pleaded guilty to faults that were by no means venial. But, on the other hand, he has always represented himself as a paragon of virtue. We have seen that his usual form of prayer was not too long, like that of the Pharisees. But there is, in the beginning of the book, a well-known passage in which he seems to emulate the prayer of a certain Pharisee, and even, if we may use a colloquial phrase, to pray like a Pharisee and a half. Addressing the Deity, he says, "*Que chacun de mes semblables découvre à son tour son cœur au pied de ton trône avec la même sincérité, et puis qu'un seul te dise: Je fus meilleur que cet homme-là.*"¹ It appears, then, that between Rousseau and Montaigne there was a difference, which may be illustrated thus: the one extolled the tree, but showed average specimens of the fruit; the other spoke only modestly of the tree, but, in exhibiting the fruit, he made a selection. It is remarked that Homer, while celebrating the valour of the Trojans, and while representing Achilles as shuddering at the sight of Hector, nevertheless makes Hector get the worst of nearly every encounter with any of the leading Greeks. What Homer has done for the Trojans is not unlike what Rousseau has done for himself. He has made, in his own favour, a general assertion, with which his facts scarcely coincide. Assuming that he has set his valuation too high, he has at least supplied the data by which his estimate may be corrected. And, accordingly, the egotism of those who, like him, overpraise the *ensemble* of their character is

what more costly test, as to whether he should turn painter. "The river glided beneath, now flashing in the sunlight, now partially concealed by willows. Taking his knife from his pocket, he flung it with his left hand, having previously resolved that if he saw it fall, he was to become an artist; but if the sinking knife were concealed by the willows, he was to abandon the idea."

(1) Elsewhere he says that his friend, Altuna, was, *besides himself*, the only tolerant man he ever knew. Yet his own toleration must have been limited, if, as is said, he, himself a deist, was in favour of the juridical extermination of all atheists. How can he have got on during his intimacy with Diderot and D'Holbach?

re pardonable than that of those who overpraise their particular virtues and actions; for to friends and biographers it is less misleading.

In Montaigne's egotism the strangest feature is that it is so utterly necessary, and, but for our previous knowledge of him, so unexpected. He is, as it were, an egotist in disguise. When a man is, e.g. Rousseau, professedly writing an autobiography, we are as prepared to hear a number of personal details as a doctor is to hear the symptoms of his patient. But Montaigne is not by the way of writing an autobiography. He affects to be writing on general subjects, and even to be describing the heroes and philosophers of former times. Yet, whether he be dealing with Julius Cæsar, or Seneca, or the Black Prince, or any other great men, Montaigne's own self is nearly sure to appear uncalled for in their place, and, like Banquo's ghost, to push them from their stools. In one of his least amusing essays he gives a sketch of ground-plan of his house; and, throughout, with subjects the most alien his own history is so interwoven,

"ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita senis."

We may, without impropriety, apply to him the word "senis;" for though never an old man, he described himself as one, and gave himself the airs of one. When little above fifty, he minutely detailed his diet and regimen with the *experto crede* of a man of ninety. Nor has he been less communicative on other matters. He informs us that he ate so greedily (*goulument*) that he often bit his tongue, and sometimes his fingers. His preference was for meat both underdone and high. He took particular delight in scratching his ears, and spoke of *la graterie* as "*des gratifications de nature les plus douces.*" He originally liked white wine best, then changed, but at last resumed his former taste. It is apparently on the passage describing this last peculiarity that Scaliger has made the caustic comment: "*La grande fadaise de Montaigne, qui a escrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc—que diable a-t-on à faire de sçavoir ce qu'il aime?*"

Before we part company with Montaigne, we may take the opportunity of making a serious reflection, which his egotism would seem to suggest. De Tocqueville has somewhere distinguished egotism from egoism; that is, we presume, from selfishness. There is doubtless a wide difference between thinking chiefly about oneself and acting most solely for one's own interest. But there is always a fear that the former propensity may degenerate into the latter. Even the highest form of egotism, even that philosophical self-contemplation which, according to the Greek sage, the Deity is employed always, still, at least, when put in practice by mortals, often begets a disregard for the claims of their fellows. And thus, after Montaigne has told us that, for some time past, his meditations have centred upon him-

self, and upon himself only, we are the less startled by an assertion like the following: "He who abandons his own healthful and pleasant life to serve others, takes, in my opinion, a course that is wrong and unnatural."

We will hurry on to Pepys, and conclude. He and Montaigne had many points of resemblance, both in important matters and in singular accidents. They were alike in that they had a happy faculty in their compositions of turning suddenly from grave to gay; and they were also alike in that they both suffered, or had suffered, from the stone, and were very fond of writing about it.¹ In the frequent allusions to this last circumstance we have a fair sample of much that Pepys writes. Thus, on one occasion, after eating a great quantity of walnuts, he thought it worth his while to commit to his note-book the minutest particulars of his indisposition next day. So familiar is his Diary to most readers, that to make many quotations from it would be superfluous. But, as we have undertaken to write about him, we feel bound to give a few specimens. "There was," he writes, "one (a letter) for me from Mr. Blackburn, who with his own hand superscribes it S. P., Esq., of which God knows I was not a little proud At dinner I took place of all but the Captain." Another dinner he describes as "very good; only the venison pasty was palpable mutton,—which was not handsome." "Strange how these people do now promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine or a gun, and one offered me a silver hatband to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby." Observe that it was against vanity that he prayed, not against taking bribes. Anyhow, the hatband was probably being worn when he "found the King in the park. There walked. Gallantly great." "I was much contented to ride in such state into the Towre and be received among such high company, while Mr. Mount, my Lady Duchess's gentleman-usher, waited, whom I ever thought a man so much above me in all respects." "Up betimes and shaved myself after a week's growth. But, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday, and how fine to-day!" We must, of course, pay no regard to the occasional eccentricities of his spelling, seeing that spelling was then in many cases different from what it now is, that it was less uniform, and that correctness in it was less imperative. But also the construction of his sentences was sometimes anomalous; as when he spoke of "Madam Norbery, whom and her fair daughter and sister, I was ashamed to kiss, but did—my lip being sore with

(1) They were not singular in loving to dwell on their ailments. A gentleman now living, who has seen the world as few men have seen it, once told us that he (or a friend of his) made it a point, when accosted by an acquaintance at all advanced in years, whose name he had forgotten, of asking the question, "How is the old complaint?" He said that the experiment always succeeded. There was certain to be an old complaint; and the forgotten acquaintance was as certain to be flattered by the precision of his friend's memory.

riding in the winde, and bit with the gnats." Perhaps what chiefly prevents one being repelled and disgusted by all Pepys's vanity and coxcombry is his kindliness of heart, especially towards his wife. Yet even to her he was a little patronising; as when he wrote, "At last, she begun, poor wretch, to be tired, and I to be angry with her; but I was to blame, for she is a very good companion as long as she is well."

There is nothing that strikes us so forcibly in reading Pepys's Diary as that it is passages like these which give to it its peculiar relish. His vanity always attracts us. This cannot be said of Montaigne. The latter's egotism often amuses; but often, also, it bores; and it is probable that the great charm of his essays is due, not so much to what may be termed their centripetal motion, as to the graceful ease with which he has strung together so many anecdotes and quotations, and has picked, as it were, the plums out of ancient literature. But Pepys is valued, not in spite, or independently, of his egotism, but because of it. No doubt, the serious portions of his diary have great interest for historians. But we question whether even the best of these portions, even the account of the Restoration, and that of the Fire of London, would of themselves allure the casual reader. And, to recur to the literary expurgators of whom we have spoken, we would venture to advise them, in this case, to bring out at least one edition of the work, in which they should omit (besides of course what is already omitted) the greater part of what is now so tedious, and in which they should leave only the traits of character, and just so much of the other matter as would suffice, with the aid of notes, to render the allusions intelligible.¹

There is yet another particular in which Pepys's egotism was different, or differently exhibited, not only from Montaigne's, but also from Rousseau's and Byron's. What Pepys wrote was in his diary, which, in spite of what is sometimes suggested to the contrary, he certainly never intended to see the light. This circumstance has a twofold aspect. Up to a certain point it tells against him. If, like Junius, he was the sole depositary of his own secret, and meant it to perish with him, his vanity must indeed have been of a singular kind to derive gratification from so very small a circle. One is tempted to think that there must have been at least one screw somewhere loose in a man who took such pains as he took, and wrote such

(1) What is here said of Montaigne and Pepys may suggest a remark concerning a far greater man than either. Throughout Herodotus the vein of egotism is very apparent. Take as one instance among many his assertion that all the Persian proper names end in the Greek Σ ; "a circumstance," he adds, "which escaped the notice of the Persians themselves, but did not escape ours." The vanity of this statement is all the more conspicuous, as the statement itself is said to be utterly wrong. And the passage, modern as it is in every way, modern even in the use of the royal and editorial, or (as it should be called) contributory, "we," has something in it which reminds one of Pepys. But between Herodotus and Pepys there is this difference: in the case of the former, the great interest of the rest of the work takes our attention off the egotism; while, with the latter, it is only the egotism that keeps the rest of the work alive.

trash as he wrote, merely for the pleasure of writing. But there is another side to the picture. Like Lady Macbeth's gentlewoman, we have "known what we should not;" and we assuredly owe to Pepys some amends, or at least indulgence, after so unceremoniously obtruding ourselves on his privacy. We are all so accustomed never to see each other but with a conventional, or, some might say, a hypocritical, covering, that, in its absence, our mortal eyes are as frail to judge of moral worth and its opposite as Paris's in *Ænone* are of "divinity disrobed." There have been at different times many eminent men whose private correspondence has been published; and of these, from Cicero to Chesterfield, and, we may add, to the first Napoleon, very few have been gainers by the disclosure. But Pepys's case is yet harder. A letter is meant for at least one eye besides the writer's; while we may be sure that much of what Pepys wrote would never have been shown even to his nearest relations—not to his sister Paulina, whose "badness" was such that he received her "not as a sister, but as a servant;" nor to his poor father, to whom, not without compunction, he made over his old worn-out shoes; nor to his "dear wife," who, in one of her fits of not unfounded jealousy, seemed to meditate taking vengeance on him with the fire-irons.¹

And here we may point out a last distinction between literary egotists and their egotistical brethren. From the former we can sometimes get at secrets, which we cannot obtain from the latter. No doubt the private thoughts and weaknesses of a living man may become known through an overheard soliloquy, through the wanderings of delirium, or oftener through treacherous friends. But we should hardly, in any case, regard a man thus betrayed as an egotist. Our resentment and contempt would rest, not with him, but with the tale-bearers. Also, we should shrink from circulating what we heard in so irregular a manner, as from trafficking in stolen goods. But towards those who have passed away, and whose friends and contemporaries have passed away, we observe no such delicacy. Private letters, hitherto withheld, are produced unreservedly; and, above all, in the instance before us, it is by breaking confidence with the dead, and by deciphering and publishing what was never meant to be deciphered or published, that we have brought to light one of the most amusing books in our language; nay, one of the very few books in our language which can with confidence be pronounced to be immortal.

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

(1) "At last, about one o'clock, she come (*sic*) to my side of the bed, and drew my curtaine open, and, with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as though she did design to pinch me with them." But in an hour or two they were "talking together with much pleasure." As to the grounds of her jealousy, we may mention a passage which we have heard quoted, though we doubt whether it occurs in the published editions of the Diary,—at least, in the one that we read. There was a certain Mrs. Knipp, whom Mrs. Pepys did not much fancy, but concerning whom her husband assured her that there was no just cause for alarm. "Yea, and I would have sworn it to her, and at last she did believe me. Poor wretch!"

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF POSITIVISM.

It is now some sixteen or seventeen years since I became acquainted with the "Philosophie Positive," the "Discours sur l'Ensemble du Positivisme," and the "Politique Positive" of Auguste Comte. I was led to study these works partly by the allusions to them in Mr. Mill's "Logic," partly by the recommendation of a distinguished theologian, and partly by the urgency of a valued friend, the late Professor Henfrey, who looked upon M. Comte's bulky volumes as a mine of wisdom, and lent them to me that I might dig and be rich. After due perusal I found myself in a position to echo my friend's words, though I may have laid more stress on the "mine" than on the "wisdom." For I found the veins of ore few and far between, and the rock so apt to run to mud, that one incurred the risk of being intellectually smothered in the working. Still, as I was glad to acknowledge, I did come to a nugget here and there; though not, so far as my experience went, in the discussions on the philosophy of the physical sciences, but in the chapters on speculative and practical sociology. In these there was indeed much to arouse the liveliest interest in one whose boat had broken away from the old moorings, and who had been content "to lay out an anchor by the stern" until daylight should break and the fog clear. Nothing could be more interesting to a student of biology than to see the study of the biological sciences laid down as an essential part of the prolegomena of a new view of social phenomena. Nothing could be more satisfactory to a worshipper of the severe truthfulness of science than the attempt to dispense with all beliefs save such as could brave the light, and seek, rather than fear, criticism; while, to a lover of courage and outspokenness, nothing could be more touching than the placid announcement on the title-page of the "Discours sur l'Ensemble du Positivisme," that its author proposed

"Réorganiser, sans Dieu ni roi,
Par le culte systématique de l'Humanité,"

the shattered frame of modern society.

In those days I knew my "Faust" pretty well, and, after reading this word of might, I was minded to chant the well-known stanzas of the "Geisterchor"—

"Weh! Weh!
Die schöne welt.
Sie stürzt, sie zerfällt
Wir tragen
Die Trümmern ins Nichts hinüber.

Mächtiger
 Der Erdensöhne,
 Prächtiger,
 Baue sie wieder
 In deinem Busen baue sie auf."

Great, however, was my perplexity, not to say disappointment, as I followed the progress of this "mighty son of earth" in his work of reconstruction. Undoubtedly "Dieu" disappeared, but the "Nouveau Grand-Être Suprême," a gigantic fetich turned out bran-new by M. Comte's own hands, reigned in his stead. "Roi" also was not heard of, but in his place I found a minutely-defined social organisation, which, if it ever came into practice, would exert a despotic authority such as no sultan has rivalled, and no puritan presbytery in its palmiest days could hope to excel. While as for the "culte systématique de l'humanité," I, in my blindness, could not distinguish it from sheer Popery, with M. Comte in the chair of St. Peter, and the names of most of the saints changed. To quote "Faust" again, I found myself saying with Gretchen,—

"Ungerähr sagt das der Pfarrer auch
 Nur mit ein bischen andern Worten."

Rightly or wrongly, this was the impression which, all those years ago, the study of M. Comte's works left on my mind, combined with the conviction, which I shall always be thankful to him for awakening in me, that the organisation of society upon a new and purely scientific basis is not only practicable, but is the only political object much worth fighting for.

As I have said, that part of M. Comte's writings which deals with the philosophy of physical science appeared to me to possess singularly little value, and to show that he had but the most superficial and merely second-hand knowledge of most branches of what is usually understood by science. I do not mean by this merely to say that Comte was behind our present knowledge, or that he was unacquainted with the details of the science of his own day. No one could justly make such defects cause of complaint in a philosophical writer of the past generation. What struck me was his want of apprehension of the great features of science; his strange mistakes as to the merits of his scientific contemporaries; and his ludicrously erroneous notions about the part which some of the scientific doctrines current in his time were destined to play in the future. With these impressions in my mind, no one will be surprised if I acknowledge that, for these sixteen years, it has been a periodical source of irritation to me to find M. Comte put forward as a representative of scientific thought; and to observe that writers whose philosophy had its legitimate parent in Hume, or in themselves, were labelled "Comtists" or "Positivists" by public writers, even in spite of

vehement protests to the contrary. It has cost Mr. Mill hard rubbings to get that label off; and I watch Mr. Spencer, as one regards a good man struggling with adversity, still engaged in eluding its adhesiveness, and ready to tear away skin and all rather than let it stick. My own turn might come next; and, therefore, when an eminent prelate the other day gave currency and authority to the popular confusion, I took an opportunity of incidentally revindicating Hume's property in the so-called "New Philosophy," and, at the same time, of repudiating Comtism on my own behalf.¹

The few lines devoted to Comtism in my paper on the "Physical Basis of Life" were, in intention, strictly limited to these two purposes; but they seem to have given more umbrage than I intended they should to the followers of M. Comte in this country, for some of whom, let me observe in passing, I entertained a most unfeigned respect. Mr. Congreve's article in the April number of this Review gives expression to the displeasure which I have excited among the members of the Comtian body. And I congratulate myself upon having fallen into Mr. Congreve's hands, rather than into those of some of his colleagues, whose abilities and vigour are so well known to me, that I am quite sure they would have chosen some other and less easily repelled method of attack.

Mr. Congreve, in a peroration which seems especially intended to catch the attention of his readers, indignantly challenges me to admire M. Comte's life, "to deny that it has a marked character of grandeur about it;" and he uses some very strong language because I show no sign of veneration for his idol. I confess I do not care to occupy myself with the denigration of a man who, on the

(1) I am glad to observe that Mr. Congreve, in the criticism with which he has favoured me in the April number of this Review, does not venture to challenge the justice of the claim I make for Hume. He merely suggests that I have been wanting in candour in not mentioning Comte's high opinion of Hume. After mature reflection I am unable to discern my fault. If I had suggested that Comte had borrowed from Hume without acknowledgment; or if, instead of trying to express my own sense of Hume's merits with the modesty which becomes a writer who has no authority in matters of philosophy, I had affirmed that no one had properly appreciated him, Mr. Congreve's remarks would apply; but as I did neither of these things, they appear to me to be irrelevant, if not unjustifiable. And even had it occurred to me to quote M. Comte's expressions about Hume, I do not know that I should have cited them, inasmuch as, on his own showing, M. Comte occasionally speaks very decidedly touching writers of whose works he has not read a line. Thus, in Tome VI. of the "*Philosophie Positive*," p. 619, M. Comte writes: "Le plus grand des métaphysiciens modernes, l'illustre Kant, a noblement mérité une éternelle admiration en tentant, le premier, d'échapper directement à l'absolu philosophique par sa célèbre conception de la double réalité, à la fois objective et subjective, qui indique un si juste sentiment de la saine philosophie."

But in the "Préface Personnelle" in the same volume, p. 35, M. Comte tells us:—"Je n'ai jamais lu, en aucune langue, ni Vico, ni Kant, ni Herder, ni Hegel, &c.; je ne connais leurs divers ouvrages que d'après quelques relations indirectes et certains extraits fort insuffisants."

Who knows but that the " &c." may include Hume? And in that case what is the value of M. Comte's praise of him?

whole, deserves to be spoken of with respect. Therefore, I shall enter into no statement of the reasons which lead me unhesitatingly to accept Mr. Congreve's challenge, and to refuse to recognise anything which deserves the name of grandeur of character in M. Comte, unless it be his arrogance, which is undoubtedly sublime. All I have to observe is, that if Mr. Congreve is justified in saying that I speak with a tinge of contempt for his spiritual father, the reason for such colouring of my language is to be found in the fact, that when I wrote I had but just arisen from the perusal of a work with which he is doubtless well acquainted, M. Littré's "*Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive*."

Though there are tolerably fixed standards of right and wrong, and even of generosity and meanness, it may be said that the beauty, or grandeur, of a life is more or less a matter of taste; and Mr. Congreve's notions of literary excellence are so different from mine that, it may be, we should diverge as widely in our judgment of moral beauty or ugliness. Therefore, while retaining my own notions, I do not presume to quarrel with his. But when Mr. Congreve devotes a great deal of laboriously guarded insinuation to the endeavour to lead the public to believe that I have been guilty of the dishonesty of having criticised Comte without having read him, I must be permitted to remind him that he has neglected the well-known maxim of a diplomatic sage, "If you want to damage a man you should say what is probable as well as what is true."

And when Mr. Congreve speaks of my having an advantage over him in my introduction of "Christianity" into the phrase that "M. Comte's philosophy, in practice, might be described as Catholicism *minus* Christianity;" intending thereby to suggest that I have, by so doing, desired to profit by an appeal to the *odium theologicum*, he is not only as offensive as he intends to be, but as unwise as I could wish him to be, inasmuch as he lays himself open to a very unpleasant retort.

What if I were to suggest that Mr. Congreve had not read Comte's works—and that the phrase "the context shows that the view of the writer ranges—however superficially—over the whole works. This is obvious from the mention of the Catholicism," demonstrates that Mr. Congreve has no acquaintance with the "*Philosophie Positive*"? I think the suggestion would be very unjust and unmannerly, and I shall not make it. But the fact remains that this little epigram of mine, which has so greatly provoked Mr. Congreve, is neither more nor less than a condensed paraphrase of the following passage, which is to be found at page 344 of the fifth volume of the "*Philosophie Positive*:"¹—

"La seule solution possible de ce grand problème historique, qui n'a jamais

(1) Now and always I quote the second edition, by Littré.

pu être philosophiquement posé jusqu'ici, consiste à concevoir, en sens radicalement inverse des notions habituelles, *que ce qui devait nécessairement périr ainsi, dans le catholicisme, c'était la doctrine, et non l'organisation*, qui n'a été passagèrement ruinée que par suite de son inévitable adhérence élémentaire à la philosophie théologique, destinée à succomber graduellement sous l'irrésistible émancipation de la raison humaine ; *tandis qu'une telle constitution, convenablement reconstruite sur des bases intellectuelles à la fois plus étendues et plus stables, devra finalement présider à l'indispensable réorganisation spirituelle des sociétés modernes, sauf les différences essentielles spontanément correspondantes à l'extrême diversité des doctrines fondamentales* ; à moins de supposer, ce qui serait certainement contradictoire à l'ensemble des lois de notre nature, que les immenses efforts de tant de grands hommes, secondés par la persévérante sollicitude des nations civilisées, dans la fondation séculaire de ce chef-d'œuvre politique de la sagesse humaine, doivent être enfin irrévocablement perdus pour l'élite de l'humanité sauf les résultats, capitaux mais provisoires, qui s'y rapportaient immédiatement. Cette explication générale, déjà évidemment motivée par la suite des considérations propres à ce chapitre, sera de plus en plus confirmée par tout le reste de notre opération historique, *dont elle constituera spontanément la principale conclusion politique.*"

Nothing can be clearer. Comte's ideal, as stated by himself, is Catholic organisation without Catholic doctrine, or, in other words, Catholicism *minus* Christianity. Surely it is little better than an impertinence to ascribe to me base motives for stating a man's own doctrines as nearly as may be in his own words !

My readers would hardly be interested were I to follow Mr. Congreve any further, or I might point out that the fact of his not having heard me lecture is hardly a safe ground for his speculations as to what I do not teach. Nor do I feel called upon to give any opinion as to M. Comte's merits or demerits as regards sociology. Mr. Mill (whose competence to speak on these matters I suppose will not be questioned, even by Mr. Congreve) has dealt with M. Comte's philosophy from this point of view, with a vigour and authority to which I cannot for a moment aspire, and with a severity, not unfrequently amounting to contempt, which I have not the wish, if I had the power, to surpass. I, as a mere student in these questions, am content to abide by Mr. Mill's judgment until some one shows cause for its reversal, and I decline to enter into a discussion which I have not provoked.

The sole obligation which lies upon me is to justify so much as still remains without justification of what I have written respecting Positivism—namely, the opinion expressed in the following paragraph :—

"In so far as my study of what specially characterises the Positive Philosophy has led me, I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as anything in ultramontane Catholicism."

Here are two propositions : the first, that the "Philosophie Positive" contains little or nothing of any scientific value ; the second, that

Comtism is, in spirit, anti-scientific. I shall endeavour to bring forward ample evidence in support of both.

I. No one who possesses even a superficial acquaintance with physical science can read Comte's "Leçons" without becoming aware that he was at once singularly devoid of real knowledge on these subjects, and singularly unlucky. What is to be thought of the contemporary of Young and of Fresnel, who never misses an opportunity of casting contempt upon the hypothesis of an ether—the fundamental basis not only of the undulatory theory of light, but of so much else in modern physics—and whose contempt for the intellects of some of the strongest men of his generation was such that he puts forward the mere existence of night as a refutation of the undulatory theory?¹ What a wonderful gauge of his own value as a scientific critic does he afford, by whom we are informed that phrenology is a great science, and psychology a chimæra; that Gall was one of the great men of his age, and that Cuvier was "brilliant but superficial!"² How unlucky must one consider the bold speculator who, just before the dawn of modern histology—which is simply the application of the microscope to anatomy—reproves what he calls "the abuse of microscopic investigations," and "the exaggerated credit" attached to them; who, when the morphological uniformity of the tissues of the great majority of plants and animals was on the eve of being demonstrated, treated with ridicule those who attempt to refer all tissues to a "tissue générateur," formed by "le chimérique et intelligible assemblage d'une sorte de monades organiques, qui seraient dès lors les vrais éléments primordiaux de tout corps vivant;"³ and who finally tells us that all the objections against a linear arrangement of the species of living beings are in their essence foolish, and that the order of the animal series is "necessarily linear,"⁴ when the exact contrary is one of the best-established and the most important truths of zoology. Appeal to mathematicians, astronomers, physicists,⁵ chemists, biologists, about the "Philosophie Positive," and they all, with one consent, begin to make protestation that, whatever M. Comte's other merits, he has shed no light upon the philosophy of their particular studies.

To be just, however, it must be admitted that even M. Comte's most ardent disciples are content to be judiciously silent about his knowledge or appreciation of the sciences themselves, and prefer to base their master's claims to scientific authority upon his "law of the

(1) "Philosophie Positive," ii. p. 440.

(2) "Le brillant mais superficiel Cuvier."—*Philosophie Positive*, vi. p. 333.

(3) "Philosophie Positive," iii. p. 369.

(4) *Ibid.* p. 387.

(5) Hear the late Dr. Whewell, who calls Comte "a shallow pretender," so far as all the modern sciences, except astronomy, are concerned; and tells us that "his pretensions to discoveries are, as Sir John Herschel has shown, absurdly fallacious."—"Comte and Positivism," *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1866.

three states," and his "classification of the sciences." But here, also, I must join issue with them as completely as others—notably Mr. Herbert Spencer—have done before me. A critical examination of what M. Comte has to say about the "law of the three states" brings out nothing but a series of more or less contradictory statements of an imperfectly apprehended truth; and his "classification of the sciences," whether regarded historically or logically, is, in my judgment, absolutely worthless.

Let us consider the "law of the three states" as it is put before us in the opening of the first *Leçon* of the "*Philosophie Positive*":—

"En étudiant ainsi le développement total de l'intelligence humaine dans ses diverses sphères d'activité, depuis son premier essor le plus simple jusqu'à nos jours, je crois avoir découvert une grande loi fondamentale, à laquelle il est assujéti par une nécessité invariable, et qui me semble pouvoir être solidement établie, soit sur les preuves rationnelles fournies par la connaissance de notre organisation, soit sur les vérifications historiques résultant d'un examen attentif du passé. Cette loi consiste en ce que chacune de nos conceptions principales, chaque branche de nos connaissances, passe successivement par trois états théoriques différents; l'état théologique, ou fictif; l'état métaphysique, ou abstrait; l'état scientifique, ou positif. En d'autres termes, l'esprit humain, par sa nature, emploie successivement dans chacune de ses recherches trois méthodes de philosopher, dont le caractère est essentiellement différent et même radicalement opposé; d'abord la méthode théologique, ensuite la méthode métaphysique, et enfin la méthode positive. De là, trois sortes de philosophie, ou de systèmes généraux de conceptions sur l'ensemble des phénomènes qui s'excluent mutuellement; la première est le point de départ nécessaire de l'intelligence humaine; la troisième, son état fixe et définitif; la seconde est uniquement destinée à servir de transition."¹

Nothing can be more precise than these statements, which may be put into the following propositions:—

(a) The human intellect is subjected to the law by an invariable necessity, which is demonstrable, *à priori*, from the nature and constitution of the intellect; while, as a matter of historical fact, the human intellect has been subjected to the law.

(b) Every branch of human knowledge passes through the three states, necessarily beginning with the first stage.

(c) The three states mutually exclude one another, being essentially different, and even radically opposed.

Two questions present themselves. Is M. Comte consistent with himself in making these assertions? And is he consistent with fact? [reply to both questions in the negative; and, as regards the first, I bring forward as my witness a remarkable passage which is to be found in the fourth volume of the "*Philosophie Positive*" (p. 491), when M. Comte had had time to think out, a little more fully, the notions crudely stated in the first volume:—

"A proprement parler, la philosophie théologique, même dans notre première enfance, individuelle ou sociale, n'a jamais pu être rigoureusement universelle,

(1) "*Philosophie Positive*," i. pp. 8, 9.

c'est-à-dire que, pour les ordres quelconques de phénomènes, *les faits les plus simples et les plus communes ont toujours été regardés comme essentiellement assujettis à des lois naturelles, au lieu d'être attribués à l'arbitraire volonté des agents surnaturels.* L'illustre Adam Smith a, par exemple, très-heureusement remarqué dans ses essais philosophiques, qu'on ne trouvait, en aucun temps ni en aucun pays, un dieu pour la pesanteur. *Il en est ainsi, en général, même à l'égard des sujets les plus compliqués, envers tous les phénomènes assez élémentaires et assez familiers pour que la parfaite invariabilité de leurs relations effectives ait toujours dû frapper spontanément l'observateur le moins préparé.* Dans l'ordre moral et social, qu'une vaine opposition voudrait aujourd'hui systématiquement interdire à la philosophie positive, il y a eu nécessairement, en tout temps, la pensée des lois naturelles, relativement aux plus simples phénomènes de la vie journalière, comme l'exige évidemment la conduite générale de notre existence réelle, individuelle ou sociale, qui n'aurait pu jamais comporter aucune prévoyance quelconque, si tous les phénomènes humains avaient été rigoureusement attribués à des agents surnaturels, puisque dès lors la prière aurait logiquement constitué la seule ressource imaginable pour influencer sur le cours habituel des actions humaines. *On doit même remarquer, à ce sujet, que c'est, au contraire, l'ébauche spontanée des premières lois naturelles propres aux actes individuels ou sociaux qui, fictivement transportée à tous les phénomènes du monde extérieur, a d'abord fourni, d'après nos explications précédentes, le vrai principe fondamental de la philosophie théologique. Ainsi, le germe élémentaire de la philosophie positive est certainement tout aussi primitif au fond que celui de la philosophie théologique elle-même, quoi qu'il n'ait pu se développer que beaucoup plus tard.* Une telle notion importe extrêmement à la parfaite rationalité de notre théorie sociologique, puisque la vie humaine ne pouvant jamais offrir aucune véritable création quelconque, mais toujours une simple évolution graduelle, l'essor final de l'esprit positif deviendrait scientifiquement incompréhensible, si, dès l'origine, on n'en concevait, à tous égards, les premiers rudiments nécessaires. Depuis cette situation primitive, à mesure que nos observations se sont spontanément étendues et généralisées, cet essor, d'abord à peine appréciable, a constamment suivi, sans cesser longtemps d'être subalterne, une progression très lente, mais continue, la philosophie théologique restant toujours réservée pour les phénomènes, de moins en moins nombreux, dont les lois naturelles ne pouvaient encore être aucunement connues."

Compare the propositions implicitly laid down here with those contained in the earlier volume. (a) As a matter of fact the human intellect has not been invariably subjected to the law of the three states, and therefore the necessity of the law cannot be demonstrable *a priori*. (b) Much of our knowledge of all kinds has *not* passed through the three states, and more particularly, as M. Comte is careful to point out, not through the first. (c) The positive state has more or less co-existed with the theological from the dawn of human intelligence. And, by way of completing the series of contradictions, the assertion that the three states are "essentially different and even radically opposed," is met a little lower on the same page by the declaration that "the metaphysical state is at bottom nothing but a simple general modification of the first;" while, in the fortieth Leçon, as also in the interesting early essay entitled, "Considérations philosophiques sur les sciences et les savants (1825)," the three states are practically reduced to two. "Le véritable esprit général de toute philosophie théologique ou métaphysique consiste à prendre pour principe, dans l'explication des phénomènes du monde extérieur,

tre sentiment immédiat des phénomènes humains; tandis que, au contraire, le philosophie positive est toujours caractérisée, non moins profondément, par la subordination nécessaire et rationnelle de la conception de l'homme à celle du monde."¹

I leave M. Comte's disciples to settle which of these contradictory statements expresses their master's real meaning. All I beg leave to remark is, that men of science are not in the habit of paying much attention to "laws" stated in this fashion.

The second statement is undoubtedly far more rational and consistent with fact than the first; but I cannot think it is a just adequate account of the growth of intelligence either in the individual man or in the human species. Any one who will carefully watch the development of the intellect of a child will perceive that from the first its mind is mirroring nature in two different ways. On the one hand, it is merely drinking in sensations and building up associations, while it forms conceptions of things and their relations which are more thoroughly "positive," or devoid of entanglement into hypotheses of any kind, than they will ever be after life. No child has recourse to imaginary personifications in order to account for the ordinary properties of objects which are not alive, or do not represent living things. It does not imagine that the taste of sugar is brought about by a god of sweetness, or that a spirit jumping causes a ball to bound. Such phenomena, which form the basis of a very large part of its ideas, are taken as matters of course—as ultimate facts which suggest no difficulty and need no explanation. So far as all these common, though important, phenomena are concerned, the child's mind is in what M. Comte would call the "positive" state.

But side by side with this mental condition there rises another. The child becomes aware of itself as a source of action and a subject of passion and of thought. The acts which follow upon its own desires are among the most interesting and prominent of surrounding occurrences; and these acts again plainly arise either out of affections caused by surrounding things, or of other changes in itself. Among these surrounding things the most interesting and important are the mother and father, brethren and nurses. The hypothesis that these wonderful creatures are of like nature to itself is speedily received upon the child's mind; and this primitive piece of anthropomorphism turns out to be a highly successful speculation, which finds its justification at every turn. No wonder, then, that it is extended to other similarly interesting objects which are not too unlike these—to the dog, the cat, and the canary, the doll, the toy, and the picture-book—that these are endowed with wills and affections, and with capacities for being "good" and "naughty."

(1) "Philosophie Positive," t. iii. p. 188.

But surely it would be a mere perversion of language to call this a "theological" state of mind, either in the proper sense of the word "theological," or as contrasted with "scientific" or "positive." The child does not worship either father or mother, dog or doll. On the contrary, nothing is more curious than the absolute irreverence, if I may so say, of a kindly-treated young child; its tendency to believe in itself as the centre of the universe, and its disposition to exercise despotic tyranny over those who could crush it with a finger.

Still less is there anything unscientific, or anti-scientific, in this infantile anthropomorphism. The child observes that many phenomena are the consequences of affections of itself; it soon has excellent reasons for the belief that many other phenomena are consequences of the affections of other beings, more or less like itself. And having thus good evidence for believing that many of the most interesting occurrences about it are explicable on the hypothesis that they are the work of intelligences like itself—having discovered a *vera causa* for many phenomena—why should the child limit the application of so fruitful an hypothesis? The dog has a sort of intelligence, so has the cat; why should not the doll and the picture-book also have a share proportioned to their likeness to intelligent things?

The only limit which does arise is exactly that which, as a matter of science, should arise; that is to say, the anthropomorphic interpretation is applied only to those phenomena which in their general nature, or their apparent capriciousness, resemble those which the child observes to be caused by itself, or by beings like itself. All the rest are regarded as things which explain themselves, or are inexplicable.

It is only at a later stage of intellectual development that the intelligence of man awakes to the apparent conflict between the anthropomorphic, and what I may call the physical,¹ aspect of nature, and either endeavours to extend the anthropomorphic view over the whole of nature—which is the tendency of theology; or to give the same exclusive predominance to the physical view—which is the tendency of science; or adopts a middle course, and taking from the anthropomorphic view its tendency to personify, and from the physical view its tendency to exclude volition and affection, ends in what M. Comte calls the "metaphysical" state—"metaphysics" in M. Comte's writings being a general term of abuse for anything he does not like.

What is true of the individual is, *mutatis mutandis*, true of the

(1) The word "positive" is in every way objectionable. In one sense it suggests that mental quality which was undoubtedly largely developed in M. Comte, but can best be dispensed with in a philosopher; in another, it is unfortunate in its application to a system which starts with enormous negations; in its third, and specially philosophical sense, as implying a system of thought which assumes nothing beyond the content of observed facts, it implies that which never did exist, and never will.

ntellectual development of the species. It is absurd to say of men in a state of primitive savagery that all their conceptions are in a theological state. Nine-tenths of them are eminently realistic, and as 'positive' as ignorance and narrowness can make them. It no more occurs to a savage than it does to a child, to ask the why of the daily and ordinary occurrences which form the greater part of his mental life. But in regard to the more striking or out-of-the-way events, which force him to speculate, he is highly anthropomorphic; and, as compared with a child, his anthropomorphism is complicated by the intense impression which the death of his own kind makes upon him, as indeed it well may. The warrior, full of ferocious energy, perhaps the despotic chief of his tribe, is suddenly struck down. A child may insult the man a moment before so awful; a fly rests undisturbed on the lips from which undisputed command issued. And yet the bodily aspect of the man seems hardly more altered than when he slept, and sleeping he seemed to himself to leave his body and wander through dreamland. What then if that something, which is the essence of the man, has really been made to wander by the violence done to it, and is unable, or has forgotten, to come back to its shell? Will it not retain somewhat of the powers it possessed during life? May it not help us if it be pleased, or (as seems to be by far the more general impression), hurt us if it be angered? Will it not be well to do towards it those things which would have soothed the man and put him in good humour during his life? It is impossible to study trustworthy accounts of savage thought without seeing that some such train of ideas as this is at the bottom of their speculative beliefs.

There are savages without God in any proper sense of the word, but none without ghosts. And the Fetichism, Ancestor-worship, Hero-worship, and Demonology of primitive savages, are all, I believe, different manners of expression of their belief in ghosts, and of the anthropomorphic interpretation of out-of-the-way events, which is its concomitant. Witchcraft and sorcery are the practical expressions of these beliefs; and they stand in the same relation to religious worship as the simple anthropomorphism of children or savages does to theology.

In the progress of the species from savagery to advanced civilisation, anthropomorphism grows into theology, while physicism (if I may so call it) develops into science; but the development of the two is contemporaneous, not successive. For each there long exists an assured province which is not invaded by the other, while between the two lies a debatable land—ruled by a sort of bastards, which owe their complexion to physicism and their substance to anthropomorphism, and are M. Comte's particular aversions—metaphysical entities.

But, as the ages lengthen, the borders of Physicism increase. The territories of the bastards are all annexed to science; and even Theology, in her purer forms, has ceased to be anthropomorphic, however she may talk. Anthropomorphism has taken stand in its last fortress—man himself. But science closely invests the walls; and Philosophers gird themselves for battle upon the last and greatest of all speculative problems—Does human nature possess any free, volitional, or truly anthropomorphic element, or is it only the cunningest of all Nature's clocks? Some, among whom I count myself, think that the battle will for ever remain a drawn one, and that, for all practical purposes, this result is as good as anthropomorphism winning the day.

The classification of the sciences, which constitutes in the eyes of M. Comte's adherents his second great claim to the dignity of a scientific philosopher, appears to me to be open to just the same objections as the law of the three states. It is inconsistent in itself, and it is inconsistent with fact. Let us consider the main points of this classification successively:—

“Il faut distinguer par rapport à tous les ordres des phénomènes, deux genres de sciences naturelles; les unes abstraites, générales, ont pour objet la découverte des lois qui régissent les diverses classes de phénomènes, en considérant tous les cas qu'on peut concevoir; les autres concrètes, particulières, descriptives, et qu'on désigne quelquefois sous le nom des sciences naturelles proprement dites, consistent dans l'application de ces lois à l'histoire effective des différents êtres existants.”

The “abstract” sciences are subsequently said to be mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, physiology, and social physics—the titles of the two latter being subsequently changed to biology and sociology. M. Comte exemplifies the distinction between his abstract and his concrete sciences as follows:—

“On pourra d'abord l'apercevoir très-nettement en comparant, d'une part, la physiologie générale, et d'une autre part la zoologie et la botanique proprement dites. Ce sont évidemment, en effet, deux travaux d'un caractère fort distinct, que d'étudier, en général, les lois de la vie, ou de déterminer le mode d'existence de chaque corps vivant, en particulier. *Cette seconde étude, en outre, est nécessairement fondée sur la première.*”—(P. 57.)

All the unreality and mere bookishness of M. Comte's knowledge of physical science comes out in the passage I have italicised. “The special study of living beings is based upon a general study of the laws of life!” As Mr. Congreve informs us that he has devoted himself to physiology, I speak under correction; but really what little I know about the matter leads me to think that if M. Comte had possessed the slightest practical acquaintance with biological science, he would have turned his phraseology upside

(1) “Philosophie Positive,” i. p. 56.

down, and have perceived that we can have no knowledge of the general laws of life, except that which is based upon the study of particular living beings.

The illustration is surely unluckily chosen; but the language in which these so-called abstract sciences are defined seems to me to be still more open to criticism. With what propriety can astronomy, or physics, or chemistry, or biology be said to occupy themselves with the consideration of "all conceivable cases" which fall within their respective provinces? Does the astronomer occupy himself with any other system of the universe than that which is visible to him? Does he speculate upon the possible movements of bodies which may attract one another in the inverse proportion of the cube of their distances, say? Does biology, whether "abstract" or "concrete," occupy itself with any other form of life than those which exist or have existed? And if the abstract sciences embrace all conceivable cases of the operation of the laws with which they are concerned, would not they necessarily embrace the subjects of the concrete sciences, which, inasmuch as they exist, must needs be conceivable? In fact, no such distinction as that which M. Comte draws is enable. The first stage of his classification breaks by its own weight.

But granting M. Comte his six abstract sciences, he proceeds to arrange them according to what he calls their natural order or hierarchy, their places in this hierarchy being determined by the degree of generality and simplicity of the conceptions with which they deal. Mathematics occupies the first, astronomy the second, physics the third, chemistry the fourth, biology the fifth, and sociology the sixth and last place in the series. M. Comte's arguments in favour of this classification are first—

"Sa conformité essentielle avec la co-ordination, en quelque sorte spontanée, qui se trouve en effet implicitement admise par les savants livrés à l'étude des diverses branches de la philosophie naturelle."

But I absolutely deny the existence of this conformity. If there is one thing clear about the progress of modern science, it is the tendency to reduce all scientific problems, except those which are purely mathematical, to questions of molecular physics—that is to say, to the attractions, repulsions, motions, and co-ordination of the ultimate particles of matter. Social phenomena are the result of the interaction of the components of society, or men, with one another and the surrounding universe. But, in the language of physical science, which, by the nature of the case, is materialistic, the actions of men, so far as they are recognisable by science, are the results of molecular changes in the matter of which they are composed; and, in the long run, these must come into the hands of the physicist. *A fortiori*, the phenomena of biology and of chemistry

are, in their ultimate analysis, questions of molecular physics. Indeed, the fact is acknowledged by all chemists and biologists who look beyond their immediate occupations. And it is to be observed that the phenomena of biology are as directly and immediately connected with molecular physics as are those of chemistry. Molar physics, chemistry, and biology are not three successive steps in the ladder of knowledge, as M. Comte would have us believe, but three branches springing from the common stem of molecular physics.

As to astronomy, I am at a loss to understand how any one who will give a moment's attention to the nature of the science can fail to see that it consists of two parts; first, of a descriptive part, which is as much entitled as descriptive zoology or botany is to the name of natural history; and, secondly, of an explanation of the phenomena furnished by the laws of a force—gravitation—the study of which is as much a part of physics, as is that of heat or electricity. It would be just as reasonable to make the study of the heat of the sun a science preliminary to the rest of thermotica, as to place the study of the attraction of the bodies which compose the universe in general before that of the particular terrestrial bodies which alone we can experimentally know. Astronomy, in fact, owes its perfection to the circumstance that it is the only branch of natural history the phenomena of which are largely expressible by mathematical conceptions, and which can be, to a great extent, explained by the application of very simple physical laws.

With regard to mathematics, it is to be observed, in the first place, that M. Comte mixes up under that head the pure relations of space and of quantity, which are properly included under the name, with rational mechanics and statics, which are mathematical developments of the most general conceptions of physics, namely, the notions of force and of motion. Relegating these to their proper place in physics, we have left pure mathematics, which can stand neither at the head nor at the tail of any hierarchy of the sciences, since, like logic, it is equally related to all; though the enormous practical difficulty of applying mathematics to the more complex phenomena of nature removes them, for the present, out of its sphere.

On this subject of mathematics, again, M. Comte indulges in assertions which can only be accounted for by his total ignorance of physical science practically. As for example:—

“ C'est donc par l'étude des mathématiques, *et seulement par elle*, que l'on peut se faire une idée juste et approfondie de ce que c'est qu'une science. C'est là *uniquement* qu'on doit chercher à connaître avec précision la *méthode générale* que l'esprit humain emploie constamment dans toutes ses recherches positives, parce que nulle part ailleurs les questions ne sont résolues d'une manière aussi complète et les déductions prolongées aussi loin avec une sévérité rigoureuse. C'est là également que notre entendement a donné les plus grandes preuves de sa force, parce que les idées qu'il y considère sont du plus haut degré d'abstraction

possible dans l'ordre positif. *Toute éducation scientifique qui ne commence point par une telle étude pèche donc nécessairement par sa base.*"¹

That is to say, the only study which can confer "a just and comprehensive idea of what is meant by science," and, at the same time, furnish an exact conception of the general method of scientific investigation, is that which knows nothing of observation, nothing of experiment, nothing of induction, nothing of causation! And education, the whole secret of which consists in proceeding from the easy to the difficult, the concrete to the abstract, ought to be turned the other way, and pass from the abstract to the concrete.

M. Comte puts a second argument in favour of his hierarchy of the sciences thus:—

"Un second caractère très-essentiel de notre classification, c'est d'être nécessairement conforme à l'ordre effectif du développement de la philosophie naturelle. C'est ce que vérifie tout ce qu'on sait de l'histoire des sciences."²

But Mr. Spencer has so thoroughly and completely demonstrated the absence of any correspondence between the historical development of the sciences, and their position in the Comtean hierarchy, in his essay on the "Genesis of Science," that I shall not waste time in repeating his refutation.

A third proposition in support of the Comtean classification of the sciences stands as follows:—

"En troisième lieu cette classification présente la propriété très remarquable de marquer exactement la perfection relative des différentes sciences, laquelle consiste essentiellement dans le degré de précision des connaissances et dans leur co-ordination plus ou moins intime."³

I am quite unable to understand the distinction which M. Comte endeavours to draw in this passage in spite of his amplifications further on. Every science must consist of precise knowledge, and that knowledge must be co-ordinated into general proportions, or it is not science. When M. Comte, in exemplification of the statement I have cited, says that "les phénomènes organiques ne comportent qu'une étude à la fois moins exacte et moins systématique que les phénomènes des corps bruts," I am at a loss to comprehend what he means. If I affirm that "when a motor nerve is irritated the muscle connected with it becomes simultaneously shorter and thicker, without changing its volume," it appears to me that the statement is as precise or exact (and not merely as true) as that of the physicist who should say, "that when a piece of iron is heated it becomes simultaneously longer and thicker and increases in volume;" nor can I discover any difference in point of precision between the statement of the morphological law that "animals which suckle their young have two occipital condyles," and the enunciation of the physical law that "water subjected to electrolysis is replaced by an equal weight of

(1) "Philosophie Positive," i. p. 99.

(2) Ibid., i. p. 77.

(3) Ibid., i. p. 78.

the gases, oxygen and hydrogen." As for anatomical or physiological investigation being less "systematic" than that of the physicist or chemist, the assertion is simply unaccountable. The methods of physical science are everywhere the same in principle, and the physiological investigator who was not "systematic" would, on the whole, break down rather sooner than the inquirer into simpler subjects.

Thus M. Comte's classification of the sciences, under all its aspects, appears to me to be a complete failure. It is impossible, in an article which is already too long, to inquire how it may be replaced by a better, and it is the less necessary to do so, as a second edition of Mr. Spencer's remarkable essay on this subject has just been published. After wading through pages of the long-winded confusion and second-hand information of the "*Philosophie Positive*," at the risk of a *crise cérébrale*—it is as good as a shower-bath to turn to the "*Classification of the Sciences*," and refresh oneself with Mr. Spencer's profound thought, precise knowledge, and clear language.

II. The second proposition to which I have committed myself in the paper to which I have been obliged to refer so often is, that the "Positive Philosophy" contains "a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as is anything in ultramontane Catholicism."

What I refer to in these words is, on the one hand, the arrogant dogmatism and narrowness which so often mark M. Comte's discussion of doctrines which he does not like, and reduce his expressions of opinion to mere passionate puerilities; as, for example, when he is arguing against the assumption of an ether, or when he is talking (I cannot call it arguing) against psychology, or political economy. On the other hand, I allude to the spirit of meddling systematisation and regulation which animates even the "*Philosophie Positive*," and breaks out, in the latter volumes of that work, into no uncertain foreshadowing of the anti-scientific monstrosities of Comte's later writings.

Those who try to draw a line of demarcation between the spirit of the "*Philosophie Positive*" and that of the "*Politique*" and its successors (if I may express an opinion from fragmentary knowledge of these last), must have overlooked, or forgotten, what Comte himself labours to show, and indeed succeeds in proving, in the "*Appendice Générale*" of the "*Politique Positive*." "*Dès mon début*," he writes, "*je tentai de fonder le nouveau pouvoir spirituel que j'institue aujourd'hui*." "*Ma politique, loin d'être aucunement opposée à ma philosophie, en constitue tellement la suite naturelle, que celle-ci fut directement instituée pour servir de base à celle-là, comme le prouve cet appendice.*"¹

(1) l. c., Préface Spéciale, pp. i, ii.

This is quite true. In the remarkable essay entitled "Considérations sur le pouvoir spirituel," published in March, 1826, Comte advocates the establishment of a "modern spiritual power," which he anticipates may exercise even a greater influence over temporal affairs than did the Catholic clergy, at the height of their vigour and independence in the twelfth century. This spiritual power is, in fact, to govern opinion, and to have the supreme control over education, in each nation of the West; and the spiritual powers of the several European peoples are to be associated together and placed under a common direction or "*souveraineté spirituelle*."

A system of "Catholicism *minus* Christianity" was therefore completely organised in Comte's mind four years before the first volume of the "*Philosophie Positive*" was written; and naturally the papal spirit shows itself in that work, not only in the ways I have already mentioned, but, notably, in the attack on liberty of conscience which breaks out in the fourth volume:—

"Il n'y a point de liberté de conscience en astronomie, en physique, en chimie, en physiologie même, en ce sens que chacun trouverait absurde de ne pas croire de confiance aux principes établis dans les sciences par les hommes compétents."

"Nothing in ultramontane Catholicism" can, in my judgment, be more completely sacerdotal, more entirely anti-scientific, than this dictum. All the great steps in the advancement of science have been made by just those men who have not hesitated to doubt the "principles established in the sciences by competent persons;" and the great teaching of science—the great use of it as an instrument of mental discipline—is its constant inculcation of the maxim, that the sole ground on which any statement has a right to be believed is the impossibility of refuting it. ?!

Thus, without travelling beyond the limits of the "*Philosophie Positive*," we find its author contemplating the establishment of a system of society, in which an organised spiritual power shall override and direct the temporal power, as completely as the Hildebrands and Gregorys tried to govern Europe in the middle ages; and repudiating the exercise of liberty of conscience against the "*hommes compétents*," of whom, by the assumption, the new priesthood would be composed. Was Mr. Congreve as forgetful of this as he seems to have been of some other parts of the "*Philosophie Positive*," when he wrote, that "in any limited, careful use of the term, no candid man could say that the Positive Philosophy contained a great deal as thoroughly antagonistic to [the very essence of¹] science as Catholicism"?

(1) Mr. Congreve leaves out these important words, which show that I refer to the spirit, and not to the details of science. I should not like to say that "no candid man" could have thus conveniently mutilated my words, because I know that very candid men occasionally do very odd things.

M. Comte, it will have been observed, desires to retain the whole of Catholic organisation ; and the logical practical result of this part of his doctrine would be the establishment of something corresponding with that eminently Catholic, but admittedly anti-scientific, institution—the Holy Office.

I hope I have said enough to show that I wrote the few lines I devoted to M. Comte and his philosophy, neither unguardedly, nor ignorantly, still less maliciously. I shall be sorry if what I have now added, in my own justification, should lead any to suppose that I think M. Comte's works worthless ; or that I do not heartily respect and sympathise with those who have been impelled by him to think deeply upon social problems, and to strive nobly for social regeneration. It is the virtue of that impulse, I believe, which will save the name and fame of Auguste Comte from oblivion. As for his philosophy, I part with it by quoting his own words, reported to me by a quondam Comtist, now an eminent member of the Institute of France, M. Charles Robin :—

“ La Philosophie est une tentative incessant de l'esprit humain pour arriver au repos ; mais elle se trouve incessamment aussi dérangée par les progrès continus de la science. De là vient pour le philosophe l'obligation de refaire chaque soir le synthèse de ses conceptions ; et un jour viendra où l'homme raisonnable ne fera plus d'autre prière du soir.”

T. H. HUXLEY.

THE PORTRAITS IN THE ACADEMY OF 1869.

THIS article is written, as it seems to me, under two great disadvantages. In the first place, it bears the author's name. Consequently, I must criticise some of my own personal friends openly, or say nothing about them. I must also criticise many men whom I do not even know by sight, of many of whom, indeed, I know absolutely nothing but the pictures I have looked at. It is very difficult—is it even possible?—to write publicly with the same freedom of the man you know on friendly terms as of the man you don't know. There must be a difference in your tone, and tone, when other things are equal, measures difference of opinion. My reader may say, “ Only tell me who your friends are, and let *me* strike the balance.” But even critics have their modesty. I fear I am too shy to accede to my humorous reader's request, and must get over my first difficulty as well as I can. Of two thorns in the flesh choose the least.

That, however, is not all. I am no painter, neither do I draw ; and Mr. Hamerton, in his *magnum opus* on etching in particular, and the philosophy of art in general, lays it down, if I remember right,

as a rule, that no man should presume to criticise an art before he has learnt it. Now, as I happen to be one of Mr. Hamerton's most humble admirers (that is to say, of his books), this canon hits me particularly hard, and rises up before me whenever an opinion presumes to sprout in my mind respecting anything I happen to be looking at. Still, as in spite of the reverence I naturally feel for my tailor, and my total incapacity to make a pair of trousers, I presume to know what trousers I like best; and inasmuch as, notwithstanding the ill-disguised scorn of my cook, I decide on the pudding when it comes to table, I conclude, though not without a profound bow to Mr. Hamerton, that in the same way, but only so far, I may say aloud that I like a picture, or that I don't. And that is what I am going to do. At the same time, this I may say with a clear conscience, there is not a man in the Academy of whom I could write with personal malice if I would; and if, instead of picking my steps and mincing my words, I lay hold of the very first impression that suggests itself to my mind on standing before a picture, any artist who does me the honour to stand by me on my random round may be sure that he hears an honest impression, whatever it may be worth; and as honest impressions are not to be had for the asking—that is to say, impressions equally free from favour and spite—I beg him to accept them as the best return which I at least am able to make him for his trouble.

One word more. There are in the Academy thirteen hundred odd pictures. Fewer works have supplied materials for many big volumes of criticism, and many years' study. It would not be just to look to a few pages for more than a first impression. But we know from Talleyrand that there is a peculiar virtue attaching to "first impressions," and throughout this article I take that with me as my talisman. Of course some pictures I have looked at more than others.

To begin with the beginning, if I were asked, "Is there a picture which, according to your own feeling, rises above the general run of the pictures exhibited this year, and what is that picture?" I should answer with conviction that there is one picture which appears to me to tower above all the others, quite beyond their reach. It is not that very fine "sample," so many yards long, of "Waters bidding Farewell to the Land;" nor the "Return of the Dove" (how she ever got home I can't conceive); nor the "Price of Victory," that true-blue Briton's conception of our Wellington's tears; nor the "Burning of Magdala;" nor "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," that singularly dark conception; nor "Altisidora pretending love for Don Quixote" (which she might have felt without the pretence); it is not Hero lighting that patient Leander across the Hellespont (and who must, I think, be lighting the Royal Academy too for the

benefit of the other pictures in the solitary hours of the night); it is not that battle of Armageddon, equally fanciful, between the swans and eagles. It is not, even though I say it with a qualm, that too lovely picture of Helios and Rhodos, which seems at last to prophesy a rising, not a setting, sun to the painter.

These pictures have their merits. The picture I mean is only the portrait of a little girl in an ungraceful attitude, sitting upon a green vase with a red camelia in her lap, painted with brutal sincerity by Mr. Millais—the portrait of Miss Nina Lehmann. If anybody thinks I am under the influence of Mr. Millais's name and fame, they will, I fancy, discover their mistake if they read on a little further. His "Vanessa," for instance, is a piece of harlequinade in colouring, which, if eyes could be boxed, would be equivalent to a sound box on the spectator's eyes; nor is the insolence of the painting redeemed by truth to the subject. Mr. Millais has painted, not Vanessa faithful unto death, but a hard, brazen, arrogant, and unimpassioned wench. There is among the water colours a small drawing also by Mr. Millais, called "A Dream at Dawn." This is exquisite, both in harmony of colour and purity of taste; but "Hopelessness at Dusk" would be a better title for it than "Dream at Dawn." A still worse misconception of expression seems to be the "Gambler's Wife." No man, I imagine, who had given a serious study to the physiognomy of the passions could suppose that the face of that woman is the face of a wife looking with forlorn despair upon the gambler's scattered cards. It is true there might be sorrow in the attitude of the head, and in the muddy complexion, but there is even a sort of twilight amusement in the slightly *upturned* corners of her mouth—very faint—but there, if you look attentively. The truth seems to be that whenever it comes to a matter of muscular expression, Mr. Millais is all abroad. His power lies rather in the absence of ideas, except what he may have before him, to disturb his poignant vision as a painter, and, I wish to repeat the expression, his brutal sincerity.

But as this expression is the key-note of my article, and as I wish to leave no possibility of misconception between me and my reader, let me expand its meaning. I do not intend by brutal sincerity, partiality for the ugly, or a preference for the ungainly. Mr. Millais prefers beauty, and paints it. No one, I apprehend, would say, looking at the portrait in question, that the child who forms the subject of it is anything but a pretty child. Yet, despite the child's beauty, her lovely hair and complexion, the delicate and almost perilous harmony of the whole picture, so adventurous are the combinations of colour in their delicacy, a uniform delicacy relieved only by one blood-red camelia on her lap, gathering up the impression of the whole into one central knot, as with an electric spark;—despite

all these elements of beauty skilfully combined, there is in the portrait a sincerity which can only be expressed adequately by one word, and that is, brutal.

There the child sits, one leg dangling from a green garden vase, the glaze of which Mr. Millais throws in with unaffected ease, as belonging to his picture, not absorbing it; the other leg in childish fashion rests, the point of the foot half-bent upon the floor, at right angles to the first, while, as happens to children, the heel of the silk shoe has left its foot to rest partially upon the ground. All the accessories are triumphs of workmanship down to the silk stockings, but their individuality does not obtrude itself. What culminates is the child itself, with her dogged and careless, but living repose; not a muscle on the move; no society smirk, no effort at prettiness, no manner, nothing but living life, and that blunt, undivided, undisturbed look of children, reminding one, as the look of children so often does, of the animals mentioned by travellers in the islands where man is unknown, and who gaze on the first comer with motionless, unconscious stolidity. Let any one walk round and round the portraits, and every time he comes back to that child, let him ask himself of them all, which is the *living thing*? I dwell upon this, because, if there is one particular in English art and portraiture which always strikes me painfully, it is its insincerity. What is it which seems to divide modern, especially British art, from artistic sincerity, as with a bar of iron? Have British artists less courage than the old painters? Are they victims of a medley of systems and of requirements? Are they unable to conceive one idea at a time, and to stick to it? Or, when the passions are to be portrayed, are they wanting in the study and reflection necessary to combine them into unity, and therefore sincerity? I do not hold up Mr. Millais as a pattern in this latter respect. On the contrary. But even one example of that sincerity and poignant vision which belongs to the great painters of past centuries lifts a modern painter into the region of true art. For, be it observed, realism is one thing—*realisation* quite another; photography is not sincerity, ungainliness not truth. On the other hand, prettiness is not artistic beauty, nor are elegancies of attitude artistic grace. The portrait of a repulsive face may have the highest artistic beauty as a work of art, and rivet the spectator by its reality; and the picture then will owe its merits neither to being a facsimile nor to having its disagreeable elements softened and sublimised away. You look almost in vain for sincerity in modern painting, and find only different degrees of approximation to it.

It cannot be insisted too emphatically that art is not art which does not live; that a facsimile may be dead; that sincerity is the first element of artistic life; and that the highest sincerity is the

highest truth, and therefore the highest art, of which any artist is capable, each in his own walk. Now, what seems the sin of sins in English art is its exquisite and almost inconceivable insincerity. I am far indeed from advocating brutality as a substitute for sincerity; but this I do say, that if sincerity is that without which art is dead, and if it could only be purchased at the expense of a certain brutality, I would submit to the lesser evil to avoid the greater—namely, that of having no art at all. English artists seem to be for ever asking themselves—Will this please my clients or the public? or, is this good in the same way as some other picture is good? or, is this pretty, or is it elegant; is it sober, is it brilliant, is it idealistic? Not—Is this true; is this intensely true; is it the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; is it the most intense realisation I can give of the truth? The result is, that their pictures are indeed all that: they do “please” (many people); they are “very good,” as some pictures are good—they may be pretty, or elegant, or sober, or brilliant, or ingenious, or learned, or scientific, or realistic, or idealistic; but they want the vital spark of life—that of being what they are for its own sake only, their own truth.

It is the intrinsic truth of the portrait I have been praising, the devil-may-careishness of the painter, and his poignant realisation of his own idea, which raises it, as it appears to me, to the dignity of a really great work of art, although but a simple portrait. For, here again, let me guard against misconception, and set aside the vulgar idea that a great work of art requires a great subject. Raffaele is Raffaele still in a simple head. A dauber will be a dauber in a “Day of Judgment.” An eagle is an eagle if he but peck his own wing, and a sparrow a sparrow though he fly across St. Paul’s. And be it observed also, if I praise Mr. Millais, I praise him as a painter only, not as a poet. His subjects, so far as I can remember them, have generally seemed to me, in the last degree, poverty-stricken as conceptions. Let a painter be a poet—if he can. His first duty, the duty of existence, is to be a painter. For every art is a law unto itself, and although no painting can rise to art without involving some poetry, fragmentary or otherwise, still poetry is neither synonymous nor co-extensive with the painter’s power, any more than the faculty of sight implies the power of drawing. And the painter who forsakes the path where alone his talisman lies, for the sake of walking elsewhere, sacrifices his prospects of fame. It is not for me to counsel Mr. Millais. My right in that direction extends no further than the traditional liberty of the cat, who is permitted to look at a king, and have its own opinion, *in petto*. *In petto*, I certainly do think, that if Mr. Millais would gallantly give up subjects for ever, and throw himself with all his intensity into portrait-painting, he would ~~one~~

er, if spared, leave a gallery worthy of a place among the greatest masters.

Much is said about portraits, and a great deal of obloquy heaped on them—as it seems to me—not very justly. Are they not, so far as humanity is concerned, the alphabet of the materials out of which a painter's art is to grow? To be sure, the regulation portrait of the present day is no great school of expression—both the painter and the subject being afraid, apparently, of anything “out of the common way.” Still there have been portraits in the history of painting which would have sufficed to immortalise their painters. And when a portrait is characteristic, and true, and, in short, a work of art, surely it has as good a claim to enter into a human gallery as any other picture whatever. But, then, to deserve a place as a work of art, it ought to be a work of art, and, to be a work of art, it ought to be true, and to aim, above all things, not at social flattery, but at the highest, unadorned, artistic truth. Short of this, no portrait has any right to show its face in any place on the portals of which ART is inscribed. If art is not its own religion, it is worse than art—it is a posture. How dare any picture call itself art which is painted to satisfy the family requirements of prettiness! Its place is on the family wall, not in the National Academy.

If we turn from Mr. Millais' “Nina” to the portrait of Mr. John Lubbock by the President of the Academy, what a gulf! I hardly know how to express my exact thought. I shall be accused of exaggeration, of conceit, of vanity, of ill-breeding, or of rhaps of pique. Pique is from the conditions of the case impossible. As to ill-breeding—so be it. Mr. Hardy's picture then appears to me beneath contempt, as anything pretending to be a work of art. And who should set the example of art to the disciples of the Academy, not the President? How has the President of the Royal Academy treated Mr. Hardy? Has he painted, what a sincere painter, jealous of his art, would have delighted to paint—that typical face in its typical place in Parliament—that brown, bovine, obstinate, scornful, high-principled, honest face—that clean cut, fiercely compressed, most protruding lip,—and, when the man stands up, that high, and dignified, and fluent assurance, never untempered by the disturbing emotion, that, after all, the men opposite are like himself, English gentlemen, “in the same boat,” or to be treated so? The President of the Academy (heaven save the mark!) has painted—what? A pretty young man, dirty pink and chalk, with his right arm, half bent and half akimbo, resting on a stick, and his left thumb nervously inserted into his waistcoat pocket, as if to reassure himself, in his comfortable Sunday clothes. To paint a young man, as a young man, in the pride of his youth, and show what is in him, and time will mature, that is art. But to turn a typical statesman into less

than a park fribble—this, on the part of the President of the Royal Academy, deserves, what none apparently of the anonymous journalists have the courage (or the ill-breeding) to give—scorn, proportioned to the rank of the performer. Not that I blame my brother critics for want of *perception*. I am the first to acknowledge their acuteness, and the benefit to be derived from their hints. I can only suppose—as, indeed, I really do believe—that they are hampered by their anonymity. And if anybody says, as scores of people will, in some shape or other, say, “Sir, do you know what you are saying?—do you know whom you are attacking?—have you no manners?—don’t you know your place?” I answer simply, “Yes, I know my place quite well, and—I have the courage of my opinions.” I might say more, that there are two sides of the question,—the side of the President and his friends, and the side of the poor artist, struggling painfully towards success, to whom the President ought to be a beacon in the night, and a harbour of refuge, not an *ignis fatuus* and stumbling-block. And I challenge those who really agree with me to fight the battle of art against the painters, be they who they may, who, from whatever cause, whether natural deficiency, pressure of circumstance, or courtier-like instincts of prettiness, sacrifice truth to convention, and instead of raising the public to the level of excellence, take advantage of early achievements to sink the level of their art to “lollipop” comprehension,—herein adding blunder to treason. A man who has the character to be a typical statesman must necessarily feel it a greater compliment to be painted as he is, than as he is not. Mr. Millais has painted Mr. Fowler, the engineer, and stamped engineer on every inch of the picture, which was the truest compliment he could pay to a man eminent in his own profession.

How is it possible that art can grow and expand, when the very first letters in the alphabet of art—truth and falsehood—are wiped out with a sponge, and family flattery sits enthroned! I know it has been said that art only flourished in days when it was fostered by royal patrons (that is to say, speaking broadly, by patrons of some kind or another; for in a question of this kind, whether patrons are of one kind or another, matters not, it is the temper of courtiership which is the bane of true art). If the history of art were traced back to its source, so far as we can trace it, it would rather be found that art has been great only in proportion as it has been a law unto itself; for either the patron—be he king, lords, commons, or public—is only a friend, and the artist is free, or he is lord and the artist a slave, and then farewell truth—farewell art. A young painter, however great his genius and his loyalty to his art, must pass through a stage of imperfect execution, immature thought, and, in most cases, at the same time, be exposed to all the temptations of

poverty. He must look to his ultimate livelihood, and when his thought is fermenting, and his defective execution disturbs his conscience by the suggestion of paradoxical theories to excuse the fatigue of human nature, how is it possible that he should not be demoralised by the sight of the worship of prettiness and artistic flattery in high places?

Space will not allow me to criticise the remaining portraits at any length; but many of them deserve both criticism and praise. Mr. Wells' portrait of Mr. Beasley is manly and straightforward. "A Portrait," by Mr. Armitage, in Room I., is simply hard and sodden. Further on, "Mr. Magniac," another portrait by Mr. Wells, is a conscientious picture; but it furnishes an instance of the too common attempt of modern portrait-painters to catch some fleeting expression, which injures the repose of the picture, fatigues the spectator, and, generally speaking, achieves nothing beyond an air of straining and affectation. Action, in art, would seem to require the completion of the drama, otherwise the mind remains in suspense and discomfort, as if, at a play, the curtain should fall in the middle of a scene. In the portrait in question Mr. Magniac is looking attentively and pointedly, not at the spectator—for in that case the spectator completes the circle—but at something or other which is not in the picture. Hence the uncomfortable impression in an otherwise well-rendered countenance of looking, not at anything in particular, but only for the sake of looking. The "Duchess of Cleveland"—a curious choice of colours—is in a still more fatiguing attitude, and seems to be saying, "Look at this side of my face." But the picture is honest and characteristic. I cannot say much for "Sidney, Alice, and Margaret," beyond noticing a certain flavour of vulgarity about the picture, which it would not be easy to analyse. The children of Charles Godfray, Esq., by Mr. W. M. Hay, are lifelike, but the picture too garish. In the late Master of Haileybury College, Mr. Richmond has evidently studied the bright-eyed oracle of the ladies of the neighbourhood. "Fannie Mary," daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Thomson, painted by Mr. Sant, is vigorous but commonplace. "Mr. Bolckow," by Mr. Knight, straightforward and manly; but why he should be putting on a dark glove to all eternity I cannot explain. Mr. Pittatore has perfectly caught Mr. Kinnaird's likeness, but with a very soap-and-water, look-alive complexion. In Mrs. Gathorne Hardy's picture, by Sir Francis Grant, I cheerfully admit great beauties; but then a typical lady is not a typical statesman. What is downright treason to art in one case may be modified truth in the other. A little further on, Mr. Dickenson's picture of Mr. Green Price is characteristic, though somewhat dusky in colouring. Mr. Dowling's portrait of Prince Alfred is not even like the prince, but is, in fact,

if you look at it attentively, somebody else, and one would like to know how it came to be hung there at all. "Miss Hilda Bunsen," by Mr. Sant, and the "Duchess of Athol," by Mr. Buckner, are very good specimens of the two painters' respective merits. Mr. Buckner's execution is more brilliant, Mr. Sant's more mellow, and if in the former there is the sparkle of frosted chalk, in the latter there is the "cream and cheese," which, as "Gandy of Exeter" told Sir Joshua Reynolds, there ought to be in every good picture. On the whole, however, Miss Bunsen's portrait is the more graceful, for she only seems curious to know who is approaching through the trees, whereas the Duchess of Athol clearly thinks her carriage has kept her waiting too long.

Mr. Buckner's manner is varied, and his experience as a portraitist evidently grows. M. Bolton, for instance, is in quite another style, and not without warmth, grace, and natural movement. Mr. Graves' portrait of Mrs. Best is winning, and deserves the praise of a certain mellowness both in colouring and expression. The attitude too is unstrained and unconventional. But it labours under the disadvantage of "tumbling" out of the picture. This is the case with all portraits taken sitting forward and full face, without foreground. The better the painting, the greater the discomfort of the spectator—unless it be the lady's husband or her lover. A spiritual portrait is that of Mrs. Henry Schlesinger, by Mr. Lehmann, who has expressed amiability and wit without effort, and combined a certain "grâce de salon" with repose, and great harmony of colouring. Mr. Charles Follé's picture of Mr. Broadwood is a portrait that would honour any young artist,—so perfectly true, unaffected, quiet, and free from all eccentricities, though a little more execution in the detail would not be amiss. Mr. Santley's head, by the same painter, I like less. It is more flippant and less intense. There is a flavour about it of "glorioté." Intensity, let me remind the young painter, is the last seal of greatness. And by intensity I do not mean exaggeration. For where exaggeration appears, or even throws its shadow before it, the spell is at an end, and the enchantment dissolved.

Mr. Lawrence has painted the Master of Trinity with gravity and care. The result is highly characteristic, as all will think who know the original. But the complexion is so foreign to the actual face as in fact to give a totally artificial impression. Mr. Lawrence has evidently chosen it for warmth of colouring. But this, I venture to believe, is not permissible. A painter may no doubt choose his *atmosphere*, and may make that include time of day, light and shade, combination of position and of shadows, and even the prevailing tone and colour of the picture taken as a whole. But through all these the complexion of the subject ought to remain part of the face as much as the eyes

nose. Take the two extremes to prove the theory, a black man and a white. You cannot paint the first white, the second black. You have the intermediate complexions. Mr. Lawrence has elaborately chosen a particular complexion, which is not the Master of Trinity's complexion, indeed wholly alien to it, and not due to any general effect of light in the picture, but intended to be the natural colour of the face itself. I know what a diligent and conscientious student Mr. Lawrence is, and I apologise to him for the suggestion. He could himself probably be the first to teach that warmth of colouring does not mean change of colour, or, at all events, suggestion of another colour. A green tree, coldly painted or warmly painted, must remain in the effect a green tree still. And it is no more allowable to change one complexion for another, in order to obtain artificial warmth, than to make a green tree red. Mr. Legros' "head" of Mr. Ionides is so rich in promise as to suggest the older masters, but it is open to a similar objection if criticised as a portrait and not merely as a painting.

An exceedingly fine and masculine portrait of Dr. John Simon, by Mr. Elmore, forms a curious foil, hard by, to Sir Francis Grant's portrait of General Gray, in which Sir Francis has carefully painted all the true characteristics of the man away. *I due Giuseppe Bonomi*, by M. Martin, is a refined and scholarly picture, whose only fault seems to be a little too much cloudiness. Very lovely is Mr. Goodall's "Lydia Melford," but too frostily ambrosial. Very pretty too, and prettily conceived, his "Little Puritan." Quite in a different style, Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait of an elderly lady (708) will repay minute study. Painted with rare vigour and passionate fidelity, there is, amid all its roughness, a pathetic tenderness in it free from sentimentalism. On the whole, however, and speaking with all deference, it seems to me to be marred by a general impression of facsimile, from which no effort will deliver the spectator. I am not to be told here that I blow hot and cold and run counter to my own theory, for I have already said, only too emphatically, that sincerity, or what I mean, speaking technically, by sincerity, is not a convertible term, in my opinion, with facsimile. To see the difference, you need only study the two portraits by Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt, namely, Nos. 127 and 708, and if they do not illustrate the difference I intend, no words will avail. A small likeness (821) of Mr. Gladstone, nicely combed and brushed, by Mr. Lucy, appears to me almost atrocious.

My space is consumed. In my next article I propose to consider the subjects and landscapes; and, in the meantime I apologise sincerely for having necessarily passed over many portraits deserving of attention.

BERNARD CRACROFT.

THORNTON ON LABOUR AND ITS CLAIMS.

PART II.

IN a former article it has been seen how Mr. Thornton, in the first chapter of his First Book, disproved, on grounds of pure political economy, the supposed natural law by which, in the opinion of many, the price of labour is as strictly determined as the motion of the earth, and determined in a manner unalterable by the will or effort of either party to the transaction. But whatever in the affairs of mankind is not peremptorily decided for them by natural laws, falls under the jurisdiction of the moral law. Since there is a certain range, wider than has been generally believed, within which the price of labour is decided by a conflict of wills between employers and labourers, it is necessary, as in every other case of human voluntary action, to ascertain the moral principles by which this conflict ought to be regulated. The terms of the bargain not being a matter of necessity, but, within certain limits, of choice, it has to be considered how far either side can rightfully press its claims, and take advantage of its opportunities. Or, to express the same ideas in other phraseology, it has to be decided whether there are any *rights*, of labour on the one hand, or of capital on the other, which would be violated if the opposite party pushed its pretensions to the extreme limits of economic possibility.

To this Mr. Thornton answers,—None. As a matter of mere right, both the employer and the labourer, while they abstain from force or fraud, are entitled to all that they can get, and to nothing more than what they can get. The terms of their contract, provided it is voluntary on both sides, are the sole rule of justice between them. No one being under any obligation of justice to employ labour at all, still less is any one bound in justice to pay for it any given price.

“Except under the terms of some mutual agreement, the employer is not bound to give anything. Before joining in the agreement he was under no obligation to furnish the labourer with occupation. Either he might not have required his or any one else's services, or he might have preferred to employ some one else. But if he was not bound to furnish employment at all, *a fortiori* he was not bound to furnish it on any particular terms. If, therefore, he did consent to furnish it, he had a right to dictate his own terms; and whatever else those terms might be, however harsh, illiberal, exorbitant, or what you will, they could not, at any rate or by any possibility, be unjust. For they could only be unjust in so far as they deviated from some particular terms which justice might have exacted. But, as we have seen, there were no such terms, and it is manifestly absurd to condemn a thing merely because its limits do not coincide with those of an abstraction incapable of being realised or

defined, incapable, that is to say, of having any limits at all." (Thornton, p. 111.)

The counter-theory, on which the labourer's side of the question is usually argued, "that every man who has not by crime forfeited the right, and who has no other means of living, has a right to live by labour," Mr. Thornton entirely rejects.

"Although" (he says) "these pages have little other object than that of determining how the labouring classes may most easily and effectually obtain fully as much as they ever dreamt of asking, the writer is constrained, even in the interest of those classes, to protest against the theory set up in their behalf. No cause can be permanently maintained that is suffered to rest on fallacies; and one pervading fallacy, beginning at the very first link, runs through the whole chain of reasoning of which the theory consists.

"The right of the poor to live by labour, affirmed as unhesitatingly as if it were a self-evident proposition beyond the possibility of dispute, is explained to mean not merely the right so to live if they can themselves find the means, but to have the means supplied by others if they cannot themselves obtain them, and to have them supplied, nominally by society at large, but really by the richer portion of it, the rich alone being in a position to furnish what is required. But right on the one side necessarily implies corresponding obligation on the other; and how can society, or how can the rich, have incurred the obligation of maintaining in the world those whom they were in no degree instrumental in bringing into it? Only, if at all, in one or other of two ways. Either mankind were placed in possession of the earth which they inhabit on condition, expressed or implied, that the wants of all the earth's human inhabitants should be provided for from its produce; or part of those inhabitants have, by some communal act or institution of the whole body, been dispossessed of the means of providing for themselves. But in the first of these hypotheses, in order that the supposed condition should be equitable, it would be necessary that the earth should be capable of producing enough for the wants of whatever number of inhabitants might obtain footing upon it; whereas it is demonstrable that population would infallibly everywhere speedily outrun subsistence, if the earth's produce were freely accessible to all who had need. Of the other supposition, it is to be remarked that the only institution that has ever been accused of producing the alleged effect is the institution of property; and very slight advocacy will suffice to absolve an institution from the charge of depriving people of that which, but for itself, could not have existed. Let it be admitted that the earth was bestowed by the Creator, not on any privileged class or classes, but on all mankind, and on all successive generations of men, so that no one generation can have more than a life interest in the soil, or be entitled to alienate the birthright of succeeding generations. Let this be admitted, and the admission is surely large enough to satisfy the most uncompromising champion of the natural rights of man. Still it is certain that those rights, if fully exercised, must inevitably have proved themselves to be so far worse than worthless, as to have prevented any but a very minute fraction of the existing number of claimants from being born to claim them. The earth, if unappropriated, must also have remained untilld, and consequently comparatively unproductive. Anything like the world's actual population could not possibly have been in existence, nor, if it had been, would a whole year's growth of the earth's natural produce have sufficed for the subsistence of the earth's inhabitants during a single day. The utmost of which the poor have been dispossessed by the institution of property is their fair proportion of what the earth could have produced if it had remained unappropriated. Compensation for this is the utmost which is due to them from society, and the debt is obviously so infinitesimally small, that the crumbs which habitually fall from the tables of the rich are amply sufficient to pay it.

"If these things be so, a strict debtor and creditor account between rich and poor would show no balance against the former. Society cannot properly be said to owe anything to the poor beyond what it is constantly and regularly paying. It is not bound in equity, whatever it may be in charity, to find food for the hungry because they are in need, nor to find occupation for the unemployed because they are out of work. By withholding aid, it is not guilty of the smallest injustice. For injustice implies violation of a right; and not only can there be no breach of right without disregard of a corresponding obligation, but that only can be a right the breach or denial of which constitutes a wrong. But wrong is committed only when some good which is due is withheld, or when some evil which is not due is inflicted. Applying this test, we shall find that the poor, as such, have no unliquidated claim against the rich. The latter are doing them no wrong, are guilty of no injustice towards them in merely abstaining from paying a debt which, whether due to the poor or not, is, at any rate, not due to them from the rich. It was not the rich who placed the poor on the earth, and it is not the rich who owe them the means of living here. How far the poor may be forgiven for complaining, as of a grievance, of having been placed here without adequate means of living, may possibly be a question for the theologian. But the political economist may fairly content himself with showing that the grievance is, at any rate, not one with which they can reproach any of their fellow-creatures, except their own parents. No other portion of society was a party to the transaction, and no other portion can justly be responsible for its consequences."! (Pp. 91—94.)

It is unnecessary to quote the application of these principles to the particular case of contracts for labour.

(1) That those who have not yet read Mr. Thornton's book may not be even temporarily liable to the misunderstanding of his meaning, and of the whole spirit of his writings, which might be the effect of reading only the passage cited in the text, I will at once bring forward the other side of his opinion. Nothing, he says, can be further from his purpose "than to exculpate the existing social system, or to suggest an excuse for continued acquiescence in its enormities. . . . To affirm that those evils of the existing social polity which constitute the peculiar grievance of the poor are not the result of human injustice, is perfectly consistent with the most vehement denunciation both of the evils themselves and of the heartless indifference that would perpetuate them. It is perfectly consistent, even with the admission that the rich are bound to do what they can to alleviate those evils—with this proviso, however, that they are so bound, not by their duty to others, but by their duty to themselves. The obligation is imposed upon them not by injunctions of justice, but by the force of sympathy and the exhortations of humanity and charity. The sacrifices which it may thus become incumbent on the rich to make, the poor are not in consequence entitled to demand. If the sacrifices are withheld, the rich stand convicted indeed of brute selfishness, but they do not thereby lay themselves open to the additional charge of injustice. This distinction is not drawn for the sake of pedantic precision; it is one of immense practical importance. To all right reasoning, it is essential that things should be called by their right names; and that nothing, however bad, should receive a worse name than it deserves. The more glaring a sin, the less reason is there for exaggerating it; and, in the case before us, the use of an erroneous epithet has been a fruitful source of further error. Unless the present constitution of society had been arbitrarily assumed to be unjust, it would never have been proposed to correct its injustice by resorting to means which would otherwise have been at once perceived to be themselves utterly unjustifiable. On no other account could it ever have been supposed that liberty demanded for its own vindication the violation of liberty, and that the freedom of competition ought to be fettered or abolished. For freedom of competition means no more than that every one should be at liberty to do his best for himself, leaving all others equally at liberty to do their best for themselves. Of all the natural rights of man, there is not one more incontestable than this, nor with which interference would be more manifestly unrighteous.

Here, then, are two theories of justice arrayed against each other in order of battle: theories differing in their first principles, markedly opposed in their conclusions, and both of them doctrines *a priori*, claiming to command assent by their own light—to be evident by simple intuition: a pretension which, as the two are perfectly inconsistent, must, in the case of one or other of them, be unfounded, and may be so in the case of both. Such conflicts in the domain of ethics are highly instructive, but their value is chiefly negative; the principal use of each of the contrary theories is to destroy the other. Those who cherish any one of the numerous *a priori* systems of moral duty, may learn from such controversies how plausible a case may be made for other *a priori* systems repugnant to their own; and the adepts of each may discover, that while the maxims or axioms from which they severally set out are all of them good, each in its proper place, yet what that proper place is, can only be decided, not by mental intuition, but by the thoroughly practical consideration of consequences; in other words, by the general interest of society and mankind, mental and bodily, intellectual, emotional, and physical, taken together. Mr. Thornton seems to admit the general happiness as the criterion of social virtue, but not of positive duty—not of justice and injustice in the strict sense: and he imagines that it is in making a distinction between these two ideas that his doctrine differs from that of utilitarian moralists. But this is not the case. Utilitarian morality fully recognises the distinction between the province of positive duty and that of virtue, but maintains that the standard and rule of both is the general interest. From the utilitarian point of view, the distinction between them is the following:—There are many acts, and a still greater number of forbearances, the perpetual practice of which by all is so necessary to the general well-being, that people must be held to it compulsorily, either by law, or by social pressure. These acts and forbearances constitute duty. Outside these bounds there is the innumerable variety of modes in which the acts of human beings are either a cause, or a hindrance, of good to their fellow-creatures, but in regard to which it is, on the whole, for the general interest that they should be left free; being merely

Yet this it is proposed to set aside as incompatible with the rights of labour, as if those could possibly be rights which cannot be maintained except by unrighteous means." (Pp. 94, 95.)

The heartiness of Mr. Thornton's devotion to the interest of the labouring classes (or, it should rather be said, to the interest of human nature as embodied in them), is manifested throughout the work; but nowhere so vividly as in the noble Introductory Chapter, where he depicts a state of things in which all the grosser and more palpable evils of their poverty might be extinct, and shows that with this they ought not, and we ought not, to be content. It is not enough that they should no longer be objects of pity. The conditions of a positively happy and dignified existence are what he demands for them, as well as for every other portion of the human race.

encouraged, by praise and honour, to the performance of such beneficial actions as are not sufficiently stimulated by benefits flowing from them to the agent himself. This larger sphere is that of Merit or Virtue.

The anxiety of moralists for some more definite standard of judgment than the happiness of mankind appears to them to be, or for some first principle which shall have a greater hold on the feeling of obligation than education has yet given to the idea of the good of our fellow-creatures, makes them eager to erect into an axiom of morals any one of the familiar corollaries from the principle of general utility, which, from the impressiveness of the cases to which it is applicable, has taken a deep root in the popular mind, and gathered round itself a considerable amount of human feeling. When they have made choice of any such maxim, they follow it out as if there were no others of equal authority by which its application ought to be limited; or with only as much regard to those limitations, as the amount of common sense possessed by the particular thinker peremptorily enforces upon him as a practical being. The two opposite theories of social justice set forth by Mr. Thornton—the Rousseau or Proudhon theory, and his own—are cases of this description. The former of these, according to which all private appropriation of any of the instruments of production was a wrong from the beginning, and an injury to the rest of mankind, there is neither room, nor is it necessary, here to discuss. But I venture to think that, on intuitional grounds, there is quite as much to be said for it as for the rival theory. Mr. Thornton must admit that the Rousseau doctrine, in its most absolute form, has charmed great numbers of human beings, including not merely those to whose apparent interests it was favourable, but many of those to whom it was hostile; that it has satisfied their highest conceptions of justice and moral right, and has the “note” of intuitive truth as completely as the principles from which his own system is a deduction. Still more may this be said of the more moderate forms of the same theory. “Justice is supposed”—erroneously in the author’s opinion—“to require that a labourer’s remuneration should correspond with his wants and his merits” (p. 111). If justice is an affair of intuition—if we are guided to it by the immediate and spontaneous perceptions of the moral sense—what doctrines of justice are there, on which the human race would more instantaneously and with one accord put the stamp of its recognition, than these—that it is just that each should have what he deserves, and that, in the dispensation of good things, those whose wants are most urgent should have the preference? In conscience, can it be expected that any one, who has grounded his social theories on these maxims, should discard them in favour of what Mr. Thornton tenders instead—viz., that no one is accountable for any evil which

he has not produced by some violence, fraud, or breach of engagement of his own ; and that, these things apart, no one has any ground of complaint for his lot on earth, against those who had no hand in placing him here ? Mr. Thornton himself concedes so much, as not positively to deny the justice of the maxims which he practically repudiates ; but regards their violation as a grievance (if grievance at all) against the general order of the universe, and not against society, or the employers of labour. But if there be in the natural constitution of things something patently unjust—something contrary to sentiments of justice, which sentiments, being intuitive, are supposed to have been implanted in us by the same Creator who made the order of things that they protest against—do not these sentiments impose on us the duty of striving, by all human means, to correct the injustice ? And if, on the contrary, we avail ourselves of it for our own personal advantage, do we not make ourselves participators in injustice—allies and auxiliaries of the Evil Principle ?

While the author's intuitive theory of right and wrong has thus no advantage in point of intuitive evidence over the doctrine which it is brought to contradict, it illustrates an incurable defect of all these *a priori* theories—that their most important applications may be rebutted without denying their premises. To point out in what manner this consequence arises out of the inherent nature of such theories, would detain us too long ; but the examples afforded of it by the author's theory are numerous and remarkable.

Take, for instance, what seems the strongest point in his principal argument—viz., that the institution of property in land does not deprive the poor of anything except “their fair proportion of what the earth could have produced if it had remained unappropriated ;” that is, little or nothing—since, if unappropriated, it would have been untilled, and its spontaneous produce would have yielded sustenance to only a very small number of human beings. This may be an answer to Rousseau, though even to him not a complete one ;¹ but it is no answer to the Socialists of the present day. These are, in general, willing enough to admit that property in land was a necessary institution in early ages, and until mankind were sufficiently civilised to be capable of managing their affairs in common for the general benefit. But when this time has arrived—and according to them it has arrived—the legitimacy of private landed property, they contend, has ceased, and mankind at large ought now to re-enter on their inheritance. They deny the claim of the first possessors to impose fetters on all generations, and to prevent the species at large from

(1) By no means a complete answer ; for there is a medium between private appropriation of land and denial of protection to its fruits. Is there not such a thing as temporary appropriation ? As a matter of fact, even in countries of the most improved agriculture, the tillage is usually performed by persons who have no property in the soil—often by mere tenants at will.

resuming rights of which, for good but temporary reasons, it had suspended the exercise. Society made the concession, and society can at any moment take it back.

Again, the author, in his chapter on the Rights of Capital, very truly and forcibly argues, that these are a portion of the rights of labour. They are the rights of past labour, since labour is the source of all capital; and are sacred, in the same sense, and in an equal degree, with those of present labour. From this he deduces the equal legitimacy of any contract for employment, which past labour may impose on the necessities of present labour, provided there is no taint of force or fraud. But is there no taint of force or fraud in the original title of many owners of past labour? The author states the case as if all property, from the beginning of time, had been honestly come by; either produced by the labour of the owner himself, or bestowed on him by gift or bequest from those whose labour did produce it. But how stands the fact? Landed property at least, in all the countries of modern Europe, derives its origin from force; the land was taken by military violence from former possessors, by those from whom it has been transmitted to its present owners. True, much of it has changed hands by purchase, and has come into the possession of persons who had earned the purchase-money by their labour; but the sellers could not impart to others a better title than they themselves possessed. Movable property, no doubt, has on the whole a purer origin, its first acquirers having mostly worked for it, at something useful to their fellow-citizens. But, looking at the question merely historically, and confining our attention to the larger masses, the doctrine that the rights of capital are those of past labour is liable even here to great abatements. Putting aside what has been acquired by fraud, or by the many modes of taking advantage of circumstances, which are deemed fair in commerce, though a person of a delicate conscience would scruple to use them in most of the other concerns of life—omitting all these considerations, how many of the great commercial fortunes have been, at least partly, built up by practices which in a better state of society would have been impossible—jobbing contracts, profligate loans, or other abuses of Government expenditure, improper use of public positions, monopolies, and other bad laws, or perhaps only by the manifold advantages which imperfect social institutions gave to those who are already rich, over their poorer fellow-citizens, in the general struggle of life? We may be told that there is such a thing as prescription, and that a bad title may become a good one by lapse of time. It may, and there are excellent reasons of general utility why it should; but there would be some difficulty in establishing this position from any *a priori* principle. It is of great importance to the good order and comfort of the world that an amnesty should be granted to all

wrongs of so remote a date that the evidence necessary for the ascertainment of title is no longer accessible, or that the reversal of the wrong would cause greater insecurity and greater social disturbance than its condonation. This is true, but I believe that no person ever succeeded in reconciling himself to the conviction, without doing considerable violence to what is called the instinctive sentiment of justice. It is not at all conformable to intuitive morality that a wrong should cease to be a wrong because of what is really an aggravation, its durable character; that because crime has been successful for a certain limited period, society for its own convenience should guarantee its success for all time to come. Accordingly, those who construct their systems of society upon the natural rights of man, usually add to the word natural the word imprescriptible, and strenuously maintain that it is impossible to acquire a fee-simple in an injustice.

Yet one more example, to show the ease with which conclusions that seem to follow absolutely from an *à priori* theory of justice can be defeated by other deductions from the same premises. According to the author, however inadequate the remuneration of labour may be, the labourer has no grievance against society, because society is not the cause of the insufficiency, nor did society ever bargain with him, or bind itself to him by any engagement, guaranteeing a particular amount of remuneration. And, this granted, the author assumes (at p. 394 and elsewhere) as a logical consequence, that proprietors must not be interfered with, out of regard to the interests of labour, in the perfectly free use of their property conformably to their own inclination. Now, if this point were being argued as a practical question, on utilitarian grounds, there probably would be little difference between Mr. Thornton's conclusions and my own. I should stand up for the free disposal of property as strongly, and most likely with only the same limitations, as he would. But we are now on *à priori* ground, and while that is the case, I must insist upon having the consequences of principles carried out to the full. What matters it that, according to the author's theory, the employer does no wrong in making the use he does of his capital, if the same theory would justify the employed in compelling him by law to make a different use—if the labourers would in no way infringe the definition of justice by taking the matter into their own hands, and establishing by law any modification of the rights of property which in their opinion would increase the remuneration of their labour? And, on the author's principles, this right cannot be denied them. The existing social arrangements, and law itself, exist in virtue not only of the forbearance, but of the active support of the labouring classes. They could effect the most fundamental changes in the whole order of society by simply withholding their concurrence. Suppose that

they, who being the numerical majority cannot be controlled except by their own tacit consent, should come to the conclusion (for example) that it is not essential to the benefits of the institution of property that wealth should be allowed to accumulate in large masses; and should consequently resolve to deny legal protection to all properties exceeding a certain amount. There are the strongest utilitarian reasons against their doing this; but on the author's principles, they have a right to do it. By this mere abstinence from doing what they have never promised nor in any way bound themselves to do, they could extort the consent of the rich to any modification of proprietary rights which they might consider to be for their advantage. They might bind the rich to take the whole burden of taxation upon themselves. They might bind them to give employment, at liberal wages, to a number of labourers in a direct ratio to the amount of their incomes. They might enforce on them a total abolition of inheritance and bequest. All this would be a very wrong use of their power of withholding protection; but only because the conditions imposed would be injurious, instead of beneficial, to the public weal. Nor do I see what arguments, except utilitarian ones, are open to the author for condemning them. Even the manifest obligation of making the changes with the least possible detriment to the interests and feelings of the existing generation of proprietors, it would be extremely difficult to deduce from the author's premises, without calling in other maxims of justice than his theory recognises.

It is almost needless for me to repeat that these things are said, not with a view to draw any practical conclusions respecting the rights of labour, but to show that no practical conclusions of any kind can be drawn from such premises; and because I think, with Mr. Thornton, that when we are attempting to determine a question of social ethics, we should make sure of our ethical foundation. On the questions between employers and labourers, or on any other social questions, we can neither hope to find, nor do we need, any better criterion than the interest, immediate and ultimate, of the human race. But the author's treatment of the subject will have a useful effect if it leads any of those friends of democracy and equality, who disdain the prosaic consideration of consequences, and demand something more high-flown as the ground on which to rest the rights of the human race, to perceive how easy it is to frame a theory of justice that shall positively deny the rights considered by them as so transcendent, and which yet shall make as fair a claim as theirs to an intuitive character, and shall command by its *à priori* evidence the full conviction of as enlightened a thinker, and as warm a supporter of the principal claims of the labouring classes, as the author of the work before us.

The author's polemic against the doctrines commonly preached by

the metaphysical theorists of the Cause of Labour, is not without other points of usefulness. Not only are those theorists entirely at sea on the notion of right, when they suppose that labour has, or can have, a right to anything, by any rule but the permanent interest of the human race; but they also have confused and erroneous notions of matters of fact, of which Mr. Thornton points out the fallacy. For example, the working classes, or rather their champions, often look upon the whole wealth of the country as the produce of their labour, and imply, or even assert, that if everybody had his due the whole of it would belong to them. Apart from all question as to right, this doctrine rests on a misconception of fact. The wealth of the country is not wholly the produce of present labour. It is the joint product of present labour and of the labour of former years and generations, the fruits of which, having been preserved by the abstinence of those who had the power of consuming them, are now available for the support or aid of present labour which, but for that abstinence, could not have produced subsistence for a hundredth part the number of the present labourers. No merit is claimed for this abstinence; those to whose persevering frugality the labouring classes owe this enormous benefit, for the most part thought only of benefiting themselves and their descendants. But neither is there any merit in labouring, when a man has no other means of keeping alive. It is not a question of merit, but of the common interest. Capital is as indispensable to labour as labour to capital. It is true the labourers need only capital, not capitalists; it would be better for them if they had capital of their own. But while they have not, it is a great benefit to them that others have. Those who have capital did not take it from them, and do not prevent them from acquiring it. And, however badly off they may be under the conditions which they are able to make with capitalists, they would be still worse off if the earth were freely delivered over to them without capital, and their existing numbers had to be supported upon what they could in this way make it produce.

On the other hand, there is on the opposite side of the question a kind of goody morality, amounting to a cant, against which the author protests, and which it is imperative to clear our minds of. There are people who think it right to be always repeating, that the interest of labourers and employers (and, they add, of landlords and farmers, the upper classes and the lower, governments and subjects, &c.) is one and the same. It is not to be wondered at that this sort of thing should be irritating to those to whom it is intended as a warning. How is it possible that the buyer and the seller of a commodity should have exactly the same interest as to its price? It is the interest of both that there should be commodities to sell; and it is, in a certain general way, the interest both of labourers and employers

that business should prosper, and that the returns to labour and capital should be large. But to say that they have the same interest as to the division, is to say that it is the same thing to a person's interest whether a sum of money belongs to him or to somebody else. The employer, we are gravely told, will expend in wages what he saves in wages; he will add it to his capital, which is a fine thing for the labouring classes. Suppose him to do so, what does the labourer gain by the increase of capital, if his wages must be kept from rising to admit of its taking place?

"Workmen are solemnly adjured," says Mr. Thornton (p. 260), "not to try to get their wages raised, because success in the attempt must be followed by a fall of profits which will bring wages down again. They are entreated not to better themselves, because any temporary bettering will be followed by a reaction which will leave them as ill off as before; not to try to raise the price of labour, because to raise the price is to lower the demand, and to lower the demand is to lower the price. As if a great demand for labour were of any other use to the labourer than that of raising the price of labour, or as if an end were to be sacrificed to means whose whole merit consists in their leading to that same end. If all the political economy opposed to trades' unions were like this, trades' unions would be quite right in opposing political economy."

What is true is, that wages might be so high as to leave no profit to the capitalist, or not enough to compensate him for the anxieties and risks of trade; and in that case labourers would be killing the goose to get at the eggs. And, again, wages might be so low as to diminish the numbers or impair the working powers of the labourers, and in that case the capitalist also would generally be a loser. But between this and the doctrine, that the money which would come to the labourer by a rise of wages will be of as much use to him in the capitalist's pocket as in his own, there is a considerable difference.

Between the two limits just indicated—the highest wages consistent with keeping up the capital of the country, and increasing it *pari passu* with the increase of people, and the lowest that will enable the labourers to keep up their numbers with an increase sufficient to provide labourers for the increase of employment—there is an intermediate region within which wages will range higher or lower according to what Adam Smith calls "the higgling of the market." In this higgling, the labourer in an isolated condition, unable to hold out even against a single employer, much more against the tacit combination of employers, will, as a rule, find his wages kept down at the lower limit. Labourers sufficiently organised in Unions may, under favourable circumstances, attain to the higher. This, however, supposes an organisation including all classes of labourers, manufacturing and agricultural, unskilled as well as skilled. When the union is only partial, there is often a nearer limit—that which would destroy, or drive elsewhere, the particular branch of industry in which the rise takes place. Such are the limiting conditions of the strife

or wages between the labourers and the capitalists. The superior merit is a difficult question of fact, and in its estimation serious errors may be, and have been, committed. But, having regard to the greatly superior numbers of the labouring class, and the inevitable scantiness of the remuneration afforded by even the highest rate of wages which, in the present state of the arts of production, could possibly become general; whoever does not wish that the labourers may prevail, and that the highest limit, whatever it be, may be attained, must have a standard of morals, and a conception of the most desirable state of society, widely different from those of either Mr. Thornton or the present writer.

The remainder of the book is occupied in discussing the means adopted or which might be adopted by the operative classes, for obtaining all such advantages in respect of wages, and the other conditions of labour, as are within the reach of attainment: a subject comprehending all the questions respecting the objects and practices of Trades' Unionism, together with the whole theory and practice of the operative industry. And here I am nearly at the end of my disagreements with Mr. Thornton. His opinions are in every respect favourable to the claims of the labouring classes as is consistent with the regard due to the permanent interest of the race. His conclusions leave me little to do but to make a *résumé* of them, though I may still dissent from some of his premises. For example, the same principles which lead him to acquit employers of wrong, however they may avail themselves of their advantage to keep down wages, make him equally exculpate Unionists from a similar charge, even when he deems them to be making a short-sighted and dangerous use of the power which combinations give them. But while I agree with the author that conduct may be "grovelling and sordid" without being morally culpable, I must yet maintain that there are (as it cannot be doubted that there are) demands which employers might make from labourers, or labourers from employers, the enforcement of which, even by the most innocent means, would be contrary to the interests of civilisation and improvement—to make these demands, and to insist on them as conditions of giving and receiving employment, is morally wrong.

Again, the author most justly stigmatises the English law of conspiracy, that reserved weapon of arbitrary and *ex-post-facto* coercion, by which anything, that a court of law thinks ought not to be done, may be made a criminal offence if done in concert by more than one person—a law of which a most objectionable use has been made against Trades' Unions. But I cannot go entirely with him when he lays it down as an absolute and self-evident truth, that whatever is lawful when done by one person, ought not to be an offence when done by a combination of several. He forgets that the number of

agents may materially alter the essential character of the act. Suppose, merely for the sake of illustration, that the state of opinion was such as to induce legislators to tolerate, within certain limits, the prosecution of quarrels and the redress of injuries by the party's own hands; as is the case practically, though not legally, in all countries where duelling prevails. If, under cover of this license, instead of a combat between one and one, a band of assailants were to set upon a single person, and take his life, or inflict on him bodily harm, would it be allowable to apply to this case the maxim, that what is permitted to one person ought to be permitted to any number? The cases are not parallel; but if there be so much as one case of this character, it is discussable, and requires to be discussed, whether any given case is such a one; and we have a fresh proof how little even the most plausible of these absolute maxims of right and wrong are to be depended on, and how unsafe it is to lose sight, even for a moment, of the paramount principle—the good of the human race. The maxims may, as the rough results of experience, be regarded as *primâ facie* presumptions that what they inculcate will be found conducive to the ultimate end; but not as conclusive on that point without examination, still less as carrying an authority independent of, and superior to, the end.

My difference with Mr. Thornton is in this case only theoretical; for I do not know of anything that ought to be legally interdicted to workmen in combination, except what would be criminal if done by any of them individually, viz., physical violence or molestation, defamation of character, injury to property, or threats of any of these evils. We hear much invective against Trades' Unions on the score of being infringements of the liberty of those working men on whom a kind of social compulsion is exercised to induce them to join a Union, or to take part in a strike. I agree with Mr. Thornton in attaching no importance whatever to this charge. An infringement of people's liberty it undoubtedly is, when they are induced, by dread of other people's reproaches, to do anything which they are not legally bound to do; but I do not suppose it will be maintained that disapprobation never ought to be expressed except of things which are offences by law. As soon as it is acknowledged that there are lawful, and even useful, purposes to be fulfilled by Trades' Unions, it must be admitted that the members of Unions may reasonably feel a genuine moral disapprobation of those who profit by the higher wages or other advantages that the Unions procure for non-Unionists as well as for their own members, but refuse to take their share of the payments, and submit to the restrictions, by which those advantages are obtained. It is vain to say that if a strike is really for the good of the workmen, the whole body will join in it from a mere sense of the common interest. There is always a considerable number who will

hope to share the benefit without submitting to the sacrifices; and to say that these are not to have it brought before them, in an impressive manner, what their fellow-workmen think of their conduct, is equivalent to saying that social pressure ought not to be put upon any one to consider the interests of others as well as his own. All that legislation is concerned with is, that the pressure shall stop at the expression of feeling, and the withholding of such good offices as may properly depend upon feeling, and shall not extend to an infringement, or a threat of infringement, of any of the rights which the law guarantees to all—security of person and property against violation, and of reputation against calumny. There are few cases in which the application of this distinction can give rise to any doubt. What is called picketing is just on the border which separates the two regions; but the sole difficulty in that case is one of fact and evidence—to ascertain whether the language or gestures used implied a threat of any such treatment as, between individual and individual, would be contrary to law. Hooting, and offensive language, are points on which a question may be raised; but these should be dealt with according to the general law of the country. No good reason can be given for subjecting them to special restriction on account of the occasion which gives rise to them, or to any legal restraint at all beyond that which public decency, or the safety of the public peace, may prescribe as a matter of police regulation.

Mr. Thornton enters into a minute examination of the limits to the efficacy of Trades' Unions—the circumstances in which increased wages may be claimed with a prospect of success, and, if successful, of permanence. These discussions I must content myself with recommending to the attention of the reader, who will find in them much matter of great value. In the present article there is only room for the most general considerations, either of political economy or of morals. Under the former aspect, there is a view of the question, not overlooked by the author, but hardly, perhaps, made sufficiently prominent by him. From the necessity of the case, the only fund out of which an increase of wages can possibly be obtained by the labouring classes considered as a whole, is profits. This is contrary to the common opinion, both of the general public and of the workmen themselves, who think that there is a second source from which it is possible for the augmentation to come, namely, prices. The employer, they think, can, if foreign or other competition will let him, indemnify himself for the additional wages demanded of him, by charging an increased price to the consumer. And this may certainly happen in single trades, and even in large branches of trade, under conditions which are carefully investigated by Mr. Thornton. The building trade, in its numerous subdivisions, is one of the most salient instances. But though a rise of wages in a given

trade may be compensated to the masters by a rise of the price of their commodity, a rise of general wages cannot be compensated to employers generally by a general rise of prices. This distinction is never understood by those who have not considered the subject, but there are few truths more obvious to all who have. There cannot be a general rise of prices unless there is more money expended. But the rise of wages does not cause more money to be expended. It takes from the incomes of the masters and adds to those of the workmen; the former have less to spend, the latter have more; but the general sum of the money incomes of the community remains what it was, and it is upon that sum that money prices depend. There cannot be more money expended on everything, when there is not more money to be expended altogether. In the second place, even if there did happen a rise of all prices, the only effect would be that money, having become of less value in the particular country, while it remained of its former value everywhere else, would be exported until prices were brought down to nearly or quite their former level. But thirdly: even on the impossible supposition that the rise of prices could be kept up, yet, being general, it would not compensate the employer; for though his money returns would be greater, his outgoings (except the fixed payments to those to whom he is in debt) would be increased in the same proportion. Finally, if when wages rose all prices rose in the same ratio, the labourers would be no better off with high wages than with low; their wages would not command more of any article of consumption; a real rise of wages, therefore, would be an impossibility.

It being obvious, from these accumulated considerations, that a real rise of general wages cannot be thrown on the consumer by a rise of prices; it follows also that a real rise even of partial wages—of wages in one or a few employments—when thrown on the consumer by an increased price of the articles produced, is generally a gain made, wholly or in part, at the expense of the remainder of the labouring classes. For, the aggregate incomes of the purchasing public not being increased, if more is spent on some articles of consumption, less will be spent on others. There are two possible suppositions. The public may either reduce its consumption of the articles which have risen, or it may retrench by preference in other articles. In the former case, if the consumption falls off in full proportion to the rise of price, there is no more money than before expended in the article, and no more, therefore, to be divided between the labourers and their employers; but the labourers may possibly retain their improved wages, at the expense of profits, until the employers, weary of having less profit than other people, withdraw part of their capital. But if the consumption does not fall off, or falls off in a less degree, so that more is really spent on the articles after than before the rise, the prices of some other things will fall from

diminished demand ; the producers of those other things will have less to divide, and either wages or profits must suffer. It will usually be wages ; for as there will not be employment in those departments for so many labourers as before, some labourers will be thrown out of work. As Mr. Thornton remarks, the general increase of the incomes of the community through the progress of wealth may make up to the other branches of the productive classes for what they thus lose, and convert it from an absolute loss, to the loss of a gain—the gain which as a body they would have derived from the general increase of wealth, but of which the whole, or more than the fair share, has been drawn off by a single branch. Still, the rise of wages in any department is necessarily at the expense either of wages in other departments or of profits, and in general both will contribute to it. So long, at least, as there are any classes of labourers who are not unionised, the successes of the Unions will generally be a cause of loss to the labourers in the non-unionist occupations.

From the recognition of this fact arises a serious question of right and wrong, as between Unionists and the remainder of the labouring classes. As between themselves and their employers, they are under no obligations but those of prudence. The employers are quite capable of taking care of themselves. Unionists are under no moral duty to their employers which the conditions they may seek to impose on them can possibly violate. But they owe moral duties to the remainder of the labouring classes, and moral duties to the community at large ; and it behoves them to take care that the conditions they make for their own separate interest do not conflict with either of these obligations.

However satisfactorily the question may admit of being answered, it still requires to be asked, whether Unionists are justified in seeking a rise of wages for themselves, which will in all probability produce a fall of wages, or loss of employment, to other labourers, their fellow-countrymen. Still more is this question raised by those restrictive rules, forbidding the employment of non-unionists, limiting the number of apprentices, &c., which many Unions maintain, and which are sometimes indispensable to the complete efficacy of Unionism. For (as Mr. Thornton recognises) there is no keeping up wages without limiting the number of competitors for employment. And all such limitation inflicts distinct evil upon those whom it excludes—upon that great mass of labouring population which is outside the Unions ; an evil not trifling, for if the system were rigorously enforced it would prevent unskilled labourers or their children from ever rising to the condition of skilled. In what manner is a system which thus operates, to be reconciled either with the obligations of general morality, or with the special regard professed by labouring men for the interest of the labouring class ?

To the justification of Unionism it is necessary not only that a mode of reconciliation should exist, but that Unionists should know it and consider it ; for if there is ever so good a defence of their conduct, and they do not know or care about it, their case is morally the same as if there were none. Unionists who do not concern themselves with these scruples are, in intention, sacrificing the interests of their fellow-labourers, the majority of the labouring classes, to their own separate advantage ; they are making themselves into an oligarchy of manual labourers, indirectly supported by a tax levied on the democracy.

There are, however, two considerations, either of which, in the mind of an upright and public spirited working man, may fairly legitimate his adhesion to Unionism. The first is, by considering the Unions of particular trades as a mere step towards an universal Union, including all labour, and as a means of educating the *élite* of the working classes for such a future. This is well put by Mr. Thornton :—

“ Though, in the interests of universal labour, the formation of national and cosmopolitan unionism be clearly an end to be aimed at, the best, if not the only means to that end is the previous formation and bringing to maturity of separate trade unions. The thing is scarcely to be done, if done at all, in any other way. National unionism is only to be built up piecemeal. To begin by laying foundations coextensive with the area to be finally covered, would be a sure way of never getting beyond the foundations. The only plan at all feasible, is for separate sections of labourers to organise themselves independently, and for each separate organisation to confine its attention to its own affairs, wherein it would long find abundant occupation without troubling itself about those of its neighbours, until it and they, having grown strong enough to stand alone, should perceive it to be for their mutual advantage to coalesce and stand together. This is the plan which, unconsciously perhaps for the most part, trades’ unions are at present following, each in obedience to its own selfish instinct, seeking only to do the best for itself, yet each doing thereby the best for the others also. That this or any other plan will ever really eventuate in the formation of a confederacy embracing the entire working population, may to most people appear an utterly chimerical notion, and no doubt the chances are great against its realisation. But the thing, however improbable, is not more improbable than some of the actual phenomena of unionism would not long since have appeared. Half a century back, while the marvellous organising aptitudes of working men lay dormant and unsuspected, it would have been quite as difficult for any one to look forward to the existing ‘amalgamation’ of little less than 50,000 engineers or 70,000 miners, as it is now to imagine that in another century or so—no very long period in a nation’s life — a combination of these and of other associations may weld together the whole community of British workmen as one brotherhood. At the present rate of progress less than a hundred years would suffice for the operation.” (Pp. 289, 290.)

This prospect may appear too remote, and even visionary, to be an actuating motive with any considerable number of Unionists ; but it is certainly not beyond the aspirations of the intelligent leaders of Unionism, and what is more, some great steps have already been made in the direction of its realisation. A generation ago all Unions were local, and in those days strikes were much more frequent,

much oftener unreasonable, and much oftener attended with criminal excesses, than is the case at present. Since then, a number of the most important trades have been formed into Amalgamated Societies extending to the whole country, and a central council decides with a view to the interests of the entire trade, what conditions shall be imposed on employers, and in what cases strikes shall take place. And it is admitted that the rules of these Amalgamated Societies are much less objectionable than those of the local unions previously were, and that the central body prevents many more strikes than it sanctions. The immediate motive to the amalgamations was, of course, the experience that attempts in one town to obtain a rise of wages, only caused the transfer of the business to another. Concert having been at length substituted for competition between different towns, the Unions now aim at effecting the same substitution between different countries: and within the last few years there is a commencement of International Congresses of working people, to prevent the efforts made in one country from being frustrated for want of a common understanding with other countries. And there can be little doubt that these attempts to lay the foundation of an alliance among the artisans of competing countries, have already produced some effect, and will acquire increasing importance.

There is, however, another, and a less elevated, but not fallacious point of view, from which the apparent injustice of Unionism to the non-united classes of labourers may be morally vindicated to the conscience of an intelligent Unionist. This is the Malthusian point of view, so blindly decried as hostile and odious, above all, to the labouring classes. The ignorant and untrained part of the poorer classes (such Unionists may say) will people up to the point which will keep their wages at that miserable rate which the low scale of their ideas and habits makes endurable to them. As long as their minds remain in their present state, our preventing them from competing with us for employment does them no real injury; it only saves ourselves from being brought down to their level. Those whom we exclude are a morally inferior class of labourers to us; their labour is worth less, and their want of prudence and self-restraint makes them much more active in adding to the population. We do them no wrong by intrenching ourselves behind a barrier, to exclude those whose competition would bring down our wages, without more than momentarily raising theirs, but only adding to the total numbers in existence. This is the practical justification, as things now are, of some of the exclusive regulations of Trades' Unions. If the majority of their members look upon this state of things, so far as the excluded labourers are concerned, with indifference, and think it enough for the Unions to take care of their own members, this is not more culpable in them than is the same indifference in classes far more powerful and more privileged by society. But it is a strong indication of a

better spirit among them, that the operatives and artisans throughout the country form the main strength of the demand, rapidly becoming irresistible, for universal and compulsory education. The brutish ignorance of the lowest order of unskilled labourers has no more determined enemies, none more earnest in insisting that it be cured, than the comparatively educated workmen who direct the Unions.

The moral duties which Unionists owe to society at large—to the permanent interest of the nation and of the race—are still less regarded than the duties imposed by good feeling towards their own class. There is as little practical sense of such duties in the minds of workmen as in those of employers—and there can scarcely be less. Yet it is evident (for instance) that it cannot be right that a contest between two portions of society as to the terms on which they will co-operate, should be settled by impairing the efficacy of their joint action. There must be some better mode of sharing the fruits of human productive power than by diminishing their amount. Yet this is not only the effect, but the intention, of many of the conditions imposed by some Unions on workmen and on employers. All restrictions on the employment of machinery, or on arrangements for economising labour, deserve this censure. Some of the Unionist regulations go even further than to prohibit improvements; they are contrived for the express purpose of making work inefficient; they positively prohibit the workman from working hard and well, in order that it may be necessary to employ a greater number. Regulations that no one shall move bricks in a wheelbarrow, but only carry them in a hod, and then no more than eight at a time; that stones shall not be worked at the quarry while they are soft, but must be worked by the masons of the place where they are to be used; that plasterers shall not do the work of plasterers' labourers, nor labourers that of plasterers, but a plasterer and a labourer must both be employed when one would suffice; that bricks made on one side of a particular canal must lie there unused, while fresh bricks are made for work going on upon the other; that men shall not do so good a day's work as to "best their mates;" that they shall not walk at more than a given pace to their work when the walk is counted "in the master's time"—these and scores of similar examples which will be found in Mr. Thornton's book, equally vexatious, and some of them more ridiculous, are all grave violations of the moral rule, that disputes between classes should not be so conducted as to make the world a worse place for both together, and ultimately for the whole of the community. I do not say that there are never cases which justify a resort to measures even thus bad in principle. A portion of society which cannot otherwise obtain just consideration from the rest, may be warranted in doing a mischief to society in order to extort what it considers its dues. But when thus acting, that portion of society is in a state of war with the rest; and such means

are never justifiable but as weapons of war, like the devastation of a country and the slaughter of its innocent inhabitants—things abominable in themselves, but which may unhappily be the only means of forcing a powerful adversary to consent to just terms of accommodation. It is palpably for the good of society that its means of production, that the efficacy of its industry, should be as great as possible, and it cannot be necessary to an equitable division of the produce to make that efficacy less. The true morality of the workmen would be to second zealously all means by which labour can be economised or made more efficient, but to demand their share of the benefit. In what shape they shall obtain it, is a matter of negotiation between the parties, the difficulties of which may be greatly lightened by an impartial arbitration; and it is in such cases, above all others, that advantage might be expected from the Councils of Conciliation, which Mr. Mundella and Mr. Rupert Kettle have so forcibly advocated, and have carried so successfully into practice in their respective localities. The identification of the interest of the workmen with the efficiency, instead of the inefficiency of the work, is a happy result as yet only attained by co-operative industry in some one of its forms. And if it should prove, in the end, not to be attainable otherwise; if the claims of the workmen to share the benefit of whatever was beneficial to the general interest of the business, became an embarrassment to the masters from which no system of arbitration could sufficiently relieve them, and the growing inconvenience to them from the opposition of interest between themselves and the workmen should stimulate the conversion of existing businesses into Industrial Partnerships, in which the whole body of workpeople have a direct interest in the profits of the enterprise; such a transformation would be the true euthanasia of Trades' Unionism, while it would train and prepare at least the superior portion of the working classes for a form of co-operation still more equal and complete.

It is to this feature in the futurity of labour that the whole of Mr. Thornton's argument leads up: and to this he looks forward as the true solution of the great economic problem of modern life. Nowhere will be found so compact and comprehensive an account of the various forms of co-operative industry which have been tried in this and other countries with such remarkable success, either by combinations of operatives uniting their small savings, or by capitalist employers admitting their workmen to a participation in profits. I will not weaken these most interesting statements by abridgment, nor is it necessary to prolong this article by disserting on a subject which is every year commanding more of the attention of the best practical minds. The reader may be referred to Mr. Thornton for a conclusive answer to the hesitations concerning the probabilities of success of this great movement, as well as for an

inspiring picture of the blessings to human society which may rationally be expected from its progressive realisation. I will rather turn back to Unionism, and conclude with a passage embodying the author's ultimate moral judgment upon it. (Pp. 333—336.)

"Sufficient note has not perhaps been taken of the educational office which unionism is silently and unconsciously performing, and of the softening and composing influence which it is insensibly exercising over its constituents. Mere union, quite irrespectively of any special object, is of itself beneficial discipline. The mere act of association is of itself a wholesome subordination of the individual to the general. Merely to combine for some common object, causes people to take pride and pleasure in that object, whatever it be, and renders them ready to make sacrifices for its furtherance. And if the object be mutual defence and mutual support, then, for the associates to take an interest in it and in each other, is one and the same thing. Among trades' unionists accustomed to look to each other for assistance in sickness, in distress, and in old age, the sense of mutual dependence begets mutual attachment. In their official intercourse they speak of each other as 'brothers;' and the word is not an empty sound, but indicates the sort of relationship which they at least desire should subsist between them, and which, because they do desire it, is sure to grow up. So far their sympathies have already widened, and it is characteristic of all moral expansion never to cease expanding. Those who, from caring for none but themselves, have got so far as to care for their fellow-workmen, will not stop till they have learned to care for all their fellow-men. Love of their class will prove to have been only an intermediate stage between self-love and love of their kind. Nor is it only indirectly that unionism is qualified to contribute towards this moral development. Certain of its arrangements are calculated to lead straight towards the same result. Hitherto, protection against material evil and acquisition of material good have been its chief care, but higher objects are beginning to claim attention, and intellectual and moral improvement are coming in for a share of solicitude. In the lodges of the London bricklayers, drunkenness and swearing are expressly interdicted. Under the auspices of the Amalgamated Carpenters, industrial schools are being established. These are straws on the surface, showing how the current of unionist opinion is flowing. The day may not be very distant when increasing *esprit de corps* will make Amalgamated Engineers and Carpenters as proud individually of their respective societies, as jealous of their honour, and as unwilling to disgrace them, as the officers of the old Bengal Engineers used to be of their connection with that pre-eminently distinguished corps; and in proportion as those feelings become general among unionists, in the same proportion may unionism be expected to divest itself of its offensive attributes, exchanging eventually past violence and extravagance for as much moderation as its nature will admit of.

"Still, even when so modified and chastened, the necessity for its continuing to exist at all will continue to be an evil. The one constitutional vice, inherent in and inseparable from unionism, is its being a visible and a tangible embodiment of that antagonism between labour and capital, which has always been the curse of the one and a thorn in the flesh of the other. . . . The utmost successes of which it is capable can never be such as well-wishers of their fellow-men, with any catholicity of sympathy, will be much disposed to rejoice over. Its highest achievements must always fall very short indeed of the consummation to which speculative philanthropy loves to look forward, when labour and capital, no longer needing to keep each other's aggressiveness in check, shall cordially combine for mutual co-operation. . . . But until the alliance is effected, and as long as the antagonism subsists, trades' unionism will continue to be an indispensable auxiliary of labour, and the sooner it is so recognised, both by the legislature and by capitalists, the better for the public peace."

J. S. MILL.

TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS.

V.

LIVING, Lesbia, let us e'en be loving.
Sour Severity, tongue of eld maligning,
All be to us a penny's estimation.

Suns set only to come again to-morrow ;
We, when sets in a minute our abridg'd light,
Sleep one infinite age, a night eternal.

Thousand kisses, anon to these an hundred,
Thousand kisses again, another hundred,
Thousand give me again, again an hundred.

Then, once heedfully told the many thousands,
We'll untell them as idly ; so we shall not
Know, nor traitorous eye shall envy, knowing
All those myriad happy many kisses.

X.

In the Forum as I was idly roaming
Varus took me a merry dame to visit.
She a lady, methought upon the moment,
Of some quality, not without refinement.

- I. So, arrived, in a trice we fell on endless
Themes colloquial ; how the fact, the falsehood
With Bithynia, what the case about it,
Had it helped me to profit or to money.

Then I told her a very truth ; no atom
There for company, prætor, hungry natives,
Home might render a body aught the fatter :

Then our prætor a castaway, could hugely
Mulet his company, had a taste to jeer them.

- II. Spoke another, ' Yet anyways, to bear you
Men were ready, enough to grace a litter.
They grow quantities, if report belies not.'
Then, supremely myself to flaunt before her,

I 'So thoroughly could not angry fortune
Spite, I might not, afflicted in my province,
Get erected a lusty eight to bear me.

But so scrubby the poor sedan, the battered
Frame-work, nobody there nor here could ever
Mount it, painfully neck to nick adjusting.'

III. Quoth the lady, belike a lady wanton,
'Just for courtesy, lend me, dear Catullus,
These same nobodies. I the great Sarapis,
Go to visit awhile.' Said I in answer,

'Thanks, but lady, for all my easy boasting,
'Twas too summary; there's a friend who knows me,
Cinna Gaius, his the sturdy varlets.

'Mine or Cinna's, an inch alone divides us.
I use Cinna's, as e'en my own possession.
But you're really a bore, a very tiresome
Dame unmannerly, thus to take me napping.'

XII.

Marrucinian Asinius, hardly civil,
Left-handed practices o'er the merry wine-cup :
Watch occasion, anon remove a napkin.
This your drollery? Take my word it is not :
'Tis most beastly, a trick among a thousand.

Not believe me? Believe a friendly brother,
Laughing Pollio : he declares a talent
Poor indemnification, he the parlous
Child of voluble humour, and facetious.

So face hendecasyllables, a thousand,
Or most speedily send me back the napkin,
Gift, not prized at a sorry valuation,
But for company; 'tis a friend's memento.

Cloth of Sætabis, exquisite, from utmost
Iber, sent as a gift to me Fabullus
And Veranius; ought not I to love them
As Veranius even, as Fabullus?

XIII.

Please kind heaven, in happy time, Fabullus,
We'll dine merrily, dear my friend, together.

Promise only to bring of yours a dinner
Rich and goodly ; withal a lily maiden,
Wine, wit, infinite happy cachinnation.

Promise only ; anon we dine, my gentle
Friend, most merrily ; but, for your Catullus,
Know he boasts but a pouch of empty cobwebs.

Yet take contrary fee, a quintessential
Love, or sweeter if aught is, aught diviner.

Oil most savory, mine ; my love received it
From each heavenly Venus, all the Cupids.
Will you smell it ? a god shall hear Fabullus
Pray unbody him only nose for ever.

XXXVI.

1.

Thou vile paper of all dishonour, annals
Of Volusius, hear my lovely lady's

Vow, and pay it. A while she swore to Venus
And fond Cupid, if ever I returning
Ceased from enmity, left to launch iambics,

She would surely devote the sorry poet's
Choicest rarities unto sooty Vulcan,
The lame deity, there to blaze lamenting.
With such drollery then in all defiance
Swore strange oath to the gods the naughty wanton.

2.

Now O heavenly child of azure ocean !
Queen of Idaly, Queen of Urian highlands,

Who Ancona the fair, the reedy Cnidos
Hauntest, Amathus and the lawny Golgi,
Or Durrachium, hostel Adriatic :

Hear thy votaress, answer her petition ;
'Tis most graceful, a dainty thought to charm thee.

But ye verses, away to fire, to burning,
 Rank rusticities, empty vapid annals
 Of Volusius, heap of all dishonour.

XLVI.

Now soft spring with her early warmth returneth;
 Now doth Zephyrus, health benignly breathing,
 Still the boisterous equinoctial heaven.

Leave we Phrygia, leave the plains, Catullus,
 Leave Nicæa, the sultry land of harvests;
 On for Asia, for the starry cities.
 Now, all hurry, the soul is out a ranging,
 Now with vigour aglow the feet renew them.

Farewell company true, my lovely comrades,
 Ye so joyfully borne from home together,
 Now o'er many a weary way returning.

XLIX.

Greatest speaker of any born a Roman,
 Marcus Tullius, all that are, that have been,
 That shall ever in years to come be famous;

Thanks superlative unto thee Catullus
 Renders, easily last among the poets;

He as easily last among the poets
 As thou, verily, first among the pleaders.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

WHAT is public opinion, is a question well-nigh as difficult of solution as Pilate's famous query about truth. In both instances, we can only hope to arrive at an approximative answer; and in offering this contribution to the stock of knowledge on the vexed question of the feeling of America towards England, I do not profess any absolute conviction as to the correctness of my theory. All I can say is, that for many years I have enjoyed somewhat unusual facilities for forming an opinion upon American affairs; and that my opinion, be it sound or erroneous, is based upon a knowledge of the subject-matter not possessed by most English writers on Trans-Atlantic questions. The subject is far too wide a one to be treated in a short essay. All I can hope to do now is to throw some little light upon the extent to which the public opinion of America is represented by

Mr. Sumner's speech, and the reasons why it is so represented. It is certainly not my wish to put myself forward as an apologist of that remarkable piece of declamation. Judging it, in so far as an Englishman can, from an impartial point of view, it seems to me false in fact, feeble in argument, turgid in diction, and dishonest in spirit. At the same time, I am forced to the conclusion that the majority of the senator's English assailants have hardly read the document on which their strictures were founded. Had they done so, they would not have failed to see that the speech is in no sense of the "stand and deliver" order, commonly assigned to it in this country. Mr. Sumner, it should be borne in mind, was arguing for the rejection of the Stanley-Johnson treaty, on the ground that it failed utterly to afford reparation for the wrongs, which in his judgment America had sustained at the hands of England; and in support of his argument he asserts that if abstract justice could be consulted, England ought to make a formal apology, and to indemnify America for half the outlay of the secession war. But he never proposes, either directly or indirectly, that this claim should be enforced, or even officially asserted. To say when you have no adequate reason for so saying, that if you could have your rights you would be owner of all the Grosvenor estates, may be a very objectionable and dishonest proceeding; but it is by no means identical with bringing a suit of ejectment against the Marquis of Westminster. I have been told on authority, which ought to be correct, that immediately after the delivery of his address, Mr. Sumner stated to a friend that he had made a very pacific speech; and this statement, odd as it may seem to us, was, I have no doubt, made in honesty. That Mr. Sumner might use language calculated to bring about a collision between England and America, is possible enough; but that he should wilfully counsel a war between the two countries is a fact not easily to be credited by those to whom his private character and his public career are alike familiar. Indeed, after an indirect fashion, Mr. Sumner's speech may actually have a pacific tendency. Americans will, I fancy, be more inclined to listen to reason, now that their national feelings have been ratified by a distinct and outspoken utterance of their real or alleged grievances. The gain to the interests of peace is assuredly of a doubtful advantage; but this much is certain, that the utterances of Mr. Reverdy Johnson had created an amount of popular irritation across the Atlantic, which could only be allayed by some such vehement protest as that of which the senator for Massachusetts has made himself the mouth-piece.

It will be seen from this that in my judgment Mr. Sumner has expressed not unfaithfully the common sentiment of the mass of his countrymen. I regret that this should be so; but upon an issue like the one now separating England and America there is no good to be

secured by representing facts as other than they are. At the same time, unless I am mistaken, Mr. Sumner, and the section of the American nation to which he belongs, are animated by an especial irritability towards England, which is not shared by the common American public. Mr. Sumner is not only a New Englander, but he is a New Englander of that class whom it is the fashion in English society to talk of as "the best type of Americans;" and amongst that class the irritation against this country for its sins, both of commission and omission, is to be found in its highest stage of development.

Within the last few weeks I have constantly heard sensible Englishmen talk in perfect good faith about Mr. Sumner's ingratitude, because, after having received so much civility when he was a visitor in this country, he has made a speech which he must have known would be displeasing to England. The feeling which lies at the bottom of this assertion explains much of the irritability to which I allude. Lord Stanley has visited the United States; and I have no doubt that his lordship was entertained by the principal citizens of the towns he sojourned at, was elected a member of the clubs, was introduced to everybody worth knowing, was made at home in house after house, was treated, in fact, with that frank, cordial hospitality of which America nowadays seems to me to have preserved the monopoly. But if Lord Stanley was to make a strong anti-American speech in Parliament, anybody would be laughed at, and rightly laughed at, who talked about his ingratitude. Yet the two cases are exactly parallel; and the only difference consists in a latent conviction of the English mind that Mr. Sumner, like any other distinguished American visitor, is not quite the equal of the English grandees who showed him civility. And this same sense of half-conscious superiority pervades all our intercourse with our American cousins. I have constantly known Americans congratulated in English society on not looking at all like Americans; I have heard English people, when wishing to be polite, inform Americans that they had once met some countryman of theirs, who was really quite like a gentleman; and so on. These are small matters, but straws serve to show which way the wind blows; and, I think, any one who tries to look impartially at the relations of the two countries will admit that in all our official as well as private intercourse with America, we are influenced by an unfortunate persuasion that, at the best, Americans are an inferior order of Englishmen. Now Americans are keenly alive to the existence of this conviction on our part; and the class who feel it most acutely are exactly the men whom we describe as "the best type of Americans;" that is, in other words, the type most like ourselves. In the ecclesiastical dictionary of Dr. Farquhar Hook, there will be found, unless my memory deceives me, a statement, under the head "Moravian," to the effect that some

divines have thought this sect was the less to be condemned inasmuch as in their doctrines and rituals they approached closely to those of the orthodox Anglican faith. This, however, we are told, is an error; on the contrary, the Moravians are the more to be condemned, because having approached so nearly to the truth they have not attained to it. Now I have often thought that in political matters we share the theological views of Dr. Hook on the subject of Moravians. We deem the Americans worthy of even greater condemnation than ordinary foreigners, because being approached so closely to the one orthodox English type they have not quite attained thereto; and that we do so condemn them the Americans themselves are well aware.

Moreover, if you desire to deal out equal justice to each side alike, you must fairly own that New England entertains towards the mother-country a kind of perpetual soreness for whose existence England can hardly be said to be responsible. Mr. Seward, during the early stages of the war, when the anti-English feeling was very strong in the States, said to an informant of mine, who remonstrated with him on the popular injustice of ignoring all offences that proceeded from France, "Well, the plain truth is, that we do not care a cent about any country but England;" and the saying, though true about the whole Union, is especially true about the old sea-board States. England is the public from whom the educated and intellectual class of Americans desires recognition; and the unfriendliness, and still more the indifference, of this public constitute a real source of grievance to a sensitive people. In the eyes of the world at large England intellectually overshadows America. The men of Massachusetts may claim, with abstract justice, that they are as much entitled as the men of Kent to the glories of Shakspeare and Bacon and Milton; but the claim, somehow, is not acknowledged. When the great Anglo-Saxon firm dissolved partnership, the partners who kept possession of the old premises, who continued to enter their accounts in the same old books, and who retained the old name of the house, were regarded by the customers of the business as the sole representatives of the grand old concern. It could not be otherwise; and the great mass of the American nation are perfectly well satisfied with the new connection they have formed, but New England still cherishes the conviction that, if justice were done, she would share with the mother-country the glory of the past, while she would reserve to herself the promise of the future. Moreover, the world of which Boston is the centre prides itself among its own people for its literary and intellectual pre-eminence. The pride, as far as America is concerned, is well-grounded enough; but it is not equally well-grounded if the "Hub of the Universe" be considered as part and parcel of the English speaking and reading community. Without denying for one moment the high achievements of a certain number of New England intellectual celebrities, it is patent to

impartial judges that in the world of English letters, art, and science, England is still the capital, New England only a province. And, as usual, the capital ignores the province, and the province resents bitterly the indifference of the capital, all the more galling because it is unconscious.

Then, again, apart from these sentimental grievances, Massachusetts and its sister States have causes for resentment towards the mother-country not shared in to the same extent by the other sections of the Republic. The sufferings of the wars of independence and of 1812 fell with especial heaviness on the New England States. You would hardly find a family there which has not the tradition of some personal injury sustained in times past at the hands of Great Britain. The exploits, the sufferings of the revolutionary era are preserved more faithfully in New England memories than elsewhere in the Union, and these recollections are all tinged with the anti-British feeling of the early days of the century. In many respects New England is far ahead of the rest of the United States. In culture, in education, in orderly freedom, in popular government, in moral character, and in earnestness of purpose, it stands on a different level from the less-advanced communities of the South and West. By no means unconscious of this superiority, New England is at the same time fanatically attached to the great Union, whose manifest destiny it is to rule one day over the whole of the North American continent. Yet, while New Englanders would be bitterly offended if they were not recognised as Americans, they are also offended if the outer world, and especially the English outer world, fails to recognise the fact that they are not like other Americans; and the result is, that the sneers about Yankee rowdiness and Yankee vulgarity, which always find so hearty a welcome in the mother-country, are resented by New England with a bitterness not felt by the rougher and ruder States of the Union, to whom, as far as they apply at all, they attach rightly. Somehow or other, partly of malice prepense, partly out of ignorance, we have gone on "sticking pins," to use an Americanism, into New England; and we can hardly wonder if we have been successful in producing irritation. Moreover, the anti-slavery party, which represents a very influential section of New England society, has especial reasons for unfriendliness towards this country. For many years the American abolitionists maintained a rather close connection with England, of a kind that could hardly fail to be associated with painful recollections. An American might deem slavery a sin and a shame, but yet he resented hearing his country held up to infamy by foreigners as a nation of slaveholders. For the sake of the real or supposed benefit to their cause arising from English anti-slavery support, the abolitionists put up with a great deal of sympathy, which was unpleasantly like patronage; and yet for so doing they

neurred amongst their countrymen the stigma of being wanting in patriotism. And when the crisis came—when the cause of the Union became identical with the cause of emancipation—and when it was found that anti-slavery England stood aloof from the North, the American abolitionists—the party of which Mr. Sumner was the political leader—joined in the anti-English cry with an eagerness intensified by the memory of bygone humiliations sustained in consequence of their quondam connection with England.

Thus, if my own view is correct, you will find the anti-English feeling developed most strongly amongst the old anti-slavery section of the cultivated class in the New England States. From this class have come most of the visitors with whom English society is familiar, and to whom we think we are paying a compliment when we describe them as “the best type of Americans.” This feeling does not militate against the utmost kindness and good-will towards individual Englishmen. But the civility and the cordiality that are shown throughout New England to all our countrymen who visit the States are shown, I think, to Englishmen, not to England.

But though the peculiar *animus* exhibited by Mr. Sumner towards England appears to me characteristic of the class and the district to which the senator belongs, I am afraid the feelings to which he gave utterance are more or less shared by the great majority of his fellow-countrymen. Throughout the Union you will find but one sentiment, and that is, that England was a heavy offender against America during the years of the war. No doubt the intensity of this sentiment varies with the degree of irritation felt against this country on general grounds; and, as I have endeavoured to show, this irritation is stronger in New England than elsewhere; but the sentiment extends far beyond the limits of the old Puritan States. Now I am not pleading for the justice of this sentiment; I am prepared to assert that if an account could be taken of the real and sentimental grievances of which either country has a right to complain at the hands of the other, the balance to the credit of the American account would be found to be by no means a very heavy one. But I do say that, taking human nature, and especially Anglo-Saxon human nature, for what it is, I cannot wonder at the existence of the sentiment referred to. I have long come to the conviction that Americans and Englishmen differ from one another only in the external conditions of their existence, not in the essential characteristics which appertain to individual nations; or, in other words, that Americans are only Englishmen who have settled in a new country. This conviction of mine would be gainsayed alike by most Englishmen and by most Americans. I can only say it is confirmed by all my experience of America and Americans. And of this I am sure, that if you wish to know how Americans will feel and act under given circumstances, you have only to consider what would be the conduct of Englishmen under like conditions.

Now the faculty of seeing that there are two sides to every question is pre-eminently not an English one. We see our own side with extreme distinctness and reasonable fairness, but we find it almost impossible to believe that other people can honestly arrive at a different conclusion from our own in arguing from the same data. As it is with us, so it is with the Americans. They look at everything from their own point of view, do what seems right in their own eyes, and are perfectly astonished if they discover that what seems right to them is not recognised as right by others. And even if by any chance they acknowledge themselves to have been wrong, they hold that that acknowledgment is a quittance in full, or even more than a quittance, for any shame attaching to them in virtue of their tort. Taking this national frame of mind for granted, it is easy to understand how Americans regard the attitude of England throughout the Southern rebellion. Let us suppose, for the sake of hypothesis, that Ireland had risen in revolt against British rule, that this revolt had threatened for some four years the very existence of the empire, that it had only been suppressed after sacrifices of life and treasure to be felt for generations to come, and that the struggle had been prolonged and intensified by the expectation that America would interfere in behalf of the insurgents. Given these facts, we should be disposed to place an unfavourable interpretation, to say the least, on all proceedings of the American Government and the American people; and these proceedings, pursuing our parallel, would be of a kind capable of any unfavourable interpretation. Our case would be that while the insurrection was still in its infancy, the American Government hastened to grant belligerent rights to Ireland without waiting four-and-twenty hours for the arrival of the envoy we had sent to explain our position; that at the moment of our darkest fortunes we were compelled by a threat of war, to deliver up to America, under circumstances of especial humiliation, two Irish rebel leaders, whom we had captured on their way to negotiate a hostile alliance against the empire; that while Ireland had not a ship on the high seas, or a port she could call her own, privateers were built, equipped, and manned in American ports by American members of Congress, and despatched through the actual connivance or wilful negligence of the American Government, to prey upon our trade under the Irish flag; that our commerce was literally destroyed; that throughout the war, until in fact the fortunes of the rebels became manifestly desperate, the insurrection was encouraged by the constant prospect of American intervention; that the leading statesmen of the two great parties in the Republic went out of their way to proclaim their conviction that the ultimate triumph of the Irish rebellion was assured; that the press of America, with scarcely an important exception, supported the cause of the rebels, and lost no opportunity of insulting our efforts to suppress a wicked and unjust

insurrection; that the weight of American influence and popular opinion was thrown upon the side of the rebellion; that whenever any question arose between us and the insurgents, it was invariably decided by the Americans in favour of the latter; and that in fact they gave every possible aid to our internal enemies, which could be given without incurring the risk and cost of an actual declaration of war. This being our case, what would be the feeling we should entertain towards the Americans? It would be surely that they had acted towards us in a manner for which it might or might not be wise to exact reparation when we came to a position to do so, but for which no mere nominal compensation could afford adequate atonement.

Well, if we substitute the Confederacy for Ireland, and England for America, we shall have a very fair statement of the case against us, as any average American would put it. There is, without doubt, a rejoinder that might be made with very telling effect, if we could only get the Americans to listen to it. There are two sides, and two very distinct sides, to this Anglo-American question; but measuring the Americans by ourselves, I am not surprised they fail to see anything beyond the grievances to which they have been subjected. If they were, as a nation, philosophical and magnanimous, they might be much nobler-natured than they are; but they would not be true to their English parentage. It is also to be remembered that the Irish element in some of the larger States is very powerful, and that this element never loses an opportunity of embittering popular feeling in America against England. That the Irish emigrants hate us with most exceeding bitterness, may be our misfortune, and not our fault, but it certainly is not the fault of the Americans.

Given then the fact that Mr. Sumner, though he may have expressed his views with an acrimony and irritation peculiar rather to his own section of the community than to the nation at large, yet did express the popular sentiments of his countrymen, it remains to ask what is to be the upshot of this state of feeling? My own impression is that neither for war or peace, neither for good nor evil, can there possibly be any immediate upshot. The Americans think, whether rightly or wrongly, that they have little to gain, and that we have much to lose, by the non-settlement of the Alabama controversy. The probability of an European war is confidently looked forward to on both sides the Atlantic; and whenever we are engaged in war we may expect much the same kind of neutrality from Americans as we exhibited towards them. The apprehension of such a state of things is galling to us; and the very knowledge that it is so galling indisposes the Americans to relieve us from what they deem the righteous penalty of our own misconduct. To be unwilling to forgive and forget is un-Christian, but it is not un-English. For these reasons I disbelieve in the possi-

bility of procuring an immediate settlement of the Alabama question. I regret this the less, because I am convinced, for my own part, that any convention, however scrupulously worded, could not avert the danger it is designed to render impossible. We have good reason to know ourselves how extremely difficult it is for our own Government to hinder breaches of neutrality on the part of individual citizens; and this difficulty would be magnified tenfold in the case of a government like that of the United States. The authorities at Washington might be as anxious as—well, as Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone—to prevent any infraction of international law, but their instructions would be constantly baffled by the unwillingness of their subordinates to see them executed. If the State of New York, for instance, was governed by an Irish majority, as might well happen, and if popular opinion was hostile to England, we should have *Alabamas* sailing from the Empire city, no matter what conventions had been entered into between the Governments of Washington and St. James. That this should be so, is perhaps not creditable to American respect for law and national obligations; but we who recollect how Mr. Laird was cheered in the House of Commons when he claimed credit for having built the *Alabama*, can hardly complain because American public sentiment is not more scrupulous than our own.

Against the danger to which I allude there is therefore, if I am right, no provision possible. The proposition I have seen gravely discussed in serious English journals,—that we ought at once to go to war with America, in order to make her feel kindly towards us in the event of a future war,—is too silly and childish to be answered. And yet short of that we can do nothing but wait for what the future may bring us. Time is upon our side; and the American nation, with its rapid growth and internal development, is hardly in a position to cherish rancour for any length of time. As years go by, the popular irritation about the *Alabama*, the Trent affair, and the recognition of the South, will lose its intensity and then an arrangement may be made which would be frankly accepted on both sides the Atlantic. Moreover, with each year, as America becomes more consolidated and more self-supporting in intellectual as well as material respects, the morbid susceptibility to English criticism which characterises “the best type of Americans” will also pass away. But for the present we must make the best of a bad business. Having made our bed, we must lie in it. Nor can we wonder, if the fact of our attitude being attended with discomfort, is not unwelcome to the Americans. That it is welcome to them is natural, but not creditable. And while our Anglo-Saxon character remains unaltered, there will always be found some statesman ready to become the mouthpiece of all popular sentiments, which are at once natural and not creditable. In Parliament he may be called John Arthur Roebuck; in Congress, Charles Sumner.

EDWARD DICKY.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. UPJOHN IN TOWN.

LET us now follow Mrs. Upjohn's movements a little, to give that fair lady her share of attention.

Neither she nor her daughter had observed the Rowleys, being too much occupied talking of them to notice anything or anybody that passed them on the road.

"I suppose," Harriet had been saying, "my uncle must be much better, or Mrs. Rowley could hardly leave him."

"That would depend entirely on her objects," said the mother; "but one never knows how your uncle really is; he never writes himself, and there is no reliance to be placed on anything we hear from the people about him."

"I think, mamma, this must have been a long time brewing."

"That it has," said Mrs. Upjohn, with bitter volubility, "ever since she was last in England, taking such grand airs on her, and imposing on everybody, as she imposes on her husband; but she never imposed on me, never for one moment. Do you think your uncle would ever have been so mad, or so ungrateful, as to take his daughters away from me, to put them under a fast lady like her, if she had not completely hood-winked him? Was she a proper person to have the management of girls at the most critical period of their lives—a woman who thinks of nothing but show, and without a single accomplishment?"

"There can be no question about that," said Miss Upjohn; "but what I detest most is her double-dealing; her letters were always so full of affection for papa, even to the very last, when she must have been conspiring with that meddlesome old Mr. Cosie to turn him out."

"There were other conspirators beside Mr. Cosie," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Whom do you suspect, mamma?"

"I'll say no more now," said Mrs. Upjohn, "but I'll unravel the whole plot before I am many days in London."

She then folded her arms over her bust, closed her expressive eyes, and threw herself back in her seat, in the posture which she was in when Susan Rowley recognised her.

Miss Upjohn took out of her bag a gorgeous little prayer-book,

opened the golden clasp, and read the psalms and lessons of the day—a practice which she never omitted, even on a journey, since her nuptial engagement. Indeed, Mrs. Upjohn was generally very particular about it herself in her family, from which it may be inferred how much or how little the routine of devotion tends to improve the frame of mind, or cultivate the Christian graces.

It may well seem strange that living as Mrs. Upjohn did, surrounded with a great many good influences, among a great many good people, with an excellent husband, and a pious pastor (for Mr. Blackadder was a man of genuine piety, though his views on many subjects were narrow), living, too, at a great distance from the people, or rather the individual, who excited her bad feelings, should yet for so many years have never softened or relented towards her; but, in truth, there was nothing wonderful in it, for when any bad passion, but especially envy, seizes hold of an unfortunate human mind, the gripe of a huge polypus with a hundred arms, such as fishermen dread on the coast of Brittany, and Victor Hugo has so powerfully described in a famous novel, is not harder to escape. A hundred little incidents of daily life are always helping to feed the monster. In Mrs. Upjohn's case there were especially the affairs of the property, leading to continual and often unpleasant correspondence, which no other man but her simple, unsuspecting husband would have allowed her to see. Then there were besides the usual kind friends, who being aware of the feud in the family, were for ever freshening up her animosities with their remarks; for weeds as well as flowers flourish the more for being watered. The secrets of her soul were not always drawn out on these occasions; but it was worse when she was forced to disguise them, for it was often at the expense of acquiescing in some encomium on her enemy. It was not before every one, for instance, that Mrs. Upjohn was daring enough to dispute that Mrs. Rowley was a fine or a clever woman, or even that she had through a good many trials been an affectionate and devoted wife. And, on the other hand, when anything very severe was said of that lady in her presence, it placed Mrs. Upjohn in the dilemma of either agreeing with it, and running the risk of having it repeated with her authority, or of discountenancing it, and almost vindicating the woman she most hated. But who is there that has not one sympathising bosom into which she can unreservedly pour the sweetness or the bitterness of her heart? Such a friend Mrs. Upjohn was fortunate in possessing in a veteran spinster, though not yet quite an old maid, a certain Miss Letitia Cateran, who was connected in some remote way with the Rowleys. She lived at No. 1, Westbourne Place, Tyburnia, when she was at home, but she was not particularly home-keeping, finding herself more comfortable, one way or another, in the homes of her friends and acquaintances, to which a variety of clever amusing

qualities, with a prodigious gift of making herself useful, gave her frequent and welcome admission. She knew her what's-what and who's-who as well as any girl in England, and nobody was more mistress of the art of preserving a polite neutrality among conflicting interests, when there was no decided advantage in taking a side herself. She was an old acquaintance of the Rowleys. Mrs. Rowley perfectly understood her, but liked her in a way; and with Mr. Rowley her talents were actually triumphant; she amused him, and before he resided permanently abroad, there was nobody whom he liked better to have about him.

When Mrs. Upjohn said she would not be long in town without unmasking her sister-in-law's schemes, it was Miss Cateran who was present to her mind's eye; for Letitia knew everybody, or if there were any people whom she did not know, she was always sure to know somebody who did know them, or a great deal about them, which came to the same thing.

Mrs. Upjohn was not a day in London before she despatched a little note to her dear friend, to tell her she was in town, and invite her to lunch the next day, if she had nothing better to do. It was not often the popular Letitia was to be had at such a short notice; but she was to be had on the present occasion, and she came with the more alacrity, because she inferred from the suddenness of Mrs. Upjohn's return, that something extraordinary had taken place. Letitia was always dressed in very good taste, for which she deserved great credit, for she had a very modest income, which required good management to make the two ends meet at the close of the year. Her small means were probably the reason that she came on foot to Cumberland Gate, though the streets were sloppy; but she was provided with a neat pair of goloshes, which she slipped off behind the door in the hall. In a moment she was in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Upjohn awaited her alone, her daughter having gone out shopping or visiting. The kissing and exclaiming done, Letitia ran up to Harriet Upjohn's room (for she knew every room in the house as well as if she had been one of the family), laid her pretty pink bonnet carefully on the bed, with her parasol, and gloves, and green silk mantilla, settled her black hair in the glass, which reflected a nice figure, as well as agreeable features (though the nose, perhaps, was cocked up a little too much for dignity), and slid smiling down again to luncheon.

A very nice luncheon it was: lobster, lamb-cutlets, spinach, and gooseberry tart; for Miss Cateran appreciated such attentions, and her friend knew it. Attractive, however, as they were, Mrs. Upjohn's secret was still more so; but if one lady was bursting with curiosity, the other was fortunately bursting as much to satisfy it.

"What in the world has brought you back to town so suddenly?"

cried Letitia, the moment the servant was sent out of the room. "You have something wonderful to tell me, I know."

"Nothing after all that ought to surprise you," said Mrs. Upjohn, "only that my husband has thrown up that Cornish concern at last."

"You don't say so!—thrown it up!"

"Oh, it ought to have been done long ago, but he could stand Mrs. Rowley's interference and dictation no longer; he has at last been brought to see things in the proper light."

"He has done quite right," said Miss Cateran, almost distracted between the news and the cutlets; "I always thought the position was beneath a man of his station and abilities."

"Oh, you know," said Mrs. Upjohn, "he only held it to oblige his poor brother."

"And he has thrown it up!—dear me!"

It was in vain for Mrs. Upjohn to treat the event as one of no great importance. Miss Cateran knew all the bearings of the case as well as anyone, and she did not believe the resignation a bit. Helping herself now to the claw of the lobster, she added—

"And how, my dear, about Foxden?"

"Oh, of course we throw up Foxden too," said Mrs. Upjohn, with a contemptuous wave of her hand, and the same assumption of the grand tone. "Indeed, I should probably never have gone there again; it was too far away, and such a wild place altogether."

Through the whole of this dialogue, which lasted until the turn of the gooseberry tart came, Miss Cateran was as hard pushed to dissemble her incredulity as Mrs. Upjohn to affect indifference.

"And who is to fill Mr. Upjohn's place?" was Miss Cateran's next question. It was the very one Mrs. Upjohn wanted her to put.

"Some attorney, I hear, of the name of Alexander."

Miss Cateran gave a little start.

"You know him, I see, as you know everybody."

"No, I don't, my dear, except by sight; but I might have guessed he was the man before you told me."

"He is an acquaintance of Mrs. Rowley's, I'm sure."

"Something more, I should say. Why, my dear, she has had her portrait painted for him."

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" cried Mrs. Upjohn; "but I never imagined anything half so bad."

She threw down her fork, with which she had been only playing, her eyes glittering with malignant curiosity.

"Do tell me, Letitia, all you know about it."

"What I know is this," said Miss Cateran, "not many days ago I happened to meet Lord St. Michael's somewhere or other, and he asked me should I like to see a good picture of my friend Mrs. Rowley."

'Of all things,' said I. 'Well,' says he, 'it is to be seen at her solicitors' in Spring Gardens, Messrs. Marjoram and Alexander.'

"The very people," cried Mrs. Upjohn, palpitating with excitement. "The handsome Mr. Alexander, is he not?"

"Yes—yes—yes, the same; he is a very handsome man indeed. Well, I went to Spring Gardens, and sure enough the picture was there, and a very good likeness it is."

"Oh, Letitia, dear, this is positively shocking!"

"Only," said Miss Cateran, "that Mrs. Rowley cannot possibly know the characters of these people, or Mr. Rowley either."

"Then they are not even reputable attorneys."

"Reputable! Why, don't you remember the affair that made such a great noise a good many years ago?—the solicitors who robbed their clients to such an extent—Alexander and Moffat?"

"I suppose I must have heard of it, but it has escaped my memory."

"Old Alexander died, and it was suspected that he committed suicide. The other absconded. It was a terrible business altogether."

"And the present Mr. Alexander is the son of the man who hanged himself?"

"Of course he is, my dear; but there is nothing against *him*, I believe."

"Nothing against him, indeed! Before I left Foxden I told my husband what I suspected was going on, and it is worse, a thousand times, than I supposed. In her husband's lifetime, Letitia!—it is actually horrible!"

"You forget, my dear, that Mr. Alexander may be a friend of Mr. Rowley's as well as of his wife; and there may not be much in the picture after all."

"My belief is, Letitia, that Mr. Rowley knows no more of Mr. Alexander than he does of the great Mogul, though how his wife became acquainted with him I can't imagine. But surely he ought to be informed who the people are in whose hands he has got. Something ought to be done, before it is too late, to save the family from disgrace. You write to Mr. Rowley sometimes, don't you?"

Miss Cateran was not the girl to be made a cat's-paw of so easily. She replied that she now seldom wrote to Mr. Rowley, and could never presume to make the slightest allusion to his affairs. At the same time, without sanctioning Mrs. Upjohn's imputations on her sister-in-law, she agreed that it would be only right that Mr. Rowley should know all about his new man of business, if he did not know it already.

"And in my humble opinion," she concluded, "either your husband or yourself would be the proper person to do it."

"It must be done," said Mrs. Upjohn, with an expression of bitter determination, "no matter who does it."

After a pause, and a second glass of claret, it occurred to Letitia that her friend ought to see the picture with her own eyes.

"A very good suggestion," said Mrs. Upjohn; "who knows but we may pick up something;" and she rang and ordered her brougham.

"Picking up something" was a favourite phrase with Mrs. Upjohn; it probably descended to her with other beauties of expression from the fine old gentleman of Mincing Lane.

The visit to Spring Gardens was, of course, abortive. The ladies were informed that the picture was no longer there.

"It was not intended for his *office*," said Mrs. Upjohn, as she drove away without picking up anything.

"Shall I drop you at home, Letitia?"

"Do, like a dear."

So they parted at No. 1, after a mutual agreement, than which no agreement was ever worse observed, that, for the sake of decency and the credit of the family, the less that was said about these matters the better.

On returning home, Mrs. Upjohn found a letter from her husband which acquainted her with the occurrences that had taken place in Cornwall after her departure, particularly the arrival of Mrs. Rowley. Her daughter had one also from Mr. Blackadder with still more details. The temper of neither mother nor daughter was improved by their correspondence, so we willingly leave them to take counsel together, and return to the smiling country.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CIVIC FEAST IN A COTTAGE. MRS. ROWLEY TAKES SOME STRONG MEASURES.

WE left Mrs. Rowley at the Meadows.

Mrs. Cosie, a comely, cordial, motherly, sedulous, upright, down-right, plain-spoken woman, in the advanced autumn of life, when the leaf is still a goodly red, or a warm, comfortable brown, was a great favourite of Mrs. Rowley's. She had a bevy of daughters, and a troop of maids besides, always at hand to do everything for her; but she was that active and housewifely sort of person who preferred doing things for herself, so her maids were not much overworked, which was all the better for their pretty faces and figures.

Had Mr. Cosie brought a couple of actual goddesses home with him he could scarcely have astounded his wife and daughters more

than he did when he appeared with Mrs. Rowley and her step-daughter. Mrs. Cosie was at her door, the porch of which was overhung with woodbine and roses, already beginning to bloom in that mild climate, thanks—at least such was the notion in those days—to the influence of the Gulf Stream. She was engaged at the moment shaking the crumbs out of the tablecloth after luncheon, for the linnets and robins to pick up; while the parlour-maid—having nothing else to do—was standing smiling by, watching the pretty birds as they profited by her mistress's daily charity. The birds were fluttered the first; they all flew away in a cloud with as much noise as their tiny wings could make; then the fluttering reached the maid, who almost screamed, and pulled the tablecloth out of Mrs. Cosie's hands: but the fluttering of the good woman herself exceeded the fluttering of birds and maid together; she was all in a flutter from head to foot, outside and inside; her cap tumbled down behind, her kerchief fell from her neck; everything that could escape from tie or pin or hook took the opportunity of starting, in the excess of her trepidation. Her voice was too soft and mellow for screaming, or she would have screamed; but she did her best to make up for it by running to and fro, with a thousand "dear me's," and panting invocations of her daughters Dorothy and Margery, and all the damsels of the farm. In a few minutes there was such a concourse, that when the carriage swept round the open space before the cottage, and drew up before the porch, Mrs. Rowley stepped out in the middle of a small mob of rosy-faced girls,—one with a pet lamb at her heels, one with a broom in her hands, another with a churn-dash, another with a red petticoat on her arm, which she happened to be making or mending. In the background appeared some electrified workmen, who, perhaps, imagined that the Queen had taken it into her head to come and see Mrs. Cosie—a visit which would certainly have made her Majesty acquainted with one of the worthiest women of her class in England.

At last the ferment subsided, the shaking of hands was over, and the Rowleys, amidst a galaxy of happy faces, entered the snug abode of their humble friends.

The Meadows was so far from being "a cottage of gentility," that it had not even one proper coach-house; but it was large enough to afford a couple of spare bed-rooms; and while they were getting ready for their reception, Mrs. Rowley and her daughter reposed in Mrs. Cosie's room until dinner-time.

If there was a fault in Mrs. Cosie's household, it was that there was rather too much eating, so much that it seemed hardly worth while to remove the cloth at all; but perhaps it was done for the sake of the robins and finches. This over-eating was the result of the old civic habits of the family, Mr. Cosie having once been an

alderman of London, and having even served the office of sheriff. Indeed, he had been once within a few votes of the highest honour of the City, and there was no story which his wife told so often, or so amusingly, as how she had narrowly escaped being Lady Mayoress.

The dinner was as superabundant as usual, the table groaning under roast beef and boiled mutton, chickens and ducks, pigeons and wild-duck, pies and puddings. But with all this, it was not as ponderous as many a grand London entertainment, good-humour and good-nature did so much to lighten it.

"It was a lucky bridge for us, at all events," said the good woman at the head of the table.

"And a lucky flood that carried away the bridge," said Mrs. Rowley; "for I think we have our full share of the good fortune."

With chat like this, and a hundred recollections of the last time the Rowleys had honoured the country with a visit, the rustic meal began and ended.

The post came in late at that period, and soon after tea, which trod on the heels of dinner, Mrs. Rowley retired to her room with her letters. She never read a letter from her husband in the presence of strangers, sometimes not even in the presence of her daughters—whether it was that they caused her more rapture than she cared to let any one witness, or for other reasons best known to herself.

Susan Rowley sat with the Cosie girls until it was bed-time, listening, not always with unaffected interest, to their accounts of parochial matters, and talking of poor Carry, whom the Cosies were all fond of, but latterly hardly ever saw, Mrs. Upjohn having for some time back behaved superciliously to the farmer's family, and broken off all social communication with the Meadows.

They chatted and chatted until Mrs. Cosie, who had been dozing in her chair ever since dinner—her daily habit for years—now began to wake up, which she no sooner did than she exclaimed:—

"Now, girls, don't keep Miss Rowley up talking. I dare say she would like to go to bed."

"Well, truly I should," said Susan.

"When would Mrs. Rowley like to have breakfast in the morning?" said Dorothy and Margery, almost together, for both must show Susan to her room.

"By all means at your usual hour," said Miss Rowley. "We are as early birds as you are. Mamma writes her letters, and reads her newspaper, and does half her business before she leaves her room of a morning; and if she has no letters to write she goes on with her novel. She is as great a novel reader as ever."

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Dorothy; "I don't believe there is a novel in the house."

"Yes, but there is," said the brusque Margery, giving her sister a little push—a way she had; "there's 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'Sandford and Merton.'"

"I should like to see you offering Mrs. Rowley 'Sandford and Merton' to read," said Dorothy, returning the little push.

"Oh, never mind the novels," said Susan; "mamma has a whole box of them with her which she brought down from London."

It was a long time before Miss Rowley was left to herself, for the Cosie girls were never satisfied that there were half as many things in her bower as they were certain she would want; but at last they accepted her repeated assurances that everything was perfect, and pushed one another out of the room. Looking-glasses abounded at all events, for there were three, and Mrs. Rowley had even more; in fact, all the movable looking-glasses in the house had been put into the two rooms, except a small one in which Mr. Cosie shaved.

Before they assembled at breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Rowley had a discussion with her host on the state of affairs, and what she proposed to do while she remained in England. The arrangement suggested by Mr. Alexander by which Mr. Cosie was to manage the little peninsula under the advice of Spring Gardens, had already been approved of, and Mrs. Rowley was very happy to hear that her brother-in-law was prepared to hand everything over to his successor without a shade of angry feeling on his mind. She was not long without further assurance on that head; for she was just deliberating at breakfast how to get over to Foxden in the course of the morning, and parrying the earnest endeavours of the Cosies to keep her, when a horse was heard trotting up the avenue, and there was scarce time to wonder who so early a visitor could be, when in limped Mr. Upjohn himself, looking much more like a man who had just been appointed to a good thing than a man who had lost one. He came in with the heartiest laugh, kissed and shook hands with both his sister-in-law and niece, and swore, like Falstaff, that he knew them the day before, as well as Him that made them.

"No, no, uncle, you did not know a bit of us; there is no use in your pretending it."

"Well, Susan, truth is truth; I did not know you; but," he added, turning to Mrs. Rowley, "I ought to have known *you*, Fatima, at all events, by one remark you made. When I said I did not understand why the bridge went, you said you supposed it was because the flood was the stronger: so very like you—so quaint and so sharp—so like you."

"Well, we were not on it, uncle," said Susan, "like the Brian O'Lynn family; that was a great point."

Upjohn sat down, and there was not a pleasanter member of the party.

"We were going over to Foxden after breakfast," said Mrs. Rowley.

"You are much better where you are," he said. "I am all alone, as you probably know, except Carry. I am going up to town to-morrow or next day."

The Cosies immediately declared, with one accord, that Carry must come and stay with them; and it was arranged that Mrs. Rowley would take her up to town when she went.

Mr. Upjohn's handsome and generous conduct mightily pleased Mrs. Rowley, and raised him in everybody's opinion. She pressed him to consider Foxden still his own; it was not only her wish, but her husband's; but he shook his head, and convinced her in a few words that it was impossible for him to accept the offer. They parted as affectionately as they met. Mr. Upjohn said he would write to his brother and let him know that he was perfectly satisfied with everything that had been done; but, as usual, he neglected to do so, and it was not from him that Mr. Rowley had the first account of the way in which the new arrangements were received.

Mrs. Rowley lost no time, but went about her inspections at once. The weather being showery, she put on a long waterproof jacket she had, something like a sailor's, and with her petticoats sufficiently tucked up, a sort of wide-awake on her head, and a good stout umbrella in her hand, she set out with Mr. Cosie on her perambulations. To people who saw her from a distance she looked more like a farmer than what she was; but, when they approached, her beautiful hair, coming out under the hat, revealed her sex quickly enough, as her countenance and bearing did the gentlewoman. As to get little Carry transferred to the Meadows depended upon getting her across the river, which was still swollen, the first thing was to see what progress had been made with the temporary foot-bridge, which was only to consist of a few planks put roughly together. This she found nearly done in a sort of a way, and Mr. Mallet was on the spot himself at the moment. He was not long discovering in whose presence he stood, and pulling his hat off in a great hurry and trepidation, came towards Mrs. Rowley to make his obeisances. Mr. Cosie told her in a short aside who he was, and all about him.

"You will be wanting a new bridge, madam," said the carpenter insinuatingly.

"Yes; and a new carpenter, I think, also, Mr. Mallett," said Mrs. Rowley, nodding to him, and passing on, leaving the village jobber chopfallen, and fumbling with his watch-chain, to admire the last construction of his genius on the Rowley property.

But in dismissing a jobber, she made an enemy, of course, and she made another before she proceeded many yards farther.

Mr. Cosie next conducted her to one of the schools of the estate; it was the nearest to Foxden, and was called Mrs. Upjohn's school, for greater distinction.

Mrs. Rowley saw Mrs. Upjohn in it very clearly; the outside was as pretty and captivating as possible; nothing could be neater; it was quite a picture, with the roses climbing about the doors and windows, but with the outward show the beauties of the school ended. The school-room was dirty, the scholars a riotous mob of little sluts and slovens, the mistress the model of a slattern. Mrs. Rowley entered behind Mr. Cosie, and maintained her incognito long enough to take in the whole interior with a rapid, keen, comprehensive glance. The moment she was known, the effect was electric. The astonished mistress jumped up in consternation, and tried at one and the same moment to bring her untidy cap straight over her uncombed hair, and get rid of a foul apron, which covered a gown which was not much cleaner.

"Don't give yourself any trouble about your dress; pray don't derange it, and keep your seat," said Mrs. Rowley.

Oh, dear, dear, if the mistress had only expected—had only known—and so forth—she would have made herself decent and tidy.

"Then I am to understand," returned Mrs. Rowley, "that you only think it necessary to be decent and tidy once in every four or five years, when I come to visit you; and the children, too, don't you think they would do their sums quite as well if their faces and hands were clean?"

"Oh, if your ladyship but knew how hard it is to make children come always to school with clean hands and faces."

"Example might do something," said Mrs. Rowley, her formidable eye covering, as she spoke, every bit of the mistress's person which was visible.

She then desired to see the children's copy-books, asked some of the eldest a few questions in the multiplication-table. In a row of six she only found one arithmetician who could tell her what three-times three made. She was a smart little girl, the only child in the school who was tolerably clean and neat, and Mrs. Rowley inquired her name and took a note of it.

She then thought she had seen enough; and, with a nod to the abashed and silenced mistress, she walked away.

In a moment she turned to Mr. Cosie and said—

"That nice young woman must follow Mr. Mallet into retirement, and with the least possible delay. How did she ever get the situation?"

"She had a great many strong certificates," said Mr. Cosie; "and she'll be coming up to the Meadows to ask another from you."

"Oh, and she shall have it," said Mrs. Rowley, laughing. They

had now made a little round, and were at the Meadows again, where they found Carry arrived in her palanquin; and there was great kissing and rejoicing.

After luncheon the same day, Mrs. Rowley changed her costume and drove to the village with her daughter and Mr. Cosie, to show herself to the people.

As they drove into Oakham, the shopkeepers ran to their doors, bowing and curtsying, and the idle boys ran after the carriage shouting. The place was all in a ferment. Some few of the decenter people had cleaned their windows and washed their faces, thinking such a visit possible. Some ran to make their ablutions as soon as the carriage entered the principal street. In general, the little place was as squalid and neglected as any village could be.

"I was never in Ireland," said Mrs. Rowley; "but really this sort of thing must be very like it, and the reason is just the same. What nonsense it is to say that a non-resident proprietary is no evil to a country; but *que roulez-vous*," she added, with a little sigh, "we can't do what we like in this world."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH MRS. COSIE TELLS A STORY, MRS. ROWLEY TAKES HOLY ORDERS, AND THE SKY LOWERS BOTH IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Now don't let the reader be uneasy—this is not going to be a blue-book; he is not going to be bored with the details of how Mrs. Rowley managed her rural affairs, or with her views of husbandry, or even how she kept her accounts. We have the less reason to trouble ourselves about her business, as it was not her business that troubled herself in truth; her days at the Meadows, busy as they were, passed as pleasantly and smoothly as possible, as long as her letters from Paris continued to be agreeable.

As often as she could she shook off her serious concerns, and rambled over the hills and along the cliffs with Susan, and sometimes one of the Cosies. Then you saw her other disk, or the poetical side of the planet. Her spirits rose with the hills, and rioted in the bracken. Then, though she had reached her meridian, you almost saw "the wild freshness of morning" in her glad eye and elastic step, though I don't mean to say that the hare-bells raised their heads very soon after her tread, for she was rather too portly now for that.

One bright breezy day, after climbing to the top of some high rocks

which commanded a wide survey of land and ocean, she threw herself down on the heather to rest, almost at full length, with her hands supporting her head.

"Oh," cried her daughter, in the same posture, "is not this a thousand thousand times more charming, more enjoyable than anything in London or even Paris?"

"Yes, yes, yes,—it is, it is, it is indeed," responded Mrs. Rowley; and then, after a long pause, she added, "how true it is, what my father used often to say, that we have all two selves,—I have certainly,—I'm half civilised, and half wild. My reason goes for cultivation and improvement; my tastes are decidedly savage. I can't help speeding the plough and the harrow, and yet they destroy what gives me the most exquisite pleasure. Beautiful, glorious as this view is, it is not near so beautiful as it was once. That hill-side, a few years ago, was perfect, all gorse and heather and masses of grey rock; we have blasted half the rock and ploughed up the gorse, and now look at the parallelograms of oats, and triangles of barley we have got in exchange. Corn is in itself a beautiful thing, but it seems a law of agriculture, that it must always be grown in mathematical figures. It's very sad, indeed, but I'm glad Mr. Cosie is not here to hear me say so."

"I wish we could send progress back a little," said Susan.

"Then wealth, my dear, would go back with it, and all mankind would cry out fie against that. I don't believe there is a beautiful thing left in the world which men, and, alas, even Christians, wouldn't root out of it without mercy for the sake of a little profit. I don't suppose even the owner of a farm on the lake of Galilee would 'consider the lilies' much. But we have no right to abuse our species; it is just what we are doing ourselves."

"Well, mamma, the beauty is not all gone yet; and there's another comfort—I defy Mr. Cosie to spoil the sea, as he is certainly spoiling the mountain."

"No, no, there is plenty of beauty still, and we must only try and make a wise use of what we gain by the parallelograms."

Questions of money would turn up, whether Mrs. Rowley liked it or not; every proprietor who only visits his estate at long intervals knows what it is to be bombarded with applications for money for all sorts of objects. There was a pink thorn just beginning to bloom in front of the Meadows, with a table and seats under it, and Mrs. Rowley often sat there for a morning, and had interviews with a great many people, who wanted her advice, or her help, or who wanted to impose on her, which was not easily done, as Mr. Smith knew by the affair of the house.

One day she was nearly killed with applications, though she resolutely refused to see the applicants.

"I protest," she said, flinging aside a petition more than usually unconscionable, "there are people who think we are made of money,—if I took snuff, they would fancy it was gold-dust."

"Perhaps," said her daughter, "as we have just come from France, they think we have got that nice little dog in the French tale, who scattered jewels and gold pieces round the room whenever he shook himself."

"If that dog was mine, Susan, I should lock him well up, and take care not to let him run about the country. Pleasant as it is to open one's purse-strings, we must hold them tight for charity's sake. Wealth has twenty annoyances which poor people will never understand, and one of the worst of them is to be so often obliged to refuse when it is so much more agreeable to give."

"Well, mamma, here comes an applicant whom I hope you won't reject; poor Margery! I know what she wants, for she told me at breakfast."

Margery Cosie had only a few days before returned from Torquay, where she had spent a month with one of her friends; she had taken the money matters upon her, which now she bitterly regretted, for her accounts were in a mess, and for the life of her she could not find what was wrong, though she almost cried over the figures. She had quite the air of a poor petitioner in distress as she approached the pink thorn with a little paper-book in her hand.

"Well, my poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Rowley, dear, if you would only take pity on me!"

Then she told her sad tale, and Mrs. Rowley took the book and glanced her eye over the columns. She smiled, and Margery groaned, for she knew she had done something ridiculous. What amused Mrs. Rowley was the following extract:—

	s.	d.
Three yards of ribbon for my bonnet . . .	4	3
Mending parasol (Ellen's) . . .	1	9
A dory . . .	2	0
Gloves and stockings . . .	5	4

"Margery, my dear, when your mother buys a fish, where does she put it?"

"In the larder, ma'am, of course," said the trembling accountant.

"She doesn't put it in her wardrobe by any chance?"

"No, ma'am, of course she doesn't."

"But I presume you would, Margery, for here I find a dory in the middle of your ribbons and silks; and, as I suppose you and your friend enjoyed him between you, perhaps it's the dory that has been giving you all this trouble."

"How much was the dory?" exclaimed Margery eagerly.

"Two shillings,—I suppose it was a fine big one."

"Oh, that's it, that's it exactly,—I was just wrong a shilling; it was the dory, I ought to have charged Ellen with half of it—what a stupid thing I was! and I do think, Mrs. Rowley, you are just the cleverest lady in all the world."

This was the last application for the day; and amidst such incidents, employments, and conversations, the time glided on. One day Mr. Blackadder was invited to dine, but he did not come. There was a good reason for it; for another storm and flood, which rose suddenly and as quickly subsided, swept away the second and slighter bridge which had just been erected. At dinner Mr. Cosie produced a bottle of his oldest and most particular Madeira, *apropos* of which his good wife related a story which amused Mrs. Rowley much less for its intrinsic merits than the odd roundabout way in which it was told.

Mrs. Rowley had just been helped to a glass of that wondrous wine, which was twenty years old twenty years ago, when Mr. Cosie was Sheriff of London.

"It happened, ma'am, when we lived at Twickenham, near neighbours of the Marjorams. We were not happier there than we are here, but we were happy there too, for God was good to us, and the children were good too, though I say it who oughtn't to say it. I dare say Mrs. Rowley has heard speak of Miss Mary Marjoram,—but perhaps she has not, for she can't be expected to know everybody,—and how good she is always to the poor,—I mean Mary, ma'am,—though her sister, Miss Primula—Prim, we call her—is a good woman too——"

"Remember the Madeira, mother," said Dorothy, whose office it was always to keep Mrs. Cosie to the point, which was no easy matter.

"Oh, I'm coming to that, Dorry;—well, ma'am, if Mary Marjoram was good to the poor, so was somebody else too, and I mean my own good man, for there's no use in mincing matters; and he and Miss Mary were always finding each other out, or half the kind things they did in this quarter and that quarter and the other would never have been heard of. Well, ma'am, at that time, though the time doesn't much signify, there was a bad fever amongst the poor in Twickenham, and there was one lane in particular where the fever was very bad indeed. Do you know Twickenham, ma'am? Well, if you don't, it doesn't signify either, though it's a pretty place is Twickenham."

"The Madeira, mother," said Dorothy again.

"Never fear, Dorry, I'm coming to that;—well, Mr. Marjoram, ma'am, had a great dread of infection, and would never hear of his sisters going near that particular lane; and I told Mr. Cosie, too, I should be very angry if he went into it either; and he ought to have

mind what I said, for he was always a bad subject for fever: you have only to look at him, ma'am, to see that. Well, there was a poor woman in the lane who used to do needlework for us, and she took the fever; and when he heard of it, what does he do,—my good man, I mean,—but the very thing he oughtn't; he goes straight to see if the poor thing had everything that was good for her; but he was not in the house five minutes before the close air or the bad smells were too much for him, and he was near falling in a faint on the stairs, and I don't believe he would ever have come home to me alive, if another poor woman, who was just recovering, had not come out of her room, which was opposite, and given him a glass of wine to set him up. The moment he tasted it, ill as he was, he knew his own wine, the very same Madeira, ma'am, you have got at this moment in your glass; he knew it at once, and where it came from too, for only a short time before he had made Mr. Marjoram a present of some of it. So Mary Marjoram was found out, and her brother was very angry, not because she gave the Madeira to the poor woman,—oh no, ma'am, it wasn't for that,—but she might have caught the fever; and Mr. Cosie would probably have caught it too, if it had not been for his own wine."

They used to pass those evenings at the Meadows playing round games of cards for some small stake, or making Mr. Cosie a knight of the whistle, or some game of forfeits, chiefly for the sake of seeing the wonderful number of things Mrs. Cosie used to produce from her pockets; but on this evening there was nothing of the kind. The post came in later than usual, owing to the weather: Mrs. Rowley took hers to her own room and did not reappear; and the Cosies, who were regular in their public devotions, had to consider what was to be done the next day which was Sunday, as they were entirely cut off from the church—not their own family merely, but the labourers and cottagers hard by, altogether a congregation of some thirty or forty. The natural thing was for Mr. Cosie to read the service in the dining-room or the barn; but his voice was weak and husky, so that was not to be thought of. Miss Rowley then said that she would see if her mother would do the duty, and the notion being highly approved, she went at once to propose it to Mrs. Rowley.

Susan saw in a moment that her mother had received some letter that distressed her.

"Mamma, I'm sure you have had some bad news."

"No, no, nothing of much consequence—pray Susan dear, don't ask me any questions just now—if you have got anything to say, say it."

Susan explained what it was, and Mrs. Rowley, after a little reflection, said that there was nothing to be done but to read the prayers herself; she supposed it was her duty under the circumstances.

Poor Mrs. Rowley, she little thought what a handle she was about to furnish her enemies with by taking orders on such short notice.

However, the matter was settled, and Mr. Cosie had notice given early the next morning to the people about, that Mrs. Rowley would read the Church Service in the barn at the usual canonical hour. He had the place cleaned out and furnished with chairs and benches, and a little table with a cushion for the books, to serve as a reading-desk.

When the time approached, the farm bell rang, and Mrs. Rowley proceeded to the barn, followed by the Cosies, who were followed by all the maids, making a pretty long train. Susan Rowley arranged the books and marked the places; she was to read the lessons, and one of the Cosies was to do the clerk. But it was seen at once that there was not light enough to read by, and Mr. Cosie sent for a pair of candles and had them lighted. Mrs. Rowley read very well, and, in that respect, perhaps in no Church in England was the service better performed than it was that Sunday, for it is certainly not in the art of reading that the English clergy are most eminent.

But among the congregation that day were the dismissed school-mistress and carpenter; and before the day was over, it was the talk of all Oakham that Mrs. Rowley was little or no better than a Papist. Mr. Mallet had seen the candles lighted in broad noonday, and he had seen the procession too, and if both together was not downright Popery, he did not know what Popery was. Before this ridiculous perversion of facts had travelled the length of the village, all sorts of mummeries were added, to make the story spicier; and when it got into the *Penrose Chronicle*, as it did the next day, in a paragraph entitled, "Popish Pranks in Cornwall," it was a narrative to make the bones of the Protestant martyrs rattle in their graves.

Poor Mr. Cosie heard all this the next morning when he went into Oakham, and returned very angry and excited about it; but it only made Mrs. Rowley smile—a day or two before, it would have made her laugh. It was certainly highly ridiculous; but perhaps the paragraph travelled the faster for being so absurd, for it flew up to London in no time, and from London was wafted across the channel to the French capital, as appeared long afterwards, when it turned up among many other documents forwarded to Mr. Rowley from England for his instruction and amusement.

Already the barometer was falling, and every letter from France gave fresh indication of a coming storm.

Mr. Rowley at the time his wife left him, was in a healthier frame of mind than he had been for years; more free from those fits of caprice, irritability, and groundless suspicion, which, though not amounting to actual insanity, had more than once alarmed his

family, and caused his wife, especially, the greatest distress. The change in the management of his affairs had been entirely his own act, and it was at his express instance that Mrs. Rowley had gone to England to make the change with the least possible hurt to his brother's feelings. Naturally, it was her daughter who, as we have seen, first perceived that her letters were beginning to worry her, knowing the omens of her mother's face so well as she did. On the following Monday she herself had a few lines from her sister Fanny, in which she said that her father was not well, and she thought there must have been something to annoy him in a letter he had received from Mrs. Upjohn.

"He says nothing about it," said Mrs. Rowley, "but it must be so. Your poor uncle said he would write himself, but he went up to town, and no doubt forgot all about it."

Mrs. Cosie, simple woman as she was, could make her observations, and she was the first of the family to notice that Mrs. Rowley's spirits were not what they had been.

"It is the precarious state of her husband's health that is making her uneasy," said her husband.

"No," said Mrs. Cosie, "for if it was, she would talk of it."

"If not," he rejoined, "it is just the perplexity of her affairs, very probably the confusion in which she finds Mr. Upjohn's accounts; she has more to do and to think of than is good for her."

"Nor that either," said his more penetrating wife, "it is easy to know when people are worrying themselves about money matters; I only hope that Mr. Rowley is not getting into the state they say he was in once or twice before."

"You may be right, my dear," said Mr. Cosie; "that would be a terrible thing to happen just now; she would be obliged to go over, and we could spare her very badly at present."

A day or two later, just after breakfast, in the honey-suckled porch of the cottage-door, with an expression of countenance in which grief was mixed with anger, Mrs. Rowley told Mr. Cosie that her days in England were numbered.

"I am ordered back," she said. "Something has unsettled my husband's views since I left him; he is dissatisfied, even says his brother has been used harshly,—I can hardly help laughing, it is so absurd,"—and her foot kept tapping the gravel with an emotion she very rarely exhibited.

"But surely," said Mr. Cosie, "any such impression ought to be very easily removed."

"It is too late for anybody to remove it," she answered, "even for Mr. Upjohn himself;—this is my husband's malady, and the fits are longer and more serious every time they recur."

Mr. Cosie could only say how grieved he was at what had occurred.

MRS. ROWLEY TAKES HOLY ORDERS.

"I repose great confidence in you," she said, "or I should have told you even so much as I have. To tell you more would be useless. I go to town to-morrow, and I suppose shall leave the land, without making the acquaintance of our new solicitors, which I particularly regret, for I suspect Mr. Alexander is an old acquaintance."

This was her last private conversation with Mr. Cosie. The evening passed in that heavy way in which all evenings pass, and the morning is to bring the parting of people who have been happy together, but more heavily than usual owing to the unforeseen events. What was there better to be done on such an evening than break up early, shake hands cordially all round, light candles, and go to bed.

This hastened departure was a sad blow to poor Carry Roberts, who was so soon to be separated again from her dearest friends; her comfort was that she was to go to town along with them. It was as deep a sigh that night as any which her own griefs had wrung from her, that Mrs. Rowley entered among her memoranda of things to be done in London, the leaving Carry at her aunt's. At first she wrote "at home," but she struck her pencil across the word and substituted Cumberland Gate.

MARMION SAVAGE

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE PROPERTY CONSIDERED AS TO ITS LEGAL CONDITIONS.

II.—PRIVATE PROPERTY.

THE former division of this article¹ treated of the fundamental distinction between public and private property, and the power and duty of the State with regard to the former, and suggested the importance of marking upon a chart of the kingdom the extent and situation of that part of its surface which is dedicated to public uses. It is now proposed to consider how far the laws affecting private property, especially those which abridge or impede the full power of disposition by living owners, or which deal arbitrarily with rights without regard to the will of the possessor of the property to which they relate, are really beneficial to individuals, or either expedient or even just towards the public. The basis and object of the present argument is, in truth, the same as the former. It involves the question at what point restrictions or disabilities of living persons, in regard to their possessions, cease to be attended with benefits that compensate in any degree for their mischiefs; and whether laws which, in an earlier state of society, and applied to a scanty population, may have been harmless, and even useful, may not in its present condition have become injurious.

Inheritance by primogeniture requires in this place but a few words. Suited to the times in which it had its origin—of no small political value, when, from want of other organization, the shelter of many local centres was needed—at this day it has but a limited operation in practice; and so far as it does operate it is probably an unmixed evil. Small freeholders, owners of a house, a garden or an orchard, are not in the habit of employing lawyers, and with them the making a will is frequently deferred to the last. This happens from inadvertence, indisposition to the task, want of familiarity with legal requisites, and perhaps still oftener from a reasonable desire to adapt the final disposition of their property to the latest known condition of their families. If it happened to no more than a hundred families in a year, that the younger children are pauperised by this law, it might be hoped that a benign legislature would not permit it to continue an exception to its rules of succession. The light which has been thrown upon this question will scarcely allow the present law to remain much longer either to perpetuate private wrong or mislead the popular sentiment.

(1) FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for March.

Property itself, as distinguished from the *subjects* of property, is defined as the right of enjoying and disposing of things.¹ If the right of disposition be impeded, as in the French code, by the limit prescribed to the *biens disponibles*,² "property" is, to that extent, clearly abridged. The only example of this sort to be found in the English law is that imposed by what is inaccurately called the Mortmain Act of 1736.³ The statute of George II., as it has been elsewhere said, was introduced "at a time when the political world had neither the deep sense of personal and national duty which animated the age of Hooker, nor the calm and philosophical appreciation of results taught by Adam Smith." We are told that it "took its rise from several incidents that had lately happened, by which heirs-at-law had suffered considerably by injudicious, ostentatious dispositions of their lands to charitable uses (particularly one Mr. Mitchel, who was going to leave a very large estate in land to one of the universities), and it was judged convenient for many reasons to put a stop to so growing an evil."⁴ The alarm at the design of Mitchel would, however, appear to have abated, for the Act excepts the two universities from its operation; and it can be little more than a pretence to refer it to an apprehension of the general danger of death-bed influences. Had that been the governing motive it would have embraced personal as well as real estate.⁵ Nor can it be attributed to an economical view of the evil of keeping land out of the market; for probably there was not one of that assembly of land-owners who did not, if he had the power, or if it was not already effected in his own case, instruct his attorney to settle his estate so that his heir should not bring it into the market. Enough has been said in the former part of this article on the negligence of the legislature hitherto in meeting the exigencies of the times with regard to public property, and some excuse may be found for the statesmen of 1736, if they saw no other method of applying endowments than according to the rules of legal interpretation. At this day, with a population standing in need of vast and hitherto untried efforts in the way of social improvement, a law which forbids the voluntary dedication of real estate to public purposes, by testament or otherwise, is purely obstructive and mischievous. If we look at the annual sums raised by general and local assessment for a multitude of objects, in which the general convenience requires the general co-operation, little occasion will be seen for any fear that the private property, transferred to public uses, will ever become ex-

(1) "La propriété est le droit de jouir et disposer des choses de la manière la plus absolue," &c.—*Code Civil*, Art. 544. See also "Land Laws of England," &c., by Two Barristers, p. 60.

(2) *Code Civil*, Art. 913, *et seq.*

(3) 9 Geo. II., c. 36.

(4) Tindal. See *Parl. Hist.*, vol. ix.

(5) It was apparently so argued. See *Parl. Hist.*, vol. ix. p. 1130.

cessive. There can be no endowment which may not be made to contribute, directly or indirectly, to the moral or physical amelioration of the condition of the people. In the words of Burke, "a politician, to do great things, looks for a *power*—what our workmen call a *purchase*; and if he finds that power, in politics as in mechanics, he cannot be at a loss to apply it. In vain shall a man look to the possibility of making such things when he wants them. Endowments are the products of enthusiasm; they are the instruments of wisdom."¹

The most important class of restrictions on property have grown out of the craving for power, so common to the human mind, whether to be exercised on great matters or on the most petty and insignificant. The lawyers, who have had the greatest practical experience in observing this feeling, tell us that "these restrictions most frequently spring from the desire to exert a posthumous control over that which can be no longer enjoyed. 'Te teneam moriens' is the dying lord's apostrophe to his manor, for which he is forging those fetters that seem by restricting the dominion of others to extend his own." "The desire to dictate as long as possible to posterity, to connect property with his own name, and to preserve it in a sense as his own after his death, seems to be one of the strongest and most universal passions in the heart of man. No one can have practised as a conveyancer without bearing testimony to this. The testator is not satisfied until his lawyer has exhausted his craft in devising how to prevent any one from becoming absolute owner of the property for as long a time as may be."² The operation of conflicting motives has brought the law of entail and settlement, by deed or will, to its present condition. It is an exception to the ordinary and natural incidents of possession and use, and it must rest with the advocates of such restrictions to show their public or private advantage—the benefit accruing to individuals, or to the State, or both—from tying up the hands of living persons in dealing with the material world and its fruits in mere obedience to the dictates of past possessors, or from creating rights in persons unborn, and thereby imposing impediments to the alienation of property which no living person can remove. It is not enough to say that the former possessors had a great desire to continue their power after death; for there are many human desires which the law not only does not aid, but of which it absolutely forbids the gratification.

In an acute legal criticism of the complaints of economists of the operation of our present laws, it is alleged that the right of disposing, within the limits *now* assigned by law, constitutes property; and

(1) Burke, "Reflections," &c., Works, vol. v. p. 285, Lond. ed., 1815.

(2) Jarman on Wills, vol. i. p. 220. Lecture on "The Characteristics of Charitable Foundations," &c., by A. Hobhouse, Q.C., p. 11.

that, in the arguments against the land laws, we are confronted by the question—To what extent, and in what form, shall property be longer permitted to exist?¹ But a law which confers on the living possessor an absolute power of disposition can be no infringement of this right. Suppose a subject of property to be, by the will of A, vested in B, a living person, after him in C, another living person, and limited, after both, to D—in case he should come into existence—with remainders over; yet the whole series of limitations form but one disposition, though divided among successive persons. Any portion of the power reserved to be thereafter vested in D, must be taken from B or C, or both. It is only by taking it from some or one that it can be given to another. So far from it being an invasion of property to vest it wholly in the first possessor, it is a clear augmentation of property to the extent in which it resumes powers that otherwise had been reserved and kept in abeyance for unborn persons. In truth, instead of attacking, it vindicates the right of property against the legal figments which have been permitted to embarrass and restrain it.

This freedom of property may be illustrated by analogy to freedom of the person. The institution of slavery gives to the master power over the person of the slave which may be more or less absolute. The superior class has not only its own liberty, but, in the measure of its power over the persons of the inferior class, the liberty of that class also. The aggregate of liberty is yet obviously less than if slavery did not exist. It is less in the degree in which the skill and industry of the slave, if employed for his own benefit, would be more valuable to himself and the world than the compulsory labour which he performs for his master.

It is plain that not only is the integrity of property maintained, but the value of the right is in fact increased by liberating it from all restrictions, except those which are the result of contract between the possessor and another, for considerations beneficial to themselves or the public. It is increased by the amount of all the suspended power set free and made immediately serviceable for the purposes of the possessor, and, through him, of the State. A restraint upon alienation imposed by a settlor, while it is a privation of the limited tenant on whom it operates, cannot be said to be of any benefit to the deceased settlor. Such a restraint passes over the limit at which the exercise of a power by one invades that of another. It is the same with generations as with individuals. The only rule compatible with true liberty of person or of property is, that each generation shall enter into its inheritance with all the primeval rights that the first acquirer can be supposed to have had, except in so far as they are inconsistent with the necessities of society and civilisation.

(1) "The Land Laws of England Discussed," &c., by Two Barristers, p. 60.

There is, in truth, no more justice or expediency in a rule which prevents the individuals of one age from freely dealing with their property, in obedience to the ages that preceded them, than in preventing them, on the same grounds, from the use of their intellect or their physical strength, their brains or their limbs.

The effect of such restrictions may be examined under three points of view,—first, their result on the persons for whose especial benefit they are designed; secondly, their operation on the rest of the nation; and, lastly, with reference to the duty of the State, in watching over the interests of its people, and encountering the new difficulties which the successive stages of civilised society bring with them.

I. The restriction on the power of the protected classes is necessarily founded on distrust. The settlor attaches importance to the continuance of the property in the same hands or in the prescribed line of descent, and he apprehends that the possessor who follows him will have less regard to that object, or that he may be betrayed by the force of other influences to part with or diminish the property, and thus leave the future objects in a condition less able to sustain the social rank or position which it is the design of the settlor that they should fill. The State interposes to protect classes from injustice or oppression; as when it endeavours to prevent excess in the employment of children in mines and factories. But the guardianship of the wealthy classes, by means of settlements which the laws enforce, to prevent them from parting with the corpus of their estates, is a protection of the very persons whom, it might be imagined, would stand least in need of it. Born of parents rich enough to secure for them the best education in youth, and the most perfect culture in mature life; secured, as far as human appliances can go, from all the accidents which impair mental or bodily vigour, and standing thus on the foreground, as it were, of society, they have every opportunity, as well as every encouragement, not only to maintain, but to improve that position. One might think that their object would be to develop talent and elevate character in their descendants, so that they may continue to stand high in the respect and estimation of their countrymen, and obtain an eminence which wealth alone cannot confer, and which they are less likely to gain the more they rely upon wealth for its attainment. In the final disposition of their property, instead of being bound by the arbitrary directions of a settlement or entail, created without any possible foresight of the circumstances of the family or the several characters of its individual members, the parent might be trusted to act upon his judgment as to their fitness, capacity, and worth. Is it necessary for the object which is contemplated by the settlement, that the head of a family should be deprived of this power of discrimination? The absence of such a power con-

tributes in no degree to family harmony. It is a common observation that in a majority of cases, where the estate is entailed, the father and the eldest son are more or less unfriendly, if not antagonistic. The attitude in which they are placed towards each other is alone likely to diminish the influence of the parent on the education of the son. The entire exclusion of the judgment and discretion of the ancestor in the selection of his successor can scarcely be otherwise than a source of disparagement in the lapse of time. The heir sets out in life as one who is certain that he will take a place among the rich without any labour of his own, and that no one will be able to prevent him from gratifying any tastes he may have. He has smaller inducements to labour and greater temptations to indulgence than is the ordinary lot of mankind, and this condition is not generally favourable to the formation of high character. It is only in some of the happiest mental constitutions that its dangers are entirely overcome. If the possession of ample fortune, the gratification of every taste, and the command of obsequious attention, were the end of human existence, the system of strict settlements may be calculated to secure it for a generation or two. It is doubtful whether even these results are likely to be permanent under such conditions.

It must be observed that the question does not turn on the value and influence of such an assured condition of life as affording leisure for literary and scientific culture or speculative thought, free from the bustle of a more vulgar activity. The number of families in a condition of comfort and affluence has for a considerable period been constantly increasing, and few persons whose tastes lead them to engage in studies that further the progress of science or art owe their fortune to these methods of protection. There is no reason to fear that the want of power to settle estates or funds for the benefit of unborn persons would put an end to the desire now so commonly entertained, and in which there is nothing reprehensible, to perpetuate old or to found new families; nor is there any ground for supposing that the endeavour to do this would be less successful. The motive to this kind of ambition would remain, and the obstacles to its realization would be less rather than greater, for the stability of the race might be rendered more secure. If the succession were not governed by seniority, or any prescribed rule, but were left to the discretion of the ancestor, to be exercised according to his judgment of the qualities of his children, grandchildren, or relations, he would be placed in the position in which all his knowledge and judgment would be called into action; and the family foundation will not be less firm because the head of the family has the choice of the best material on which to build it. It is better that he should feel this responsibility in the selection of those who are to sustain the name and honour of his house, and that he should have it before his

eyes in directing their education ; that he may cultivate in them tastes for occupations which are truly worthy of the positions they may fill. A sense of the degree in which his own conduct and example might influence them would thus be likely to have a wholesome operation upon the parent himself, when he is no longer able to rely upon the effect of legal barriers as a protection of his family from poverty.

Incapacitated by settlement or entail from exercising powers of ownership, the possessor of the estate is unable to depart in any considerable degree from the ordinary course of management. He cannot, for example, create permanent interests in the tenants and occupiers, however beneficial he might conceive it to be to himself as well as to them. While he is thus bound for the most part to an uniform method of administration of his estate, there is usually little obstacle to extravagance in personal gratification. The limited interest does not prevent the possessor from obtaining credit and incurring debt. He may exhaust the value of his life interest, and yet console himself with the reflection that the inheritance will revive unimpaired in his son, and that at the worst there is little fear but that arrangements will be made by his family, and the persons entitled in succession, to preserve him personally from these severer consequences that would have affected an absolute owner. It may not be unreasonable to refer much of the miserable competition in expenditure and display which is now so common, to the immunity that settlements and other protections of mischievous tendency have conferred. Nor are their negative consequences to be disregarded. In the measure in which any one is diverted from the contemplation of more distant or lasting results, and the pursuit of far-sighted objects, in that degree he will generally employ himself on those which are merely of present and transitory interest or gratification.

In few things has the effect of the law been more pernicious than in marriage settlements, by which separate interests are commonly given to the wife, accompanied by clauses restraining anticipation. The reliance of parents of the higher and middle classes on this power has gone on increasing for a century, and has done much to retard the education of women. People with ample means have been satisfied with the power which the law affords of making their daughters a kind of life-pensioners, with their hands so tied that they cannot by any folly deprive themselves of a luxurious or, at least, comfortable maintenance ; and this contrivance has come, in their view, to supply the place of prudence, or common sense, or the ordinary knowledge of the business of life. They have thought it unnecessary to teach their daughters the difference between reasonable conduct and expectations, and the veriest charlatanry or imposture,—between what is deserving of trust and what should be met

with distrust. Impelled by generous sentiment to be active in efforts of charity and social improvement, they are taught nothing to guide them in the solution of the great problems of social existence. Parents, in the settlement of a daughter in life, are led to have less regard to qualities of mind than to securing for her a certain material provision. A recent article in an evening paper¹ drew a striking picture of a father, wedded to precedent and custom, and thinking he is taking the best security for his daughter's "happiness" by tying up the means and resources of herself and his son-in-law. "He can prove by facts and figures that he has hitherto taken reasonably good care of his modest talent, and forthwith the parents insist on his wrapping it up in a napkin and putting it away in the Three per Cents. Place his little capital beyond his control, that he may have no sinking fund to borrow from, and that you may tempt him to run in debt, in the event of himself, or his wife, or children being ill. Generally insure him plenty of anxiety just when, in order to make his way, he wants a clear brain and light spirits, and thus do your very best to provide for his and your daughter's present happiness and future advancement." And the writer well asks, "If life were conducted on the principle of putting everyone away in a padded room, so that they could not bruise themselves in any possible event, how would the business of the world go forward?"

Fabulists have drawn many imaginative pictures of mortals endowed for a time with powers or immunities beyond the ordinary lot of humanity, but rarely without the moral that exhibits them in the end as happy in laying down the perilous gift. Laws of property which tie the hands of the possessors, and convert them into little more than machines for transferring it from age to age, cannot tend to form greatness of character or lead to nobleness of life.

II. The economical operation of the system of settlement and entail of land, as it affects the public at large, has been recently discussed by Mr. Fawcett,² Mr. Leslie,³ and others. They prove its inevitable tendency to create a certain monopoly of land, confining it to a limited number of owners, and preventing it from coming into the market. One answer has been that there are powers of sale in the settlements, and, if not, Chancery will supply them.⁴ Statistics, if they could be had, would probably show that the exercise of such powers has done nothing to lessen the concentration of land in large properties, but that, coupled with the direction for reinvestment, they

(1) *Pall Mall Gazette*, 8 Jan., 1869.

(2) "Manual of Political Economy," pp. 209, &c.

(3) *Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1867.

(4) "Land Laws of England," &c., pp. 13, 17.

have operated in a contrary direction ;¹ but the claim for the freedom of the existing proprietors, as an element of individual and national welfare, does not apply to land alone. It has been calculated that for every acre of settled land, above £100 of personal property is subject to like restriction.² The inseparable connection in settlements of real and personal interests, and the difficulty of maintaining any important differences in their effect on the one or the other, have been lately insisted upon with great force in the discussion on Mr. Locke King's Bill; and the power of settling personal property has been put forward as the true outwork of the defence of settlements and entails of realty. "Whenever," it has been lately said,³ "the Irish land question comes seriously to be considered, it will, no doubt, bring to the light of day whatever elements of the destructive kind are concealed under the singularly placid surface of English life; but the least reflection upon the nature and extent of the changes which would be necessary in order to alter very deeply the present state of things, will be enough to reassure the most timid. A common marriage settlement of stock ties it up, say, for the life of the parent, and till the majority of his surviving children, quite as effectually as land can be tied up. Attempt to interfere with this, and you will find yourself at once embarked upon an impossible undertaking, which would become possible only after the framing of a coherent scheme of communism, so devised as to enlist in its favour the feelings of the bulk of the population."

It may, however, well be doubted whether this state of things, besides its effect on education and character already adverted to, does not arrest and impede to an incalculable extent the free circulation of capital, and all its consequences of productive and commercial activity. It gives an artificial value to certain investments. The powers of varying them are limited commonly to government and real security. The premium thus given to such securities is a public loss. It is of no advantage to the nation that the Government should be encouraged to contract, or induced to abstain from reducing a public debt, by the high price which timid investors are willing to pay for State obligations; nor that it should be obliged to redeem at 90 per cent. a stock for which it received but 70. If the holders of settled securities were freed from such restrictions, the increased activity of the money market would reach, and affect in a considerable measure, the distribution of the land, by increasing, as

(1) A portion of the estate, having, from its situation, or some accidental cause, a greatly enhanced value, is sold, and the purchase money generally invested in a larger estate in a purely agricultural district. Thus the proceeds of 20 acres of land near New Cross, lately sold, purchased 207 acres in Staffordshire and Kent. It is for such purposes of advantage that the powers of sale are usually given.

(2) "Land Laws of England," p. 17.

(3) *Pall Mall Gazette*, 10 March, 1869.

well the causes for sale, as the temptation to sell. At present, settlements which give a preference and inducement to invest in real securities, offer, in fact, an encouragement, in the nature of a bounty, to landowners, by enabling them to borrow money on more favourable terms than in an unfettered state of the market they could obtain, and thus permit sales to be avoided, while they promote that worst condition of ownership of land—an encumbered proprietary. If our judges had always looked with the same suspicion on social and economical consequences, they might have doubted whether such impediments to the employment of capital were not impolitic, as being in restraint of trade.¹

An unhappy consequence of the laws which thus introduce privileges, of which none but the wealthy—of necessity a comparatively small minority of the people—can take advantage, is the absence of that sympathy which would, if there were a sense of common evil and common danger, be created for the more numerous classes of society who are in circumstances requiring protection of the same nature. Persons who can secure property to their daughters by marriage settlements take little thought of the great numbers of comparatively poor women who are exposed to want and suffering from the conduct of their husbands. None in a middle-class Parliament, until very lately, could be found to raise their voices in favour of the property of married women in general; and when the public conscience in this matter was in some degree awakened, it was thought sufficient for a wife, after the prolonged desertion of her husband, to be enabled to obtain protection against him for the fruits of her own industry, by applying to a magistrate. A closer sympathy of class with class would suggest to our law-makers that the cruel necessity of appealing to magisterial protection, and making the family breach more hopeless, is an extremity to which it is not more desirable that a poor woman should be forced than a rich one.

III. In considering what is the duty of the State in controlling the power of living owners of property, it is proper to keep in view the distinction between the things that the people may do for themselves, and those in which the aid of Government is necessary. Among the matters in which there would seem to be the least reason for Government interference, and that may be most conveniently left to individual discretion, is the disposition by every person of his own property, and the expenditure of his money. The English pride themselves not a little on their uncontrolled and independent manage-

(1) A person can neither alienate for a time his freedom to dispose of his own labour or his own capital according to his own will (*Hilton v. Eckersley*, 6 Ell. & Bl. 47), nor alienate such freedom generally and make himself a slave (see the argument of Hargrave in *Sommerset's case*, 20 State Trials, 23).—"Report on Trades' Unions," 1869, p. lxxii.

ment of their affairs, as contrasted with what, speaking of other countries, is ironically called "the paternal system;" while the propertied classes, by the effect of settlements and dispositions made, not to guard them from the wrong or violence of others, but to protect them against themselves, are in a greater or less degree in a condition of wardship throughout their lives. This paternal care is disguised by the circumstance that it does not emanate from any public functionary or ministerial bureau, but from a laboratory of ingenious contrivances, the work of skilful lawyers, from which the owners of property select the instruments most suitable to apply one to another, and in aid of which they can bring to bear the force of the State in giving them effect. It is surely no duty of the latter to afford such assistance. If a sum of money be placed in the hands of an agent to make a certain purchase or investment, or for safe deposit, the law may properly enforce the duty thus undertaken; but if the principal direct the agent to deposit or invest the money in a certain manner, and not to allow the principal himself, or any one else, to take or spend any part of it for some specified or indefinite time, there is no sufficient reason why the State should concern itself with the office of enforcing such directions.¹

It was once said by Louis Blanc, that it is not the "business of society to protect against the natural consequences of their own vices or follies, libertines, spendthrifts, or the degenerate heirs of some ancient name." It may be rather said that it is not for the higher and truer interests of the protected class that it should thus be tied and bound. It is the duty of the State by its educational institutions, and by every other means within its power, to elevate the condition of all its people; but it is under no obligation to place or preserve any of them in a special class, or rank, or scale of well-being. If penury, with its attendant suffering, be the inevitable lot of some, it is likely that it will fall for the most part upon those who have had the smallest advantages of early instruction and happy association; but it would speak ill for the institutions of a country in which all but the poorer classes were secured from such calamity. Every class is more or less subject to the vicissitudes of life, and it is not the business of the State to guard one class more than another from these consequences. Such protections are artificial means of rendering the barriers which separate class from class still more impassable. In the fellowship of misfortune it is better that the higher culture and intelligence of those who have fallen from a richer estate should be brought into contact with the less instructed. The world, it has been truly said, owes much to great sorrows.

It may be a useful illustration of the argument to suppose for a moment that these privileges of wealth had been up to this time un-

(1) The Thellusson Act (39 & 40 Geo. III., c. 98) recognised this principle to some extent.

known; that no method had yet been discovered of depriving the possessor of houses, lands, or moneys, of the power of selling, giving them away, or dealing with them at his pleasure; and that some far-sighted member of a plutocratic Parliament for the first time brought in a Bill to establish a property law, precisely like that to which we have arrived—the preamble of the Bill might thus be framed to express its purpose:—

“Whereas a large number of persons in this kingdom are now in possession of real and personal property, derived by inheritance, succession, individual acquisition, or otherwise; and it will be greatly for the benefit of their children, grandchildren, and relations, as well, in many cases, of themselves, that the possessors of such property should not lose, spend, alienate, or otherwise dissipate or disperse the same; and that it shall be retained and preserved for the use of such children, descendants, and relations: And, whereas, it frequently happens that the possessors of such property make improvident contracts, engage in imprudent speculations, or become self-indulgent, or extravagant in their expenditure, from which, or other causes, their estates and properties are wholly or in part disposed of, incumbered, or alienated, and themselves, their children, or descendants, instead of continuing in the same condition of life, are greatly reduced in circumstances, and, in some cases, left in such poverty and indigence as to be obliged to labour for their subsistence, not only to their own great indignity and discomfort, but also much to the regret, pain, and mortification of their relations and friends, and other persons of like condition: And, whereas, it is expedient to provide means for preventing, as far as possible, the consequences of such imprudence, self-indulgence, and extravagance, by prescribing, in some cases, the amount which such possessors of property shall severally expend; or, in case they shall contract debts, shall be liable to pay out of such property year by year; and by limiting, moreover, in these or other cases, their power over the corpus thereof, so that the same shall be continued and transferred whole and unimpaired to the next descendant indicated: Be it therefore enacted,” &c.

Laws of property which attach to particular acts or events, whether of necessary or common occurrence, consequences that may be very prejudicial to the persons they affect, and against which it requires more than ordinary caution to guard, even if it be always possible, are beyond the purposes for which laws regulating the title to a property are designed, and can hardly be otherwise than mischievous. Our system of jurisprudence contains two notable infractions of the rule. The first is the law affecting the property of married women. The Committee of the House of Commons, in the last session, examined lawyers of England and America, ministers of religion, employers, members of co-operative societies, and others, and the testimony

gathered of the need there is for recognising the separate right of a married woman to her own property and earnings, without, be it remembered, any restraint against anticipation, is almost pathetic in its simple verity. Speaking of the effort even of the partial security afforded by co-operative societies, a witness from Rochdale said, "it is a common expression among our members, that it is the women who are the co-operators more than the men, with a view to interest, and having their money safe and secure in our society. It gives women a knowledge and a habit of managing property which they had not before; it enlarges knowledge, and strengthens character." "The great mainstay of providence," said the clergyman of a poor district at the East-end, "is the woman. Anybody who knows the working classes must see that the women are the great representatives of that virtue among them. The law refusing her any support in attempting to secure something for the children produces a hopelessness that cripples the exertions of the woman." To the objection: that the husbands wield the physical force, it was replied, "that a great cause of moral control among our population is the fear of the law. Now the law is against the woman; she is unable to resist; it would be otherwise if the law were on her side." "The husband would feel that the woman was not the mere drudge that she is now, so often, among the working classes, if she had independent existence, and independent rights." "It would so raise the condition of women that in the course of a generation you would find that women would be treated with the respect that is really due to them, instead of being, in that class of life, treated as they are now." Mr. Mundella told the Committee that the mere mention of this legal security brought tears to the eyes of the women to whom he spoke of it. "Oh," they said, "if you would get this done for us it would be indeed a comfort." The imaginary objections to giving the wife a legal right to her own property have been of late so thoroughly examined that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here.¹ Happily this amendment of our law has been undertaken by able and energetic men, in a position to make themselves heard, and who are not likely to leave their task imperfectly performed.

The laws affecting the estates of bankrupts form the other example of impolitic legal interference. The modern Acts on this subject, not content with doing that which public justice demands, and which individual effort could not secure, have gone further, and arbitrarily interposed to liberate the debtor from the effect of contracts he has deliberately made. The result has been to make the bankruptcy courts in a great degree the ministers of fraud and wide-spread demoralisation. The legal discharge of the debtor was

(1) See a paper on the "Property of Married Women," by A. Hobhouse, Q.C., *Social Science Transactions* (Birmingham), 1868, p. 238.

never originally contemplated. The early laws provided for the distribution of the debtor's property among his creditors; "but if they should not be satisfied or otherwise contented for their debts by such ways and means, they should have their remedy for the recovery of the residue of the same debts as theretofore."¹

It will be difficult to show, from our commercial or legal history, that the smallest moral or material good has been obtained by departing from this simple principle. No doubt the existence of trade and of some degree of adventure, make a bankrupt law necessary; but to such a law no more than three fundamental provisions are essential—first, that on a declaration of insolvency, the existing estate of the debtor shall be divided fairly among the creditors; secondly, that for this purpose it be transferred to some officer² whose business it shall be to realise and distribute it; and thirdly, that a certain proportion of the creditors shall have power to give a specified time to the bankrupt, within which he shall not be liable in execution for the remainder of the debt, and to renew it if they think proper, leaving his estate liable for all that may remain unpaid. The first provision is needed to secure fairness and avoid a scramble of creditors for the wreck, and the last to afford the bankrupt a reasonable scope for his future industry. It is always open to him with his after-acquired property to make any private contract that he can with his individual creditors. Every merchant and trader would thus have constantly before his eyes a knowledge that his chief safeguard is not in any arbitrary legal shelter, but in his own character and conduct, and that he must rely mainly on his reputation for honesty and fair dealing. One who had failed from pure misfortune would have no reason to fear that creditors whose respect he had never forfeited, would refuse him reasonable time and means to recover his position.

Incidental to such reforms as here suggested, even if it were not required as it is, for its own sake, is the abolition of imprisonment for debt. It is not by corporal penalties that contracts should be enforced by the State. Our early law gave a creditor no lien on the body of his debtor. He must be at liberty, it said, not only to

(1) 34 Hen. VIII., c. 4; 13 Eliz., c. 7.

(2) These officers, assignees or liquidators, should be a class admitted, perhaps after some test, and competing for employment by their endeavours to realise the bankrupt's estate at the smallest cost. That the public may judge of their respective merits, each should be bound to lay before the Board of Trade, to be annually published, a return of every estate passing through his hands, thus:—

Amount of debt proved.	Assets received.	Expenses of collection.	Net assets.	Amount paid to creditors.	Dividend per £.	Estimate of property not realised.

follow his own business, but also to serve his king and country.¹ Creditors in this kingdom had so long come to look upon the power of imprisonment as indispensable to credit, that the tradesmen of Bristol were unable to forgive Burke for the favour with which he had regarded its abolition. In vain he exposed its cruelty. "If insolvency be no crime, why is it punished with arbitrary imprisonment? If it be a crime, why is it delivered into private hands to pardon without discretion, or to punish without mercy and without measure?" "I know," he said, "that credit must be preserved; but equity must be preserved too, and it is impossible that anything should be necessary to commerce which is inconsistent with justice." "If the creditor had a right to those carcasses as a natural security for his property, I am sure we have no right to deprive him of that security. But if the few pounds of flesh were not necessary to his security, we had not a right to retain the unfortunate debtor without any benefit at all to the person who confined him."² Our more recent legislation has retained this penal proceeding in a form especially oppressive. The mechanic or labourer obtains credit by pledging his future wages, and this pledge the machinery of the county court compels him to redeem during possibly his whole life. The creditor obtains a judgment against him, and if he cannot satisfy any one instalment, perhaps a few shillings, a judgment summons is issued against him, and if the judge concludes that he has had the means of paying it from the produce of his work, he may be, and frequently is, sent to prison for such non-payment;³ and this imprisonment does not operate as a discharge of any portion of his debt.⁴ The explanation has been that the defendant is imprisoned, not for the debt, but for disobeying the order to pay. But the ability of a man earning a few shillings a week, with which he has a family to feed, lodge, and clothe, to pay a debt, is a question of no small difficulty for a conscientious judge; and upon which a mistake to be followed by imprisonment may produce irretrievable distress and demoralisation. In truth, facility of obtaining credit is more likely to be a snare than a benefit. It may relieve immediate pressure at the expense of a perpetual weight upon future industry and hope. It is better that this also should depend on conduct and character, the conduct of both parties in giving and obtaining credit, and the character of the debtor. A cunning pedlar may persuade the wife of a labourer to buy a new gown on credit, trusting to the power of the judge to send the husband to prison if he does not pay for it, or a reckless or dishonest workman may obtain bread and groceries on credit, while he is

(1) 2 Inst., 394.

(2) Works, vol. iii. p. 376.

(3) A debtor is now in Whitecross Street prison against whom the judgment was for £4 11s. 6d., of which he paid by instalments £4 8s. 10d., and was committed for twenty-one days, for failing to pay the remaining 2s. 7d. Nor is the large cost to the public of the travelling of such prisoners, with the officers, and their maintenance, to be disregarded.

(4) See the observations of Mr. Henley and Mr. Ayrton. *Hansard's Parl. Deb.* 7 May, 1862, vol. clxvi. p. 1343.

notoriously spending his wages in the public-house. The State is not bound by justice or policy to give in either case to the creditor the exceptional assistance of incarcerating the debtor. In doing so, it enables the more greedy dealers to dispense with any consideration of the character of the persons to whom they give credit, or to prey on their weaknesses.¹

The ideal law of private property here presented is briefly this:—

The right of succession to real and personal estate the same.

All devises for charitable or public purposes valid.

Possessors for life or shorter terms, with remainder to persons taking voluntary interests, have absolute power of disposition of the subject, accounting over for the proceeds.²

No interest recognised for unborn persons.³

Marriage not to divest the property of the wife; but property of the husband or wife transferred from one to the other after marriage to remain liable to their respective creditors.

No restraint upon anticipation or alienation.

No order or certificate of court protects a bankrupt from liability for his debts, but may temporarily exempt him from suit.

No imprisonment under the process of any court for non-payment of debt incurred without fraud.

The questions which it is the design of the foregoing observations to raise are, whether the recognition of the full power of the State over public, and of individuals over their private property, would not bring with it a sense of responsibility which, both in its direct and its indirect effects, is far more valuable than any legal machinery or device for merely guarding the nation and the person from the evils attending a misapplication of their wealth or material resources; and whether the authority of the State is not better employed in extending every possible assistance and encouragement to the energetic performance of public and private duty, than in lending its support to the egotism or timidity which strives to clutch some additional power for itself, or abridge the independent action of others, by taking away the rights which would legitimately belong to them.

THOMAS HARE.

(1) The above remarks on bankruptcy and imprisonment for debt were written before the introduction, by the Attorney-General, of the Bills now before Parliament on those subjects. They are measures greatly improving our laws of debtor and creditor, and may be the best amendments practicable in the present state of public opinion.

(2) See *Titre* iii., *Code Civil*. De l'Usufruit, &c., Art. 578 *et seq.*

(3) Article 896 of the *Code Civil* is as follows:—"Les substitutions sont prohibées—Toute disposition par laquelle le donataire, l'héritier institué, ou le légataire, sera chargé de conserver et de rendre à un tiers, sera nulle, même à l'égard du donataire, de l'héritier institué, ou du légataire.—Néanmoins les biens libres formant la dotation d'un titre héréditaire que le Roi aurait érigé en faveur d'un prince ou d'un chef de famille, pourrait être transmis héréditairement," &c.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

MEMOIR OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. By JOHN VEITCH, M.A.
Edinburgh and London : Blackwood and Sons. 18s.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON's life was singularly uneventful in the ordinary sense of the word; he took no prominent part in the more famous transactions of his time, and was in no contact with its historic personages. But there is no reason why the story of the life of a student should not be worth telling; and notwithstanding the comparative slightness of material, Mr. Veitch has produced a very interesting and satisfactory memoir. Sir William Hamilton's character was of that extraordinary and uncommon quality out of which good biography is made; it was a character of strong and original lines, and in every way, in vigour, tenacity, fire, and independence, even in its vice of "indolent energy," very far removed from the common type. His enormous erudition and passion for books may have weakened him as a thinker; but the process by which he accumulated his learning, his system of common-place books, his manner of composition, his devices for making notes, his binding and sizing and marking and classifying his library—all this, told in a simple and orderly manner, as Mr. Veitch has told it, makes a most attractive picture of a scholar. Even the heated disputes, carried on with a truly Hamiltonian acerbity, with the Edinburgh Town Council, are not at all out of keeping: when the spiritual and temporal powers come into conflict, the former is seldom wont to set the example of moderation or gentleness. To pass moral judgment upon his hero was not within Mr. Veitch's province, but his defects, without being blinked, are perhaps more softened than was necessary. The hasty and hand-to-mouth manner, for instance, in which the first course of lectures was prepared, betray a certain weakness of intellectual conscience of which the biographer gives no sign that he is aware. And we can hardly help feeling, too, that a man who out of so much learned toil has left us so few, so incomplete, and such undigested remains, must have had a character fundamentally ill-regulated, from the point of view of anybody who has thought of what a rational scheme of life means and comes to. Morally, Hamilton's undirected industry and Coleridge's undirected indolence came to much the same thing. The conception of duty was scarcely less loose and effective in one than in the other.

The memoir, however, was well worth writing, and it is well worth reading. It would have been better if Mr. Veitch had abstained from superfluous peashooting at the modern English assailant of Hamilton's speculations. In one sense his asperity is very gratifying, because it shows an irritated consciousness of the irreparable damage which that assault inflicted on the Hamiltonian school.

EDITOR.

FLOOD, FIELD, AND FOREST. By GEORGE ROOPER. London: Chapman and Hall. 8s.

THERE is, perhaps, no subject capable of being handled with more of combined delight and instruction to young people than field sports and all their belongings. Whether for good or ill,—let it here for the moment be presumed to be for

good,—all field sports are so popular among us that they may be regarded as forming a part of the very nature of our youth. Whenever a young man of any rank can attain to a gun, a fishing-rod, a dog, or a horse, he becomes after some fashion a sportsman. We all know the Frenchman's joke against us Englishmen who require recreation. "Ah, let us amuse ourselves; let us go and kill something." And that terribly honest epitaph which our dear old friend Teufelsdröckh wrote upon his deceased patron, the German Count Zaehdarm, telling the world how vast a mountain of partridges that nobleman had slain with his own gun, remains in the memory of many an English sportsman, as a satire on his own performances. Nevertheless, the passion is as strong, perhaps stronger, than ever. It is not our purpose here to defend it, nor do we know that it needs defence; but it is capable of being combined with instruction, than which none is more charming or more serviceable, and can hardly be indulged with genuine ardour without an intimate acquaintance with many animals, with the ways of birds, and the nature of the life that is found among the fields and floods. It has been a misfortune hitherto that the literature of sport has been addicted more to slang and frolic than to its legitimate objects, and that the books which have been given to young sportsmen to read have dealt rather with the bad habits of men and women than with those excellent good habits which nature has given to animals. A small volume is here recommended not only to the sportsman, but to the general reader, which, while it deals with all field sports,—even with the rat and the badger, and deals with them all lovingly as things of beauty and joys for ever, while it delights by the freshness of its story-telling, and ascends to high pathos in its incidents,—is replete with a knowledge which nothing short of a life's study can have given.

There are four parts in the book. The first is devoted to the salmon. It is the autobiography of *Salmo Salar*, Esq., and is supposed to reveal to the world of reading sportsmen all that is hitherto known of the nature of that majestic fish. The present writer does not doubt the facts which Mr. Rooper gives, but being himself profoundly ignorant on the subject, only vouches for the excellence of the telling. The second part is the tale of a fox's life, which, when it was first published in one of the monthly periodicals of the day, was very widely read. The records of many a fox-hunt have been given, and some have been told with excellent spirit; but we remember none in which so much was told of the fox himself, and of the real manner in which he is nurtured, preserved, hunted, and killed,—or not killed, as the case may be. There is, too, a prettiness in the telling which can hardly be exceeded. The third part, "Bolsover Forest," is an introduction for young people to the world of the fields and woods. There are instructions in it on all subjects, from holding a gun to—to,—if we say to the breaking of a gaol, we hope we shall not be misunderstood as comprising that exciting occupation among ordinary field sports; and that we shall be at once allowed to refer our readers to the volume in reference to that mysterious subject. The fourth division contains the story of a "Bagman." The readers of the *Fortnightly*, who are for the most part presumed to be of a thoughtful and studious cast, may perhaps not know what is a bagman in the phraseology of sport. False ideas will rise, no doubt, and wise heads will desire to be told how the energetic emissaries of commerce become familiarly connected with matters of sport. They shall never learn the secret in their own pages; but if they be wise they will turn where

the secret may be learned. We cannot, however, part with Mr. Rooper on this subject without protesting that he has been too hard on his American. Our experience of Americans in the field tells us that they generally fall heavily at the first fence, rush at everything afterwards without stint, and stick on like monkeys by the end of the day.

The great charm of the book is in the double fact that Mr. Rooper knows his subject, and can use his pen lightly. We could have wished that his illustrations,—if he decided upon having illustrations,—could have been clearer and better.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

TRAITÉ DE LA PROCÉDURE CRIMINELLE EN ANGLETERRE, EN ÉCOSSE, ET DANS L'AMÉRIQUE DU NORD. Par le Dr. C. J. A. Mittermaier. Traduit par A. Chauffard, Juge au tribunal d'Albi. Paris: E. Thorin. 1868.

It is natural that a people with an insular position and history should have much to learn from the laws and legal experience of other nations, but equally natural, unfortunately, that such a country should be little inclined to learn it. "No tribunals of a civilised people," Hallam complained, "ever borrowed so little from the writings of philosophers or from the institutions of other countries." The complaint is hardly just, since Bentham's time, so far as philosophers are concerned, at least as regards the structure of the tribunals, apart from the system of law they administer, for his philosophy has already recast the administration of justice; and it is evident that the jurisdiction, localisation, and procedure of the English courts, will soon be moulded in almost every respect into conformity with his writings. But the isolation and aversion of English legislators and lawyers from the study of foreign institutions ever since the time of Edward III. fully justify the other part of Hallam's complaint. Can any one conceive the circulation in England of a treatise on the laws of criminal procedure in Austria, Prussia, and Denmark? Yet Mittermaier could count on a cordial reception in Germany of a treatise on the criminal laws of England, the United States, and Scotland; and M. Chauffard has translated it into French, with an exposition of his own views on the comparative merits of the English and French systems in his introduction. We make no doubt that the part of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's treatise on Criminal Law, which has been most commonly skipped, is the criticism of the French system. Both systems, English and French, have grievous faults; each has a good deal which the other might advantageously borrow. It would be hard to say *a priori* which is worse adapted for the ends of justice. The French system begins with a secret examination of the accused which may extend over his whole previous life, and during which he may undergo solitary imprisonment at the pleasure of the *juge d'instruction* who examines him; and it finally sends him for public trial before a judge chosen almost invariably from an official staff of prosecuting counsel, who have been trained to look at but one side of the evidence, and to aim from the first at conviction. No wonder if, on the one hand, innocent persons are not unfrequently condemned, and if, on the other, prisoners guilty of heinous crimes are sometimes acquitted by a jury disgusted at the unfairness of their trial. No wonder again if accused persons, like Rosalie Doize (who pleaded guilty of parricide to escape solitary confinement), are driven to confessions which may be the evidence not

of guilt but of torture and terror. The English system, erring in another direction, begins by leaving the prosecution and collection of evidence to private persons and the police; the former a class whose interest it is to mind their own business, the latter with a personal interest in getting a conviction, yet without the knowledge requisite to get the right person convicted. Finally, the accused, with, very possibly, nothing but circumstantial evidence against him, is brought to trial, and the only lips by which the evidence might be completed if he be guilty, or refuted if innocent, are perhaps closed in effect. In the majority of cases it is not an innocent person that suffers, but a criminal who escapes under the rule of non-interrogation. The accused person, if examined, must either tell the truth or a tissue of falsehood. If the truth, it ought to be before the jury; if a tissue of falsehood, the probability is that it will be inconsistent with itself and with external evidence. If examination does not tend to elicit truth, the whole foundation of the law of evidence is removed; especially since the admission of the evidence of parties in civil causes, often as deeply interested in the verdict as an accused person. The present tendency of the public mind is to consider the matter only as it affects the probabilities of convicting the guilty. But it has, too, another important side. We have known an excellent and honest workman, as his accuser subsequently admitted in court, charged with theft by his employer to intimidate him into the surrender of an article to which both laid claim with equal justice, and have seen the accused dumbfounded and terrified into ignominious compromise which left a stigma for life, and even grateful for the withdrawal of the prosecution, where a few questions by his counsel would have made it clear as day that it was a case for civil adjudication. The injustice is the more grievous that the majority of prisoners are too poor to bring other witnesses on their behalf. The proper course is evidently to allow the prisoner to be examined both on his own behalf and by the counsel for the prosecution, and if undefended, to be re-examined by the judge, who, in such a case at least, would certainly not enter into it in the spirit of a prosecutor. Even if permitted to interrogate the prisoner in all cases, the English judges would be unlikely to assume the hostile attitude which is habitually shown by a French judge chosen almost always from a body of public prosecutors, the salary of a judge in France not being worth the acceptance of an advocate in good practice. The judicial salaries again are small, because in France each court has five or more judges, where usually one would be enough. "Thus," as a great philosopher remarks on the consequences, "does a single error in a system entail a series of others."

But in contending for the admission of the prisoner's evidence both for the defence and for the prosecution, we must protest against the proposal to imitate the French system where it involves an investigation into his whole past life; thereby raising innumerable collateral issues which no human tribunal is competent to try, to which no rules of evidence can be adjusted, and which may involve the most innocent person in inextricable confusion. There are probably very few men who could tell how and where they spent every day or even every month of the last ten years; and poor working men in routine employment take little note of dates. We regret to find M. Chauffard's authority on the side of the French system in this respect.

In general it is not the tendency of M. Chauffard's remarks, and still less of Mittermaier's, to draw comparisons unfavourable to English jurisprudence.

Continental writers in their admiration of English order and political liberty are prone to attribute to national spirit and tenacious defence of ancient rights much which is the result of the feelings of a governing class naturally content with things as they are, inert and indisposed for change. The reform of criminal as of civil law, says M. Chauffard, *proceeds avec une sage lenteur qui s'explique par le caractère même de l'Anglais, habitué à envisager une question sous tous ses aspects*. We should, on the contrary, recommend the governing class to display *une sage hâte* in its reforms of the law, both criminal and civil, and the two are closely connected. "All laws," observes Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, "are in one sense criminal. To common apprehension the laws of inheritance are absolutely unrelated to the criminal law, yet in fact they repose upon it." The laws of inheritance are very closely related to the criminal law in another sense; and the urgent necessity for reform of the latter is in a great measure the result of the need for reform on the part of the former. English criminals come partly from a hereditary criminal caste, whose neighbours have by no means the abhorrence of their calling, or the interest in extinguishing it, which a different system of land laws would have engendered;—partly again from a class demoralised by the temptations of poverty, and the contact with crime created by crowding; both the poverty and the crowding being traceable to the same cause in a vast number of cases. M. Chauffard's first sentence is—*La loi de progrès de toutes les institutions n'est autre que la loi de progrès de l'homme lui-même*. But in fact the great impediment to human progress has been the unprogressiveness of law. English statesmanship seems at length about to follow French example in regard to the public prosecution of crime, and the institution of an efficient system of police; it will find plenty of crime for them to operate upon, so long as in disregard of French example, it maintains a law of property founded on conquest and the disinheritance of the bulk of the nation.

T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

NARRATIVE OF THE BRITISH MISSION TO THEODORE, KING OF ABYSSINIA, &c., &c. By HORMUZD RASSAM, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. With Maps and Plans. London: John Murray. 1869. 28s.

A HISTORY OF THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION. By C. R. MARKHAM, F.S.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 14s.

MR. RASSAM has in these volumes evidently done his best to furnish a history of the British Mission to Abyssinia, that shall be as true and as complete as possible. His papers and memoranda having been at various times during the course of his long captivity destroyed, to prevent them falling into the hands of King Theodore, much of this narrative has necessarily been compiled from memory; the story is, nevertheless, well sustained, and though without much pretensions to elegance of style, is clearly and graphically told; and the descriptions of the manners and customs of the Abyssinians will present much that is novel and interesting, even to those who are already intimately acquainted with the shifting fortunes of the British Mission. A description of life at Massowah, while Mr. Rassam and his colleagues were waiting for answers to the letters despatched to King Theodore, and an explanation of the delays and difficulties experienced by the mission before a start was actually made, occupies nearly the whole of the first volume. This period of detention at Mas-

sowah, dull and uneventful in itself, does not afford matter for any interesting description; but during this time Mr. Rassam had ample opportunities for learning the opinions of the natives as to the probable success of his Mission; and it was not encouraging to find that with hardly a single exception they were decidedly unfavourable; and in one or two instances indeed the treatment the Mission eventually experienced at the hands of King Theodore was most accurately predicted to them. The account of the march from Massowah to the camp of the king presents nothing more interesting than the ordinary incidents and dangers of Oriental travel; the latter being perhaps increased in this instance by the constant proximity of lions, or, as Mr. Rassam calls them, "wild denizens of the forest," which, however, led to no serious results. It was on the 28th January, 1866, that the Mission arrived in safety at the court of King Theodore, and had their first interview with him, and from this date the real interest of the story commences.

It is not possible here to notice in detail the various important events that followed the first courteous reception of the Mission by the king; his compliance with all Mr. Rassam's demands; his release of Consul Cameron and his fellow-captives; his final permission, granted after much hesitation, to Mr. Rassam to leave the country with all the captives, and with the object of his Mission successfully accomplished; to be followed so shortly afterwards by the detention and ultimate disgrace and imprisonment of all. The first change in the king's conduct to the Mission, and much of its subsequent misfortune, is clearly attributed by Mr. Rassam to the undoubtedly ill-judged and ill-timed interference of Dr. Beke on behalf of the captives. This gentleman's obstinate officiousness may have had much to answer for in its evil effects on the suspicious mind of the king; but it does not certainly appear from the narrative before us that Theodore attached any importance to it, for had he considered himself aggrieved thereby he would certainly have made that fact the basis of another complaint in his list of grievances; and this he as certainly did not do. Not the least curious part in this strange narrative is the description of the way in which the British Envoy conducted his intercourse with the king. Mr. Rassam informs us that he generally behaved to the king as if he was a madman. But from the moment when they first met, his attitude is rather that of a suppliant courtier than of a British Envoy. His earnest anxiety, not only not to give or take offence, but not to be found wanting in one single jot or tittle of Abyssinian etiquette, would be ludicrous, if it was not edifying to witness; all his actions, even when out of sight of the king, appear to be influenced by the thought of what his majesty would think, should they be reported to him, and his letters are animated by the same desire to please and conciliate. Of the sincerity of King Theodore's affection for Mr. Rassam there can be no doubt; he appears always to have been anxious to treat him with kindness and honour, and even in times of disgrace to have attempted to alleviate to him personally the indignities inflicted on the rest of the European captives; and it was to this feeling on the king's part that Mr. Rassam owed the partial immunity he experienced from suffering and molestation when imprisoned at Magdala. The unvarnished and straightforward account given in these volumes of his captivity is eminently interesting, and contrasts strongly with the sensational and highly-coloured description lately given by Mr. Stern. In many respects the captives, though in chains, were much better off at Magdala than they were

in the king's camp. Released from his dangerous proximity, they had actually more freedom and more comfort; and the chiefs and gaolers were almost to a man devoted to the service of Mr. Rassam; communications were through their agency speedily opened with Massowah, and supplies both of money and stores were soon easily obtainable. This happy state of things appears attributable principally to the personal influence of the British Envoy, and partly perhaps to the influence of the "almighty dollar;" but we are assured over and over again that in no one instance did the Abyssinian messengers ever prove faithless or dishonest, though exposed to the strongest temptations; and this fact speaks volumes for the Abyssinian character. The living at Magdala was good, and the chiefs and their wives had an opportunity of informing their untutored tastes with the mysteries of our *cuisine*. The monotony of prison life was relieved by continual visits from native chiefs, and the asperities of captivity softened by feminine condolences (p. 206).

"My evening visitors," writes Mr. Rassam, "were for the most part ladies, the wives either of local magnates or of the attainted political chiefs, who came to me from the native prison with news of their husbands. They were not over clean, so that it was no great pleasure to sit near them: but their sweet voices—Abyssinian ladies of rank are remarkable for softness of speech—and kindly sympathy, alleviated my otherwise wearisome existence. They never entered the room without glancing at my fetters and breathing a sigh of condolence."

This harassing captivity was, however, destined soon to be changed for an un hoped-for liberty, and the Abyssinian difficulty to receive an unexpected solution. How this was accomplished, and how the last days and hours of Theodore's remarkable career were spent, are most graphically told by Mr. Rassam; but we have no time here to notice the closing events of his extraordinary history. Attention, however, must be drawn to the account here given of the now-famous episode of the cows: this, having since received official contradiction from Lord Napier of Magdala, will probably receive alteration in a second edition; and it will be curious to notice how Mr. Rassam will explain away so grave an error on his part.

The maps and illustrations that accompany these volumes are excellent, and are a real help in illustrating the text; and the candour and ingenuousness discernible in every page leave no doubt of the *bonâ fides* with which the author has conducted his labours.

As a supplement to Mr. Rassam's work, Mr. Markham's "History of the Abyssinian Expedition" will be found tolerably interesting. The history of the expedition itself, though not told with much attention to military detail, has found a lucid narrator in Mr. Markham. It is impossible, however, to refrain from noticing the bias that actuates him when he has to adjudicate on the merits of General Merewether and the Commander-in-Chief. For instance, Mr. Markham states that, on the arrival of Sir Robert Napier at Zoolla, he found General Merewether had done his preliminary work so well, "that the heat and burden of the day were indeed over." The inference intended to be drawn from these words evidently is, that what little there might still remain to be done by the Commander-in-Chief was as nothing to what had already been done by the General,—an insinuation which, on the face of it, is as strangely unjust as it is obviously false. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that the very opposite was the case. The head-quarters staff, too, on the capabilities of which so much depended, is never mentioned by Mr. Markham;

and the uninitiated might rise from a perusal of his work with an impression that the success of the expedition was due solely to the efforts of General Merewether and the guiding hand of "Fitarauri" Phayre.

In sketching Theodore's character, Mr. Markham has hardly been guided by the teachings of strictly prosaic justice; for the melo-dramatic grandeur of the king's end has so far dazzled him as to betray him into the astounding hypothesis that this "heroic end has lately made some atonement for the atrocious cruelties of his later years." If Mr. Markham really thinks so, argument to the contrary is useless; but he will probably find few to agree with him. He also puts forward a claim for humanity on behalf of King Theodore; but none of those who witnessed the ghastly heaps of his dead victims under the precipice of Islamgyé will be disposed to admit its justice. Injustice has, we think, been unintentionally done in this work to the men and officers comprising the expeditionary force, when it is stated that Messrs. Rassam, Prideaux, and Blanc, "were the only officers in the campaign who had been exposed to any real danger." The gallantry with which Messrs. Prideaux and Flad, at the command of the Commander-in-Chief, went back to what must have seemed to them very like certain death, needs no comment here; but when Mr. Markham penned this sentence he must surely have forgotten Lieutenant Morgan and other officers and men, who, though happily few in number, still sacrificed their lives in the expedition to rescue their fellow-countrymen, and whose graves, dotting the hill-sides of Abyssinia, still mark the camping-ground of the Army of Rescue.

CHARLES SMITH.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Five Years in a Protestant Sisterhood, and Ten Years in a Catholic Convent.

An Autobiography. London: Longmans. 7s. 6d.

THE autobiography of a Catholic nun, designed to show, by a record of the writer's personal experience, the superiority in wisdom and orderly discipline of Catholic convents over their Anglican imitations. It contains a good deal of that personal gossip about exaggerated trifles, pitched in a most incongruously solemn and protesting key, of which convent history usually consists. There are men, themselves long out of the theological stage, who think that convents and sisterhoods are yet the best solution for the question, What to do with unmarried women? Such a book as this may show them what a mean, unworthy, and infra-human pattern of life it is, that they would erect into an ideal for other people.

Constitutional Progress. Seven Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. By MONTAGU BURROWS, M.A. London: Murray. 6s. 6d.

THE ecclesiastical Tory, lecturing in an agitated manner upon constitutional progress, is not a pleasant object of contemplation; and the sight is especially deplorable or ludicrous when the ecclesiastical Tory happens, for the sins of the people, to be an Oxford professor. With the partial exception of perhaps two of these lectures, their tone is that of speeches at Church and State meetings, larded with some passably shallow history. The subjects are Edward I., Ancient

and Modern Politics (Athens as usual showing the wickedness of Democracy), the Relations of Church and State, the Temporal Power of the Papacy, the National Character of the Old English Universities, and the Connection between the Religious and Political History of England.

The Life of Pizarro, with some Account of his Associates in the Conquest of Peru.
By ARTHUR HELPS. London: Bell and Daldy. 6s.

ANOTHER volume of the biographical series in which Mr. Helps is re-publishing portions of his "History of the Spanish Conquest in America." The conqueror of Peru is not so interesting a figure as Las Casas, but the story of Pizarro is one that each new generation has to learn, and a great many more readers are likely to be attracted to it in a biographic form than when imbedded in a considerable history. It is just the kind of book, for instance, that boys would delight in and be instructed by, though only grown-up people would be likely to relish as they deserve those constant strokes of wise observation with which Mr. Helps seasons all that he writes.

Researches in the Highlands of Turkey. By Rev. H. F. TOZER. Two Volumes, with Map and Illustrations. London: Murray. 24s.

A NARRATIVE of three journeys in a country, every spot of which is redolent of historic and antiquarian association, and which in modern times is interesting enough to the lovers of the picturesque—Mount Ida, Mount Athos, Mount Olympus and Pelion, the plains of Troy, and the rest. A large portion even of the so-called educated public is ignorant, in spite of Mr. Finlay's admirable work, that anything took place in Greece worth thinking about from Alexander to Mahomet II. But to those others who have followed the history of the Byzantine Empire, nothing can be more interesting than a description of the social and economic state which now obtains in countries that for centuries possessed so remarkable a civilisation. Mr. Tozer has made his book a good deal too long, but this is a defect which the reader can remedy at discretion.

Shakspeareana Genealogica. Compiled by GEORGE RUSSELL FRENCH. London and Cambridge: Macmillan. 15s.

A SORT of supplementary volume to the Cambridge Shakespeare, containing historic or genealogical notes on the characters in the play of whom anything of this kind is ascertainable. Also a discussion of the connection between the Shakespeare and Arden families; and a short inquiry into some Warwickshire names and places that occur in the plays.









